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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME XIII.

JUNE TO DECEMBER, 1865.

LONDON :

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

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LONDON :
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS,



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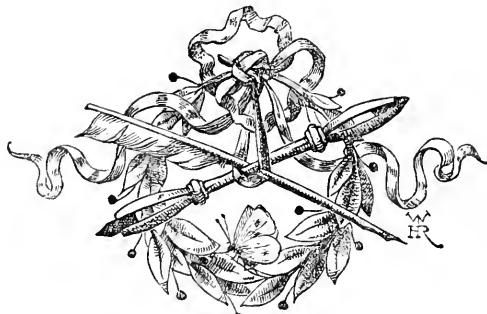
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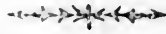
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ONCE A WEEK.



A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER X. A DOWNWARD TENDENCY.

FOR some months nothing came of the watch kept on the great wealth-making machine, and on its movers. The accounts from the Antipodes became more and more superb as new regions were said to be laid open, till grave and responsible gentlemen began to talk of dividends of fifty per cent. Of course, all who listened and believed invested trust-moneys, when possible, in that stock; and they advised all their relatives and friends,—all widows and spinsters, and all possessors of the smallest portion of an independence, to do the same. The new greatness seemed to grow faster than the wealth. At the Birthday there was such a crowd at Court as had never been known before; and some who were wont to be seen there went home as soon as they could extricate themselves from the “mob,” as they called those they left behind. Others remained to pay court to the new people, and to recommend them to his Majesty’s good graces. The South Sea gentry, as they were called, were made to think themselves greater than anybody there, except the King himself, and perhaps the Prince and Princess. Those of the Ministers who were unconnected with the South Sea House were nobody: and the King himself was greatest, because he was Governor of the Company. The Craggs family were almost worshipped by the prudent people. Esther and her brother were declared the handsomest young people present; and their father was as much sought as if he had been agreeable,—which no one, even on that day, attempted to suggest that he was.

The ladies of his family had waited for the Birthday before going down to Milbury; as his Majesty had waited for it before going over to Hanöver. Nanny was to be confined at Milbury, and her mother and sister were to take her there. Her husband had sailed for South America, where a well-salaried post had been

assigned him at the most marvellous of the mines, where he had besides an opportunity of creating wealth for himself in a rather remarkable way. He had authentic information that certain ores in that region had the property of turning into gold, or, it might be, revealing the gold hidden in them, by being touched with the precious metal in a state of purity. Harry had, by hook and by crook, got together some pieces of gold, to begin with. Her confinement over, Nanny was to be ready to go to him, with her infant, as soon after hearing of his arrival as she could obtain a passage. It was agreed between the husband and wife that Nanny should accumulate all the gold she could, in any shape that she could carry out. If her father could be persuaded to give her now an equivalent for a present payment of whatever he might intend to leave her at his death, and she could convey the amount in guineas, so as to purchase bars of the Company on the spot, the fortune of the Ives family was made. Such were the mining and commercial notions of Harry and his wife after their life on their farm first, and their training in ‘Change Alley afterwards. And they were not at all more absurd than many that were held by persons much less innocent than themselves.

Milbury had never seemed so delightful as this summer. Nanny’s confinement over, all was repose and pleasure. The repose was keenly enjoyed, because, to say the truth, Mr. Craggs’ temper and manners had been of late very trying to his family. He had always been somewhat formidable in his home; but now he was much altered,—anxious and cross and rude at the very time when he was envied as the most prosperous man in England. After every proper endeavour to persuade him to come down to Milbury to rest from his toils, his wife and daughters surrendered themselves to the enjoyment of the park and the flower

gardens, the dairy and the poultry yard. It was a hot summer; and never had the deep shade of woods, and the fresh grass beside the ponds been so delicious as this blessed summer. The infant thrived in the open-air life it led; and mother and grandmother thrived with it. Mrs. Craggs now believed that Esther really was sincere in saying that she refused to marry because she did not wish it. Unless she was so minded, she could not be so happy as she was in the quiet life of Milbury; and yet what alliances she had declined,—to her father's vexation and displeasure! Her mother and James had been very good, or she could hardly have done it.

After a time, the quiet was no longer altogether unbroken. Few London people appeared so far west as Milbury; but there were some who had gone up from Cornwall for the season, and were returning; and they took a peep at Milbury and its ladies on the way. The news they brought was that, as soon as the King was gone, the Directors of his great Company had begun running down as illegal every bubble but their own. Why were such speculations called bubbles? Nobody could tell why; but they were now called so by everybody. And they well might; for almost every one had, so far, burst at the mere touch of a prosecution. Those for making butter from beech-trees, for insurance against divorce, for applying an air-pump to the brain, for dealing in hops, and for teaching the casting of nativities, collapsed first; those for establishing loan offices and for furnishing funerals held their ground at present.

The next visitors reported that these had also given way, and that it was said to be doubtful whether the great Company would not extinguish every rival it had.

As soon as the guests were out of sight, their hostesses were glad to forget the money-market, and every topic connected with it. They had had enough of it in London. As if to indulge their mood, their letters from London said scarcely anything on the subject. Mr. Craggs wrote seldom, briefly, and somewhat gruffly. James's letters were as affectionate as ever; and the old family jests were sprinkled through them: there was more fun about the clumsy Germans; but there was annoyance mixed with it. Those people were low-minded, rapacious, cowardly, and inconsiderate to the friends they owed most to. They had stolen away to Hanover, one after another; and after they were gone, it came out that every one of them had sold out, and carried the vast profits of their speculations to Germany. There was strong indignation at this throughout London: the Jacobites made

the most of it; and the consequences were unpleasant, and might be very serious, to the friends who had helped them to their gains. The worst of it was that their way of absconding gave an air of discredit to their speculations, which might operate very mischievously on the Company's influence and affairs. His mother must not suppose him to mean anything more than he had said. The market was in a good state as yet. The stock was not much down; and if the decline could be stopped where it was, all might be as well as it was a week ago, when the stock was quoted at eleven hundred, if his mother understood what that meant.

If she did not, Nanny could tell her; but none of the three cared to discuss such points. They were longing for the next letter, which was to arrive very soon. So it did; but it was short and less legible than usual. James owned that he had been hurried and harassed for some days, and that he was feeling the effects. The excessive heat was enough to make a man ill, if he was neither a Secretary of State nor a South Sea Director.

Mrs. Craggs at once said that she should return to London the next day. She would take servants with her, but not her daughters. A few hours after, an express brought a summons from Mr. Craggs. James was very ill. It was bad for him that everything was going wrong. Misfortunes were happening hourly. It was not safe to explain, even by a special messenger; for he might be intercepted. Suspicion was all abroad. Mrs. Craggs must come immediately; and then she would hear all. Esther must not come, however much she might wish it; for the nature of James's illness rendered it improper. It was fever of some sort; and his sisters must not come in the way of it.

"It is the small-pox!" thought Esther.

"It is the small-pox!" exclaimed Nanny.

"Oh, Nanny! how can you say such a thing?" cried the terrified mother.

"Well, mother; it may not be. We don't know: but that was your own thought. I know it by your face."

"Pray Heaven it may not be the small-pox!" sobbed the poor mother. "Yes,—many do get through it. Yes, we have known some who came well through it. But—God forgive me for thinking of such a thing at such a time!—how different they always looked from what they ever did before! And who else ever had such a face as my boy's! If God ever made such another, I never saw it. Oh, Mr. Dryden best said what it is,—what it was when he saw it last,—what he may never see again. Mr. Dryden said it of the Duke of

Monmouth ; but it was as if he was thinking of my James when he wrote it : ' And Paradise was opened in his face.' But I am talking instead of going to him ! "

It was too true that the beauty of that face would never be seen again.

Though the anxious mother travelled the twenty-four hours through, it was three days before she got home.

Her heart was in her mouth as the carriage entered the Square. There it was suddenly stopped by a man who spoke to the driver. The man was one of Mr. Craggs' servants,—not in his livery. He delivered his message, and disappeared before any questions could be asked. His master desired that Mrs. Craggs would turn round, and alight at the stables, in the next street. If she drove up to the front door, she might be insulted.

There were, in fact, some strange and disagreeable cries heard in the direction of the house. It could not be said that there was a mob in the square ; but there were groups of noisy people, and before the railings a company that persisted in groaning when anybody entered or left the house, or appeared through the windows. One of the physicians in attendance spoke to the people from the doorsteps, entreating them to be quiet for the sake of the gentleman who lay ill of the small-pox ; and some went away : but others soon came, and took up the cry of the hour. The Craggs, father and son, were desired, on pain of popular vengeance, to bring back the German women and their English wealth. Young Mr. Craggs had so favoured the King's mistresses as to make them as rich as queens ; and he must bring them back, with every guinea of their English money, and make them pay those they had robbed, or take the consequences. When Mrs. Craggs entered her house by the back door, and passed into the hall through servants, some out of humour, some pitying, and all alarmed, she heard execrations and jests outside, and groans for the dear son who had been kind to everybody all his life long. It was a bitterness which she could feel even amidst the agony of the belief that she must lose him. It was a case of small-pox of the worst kind.

He knew his mother, and could show that he had been longing for her presence. There were intervals when he could speak, and prove that his mind was clear. He had been carried to the back of the house, as far as possible from the noises in the square : but he had heard enough before his removal to know what it meant, and to perplex and grieve his attendants by inquiries how things were going on, and for persons who could not come to him.

For Mr. Gay he asked several times a-day, and complained of his absence,—safe as he was from small-pox by having had it. The truth was, Mr. Gay could not come because he was perilously ill himself. By the fall in South Sea stock from day to day, he was losing his money faster than he had gained it ; and now, too plainly seeing that it must all go, he took to his bed in such real illness that neither physician nor friend believed he would ever rise from it. He asked aloud how he should ever meet his friend James again after having scorned the advice which would have given him an independence for life ; and he touched the heart of his physician by imploring that young Mr. Craggs might not be admitted yet to his bedside. Then, he was certain that James was too angry with him to come near him ; and it was only when, after weeks of balancing between life and death, he slowly revived, that he learned that his friend James had been carried in the very track of Mr. Addison's funeral train, and laid beside that worshipped man in the chapel in the Abbey where they, the two mourners, had wept together, so few months ago.

Before he died, James said some things which his mother laid up in her heart, as mothers do. Some of these few sayings were mysteries to her ; some were keen pains ; and some were taken as guidance and comfort.

What could he mean about having fatally misunderstood Goody Gillow ? It might be a wandering fancy ; but by his manner she thought not.

It was no fancy, her husband told her. He had fallen into the snares of a foreign lady while avoiding what would have saved his life. If he had secured himself in the new way against small-pox—— The thought was intolerable now ! intolerable because, but for Goody Gillow's warnings, he would have done as others did. But he read the warning wrong, and avoided Lady Mary and her boon, while letting himself be a mere tool in the hands of the Duchess of Kendal. Mrs. Craggs learned now what a season of anguish the last few weeks had been to James. He was insulted in the streets, and followed by taunts about the Duchess and her gains, till he believed, and, if his father said truly, almost hoped that the bankrupt mob who cursed him would tear him to pieces, if that would satisfy their vengeance, and leave a way open for some settlement of the Company's affairs. By his urgent advice the King was sent for from Hanover, and Sir Robert Walpole from his seat in Norfolk. There was no bitter pill which the responsible parties must not be ready to swallow, for any chance of repairing the havoc around

them. James was willing to endure his share ; but it was more than he could sustain. He toiled day and night ; he could not eat nor sleep, for he could not escape from tidings which were enough to break such a heart. Merchants of his acquaintance were failing every day. The shops of bankrupt tradesmen were shut for the length of whole streets. Begging-letters came, or angry gentlemen called, asking for subscriptions for widows or single ladies who had sold their annuities, and were now actually destitute. Worst of all, a man of letters, whom he had seen treated with deference at Mr. Addison's table, had applied to him for a situation as valet, to himself or any of his friends. Besides all this, there was the dread of meeting Parliament. The whole management of the case in the House of Commons must have rested on him ; and the wear and tear of the first day showed what the stress was. No man perhaps could have held up ; and James sank at once. Many who saw him that day would probably disbelieve that his illness was small-pox, or any disease at all ; and it was only by some accident that it took that character ! He would still have sunk, by whatever form of fever the end came.

Such were the things that dropped, as by a compulsion from within, from the lips of the father who seemed to be incessantly resolving on a silence which he could not keep. The mother now understood what James had said when they were alone of his desire that Lady Di should know how thankful he was at the last that she had steadily refused to marry him. Unutterable things were conveyed under those words. Mrs. Craggs was told that Lady Di showed more feeling on receiving that message than had been observed in her while pursued with a homage for which all England envied her.

Something was said in that bedside confidence which made no great impression till Mr. Craggs burned it in on the mother's heart and brain. James had made a short reference to the disappointment of the family ambition if he should die, and in disgrace. Such disappointment was nothing to his mother, while he lay in his coffin ; but she was amazed, even in the depth of her affliction, at the strength of it in her husband. He was pacing the room, as he did all day long,—shrinking from appearing in his office, and actually afraid of the streets,—listening gloomily to his wife's weeping, and making no answer to her half-questions, half-reflections, when she expressed a sighing hope that they should now go back to the country and the old way of life. Not to be happy ; they could never be that again :

but to be out of harm's way,—to do no more wrong, and suffer no more shame.

"Hold your tongue !" cried her husband, passionately. "My course is difficult enough, without my having it crossed by you."

It was not an hour in which the mother of such a son could be intimidated, as she might have been in a brighter time. She would have explained her wish, and the reasons of it, but that her husband would not hear her.

He said that not he only, but all England, had looked to his son as sure to be at the head of affairs very soon, and likely to govern the country for a quarter of a century. He had been the counterpoise to Walpole in the eyes of the wisest men in England ; who now, if they must see Walpole in power for half a lifetime, would often regret the only man who was really his rival. Such a promise, and such a fame as James had achieved, was not to be buried in his grave. The man who is buried in Westminster Abbey leaves a trust to his survivors,—more solemn even to parents than to children. The plain duty of the family to its best member—

The momentary pause brought no contradiction of this estimate of his son ; and Mr. Craggs went on, with increasing vehemence, to insist that to immortalise James's name must be now the great object in life to his family. His father would make the name illustrious in office ; his mother must repress her grief, and exert herself to ally her daughter in such a way as to secure the place in the peerage which James would certainly have had, and by which a family so unusually raised from obscurity would take rank through future generations among the nobility of England. At the moment when this task was set them by death itself—

"But I do not see that it is," Mrs. Craggs said, calmly. "While you are talking of honours and renown, I hear the people cursing us before our own door, and I see you chafing here like a lion in a cage, because you cannot lift up your head anywhere but in our own house."

"It is a lie !" shouted he. "You want to drive me mad, I believe. You want—"

"My dear husband, I wish to use the warning we have had to get out of the snares we have fallen into. Our son has died of our and his own ambition. Surely it would be wicked to persevere in it. Yes, I think, as you do, that the name cannot be obscure again. It will stand in history, as you say. I could wish it did not, seeing the way in which it will be set forth."

"Cannot you see that that is the very reason ?"

"I do see what you intend ; but I consider that the past can never be retrieved, and that nothing that we can now do will bring so little further dishonour as retiring to the way of life we came out of."

Mr. Craggs used no reserves in his pity of himself for having now lost the only support and sympathy he had in his career. Women who liked household drudgery and green fields better than anything else in life were no companions for a man of high aims.

"That is true enough, my dear," said his wife. "We must each suffer in our own way under such a stroke as this ; and I should not be a faithful wife,—nor a true mother to the dead and the living,—if I hid my thoughts from you. I will try to do my duty,—and so, I am sure, will Esther, if you determine to attempt founding a family ; but I am bound to say that I think you will not succeed. And now you must forgive me, if you can."

"There is nothing to forgive, my love," said he, stopping in his walk to kiss her forehead. "You are too virtuous, too pure, too kindly, to sympathise with a man's feelings. I own I do wish you could understand what it should be to a mother that her son, so young, is, as of course, to be buried in Westminster Abbey."

"Perhaps I do," was the reply.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND HIS WARE.

PART I.

"It is a fine thing," observes Mr. Aggland in "Phemie Keller," "to rise in the world ; but it is a cursed thing to be patronised. My opinion is that a man worth calling a man ought to be able to say that he owes all he owns, all he has enjoyed, to no other man living—only to God and himself."

The sentiment is a true and noble one, and one which a man like Josiah Wedgwood would have rejoiced to make his own ; for after making every allowance for the "glories of our birth and state," and rating at their highest value the ten or dozen quarterings on the shields of "all the Howards," or the Stanleys, and whatever else is included in the words

Et genus, et proaves, et que non fecimus ipsi,

the reflecting mind is compelled after all to own that the man who, working upwards from a humble origin has won his way, under God, by his own energy and ability, and by honest industry, to independence and to wealth, though looked down upon by Belgravian dames as a *novus homo*, holds in reality a still prouder position than a peer, and that there is no nobler motto that he can write under his escutcheon than those words which so well

epitomise the lesson to be learnt from the career of such a man,—*Faber fortune suus*.

A history of the art of the potter in England would be out of place here, but we may be pardoned for reminding our readers of some of its earlier stages. In the East pottery was already an art and a trade in times long prior to the Christian era. Allusions to it are frequent in the Old Testament ;* and there can be no doubt that it was brought to a high state of perfection in Egypt, and at Babylon and Nineveh, to say nothing of the various cities of ancient Greece and regal Rome. But even in this country traces of its existence are found at an earlier date than most persons would suppose. Even in the times when this island was occupied by a Celtic and British population, there are plenty of actual remains to prove to our eyes that they were skilled in the production of sepulchral urns, food vessels, and drinking cups, rude in shape and ornamentation, but still evincing no small amount of skill. Many such vessels have been found beneath the soil in Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Worcestershire, as well as in other counties ; and, thanks to the zeal of local antiquaries now-a-days, there is scarcely a local museum of any repute throughout the length and breadth of the land in which some specimens of the Celtic period of pottery are not found. There are, as might be expected, even more abundant remains of the Roman period, which have been dug up wherever the legions were quartered, as in London, at Chester, at Wroxeter, Lincoln, York, Colchester, and Old Verulam. The Romano-British pottery was vastly superior both in body and form to that of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods. But in the latter a new type appeared as in the case of pitcher-shaped vessels ; and in the Mediæval tile-work all good judges consider that we have clearly an offshoot of Roman workmanship under fresh modifications which fitted it so admirably to the architecture it adorned. The illustrations of Miss Meteyard's book will serve to show the gradual improvement from the rough and rude work of the human hand to the elaborate results of high ceramic art, as evinced in the Dutch, German, and French manufactures of china. And although it is far from being true that in England there were no really fine productions in pottery before the birth of Josiah Wedgwood, yet it is no less true, as we shall see, that the enterprising spirit of that great man wrought a complete revolution in the art ; and that by bold experiments, guided by his knowledge of nature and mineralogy and chemistry, he laid a sure foundation for all those improvements

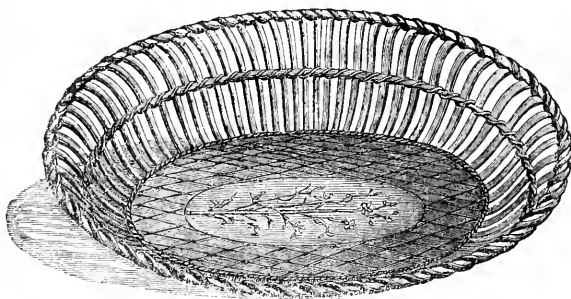
* See Jeremiah xlviii. 4, 6 ; Isaiah xxix. 16, xlv. 9.

which have raised our productions in earthenware to an eminence which our continental neighbours find it difficult to rival in point of cheapness or to surpass in taste.

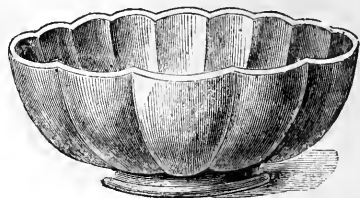
A century and a half ago Burslem, which now reckons its population by tens of thousands, was a village from which all traces of rural life had not yet disappeared. Its Maypole stood where now stands the town hall. The village lay in the centre of the busy "Potteries" of Staffordshire, and was suited in many ways to manufacturing purposes; though small in comparison of its present extent, it was tolerably populous, and its master potters appear to have been a thriving and energetic set of men, and to have turned out pottery excellent in form and in workmanship.

Among the local worthies of Burslem, scarcely perhaps holding the rank of gentlemen in the more restricted sense of the term, and yet farming their own lands, and living by the joint fruits of the soil and of manufactures,

were the Wedgwoods, a respectable family of yeomen, whose name was destined to become so famous throughout the world before the end of the eighteenth century. They originally came from Wedgwood, in the township of Wolstanton, a village on the high road between Burslem and Newcastle-under-Lyne,—the same parish where Brindley, the engineer, was married and lies buried. We find mention of the family as of Wedgwood or Weggewood in the reign of Edward III.; and although it is not known when they left their original patrimony, it is clear that soon after the close of the sixteenth century they became possessed of a large portion of the broad acres of Burslem by the marriage of one Gilbert Wedgwood with Margaret, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Burslem of that place. The Wedgwoods intermarried during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with the Hazleriggs, Ardens, Egertons, Bromleys, Wolseleys, Fentons, Addenbrooks, and other gentle families;



White-ware perforated Fruit-basket; Bateman, collection.



Comptier; Queen's ware.

and in the reign of Charles II. we find Thomas Wedgwood owner of a large part of Burslem, and residing in the Upper or Over House, a goodly mansion of the old-fashioned style, where he lived as a sort of country squire, holding his lands in hand, but at the same time doing his best to provide for a large family out of the proceeds of the "potworks" which adjoined his house, and over which it is clear from his will that he exercised a personal supervision.

Josiah Wedgwood—the great Josiah, as he afterwards came to be called—a descendant of this marriage, was born at Burslem in 1730, the youngest of the thirteen* children of Thomas Wedgwood and Mary Stringer. Already the name of Wedgwood was well known in connection with the art of pottery beyond the borders of Staffordshire, for the heads of the family seem to have had their quiver

pretty full for several generations, and most of the Wedgwoods carried on the craft in the different places where they settled. One branch of them located themselves at Yearsley, in the wolds of Yorkshire, where they became famed in local verse for the excellency of their wares, and the name is still not extinct in that district.

But it is with the Potteries, the Staffordshire Potteries, that the name of Wedgwood will ever be connected; and the "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," by Miss Meteyard, recently published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and from the pages of which we borrow the illustrations which adorn these columns, will go far towards rendering his name imperishable. The young Josiah was born at the pot-works of his father adjoining the churchyard of Burslem; but the house in which the family resided has long since been removed to make room for buildings of a more modern date. Of the childhood and boyhood

* In this respect he resembled Sir Richard Arkwright, another self-made man, who was only two years his junior.

of the man who was destined to work such a change in the artistic productions of Staffordshire, and, as Mr. Gladstone—no bad practical judge of such matters—says, to render English manufactures as widely known for their beauty and taste as they are for cheapness, we know but little. That he was intelligent and thoughtful, and fonder of reading and reflection than of noisy games, we may readily believe; Miss Meteyard tells us that he began his letters at a dame's school in his native village, though, when he was seven or eight, he was sent daily to trudge with his brothers and sisters to a school of more pretensions at Newcastle, kept by Mr. Blunt, a man of "superior education," where the boys were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, on the ground floor; while the girls learned sewing, knitting, and other useful accomplishments, under the fair hands of Mrs. Blunt. The schoolmaster and his wife were advanced in years, and had imbibed a strong tincture of

Puritan opinions from the fact of his father or grandfather having served among Cromwell's Ironsides. Miss Meteyard thus describes the youthful artist at school:—

Sprightly and yet grave, the little Josiah was a general favourite. Among his companions, he was distinguished for uncommon vivacity and humour. They were attached to him by his warm and generous temper; and his reputed sagacity marked him out as a leader in their boyish sports. It is handed down that he thus early betrayed his extraordinary eye for construction by his use of the scissors. Borrowing a pair from his sisters or the other girls, and with paper torn from a copybook, or brought by the lady for the purpose, he would cut out the most surprising things; as an army at combat, a fleet at sea, a house and garden, or a whole pot-work, and the shapes of the ware made in it. These cuttings when wetted were stuck the whole length of the sloping decks, to the exquisite delight of the scholars, but often to the great wrath of the severe pedagogue.

The children's daily walk to school and back led across pleasant fields and through green pastures, rich in wild flowers, which were not



Cup and Cover; Whieldon ware.



Cream bowls; Queen's ware.

lost upon the clever and observant child, who, all unconscious of his future destiny, was educating his eye in the true principles of art and taste—which to be true must be based on nature and in harmony with her works—by carefully marking the flowers, the leaves, and the berries which decked the hedgerows and the short tracts of moorland waste along which he trudged daily to and fro. It is almost needless to add that he was a great favourite at home with his brothers and sisters, in conjunction with whom he turned one of his father's work-sheds into a sort of museum of natural history, and decorated it with fossil shells and other curiosities. So early in his case did the child prove the father of the man. Miss Meteyard continues:—

It is a remarkable fact in connection with this tradition, that many of Wedgwood's best forms were derived from natural objects, particularly from shells. In middle life he studied fossils scientifically; he bought a collection of shells, and attended sales where specimens of more than common beauty were likely to be seen. He encouraged this objective taste in his

own children, of which we shall have a charming instance by and by. It is told that on one occasion, when a boy about twelve, some labourers whilst digging in a field near Newcastle, came, as often happened, upon various fragments of pseudo-Samian ware, of which a fragment reached his hands. He was so delighted with its colour, glaze, and impressed ornaments, that he carried it home, and carefully preserved it on his mother's dresser shelves. At an earlier date, he took pleasure in contrasting the colours of her patchwork; thus proving how soon came into use the powers of his artistic eye for colour, and his classic taste for form.

At nine years old Josiah had the misfortune to lose his father, and at fourteen we find him bound apprentice to his eldest brother Thomas, who succeeded to the family business,* and probably resided at the "Over House," carrying on his trade in two places at once, both

* Mr. Stiles, in his useful and admirable work "Self Help," makes two or three mistakes, which it may be desirable to correct here. He says that Josiah's father was "a poor potter, barely able to make a living at his trade, and that the son was eleven years of age at his father's death. It is clear, from the facts already mentioned, that the former statement can scarcely be allowed to stand even as the rhetorical exaggeration of a writer urging the advantages of industry.

there and by the churchyard. But even had his father's life been longer spared, in all probability he would not have continued much longer at school. As Miss Meteyard remarks :—

It was then customary to place boys apprentice at an early age to almost every trade, more especially to that of a potter; as, if "throwing" were to be one of the branches taught, it necessitated that the learner should be very young, in order that the touch should be trained to an exquisite delicacy, and the muscles of the wrists so formed and strengthened as to insure altogether the utmost manipulative skill. This was beginning, in his own strong phrase, "at the lowest round of the ladder." With such an exquisite eye for proportion as he possessed, his skill in throwing or forming the vessel upon the potter's wheel soon became extraordinary, and rivalled that of the best workmen in the neighbourhood. Though subsequently diseased, as we shall see, he always retained his marvellous skill in this direction; so that at the distance of forty years he could still give a practical example to his throwers, and by merely poising a newly-thrown vessel in his left hand, he would tell at a glance its defects or beauties. If it failed even minutely in its geometrical proportions, he would, before his leg was taken off, break it up with the stick which he then always carried, remarking as he did so, "This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood."

At the age of twelve, two years before his formal apprenticeship, he could "throw" sufficiently well to take an active share in that department of his brother's work; and about this time we find him suffering severely from an illness which no doubt threw him sadly back at the time, though, like a man of inborn genius, he turned it to good account. He was struck down by a severe attack of small-pox, from which he only recovered to find that his right knee was so stiffened and numbed that he had to walk on crutches; and though he was able in course of time to throw these away, yet his limb was not, at all events for many years, of the same use to him that it had been before. Like Byron, his lameness threw him more upon himself and upon the inward resources of his mind; and no doubt the months during which he lay upon his sick bed, and hobbled about upon his crutch, were turned by him to good practical account, and made subservient to his future artistic career. Such a long illness would naturally tend to drive his mind inwards, and to lead him to reflect on the laws and the secrets of his art, on which perhaps he laid the firmer mental hold from the fact that his hands were unemployed. His sick bed-room became to him a sacred chamber, where he could commune with his own spirit, and indulge the most ambitious aspirations of his searching, meditative, and fruitful genius. The small-pox left behind a humour which troubled his leg for some years; so that even after his apprenticeship he was obliged to sit at his work, with his leg on a

stool before him, and at times he suffered even more severely. At last, when he was thirty-eight years old, he had his leg amputated,* and after that time enjoyed a tolerably good state of bodily health and activity. Before his apprenticeship expired, he had to abandon the thrower's bench, and to turn his attention to other branches of the trade, which required more mental skill, though less manual dexterity. This led to important consequences in his after career.

Had he remained stationary there during the larger portion of his apprenticeship, he would not have obtained that grasp of details, and that practical knowledge, which gave him subsequently such a mastery in his art. With the skill already acquired in throwing, joined to a perfection of vision which ensured to him at a glance the accuracy or inaccuracy of geometrical proportions, he was master of enough in this direction, of which the limits may be said to be stationary; and he was left free not only to pursue discoveries in the channels where they were likely to be made, but to turn his attention towards the improvement of minor points of detail. This may be said to have been the turning point in his great career; the true beginning, envied as it seemed at the moment with the sad shadows of physical disability and disappointed hopes.

His apprenticeship having expired in 1749, he remained at home, for some time acting as a journeyman under his brother, who does not appear to have been willing or anxious to take him into partnership. So finding perhaps that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country," he began life at Stoke-on-Trent with a capital of twenty pounds to start with. For two or three years he appears to have been contented with making knife handles of mottled earthenware, which he sold to the hardwaremen of Birmingham and Sheffield; but in 1752 he entered into partnership with John Harrison of Stoke, a potter of good capital, but apparently not gifted with much taste or skill. The alliance seemed to augur well for the joint prospects of the two, for the one found brains and the other money. Their chief productions seem to have been agate and other knife-hafts, and the ordinary kinds of ware then in demand, both "scratched" and "blue;" and it is the opinion of those who are most competent to form a judgment on the matter, that if it had not been for Harrison's cupidity, the works at Stoke would have become as famous as those of Etruria. Two years later, we find the two entering into partnership with Thomas Wheildon, the most eminent potter of the day, with whom Josiah Wedgwood remained in partnership for five years, Harrison having soon retired.

* The limb was amputated May 28 or 30, 1788. Bentley was by his side during the operation.

In conjunction with Mr. Wheildon, he now set himself steadily to work at Fenton Low. The first production of his genius was a new green earthenware, which had the smoothness and brilliancy of glass, and was soon extensively used for dessert services. These were generally admired, both for their intrinsic beauty and cheapness, and the name of the new firm soon stood high, not only in the little world of Staffordshire, but in the chief towns of the kingdom. The goods manufactured by the firm during the five years that the alliance lasted are remarkably good in quality and in form, and, being now very scarce, are highly prized by collectors.

Mr. Wheildon, however, being accustomed to do a large business in his own peculiar wares and in his own peculiar ways, did not care to embark in the "new-fangled" improvements of his active and enterprising partner, who from childhood, or at all events from early manhood had been steadily working out in his brain the manufacture of that particular kind of improved ware which obtained for him afterwards the distinction of "The Queen's Potter," and for his ware itself, that of "The Queen's Ware." So at the end of the five years for which the partnership had been agreed, we find Josiah Wedgwood returning to Burslem, resolved to prosecute his favourite pursuits, and to bring to a practical test the schemes and experiments which he had so long been contemplating. Here, at the age of twenty-nine, he entered upon business on his own account, and laid the solid foundations alike of that high artistic reputation and that large and well-earned fortune which he bequeathed to his family at his death.

He now occupied "The Ivy House," which he rented for 10*l.* a year from his cousins, John and Thomas Wedgwood, of "The Big House," near the old "pot-work" at the churchyard, where he was born and where he had worked as a thrower and an apprentice. Here, untrammelled by partners with views adverse to his own, or at all events utterly wanting in appreciation of his genius, and far removed from the surroundings of watchful and jealous eyes, he set himself earnestly to carry out those improvements for which he had longed with all his heart and soul. *Sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido*: and now he resolved to carry out his grand design of raising the potter's art above its then standard of excellence, and of successfully rivalling in earthenware not only the most costly productions of foreign countries of his own day, but those of ages long since past. Here he was so rapidly successful that he found it necessary

to extend his operations, and he entered on another pot-work, nearer to the centre of the town, the Brick-House works, afterwards known as the "Bell-Works." He now married, and to the Brick House works he brought his bride, in whom he found—what all do not find—a companion and a friend for life.

In spite of far from the best of health, he now made it a rule to superintend personally the production of every article; and, leaving to others the manufacture of the ordinary wares and the tortoiseshell and marble plates which had already made Burslem so famous, he resolved to devote his attention to a more ornamental class of productions, such as flower and other vases, with gilt and coloured foliage, mouldings and handles, white-ware medallions and other goods of a similar kind. He also made much green glazed earthenware, and designed and produced some tea services in which the different vessels were formed and coloured to represent various fruits and vegetables, as the apple, pine, melon, pear, cauliflower, &c., and these novelties took so well that they had an abundant sale. Like all his other designs and inventions, they were speedily caught up by the other potters of the place, and so became part and parcel of the general trade of the district. Indeed his reputation and connections now began to increase so rapidly that he found it necessary to increase his establishment.

He had many difficulties to contend against, but still his motto was "forward and upward,"

Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.

He had to struggle hard against the prejudices of masters and the habits of workmen, in order that he might lift his heart out of the ruts into which it was sinking the deeper the longer it plodded on. He had first to create a want, and then to supply it; to place himself both in mental and material communication with the world at a distance from Staffordshire; to promote the general appreciation of form, by submitting to society at large works in advance of the common taste, yet not offensive to it; to make a market in Liverpool and London and abroad; to agitate for the construction of roads and canals. He succeeded, when many able men would have failed, in virtue of his energetic, practical, and well-balanced nature. He knew what was beautiful, and he also knew well the stuff of which his fellow-men were made; his artistic sense was not stronger than his shrewdness; he had calmness, self-reliance, and independence enough to make him feel equally at home in the society of noblemen and of workmen; he was prudently economical, and wisely

liberal. He had no passionate absorbing devotion to his art like Palissy, though he earnestly wished to promote it; he clearly meant to get on in the world; and without any meanness or unworthy trickery, but by the force of a large and powerful mind, which could take a simple view of complicated subjects, he accomplished the practical harmony of good taste and enlightened self-interest. But for the rest of Josiah Wedgwood's career our readers must be content to be referred to our next number.

E. WALFORD.

DOCTOR HOLFORD'S PATIENT.

WE had been great chums at college, John Baring and I, and having both eaten our terms at the Temple, we continued fast friends, inhabited the same chambers, and waited together, with as much patience as might be, for briefs. Briefs, however, were so long in coming, that we had a great deal of spare time on our hands, and we used to run down often into the country for a breath of fresh air, and to look up old friends and acquaintances. On one of these occasions I took John down into my own county, Suffolk, on a visit to my father. He was glad enough to come, for if the truth must be told, a pretty sister of mine had made a deep impression on his susceptible heart during the season in London. We had a merry time of it. The birds were plentiful, and several balls and parties were given in the neighbourhood, at which John and Emily enjoyed themselves, I have reason to believe, to their hearts' content. A very good fellow is John Banrig, and I shall not object to him as a brother-in-law some day, if—but I must say no more on this subject, lest this paper should meet the governor's eye.

Among the neighbours whom we visited together was Dr. Holford, another old crony of mine in college days, now an M.D. practising in a country town a few miles from my home.

"What a pretty woman Mrs. Holford is!" said John to me, as we lighted our cigars outside the doctor's door one night, previous to starting on our walk home after a dinner party.

"And yet there's something uncanny in her look, too," he continued. "I can't make it out. Is she wicked, I wonder; or has she a bee in her bonnet?"

"She's as good as she's pretty," I rejoined warmly; for Mrs. Holford was a great friend of mine, and I did not like John's criticisms.

"My dear fellow, I daresay she may be, but you won't make me believe you don't see

what I mean. She has lovely eyes"—John was a bit of an artist—"but there is a queer look that comes into them now and then—looks as if she had seen a ghost once, and never got over it."

"Perhaps she did," I said, a little stiffly.

John stopped, and stared at me. "I declare you know all about it, old boy! Here's a lark! A genuine ghost story in real life, truth vouched for by the ghost himself, eh?"

"Well, not quite that," I answered, laughing; "but there is a story about Mrs. Holford that may account for the look you noticed. You certainly mistook your vocation. You should offer your services to the spirit-rappers, if you have such a knack of reading people's faces."

"I always knew my talents were thrown away," remarked John in an aside.

"However," I continued, "there's no secret in this case, that I know of, so you shall hear the story if you care about it."

"All right," said John, puffing out a cloud of smoke. "Fire away, Dick; I'm prepared to believe in any number of ghosts after that woman's eyes."

"It's too long to tell now," I said, "but if you like—I jotted it down in the shape of a story at the time,—when we get home I'll give it you to read."

Accordingly, before going to bed, I added a few lines to my old MS. for John's benefit, and handed it to him, and, if he read it at all,—of which I have my suspicions, judging from the total oblivion of it which he showed when sitting by Emily at breakfast next morning,—he read as follows:—

"But what on earth am I to do?" asked the doctor, in a tone half humorous, half sad, as he walked up the High Street with his friend Mr. Bailey. "If I warn her she won't stay with me a week; I've lost two governesses already by listening to your advice."

"Well," doubtfully rejoined Mr. Bailey, "perhaps you are right. He may be safe enough, after all; but what a silly girl she must be!"

"On the contrary," interrupted the doctor, warmly, "she's a treasure! As like her poor father as can be—full of good sense and right feeling. I can't think what possesses her not to let that unfortunate man alone, and I can't warn her. Nobody has managed my poor brats the least like her since—" and the doctor coughed away a sigh.

A somewhat whimsical expression passed over his friend's face. Dr. Holford had lost his wife six months before, and had been in a peck of troubles ever since about his three

children, the youngest an infant of six months old. The doctor knew no more of the details of household economy than his baby, and it had become evident to all his friends that he could not exist long without a wife; but whom should he marry? that was the question. To complicate matters, Dr. Holford was obliged to eke out the profits of a not very remunerative practice, by receiving a patient at his own house, and rich patients were not always easy to find. At the time we write of he had just received as an inmate a *soi-disant* nervous invalid, Walter Stone by name, whom he watched with singular carefulness, for in his secret soul the doctor knew the man was insane, and although in truth he believed him to be perfectly harmless, yet he daily expected some mad freak or folly to appear. None had as yet, and all things had gone smoothly for two or three weeks, when, according to the usual malignity of circumstances, a most inconvenient and aggravating interest in Walter Stone began to appear in the conduct of Miss Stuart, the children's governess. "It is true that Mr. Stone was a handsome young man, with a manner in which none but a professional eye could detect any taint of madness, but that made it all the more alarming; and feeling himself as yet not thoroughly acquainted with the state of his patient's mind, the doctor was on tenterhooks. As he said, he dared give no serious warning. A nervous patient might be all very well, but no governess would stay with a live lunatic loose about the house. So Dr. Holford was fain to let matters take their course, trusting to the chapter of accidents, and to Miss Stuart's good sense to set her right in time. After all, he thought, there could be no great risk. Walter Stone had come to him with an excellent character for quietness, and might, for all he knew, be curable. So he determined to hold his tongue, and hope that no bad consequences would ensue. What did ensue we shall presently see.

A day or two after his conversation with Mr. Bailey, the doctor happened to look out from his surgery window on the little plot of ground at the back of his house which he was pleased to dignify with the name of a garden. Dr. Holford worked in it a good deal himself, and took great interest in the one or two flower-beds, and the border rich with bright colours, in the arrangement of which he flattered himself Sir Joseph Paxton could not hold a candle to him. The air was scented with the breath of lilacs and hyacinths, and the perfume of two gnarled old hawthorns, covered, one with white, and the other with pink blossom, that stood on the grass-plot by

the side of the path, and that were the pride of the doctor's heart. That garden was a kingdom for bees and butterflies, and they hummed and danced merrily in the sunshine. On this particular May afternoon, a fresh little human flower moved quickly to and fro among the butterflies, clad in a soft grey stuff gown, with pink ribbons at the throat and wrist. It was the young governess, Lizzie Stuart. She was a pretty girl of about twenty, with large grey eyes and fair shiny hair. A sprig of pink may was stuck in the waistband that girded a small round waist, and they were very little feet that tapped impatiently upon the gravel walk. The doctor could not help watching her from the window as he smoked his pipe; she made such a pretty foreground to his favourite flowers as she went and came under the hawthorns. Presently a young man came out, and walked across the grass-plot towards her. She met him with an outstretched hand, and they strolled along the path together. It was perfectly natural that they should do so, and the doctor ought to have been glad that his patient should be subjected to such soothing influences, but somehow he sighed a little as he saw how earnestly they were talking, her face raised up to him, and his bent down to her. Certainly Lizzie did not seem afraid of Walter Stone. The doctor put his pipe in the corner with another sigh, and went upstairs to dress for dinner.

The pair in the garden did not remain long together. Walter Stone sauntered back into the house, and Lizzie went on walking, up and down, up and down the short gravel walk. For fear of mistake, we had better let the reader into a secret at once. Almost from the first moment, three months ago, when Dr. Holford had done her the immense honour of confiding to her care his motherless children, Lizzie Stuart's tender little heart had been in the doctor's keeping. Indeed, she had loved him all her life, as her father's friend and her own—but of late what was it that made Lizzie blush, all to herself, in the solitude of her own room, when she thought of the gratitude and affection she owed to the doctor? Ah! what a wealth of pity and devotion she poured out upon him in secret, and what romantic castles were built up in that graceful little head of hers, as she sat of an evening looking out upon the hawthorns, of the wonderful ways in which she was to be a help and a comfort to him, without his knowing who had done the work! But though her love was an "open secret," there was no one to find it out, except, indeed, the doctor himself, the last man on whom the idea was likely to dawn, and it is doubtful if even Lizzie had more than an

inkling of the truth. If she had, she guarded her secret jealously, and only let it appear in a most tender and zealous performance of her duty towards his children, as to which the doctor said no words, but thanked and blessed her in his heart.

But within the last fortnight it had occurred to this young woman to set herself up in judgment upon the doctor's conduct, and after mature deliberation, she had come to the conclusion that he had either made a great mistake, or was doing very wrong. The idea troubled her sorely. Miss Lizzie was a young lady who rather piqued herself upon the possession of an independent judgment, and paid the youthful penalty, of course, by sometimes too much undervaluing the experience of her seniors. Her early training had perhaps encouraged this state of mind; for her father, dear as she had been to him, had not been able to steer altogether clear of that wretched system of "spoiling till five, trying experiments till fifteen, and contradicting up to twenty." Besides all this, Miss Lizzie had lately been studying Dr. Winslow's "Obscure Diseases," that most popular of scientific works, and had rebelled against the theories therein propounded with all her heart. "Very Hard Cash" had fallen in her way immediately afterwards, and she had glowed with sympathy for Alfred's wrongs and Julia's love, and for all the supposed victims detained in a thousand lunatic asylums by commissioners in lunacy like those described by Mr. Read.

And now Walter Stone had crossed her path, and lo! her dreams were realised. He was pleasant, handsome, and as gentle as Alfred; and more than all, he had appealed to her compassion, and poured into her ear a piteous story of the unnatural brother, who, for the sake of obtaining the management of his, Walter's, property, had condemned him to lifelong captivity. Lizzie knew as a fact that his brother had consigned him to Dr. Holford's charge, and that in spite of all his apparent liberty, he was narrowly watched,—in itself a suspicious circumstance, considering that nervous ailments only were the plea for his incarceration. She had even heard Dr. Holford chuckle over the story of the way in which he and Edward Stone had managed to entrap Walter into voluntarily giving his purse into their care, so as to render his escape, by train or other conveyance, impossible.

And this was a sane man! Lizzie's brain took fire at the thought. To dispose of the certificate of lunacy was the work of a moment; were they not all—those mad doctors, and Dr. Winslow in particular—ready to swear to any man's insanity at a moment's notice?

And then Walter had told her that he had himself given opportunity to his enemies in some moments of excitement consequent on the loss of money. But the doctor? there was the rub. Could it be possible that Dr. Holford, the upright and honourable, had deliberately lent himself to this vile plot? Even Lizzie's excited imagination could not lead her to believe that. No, the man was not mad—that was certain,—but the doctor had been deceived; his keen eye had been blinded by Walter Stone's perfidious friends, who, though they had cautiously avoided committing themselves by speaking of more than "nerves," had so cunningly worded their artful testimony, that the doctor had jumped to the conclusion without much personal observation, that Walter must be insane. That could not be a fault—at least—well, hardly, or if it were, she, Lizzie Stuart, would undeceive him, and enable him to make atonement. And then she went off into a day-dream, and was just in the middle of a speech from the doctor, expressive of his deep gratitude to her for having, by her woman's keen-sightedness and quick judgment, disabused him of the idea under which he had been labouring, &c., &c., when she looked up, and behold the moon had risen, and was already lighting up the top branches of the hawthorns. She turned into the house, fully resolved to speak seriously to the doctor the very next morning.

The moon was high in the heavens when Lizzie Stuart went that evening, as her custom was, to sit in the nursery while nurse went down to her supper. At these times Lizzie always sat in a particular chair by the window. Nurse's white-curtained bed stood in a recess at the back of the room; a little to one side, but facing the fire—still necessary at night—was the baby's bassinet, of which little but the hood was to be seen from where Lizzie sat. The other two children slept in what was, in fact, an adjoining room, though the door of communication had long been removed, to make the two nurseries as far as possible into one. There was no light in the room but the moonshine, and the glimmer of the fire; Lizzie leant back in her chair, and resumed her day-dream. By-and-by, a low knock came at the door.

"Come in," said Lizzie, wondering that nurse should have made such haste at her supper.

The door opened softly, and Walter Stone put his head into the room. "I want to speak to you, I want to speak to you," he whispered, excitedly; "you must let me come in. It is most important."

There was something queer about his man-

ner, but Lizzie, strong in her conviction, was in no wise frightened. Besides, he had talked to her that day of escape, and she longed to repeat the arguments she had used against any such scheme, for its success would be fatal to the doctor's credit. While she hesitated, he stole silently up to her, closing the door behind him. No other man living would Lizzie have allowed to remain there, but her sympathy for Walter Stone was deep and strong, all the more strong from her love for the man who was doing him such unwitting injury. How grieved the doctor will be to-morrow! she thought, and she let Walter stay. He sat down by her side, and remained silent. After a minute or two the stillness grew oppressive, and she opened her mouth to speak. As she did so, she looked in his face, ghastly in the moonlight. Ah! how awful was the change there! His pleasant, careless look had disappeared, and in its stead was a dreadful expression of fixed malignity, of insane cunning and rage; the glare of a maniac's eye caught and fixed hers as she looked. Horror-stricken she drew back, but he bent forward, and said in a hissing whisper,

"I've something to show you. I've locked the door, and we can't be interrupted, no, no. Look here!" and he drew from his pocket an ordinary dinner knife, on which the moonbeams glittered hideously.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he muttered as he stroked and seemed to fondle it, turning it from side to side. "True steel—the real thing! Not for you, though, not for you—for those little devils that cling round you, and prevent your coming with me. I'll set you free, I'll——" and he lapsed into inarticulate murmurs, still stroking the knife. Never, in all her life, did Lizzie Stuart forget the sensations of that moment; they come back to her often in dreams, even now. She did not lose consciousness, but she could not move; her heart seemed to stand still, and her brain to reel.

"The youngest first," he whispered at last, and leaving her suddenly, he darted towards the hearth. For one second the knife gleamed brightly in the moonlight as he brandished it aloft, the next he had plunged it deep into the bassinet. Oh God, there was no cry!

A wild shriek rose to Lizzie's lips. Repressing it with a violent effort, she collected her senses and walked to his side.

"I must kill the others myself," she said, with an unflinching voice; "let me do it—they would not be quiet otherwise."

The maniac turned towards her a horrible face of triumph.

"You're one of the right sort!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "The young May

moon is beaming, love. The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love. How sweet to rove—No, that's not it—So she killed her gown o' green satin, and tuckit it up to her knee—Lizzie Lindsay—that's you—Lord Ronald Clan Donald—that's me. Won't we be happy? Now then!"

"Yes, I am going," she said, still speaking calmly; "wait here till I come back."

He stooped to draw the knife out of the bassinet.

"No, don't do that," she whispered, forcing herself to lay her hand upon his arm, and turning away her eyes, lest the sight that might meet them should unnerve her, "I have a fancy for doing it differently."

He stood upright again, and motioned her to go, and only as she moved to where the other children slept, she remembered with sick horror that there was no door between the rooms. Despair gave her courage, she quickened her pace; he did not follow her—there was a moment's respite. Softly and rapidly she threw a coverlet over the two fair sleeping heads, then she flew to the bell. A violent pull—another—and the bell-rope broke in her hand. Would anyone come? The madman heard the twang of the wires, and suspected treachery. He sprang towards the room, but Lizzie was too quick for him. She stood in the doorway, with dilated eyes and upraised hand.

"Walter Stone, go back," she commanded in a solemn voice. "It is all done. I forbid you to enter here."

For a moment the lunatic cowered before her, awed by the light in those gleaming eyes, then he sprang at her throat like a wild beast. An instant's struggle, an instant's agony like unto death, and with a mighty crash the door burst open, and Dr. Holford, with the exertion of his whole strength, dragged the madman from the choking girl. To hold him singly was impossible. He broke from the doctor's grasp, threw up the window, and with a loud laugh, leapt into the garden below, where the dull thud of his fall was heard just as the assistant, whose carelessness had permitted him to secrete the knife, appeared upon the scene.

"Go down, go down," cried the doctor, pointing to the window. The assistant looked out and hurriedly disappeared, and the doctor gave all his attention to Lizzie. She had not fainted—she could not do so—not at all events with the dreadful news untold, but she was gasping for breath.

The doctor bent over her. "Lizzie, dear Lizzie, look up. I see how it was. You were defending my children. You have saved their

lives. Try to look up, and tell me you are not hurt."

But Lizzie shrank from the tender words, and cowered miserably in her chair. She strove to compel her parched tongue to speak, and tell him that by her folly she had caused the death of his baby, but a hissing gurgle came instead of words, and ended in an hysterical shriek. The servants, and nurse among them, had come crowding in by this time, and a loud exclamation from the latter startled them all.

"Gracious powers! what is this?" and she drew forth the knife from the bassinet, and held it up in view of the rest, its polished surface still undimmed.

"Well, the Lord be praised for his mercy! it were his providence, that it were, that put it into my head all of a sudden to-day, that baby were a growing too big for a bassinet, and I put her in the old cot by my bedside, and drew my curtains round her, and there she is, the precious lamb, awake and a smiling at us all, as good as sugar."

Lizzie heard the words, or rather some dim idea of their meaning penetrated to her brain, but the relief was too sudden to be realised at once. She understood that confession was not needful, but remorse was as bitter as ever. She stood up and held out her hands imploringly.

"Can—you—for—give?" she whispered piteously, and fell forward in a dead faint upon the doctor's shoulder.

For many, many months Dr. Holford tended Lizzie through the nervous fever that followed upon her swoon. At one time he almost despaired of her recovery, but youth and a sound constitution conquered, and she rose at last from her sick bed, the shadow of what she had been.

The doctor pronounced change of air and scene to be absolutely necessary during her convalescence, and simultaneously discovered that he had been working too hard, and required a holiday and a month or two abroad. Rumour states that he imparted these conclusions to Lizzie Stuart, and made sundry other confidences to her, during one *very* long and earnest conversation which they had, walking slowly up and down—her feeble steps tenderly supported by his arm—under the old hawthorns, brilliant by this time with autumnal berries.

You have seen Mrs. Holford. Do you wonder now at the strange look in her eyes?

Walter Stone fractured his skull in his fall. He was insensible for many days, but at length consciousness returned, and those who watched around his bed thanked God to see that all traces of insanity had disappeared. They looked forward hopefully to the future, but his career

on earth was ended. He sank gradually, and died in a few weeks. He lived long enough to be deeply thankful to have been spared from the guilt of the awful crime he had so nearly committed, and to send, through Doctor Holford, a message of gratitude and blessing to the woman, who, by her self-command and courage, had saved him from going to the grave with blood-stained hands.

WINIFRED ROBINSON.

FOUND DROWNED.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS. BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

CHAPTER I. A GAME OF CROQUÊT.

"Now, that's not fair, Harry; Edith is nearer to you than I am."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Annie? Why, you're my sister, and Edith is——" Whack!—and away flew Annie's ball about ten yards from the scene of action.

"Let me alone, please, Harry, there's a good boy," said Edith; and Harry, with a glance rather too warm to be brotherly, passed by on the other side.

The players and the scene were worthy of each other. Perhaps Edith was the most striking of the three. She was rather tall for a woman; her shoulders would have seemed broad but for their graceful slope, and the supple ease of all her movements. A short mantle, with strong resemblance to a jacket, concealed the upper portion of her figure, and led the eye down an even line to the ground, where a small boot appeared occasionally, the sight of which made, being croquetted, rather a reward than a punishment. It is wise to describe Edith's face last, because it was most captivating, and also for the reason that it is next to impossible to avoid failure in the task. Her black hair neatly parted across a forehead broad enough to satisfy a Lavater, and not too high for beauty, exposed ears that it would have been a sin to hide, and veiled eyes of the softest brown, which seemed to irradiate love and sympathy. I despair of describing the faultless line of her nose, or the bold curve with which it joined her short upper lip. This was rather a haughty feature, and with its sweet sister resting on a well-shaped and rather full chin, left no doubt in an observant mind that Miss Edith Landor had a will of her own, and that her eyes, which now looked so soft, could sparkle and dilate with strong and angry passion.

Leaning on her croquet hammer, after recovering her ball, stood Annie Elsdale, a little angry perhaps at the way in which her brother's anxiety to favour Edith's success, rendered her own chance of winning the game out of the

question. Yet the only sign of this was a rather contemptuous observance of the play, and the constant tapping of a little foot, which seemed to be letting off the steam of Annie's vexation. She does not know that she is stand-

ing for her portrait, nor is she vain, nor a coquette, or she would thank Harry for the little rum which had given such a charming colour to her expressive rather than beautiful countenance. Less tall than Edith, she was



not more slender. Her hair was perfect in neatness, and in colour about the shade of Edith's eyes; in her features you could find no fault, and yet they were not beautiful. Was it that her nose was a little too broad, or was her

ace not sufficiently pointed? I can't tell. All I know is, that whenever I studied her face, I found in her eyes a sufficient delight, and they were large and grey, with a look of omniscience, which was a caution to fops and fools.

Both girls were in mourning, and so of course was Annie's brother, Harry, whose best claims to distinction were that he had been "stroke" for two years in the "Brazenose boat," that he was a thoroughly good fellow, and a pains-taking corporal in the "Devil's Own." For Harry, whose physique was noble, was an undistinguished member of the Home Circuit, where his sunny temper and handsome face had made him many friends, but had not procured him many briefs. His father had died about five years since from injuries he received while hunting with the West Sussex hounds. From him Harry had inherited his blue eyes, a fine, open, intellectual countenance, the only weakness of which was partially concealed by a strong brown beard with an outer edge of the same colour as his waving hair.

When he turned towards Edith to watch her make her stroke, there was an anxious tenderness in his manner which seemed like repressed affection. He was evidently struggling to subdue a feeling which he feared would become too demonstrative, while her manner towards him was rather encouraging than otherwise. They regarded each other as cousins, though in truth they were not so, for Edith Landor was the daughter of Harry's aunt, Lady Elsdale, whose second husband, Sir Godfrey Elsdale of Ambleton, had died six months ago, and for whom the family were now in mourning.

The summer assizes were being held at Lewes, and Harry, wisely preferring the pleasant air of Ambleton to the stuffy atmosphere of the court, or the comfortless clamour of the *salle des pas perdus* of that most wretched establishment, where his forensic abilities were not in great demand, had come home to his mother's house, which was about two miles from Ambleton Place.

Ambleton Place, the family seat, in front of which they were playing croquet, was a large red-brick house, that had stood perhaps for ninety years. It had no pretensions to architecture. It was two stories high, with an over-hanging, heavily-gabled roof. On either side of the door were three windows, two of which lighted the hall; the remaining two on the right were the library windows, and those on the other side lighted a morning room, used as a boudoir by the ladies. These rooms stood out by themselves. Of the two wings, one was devoted to the family, the other to the servants' offices and a billiard room. The view from the front of the house across the carriage-drive; across the wide lawn, where the croquet balls were chasing each other through iron arches; across the park, where the long

drought had discoloured the grass and made it difficult for the deer to find a tender bite, though they sought for it in the shade of the patches of oaks and firs; across the broad belt of leafy woods which seemed to be the boundary of the domain,—stretched away over a patchwork of fields, dotted with villages, churches, and farmhouses, far away to where the Downs made a broad purple sky-line, broken only by a softly-curving gap, low down in which the sea looked like a greenish mist.

Over the Downs the south-west wind blew softly upon this peaceful scene; but Ambleton Place was not at peace within itself. For an uneasy doubt existed as to who was the master in that ancestral home of the Elsdales. Sir Godfrey's next brother, who thirty and more years ago had been known as a rake round the country side, had in his twenty-fifth year been provided with an Indian cadetship and exported to Bombay. Master Hugh, as he was called by all the people about his home, made no objection, but while seated with his father on the evening of his last day in Sussex, listening with apparent carelessness and some real contrition to the worthy old gentleman's advice, he suddenly interrupted Sir Godfrey's harangue by saying:—

"I hope I shall be a better fellow now, but there's one thing I must tell you:—I'm married."

Sir Godfrey was too much confounded to answer, and Hugh went on to tell him how he had married the bailiff's daughter, Ruth Page, and how he couldn't go to India unless Ruth went with him. Slowly the old gentleman remembered that there had been much gossip about Hugh and Ruth, very injurious to the girl's fair fame, and though his pride was offended at the marriage, yet he regarded a scapegrace as an unavoidable, if not necessary, part of a large family; so Ruth was seen and spoken to, though she was far too frightened to reply. They sailed for India when there was no overland passage and with but little expectation of returning. Occasionally Hugh wrote for money. In one of his earliest letters he stated that Ruth had a son, and that to avoid expense she had consented to live with him unacknowledged as his wife, under an assumed name. When the Sikh war broke out they heard that Hugh had greatly distinguished himself in the early battles; then came the news of Chillianwallah, and with it the tidings of Hugh's death. He had been severely wounded by a sowar, and died in his tent, but not before he had dictated a letter to his brother Godfrey, begging his protection for Ruth and her boy. His brother, who had succeeded to the title some three years before

this news arrived, at once used every effort to discover Hugh's wife and son. A year had elapsed, during which he had spared no expense or trouble to find them, when he received information that so soon as the news of Hugh's wound was conveyed to Ruth, she had set off for the camp, thus missing a letter which her husband had sent to her, and arrived to find him dead. Weakened by her weary walk, she had fallen a victim to cholera. Her boy, reared in the worst possible school for health and morals, had been seen standing by his mother's bedside while she was gasping for breath, and trying in vain to speak. After her death, some of her husband's brother officers, regarding the lad as their comrade's natural son, employed him until he was suspected of being implicated in a robbery of the mess-plate, and absconded. There was no evidence to prove him guilty, and no search was made for him. Nothing had since been heard of this young man—this Hugh Elsdale—who, upon Sir Godfrey's marriage proving childless, was heir to the baronetcy. If he were living he would be now about thirty-one years old.

Up to the time of Sir Godfrey's death, which had been rather sudden, he had always strong hopes that he might have a son of his own. Latterly he had abandoned his inquiries after Hugh, half wishing to forget the possibility of his existence, half fearful that he might find him. Even in his last hours he had hoped and advised that his nephew Harry should assume the title, and take possession of the estates upon his death. The estate was small, not worth more than fifteen hundred a year; yet the uncertainty as to whether he should inherit this, together with the family title, had been the bane of Harry's life. Probably he would have been by this time a hard-working and rising barrister, had it not been for this. His father had left him sole trustee and executor, with absolute power over the small fortune which maintained his mother, and sister, and himself. But he was always looking forward to the time when he would be Sir Harry Elsdale, Bart., of Ambleton, and this hope seemed to be a sufficient excuse for neglecting the grave studies which might have ensured a successful career.

Upon Sir Godfrey's death, Mr. Tyler, the family solicitor, had been invited to a council at the Place. Lady Elsdale, who was a weak and rather vain woman, tenacious of her position as the great lady of the district, was not disposed to favour Harry's immediate accession to the family honours. On the other hand he and his mother were evidently anxious that he should take to them, though this was

rather implied by their silence than openly expressed. But Mr. Tyler, who had great influence with all, very strongly stated his opinion that at least a year should be allowed to elapse from the date of Sir Godfrey's death before Harry was installed as his successor, and that during the twelve months every effort should be used to find his cousin Hugh.

This advice had been acted upon, and Mr. Tyler at once instructed agents to advertise in the Indian and Australian newspapers. Six months had passed, and no tidings had been received of the missing man. Meanwhile Lady Elsdale and Edith occupied Ambleton Place, and the establishment remained unchanged. One of Mr. Tyler's strongest arguments against Harry's immediate accession, had been that he could not possibly meet any claim for arrears which might be made by Hugh, or his children, if he had left any. This difficulty did not oppose Lady Elsdale's continued residence, for she had a large private fortune, which on her first marriage she had bestowed with her young heart and hand upon Robert Landor, a man of undoubted genius, but by no means a model husband. Edith remembered her father fondly; she had accepted his own estimate of himself, and thought of him as a man who had been misunderstood, ill-used, and killed by a cold, unappreciating world. Whereas the truth was, that but for the firmness of Mr. Tyler's father as the trustee of his wife's fortune, he would have squandered the principal instead of the income, and when his death occurred, after a severe fit of delirium tremens, he might have died a pauper, instead of leaving his wife and child in affluence.

Harry and Edith had been playmates from early childhood, and from the time that she came with her mother to live at Ambleton they had been encouraged to regard each other at least as cousins. Sir Godfrey looked upon Harry as his heir, and when both the children were at play together, the baronet had more than once said significantly to his wife, that "it was just as well they were not first cousins." No attempt had ever been made to ascertain their feeling towards each other when they became of marriageable age. But it was pretty evident that Harry loved Edith, and that her manner towards him was so variable, as to afford no clue to her real sentiments. Lady Elsdale regarded the match complacently, except when she thought that possibly Harry might not inherit the baronetcy. She wished nothing so much as that her daughter should succeed herself as the Lady of Ambleton Place; and this gave a most unpleasant uncertainty to her regard for Harry. Since Sir Godfrey's death, so much had been heard of the inquiries

making to discover their relative, Hugh, that the doubt which overhung Harry's fortunes seemed to grow stronger, and Lady Elsdale had shown an increasing disposition to keep him and Edith apart.

It was autumn, and the evening was coming on as their game was finished, and Edith hailed herself the winner. She liked winning, enough to forget those services which helped her on the way to victory. She looked vexed for a moment as she caught the pleased smile with which Harry regarded her success. She could not but know that he loved her, and yet she treated him as though she had no such idea. They were hesitating whether to play another game or not before going in to dress for dinner, when a servant came out and said his lady wished to see them in the drawing-room "directly." The man was so evidently hurried and embarrassed that Edith asked, "What is the matter, Thomas?"

"Please, Miss, I don't know, but my lady's taking on terrible."

Half frightened, and looking very grave, they hurried into the house, and found Lady Elsdale in the drawing-room crying hysterically. As she sat doubled up in a low arm-chair one would hardly have supposed that she was of more than middle height; at every fresh burst of grief she covered her face with her handkerchief; her features were of the most ordinary type, and over either side of her widow's cap fluttered three or four small curls, in which there were many grey hairs.

"Oh!—my dears! Oh!—my dears! There,—there,—there,—" she moaned, as she pushed a letter towards them, which had been lying by her side on the table.

Annie took up the letter, and directly her eye fell upon the bold signature "Augustus Tyler," she guessed its contents.

"Read it out, Annie," said Harry faintly. He had become quite pale, and stood almost unconsciously.

Edith was leaning over her mother, soothing her. She looked up as Annie began to read in a steady, forced tone.

"66, Bedford Row, London, Sept., 186—.

"DEAR LADY ELSDALE,—My inquiries have at length resulted in the discovery of a gentleman who represents himself to be Mr. Hugh Elsdale, now Sir Hugh Elsdale. His attention was attracted by one of my advertisements in an Indian newspaper. He at once left for England, and was shipwrecked on the coast of Wales. After producing evidence as to his identity, he inquired minutely regarding the circumstances of the estate, and of the members of the family. He expressed a desire to con-

sult your convenience, but he left me no room to doubt that he wished you to terminate your residence at Ambleton Place as quickly as possible. As I wish to convey to you as truthfully as I may an account of the interview, I am bound to tell you that his manner in stating this was not that of a gentleman, and I feel that you would consult your own comfort by leaving before he takes possession. He appears to be a man who has led a very hard and varied life, and possibly the enjoyment of easy circumstances may soften and improve his manners. I understood him to say that he should expect the house to be ready for him in a week from to-day.

"Yours very faithfully,
"AUGUSTUS TYLER."

"There," sobbed Lady Elsdale, laying her hand upon Edith's arm, "you see what a brute is coming to succeed my poor dear Godfrey,—and to turn us out, as though we were thieves and robbers."

Edith's face had been hardening while the letter was read; now it was covered with a deep blush of anger, and her eyes seemed to have become darker. She stamped her foot as she replied to her mother:—

"I should like to burn the house down as we leave it: that's how I would welcome Sir Hugh to Ambleton."

As Annie finished reading the letter, she lifted her eyes to where Harry had been standing, and saw that he had sunk into a chair, and was staring at the carpet with his face gathered to an awful frown. As she murmured "poor dear Harry," she heard a muttered "Curse him," come from between his lips. He let fall the croquet-hammer, and, at its sharp sound upon the floor, Edith looked for the first time at Harry. As he rose to leave the room his eyes met hers, and a far lower intelligence than Edith's might have seen where his disappointment hurt him most. Such a look of hopeless misery that a cooler heart than hers would have obeyed the generous impulse to follow and comfort him. He was crossing the hall, when she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Dear Harry, this is indeed hard for you to bear."

"Hard! yes, it is hard," he muttered, looking straight before him, not noticing Edith's caress. Yet the quiver which her hand had sent through him seemed to reach his lip as it trembled against his will.

"We shall only be just as we were before," she said, scarcely knowing what to say.

"And was that happiness, do you think? For God's sake, don't tempt me, Edith."

"Oh, Harry!" He almost pushed her away from him as he hurried to the door. It was some time before Edith joined her mother and Annie, and when she did so her eyes were very red, though it was the common belief in the family that Edith never cried.

"HOW WE WENT TO FORT RUPERT," AND MADE A STRANGE PURCHASE.

VICTORIA, the capital of Vancouver Island, now a thriving town, in 1857 had barely commenced its existence; its subsequent rapid rise and growth in commercial prosperity being solely attributable to the gold discoveries on the Fraser, and latterly to the vast gold fields of Carraboo.

My story commences on board the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, *The Otter*, as she puffed and twisted out of Victoria Harbour one sunny morning in the year 1857; our destination, Fort Rupert, a trading post of the Company's at the extreme north end of Vancouver Island. As we left the harbour, the scenery opened out like a magnificent panorama, indescribably wild and beautiful. In front, the sharp jagged mountains of the coast range, wooded to the sea-line, towering up in the far distance to the regions of eternal snow. To the left, the rounder hills of the island, sloping easily to the water's edge, in grassy glades and lawn-like openings, belted with scrub-oaks, that higher up the hill sides are overshadowed by the Douglas pine and cedar. Just visible in our course, like a green speck, the famed Island of St. Juan; whilst bending away to the right as far as eye could reach, the dense forests of Oregon looked like one vast unbroken sea of green.

To take in a fresh supply of coal, we called at Nainimo, now the great coaling depôt of the island, at this early stage of its history consisting of about a dozen log shanties built in a row overlooking the harbour, inhabited by the coal miners and employes of the fur-trading establishments.

Whilst "coaling," a deputation of Indian *braves*, headed by a young chief, waited on the captain of the steamer. Squatted in a circle on the deck, the all-essential pipe smoked, the object of their visit was disclosed.

The Fort Rupert Indians residing at the Indian village and trading post we were en route to visit, had very recently made a raid on these, the Nainimo savages; in the foray the old chief had been killed, several *braves* seriously injured, and what was worse than all, the favourite wife of the deceased dignitary seized, and carried off a slave. The young chief, it seems, had loved the wife of his predecessor, and was willing to pay any

ransom for his lost darling. After a long *wa waa* (talk), the captain consented to effect a purchase if possible, and bring back on our return the lost one to the arms of her sable lover.

Nothing could be more enjoyable than our run through the Gulf of Georgia, that opens out into a wide expanse for a distance of forty miles betwixt Nainimo and Vaddes Island, then suddenly narrows to a channel about a mile in width, completely walled in by rocks; this narrow channel is Discovery Passage. About a mile from its entrance we passed a large Indian village, the home of the Tah-cultas, a powerful band, of most predatory habits, and generally at war with the different tribes north and south of them; they own a perfect fleet of canoes, a great many slaves, and they scalp and plunder all they can lay hands on.

For fourteen miles Discovery Passage is much the same width, until reaching Menzies' Bay, where the rapids commence. At the base of these rapids, the channel is barely a quarter of a mile wide, suddenly opening out into a large pond-like space. The tide rushes down the narrow passage at the rate of ten knots an hour, and to get up through it was as much as our little steamer could accomplish. Panting and struggling, sometimes hardly moving, at others carried violently against the shore, by slow degrees she breasted the current and got safely through. The rapids cleared, the remainder of the passage lay through open bays and groups of islands.

We are steaming into Beaver Harbour, a stiff breeze, a good half-gale, blowing dead in-shore.

The so-called harbour, being nothing more than an open roadstead, is disagreeably rough; a heavy sea rolls angrily in, dashing in foamy breakers on the rocky coast line.

We anchor about a mile from shore, the skipper deeming it unsafe to venture nearer. To announce our arrival, a gun is to be fired; this, I observed, was rather a service of danger to the sailor who had to touch it off, inasmuch as it was just an equal chance whether the bulk of the charge came through the barrel or the touch-hole, the latter having become so capacious from rust and long usage, as to necessitate the employment of an enormously long wand with a piece of lighted slowmatch tied to the end of it. All hands having cleared away, and carefully concealed themselves, the wand slowly appears from a secure hiding-place, and the wheezing bang proclaims "all's safe."

The report was still echoing through the distant hills, when countless tiny specks were discernible dancing over the waves like sea

birds. On they came, a perfect shoal of them, nearer and nearer, all evidently bound for the ship. I could make out clearly now that the specks were canoes filled with Indians. By this time our boat was lowered; how I got into it, I never clearly remember; I have a dim recollection of descending a rope with great rapidity, and finding myself sprawling in the bottom of the boat, and being dragged up by the captain, much after the fashion adopted by clowns in a pantomime to reinstate the prostrate pantaloon upon his legs. At any rate I was safe, and the boat, propelled by four sturdy rowers, neared the shore.

On looking round, I observed the canoes had all turned towards the boat, and we were soon surrounded with the most extraordinary fleet I had ever beheld; the canoes were of all sizes, varying from those used for war purposes, holding thirty men, to the cockle-shell paddled by a squaw. With the exception of a bit of skin or old blanket tied round the waist, the savages were all perfectly nude, their long black hair hung in tangled elf-locks down their backs, their faces and bodies painted in most fantastic patterns with red and white. Keeping steadily along with us, they continually relieved their feelings by giving utterance to the most wild and fiendish yells that ever came from human throats.

As we neared the landing, I could see the chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, conspicuously white amidst a group of red-skins, waiting to receive us. The boat grated on the shingle some distance from the beach, white with spray. "Surely you don't expect me to go ashore like a seal?" I appealingly inquired of the captain. Before he had time to reply, four powerful savages, up to their waists in water, *fisted* me out of the boat; two taking my heels, and two my shoulders, bore me (as I have seen "bobbies" convey a drunken man) safely to the shore. Having handed my letters of introduction from his Excellency to the chief trader, I was presented to the chiefs as a *Hijas tyee* (great chief), one of "King George's" men. So we shook hands, and I attempted to move towards the Fort: it was not to be done; to use the mildest term, I was "mobbed;" old savages and young savages, old squaws and young squaws, even to boy and girl savages, rushed and scrambled as to who should first shake hands with me. Had I been a "pump" on a desert, surrounded by thirst-famished Indians, and each arm a handle, they could not have been more vigorously plied. Being rescued at last by the combined efforts of trader and captain, I was marched into the Fort, the gates shut with a heavy clang, and most thank-

ful was I to be safe from any further demonstrations of friendship. The evening passed rapidly and pleasantly away; my host was a thorough sportsman, full of anecdote, and hospitable to a fault.

Awaking early, I wandered out, and up into the bastion of the Fort. The sun was just creeping up from behind the ragged peaks of the Cascade Mountains, tinting with rosy light their snow-clad summits; the wind had lulled, or gone off to sea on some boisterous errand; the harbour, smooth as a lake, looked like burnished silver. There was a wild grandeur about the scenery, that awoke feelings of awe rather than admiration; everywhere nothing but vast piles of craggy mountains, clad from the snow-line to the sea with dense pine forests; not an open grassy spot, or even a naked mass of rock, peeped out to break the fearful monotony of these interminable hills.

The Trading Post is a square, enclosed by immense trees, one end sunk in the ground, and placed close together. A platform, about the height of an ordinary man from the top of these pickets, is carried along the sides of this square, so as to enable anyone to peep over without being in danger from an arrow or bullet. The entrance is closed by two massive gates, an inner and outer; all the houses—the chief trader's, employes', trading-house, fur-room, and stores—are within the square. The trade-room is cleverly contrived so as to prevent a sudden rush of Indians; the approach from outside the pickets is by a long narrow passage, bent at an acute angle near the window of the trade-room, being only of a sufficient width to admit one savage at a time (this precaution is necessary, inasmuch as, were the passage straight they would inevitably shoot the trader).

At the angles nearest the Indian village are two bastions, octagonal in shape, and of a very doubtful style of architecture. Four embrasures in each bastion would lead the uninitiated to believe in the existence of as many formidable cannons; with rammers, sponges, neat piles of round shot and grape, magazines of powder, and ready hands to load and fire, and, at the slightest symptom of hostility, to work havoc and destruction on any red-skinned rebels daring to dispute the supremacy of the Hudson's Bay Company. Imagine my surprise on entering this fortress to discover all this a pleasant fiction: two small rusty carronades, buried in the accumulated dust and rubbish of years, that no human power could have loaded, were the sole occupants of the mouldy old turrets.

The bell for breakfast recalling me, I

jokingly inquired of the chief trader if he had ever been obliged to use this cannon for defensive purposes. He laughed as he replied: "There is a tradition that at some remote period the guns were actually fired, not at the rebellious natives, but over their heads; instead of being terror-stricken at the white man's thunder, away they all scampered in pursuit of the ball, found it, and, marching in triumph back to the fort gate, offered to trade it, that it might be fired again!"

Breakfast finished, the trader, captain, and myself started for the village. Clear of the gates, we scrambled down a rocky path, crossed a mountain burn dividing the Indians from the fort, and entered "the City of the Redskins," which consists of a long row of huts, each hut nearly square, the exterior fantastically frescoed in hieroglyphic patterns, in white, red, and blue, having, however, a symbolic meaning or heraldic value, like the *totem* of the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains; four immense trees, barked and worked smooth, support each corner, the tops, like pediments to a column, carved to resemble some horrible monster; the hut constructed of cedar plank chipped from the solid tree with chisels and hatchets made of stone: many hands combine to accomplish this, hence a hut becomes the joint property of several families. Five tribes live at this village:—

Qua-Kars (numbering about)	. 800 warriors
Qual-quilths	" " . 100 "
Kum-cutes	" " . 70 "
Wan-lish	" " . 50 "
Lock-qua-lillas	" " . 80 "

The entire population, even to the dogs, turned out on our advent. It was puzzling to imagine where they all came from. We soon formed the centre of the vilest assemblage man ever beheld; nothing I have ever seen in pictures or pantomime portraying demons, was half as ugly. The object of our visit was soon made known, and a ring was immediately formed by chiefs and braves, the squaws and children outside.

Had any charming princess, captive in an enchanted castle, been guarded by such a collection of painted ragamuffins as now surrounded us, he would have been a valorous knight that had dared venture to release her.

The first question discussed being the price, a much larger sum was asked than we felt disposed to pay. Although the slave belonged solely to one Indian, the power to sell resting with him only, still everyone had their say. Men gurgled and spluttered strangely unintelligible noises, women chattered and screamed

like furies, whilst children engaged in small battles outside the ring.

Thirty blankets and two trade guns—equal to 50*l* sterling, the price to be paid—were the terms at last agreed on. We then adjourned to the shed where the slave was a prisoner.

I was in a great state of expectation, picturing to myself an Indian Hebe, limbs exquisitely moulded, native grace and elegance in every movement, gorgeous in "wampum," paint, and waving feathers,—such as I had read of as "Laughing Water," or "Prairie Flower," in the full bloom of youthful loveliness.

Being carried, so to speak, into the shed, a waif in the stream of savages rushing like a human torrent to get in, with all the breath squeezed out of me, I was deposited somewhere; but as my head was enveloped in a dense cloud of pungent smoke, it was sometime ere I discovered I was close to the captain. "Sit down," he roared, "you will die of suffocation if you keep your head in the smoke." At once I seated myself on the floor, and can now quite understand what being suffocated in a chimney, as climbing boys were wont to be, is like.

Once more enabled to see, it was easy to discover the secret: there being no place for the smoke to escape arising from about twenty fires, it naturally accumulates at the top of the shed, and one literally, not figuratively, "lives under a cloud." There was a hum and buzz, as in a nest of angry hornets; the din was increased by the dogs that fought and rolled in where I sat, and being by no means particular whether they bit my legs, or any other man's, it required a deal of agility to keep clear.

During an interval of peace, it was easy to make out that the slave was coming.

I longed for my field-glass to magnify her charms, expecting her to glide from beneath the smoke like a spirit—a veritable painted Venus.

Alas, how fleeting are imaginary pictures—poetic dreams—castles in the air!

Half crouching, and waddling rather than walking, came my ideal. Her only covering a ragged, filthy old blanket; her face begrimed with the dirt and paint of a lifetime; short, fat, repulsive, about forty years old, the incarnation of ugliness, a very Hecate!

All my romance vanished like a dissolving view. For what had I been squeezed nearly to death, half-suffocated, poisoned with a noxious stench, my legs imperilled by infuriated curs, my ears deafened, half devoured by insatiable blood-suckers?—to aid in paying 50*l*. for the ugliest old savage I ever saw.

All the chiefs assembled at the Fort in the

evening, to receive payment and hand over the slave. Squatting on their heels, nose and knees together, their backs against the wall, they formed a circle. The pipe produced (nothing can be done without it)—I say *pipe*, as *one* only is used,—filled and lighted, it passes from mouth to mouth; each taking a good pull, puffs the smoke slowly through his nostrils. The thirty blankets and two guns being piled in the centre of this strange assemblage, the slave was led in. Each blanket undergoing a most careful inspection, the guns being snapped and pointed, were finally approved of. A husky grunt from each of the council denoted general approval. The guns and blankets were carried off in triumph; and we became the fortunate possessors of "*the strange purchase.*" J. K. L.

THE LADY OF THE HAY-STACK.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.
CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1776, a young woman stopped at the village of Bourton, near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. In her whole appearance there was something that irresistibly engaged the attention of all who beheld her. She was young and beautiful, and to a highly interesting countenance she added graceful and elegant manners.

Alone, a stranger, and in extreme distress, she used no arts to excite compassion, and uttered no complaint. Her whole deportment exhibited signs of superior breeding, but all her words and actions were marked by a certain wildness and want of consistency. As she could not be induced to make known her name, she was distinguished by that of Louisa. After having wandered about all day in search of a resting-place, when night came she laid herself down under a hay-stack. In vain did the neighbouring ladies expostulate with her on the dangers of such a situation. By them she was supplied with the necessaries of life, but neither threats nor entreaties could prevail on her to sleep in a house. As she at times discovered symptoms of insanity, she was conveyed to Bristol, and confined in St. Peter's Hospital, in that city. When released, she hastened with all the speed her shattered strength allowed to her favourite hay-stack, which was six miles from the place of her confinement. Her delight knew no bounds on finding herself once more free and safe beneath this miserable shelter. For four years she devoted herself to this wretched life without knowing the comfort of a bed or the protection of a roof. Although hardship, sickness, and misery gradually impaired her health and injured her

beauty, she had still a lovely figure and an uncommon sweetness of air and manner. She would neither wear nor accept finery or ornaments, but hung them on the bushes as unworthy her attention. Her way of life was harmless and inoffensive; every fine morning she walked about the village, conversed with the poor children, and made them presents of such things as had been given her, receiving in return milk and tea, for on this simple diet only would she live. When asked by the neighbouring ladies to live in a house, she always replied "that trouble and misery dwelt in houses, and that there was no happiness but in liberty and fresh air." From a certain peculiarity of expression, the construction of some of her sentences, and a slightly foreign accent, it was thought that she was not a native of England, and various attempts were made, but in vain, to draw from her some knowledge of her origin. A gentleman who went to see her, having addressed her in different continental languages, she seemed restless, uneasy, and embarrassed; when at last he spoke in German, she could no longer suppress her emotion, but turned away from him and burst into tears. At length the unfortunate girl was removed to the village of Bitton, in Gloucestershire. Here she was placed under the care of Mr. Henderson, the keeper of a private mad-house, Mrs. Hannah More and her sisters undertaking the management of a subscription to defray the necessary expenses. By the attentions of a clever physician, her health improved, but her intellects became more impaired. It was thought there was more of idiotism than lunacy observable in her behaviour.

As it had been concluded from her accent that she was of German origin, every particular that could be collected concerning her was translated into that language, and sent to the newspapers of Vienna and other large cities of Germany, in the hope that it might lead to some discovery. The story was also published in the principal towns of France. These measures, however, yielded no certain light on the history of poor Louisa; but in the year 1785, a pamphlet, without name or place, appeared in the French language, called "*The Stranger: a True History.*" It was thought to have been originally published in some part of the Austrian dominions. The author gives an affecting account of the sufferings of the poor stranger in the neighbourhood of Bristol, translated from the English newspapers, leaving it to the public to determine whether the unhappy Louisa and the subject of his story were not one and the same person. This question may also be left to the decision of the present

readers of this narrative, after they have made themselves acquainted with the circumstances of this extraordinary history, which shall now be presented to them.

In the summer of the year 1768, Count Cobenzel, the Austrian Minister at Brussels, received a letter from a lady at Bordeaux, in which the writer requested him not to think it strange if his friendship and advice were eagerly sought, adding that "the universal respect which his talents and his interest at court commanded, induced her to address herself to him; that he should soon know who it was that had presumed to solicit his good offices; and that he would perhaps not repent of having attended to her."

This letter was written in very indifferent French, and signed La Frülen. The Count was requested to return an answer to Mademoiselle La Frülen, Bordeaux. Not long afterwards, he received a letter from Prague, signed "Count I. Von Weissendorff," in which he was entreated to give the best advice in his power to Mademoiselle La Frülen, to interest himself warmly in her behalf, to write to Bordeaux in her favour, and even to advance her money to the amount of a thousand ducats, if she wished it. The letter concluded thus: "When you shall know, sir, who this stranger is, you will be delighted to think you have served her, and grateful to those who have given you an opportunity of doing it."

In his answer to the lady, the Count assured her that he was highly sensible of her good opinion; that he should be proud of assisting her with his advice, and of serving her to the utmost of his ability; but that it was absolutely necessary, before doing so, that he should be told her real name.

The Count next received a letter from Vienna, signed "Count Dietrichstein," in which he was also requested to pay every possible attention to Mademoiselle La Frülen, and particularly to recommend to her the practice of frugality. This, as well as the letter from Prague, was answered by the Count, but no notice was taken of his reply in either case.

In the meantime, his correspondence with the young lady at Bordeaux continued. Towards the close of the year, Madame l'Englumé, the wife of a tradesman of Bordeaux, went on business to Brussels, and that business having introduced her to Count Cobenzel, she spoke to him in terms of the highest praise of his young, unknown correspondent. She extolled her beauty, her elegance; and above all, that prudence and propriety of conduct which were so much to be admired in a person left entirely to herself at such a tender age. She further stated that

the young lady had a house of her own, that she was generous and even magnificent in her expenses, that she had been three years at Bordeaux, that the distinguished attentions she received from the Marshal de Richelieu, the marked resemblance of her features to those of the late Emperor Francis, and the entire ignorance of the world regarding her birth, had given rise to strange conjectures; that although the young lady had often been questioned concerning her family, she still preserved the most scrupulous silence on the subject.

In one of her letters to Count Cobenzel, Mademoiselle La Frülen declared her readiness to inform him of every particular concerning herself, but as the secret was too important to be trusted to chance, she should visit the Austrian Netherlands, and tell him her whole history.

Meanwhile, she sent him her picture, which she requested him to examine attentively, as it might lead to some conjectures concerning what she had to relate. The Count saw nothing in the picture more than the features of a lovely woman, but Prince Charles of Lorraine thought he perceived a striking likeness to his brother, the late Emperor.

Count Cobenzel continued to answer her letters in a polite and even affectionate manner, at the same time that he was guarded in his expressions. On one occasion she informed him that she would send him two more pictures, with one of which she should request him to compare her own. Shortly afterwards he received the portraits of the Emperor and Empress, the former of which was recognised by Prince Charles as having been painted by Liotard.

In the month of December, the Count received an extraordinary letter dated "Vienna. From my bed, two in the morning;" in which he was commended for the good advice he had given the young stranger, and requested to continue his attentions. He was also asked to speak to her of economy, and particularly admonished of the importance of the secret. There was no signature to this letter. At the commencement of the year 1769, Count Cobenzel received despatches from Vienna, containing many extraordinary circumstances regarding the stranger. The Court of Vienna had applied to that of Versailles to apprehend Mademoiselle La Frülen, and to send her to Brussels to be examined by Count Cobenzel and the first president, M. de Nény. At the same time came a letter from the Empress to Prince Charles, enjoining him to be careful that the prisoner should not escape, and concluding with these words:—"This wretch wishes to pass for the daughter of our late

royal master. If there were the least probability in the story, I would love and treat her as one of my own children ; but I am convinced she is an impostor. I wish every possible effort to be made to prevent this unhappy creature from profaning any longer the dear and venerable name of our departed lord." Her Majesty advised the strictest secrecy, adding that the adventure had already made too much noise, and that all Europe would soon ring with it.

The manner in which the affair had come to the knowledge of the Court of Vienna was as follows. While Joseph II. was on his travels in Italy, the King of Spain received a letter purporting to have been written by His Imperial Majesty, informing him in confidence that his father had left a natural daughter, whose history was known only to his sister, the Archduchess Marianne, himself, and a few intimate friends ; that she had been most earnestly recommended to him by his father, and resided at Bordeaux. The King was entreated to send for her, to place her with some lady of rank at Madrid, or in a convent, where she might be treated with the respect due to her birth, till some plan should be adopted for the future happiness of her life. This mark of friendship he requested of His Catholic Majesty, because he himself durst not undertake the office, lest the affair should come to the ears of his mother the Empress, who, he wished, should remain in perpetual ignorance of the story.

The King of Spain thought this letter so extraordinary that he transmitted it to the Emperor, requesting some explanation. Joseph, who had not written it, and was utterly ignorant of the whole affair, sent the letter to his mother, who made immediate inquiries concerning the stranger, and dispatched a messenger to Bordeaux to seize her.

She was arrested in her own house in August, 1769, by M. de Ferand, lieutenant of the Maréchaussée of the province. Distress and fear greatly impaired La Frülen's beauty. Frequent spasms, attended with a spitting of blood, obliged her to travel very slowly. Just before she quitted the French dominions a stranger, dressed like a courier, put a note into her hand at the coach window, and retired as speedily as possible. She requested the officer by whom she was accompanied to read the note, which contained only these words : "My dear girl, everything has been done to save you ; keep up your spirits, and do not despair." She afterwards declared that she knew neither the courier nor the handwriting.

On her arrival at Brussels, she was immediately taken to Count Cobenzel's hotel. Her

appearance was enough to interest the hardest heart in her favour. She was tall, and of an elegant figure ; her air was simple and majestic, her complexion fair, her arms were delicately turned, and her hair fell in rich masses over her shoulders. She had a fresh colour, and fine dark eyes that expressed every emotion of her soul.

She spoke French with a German accent, and appeared confused when addressed, but betrayed no symptoms of female weakness otherwise. Her alarm, too, was soon dispelled by that confidence which the Count could well inspire. In her letters, she had always called him father, and still continued to address him by the same endearing title. He told her to be perfectly at ease, as she should experience the kindest treatment if she would only adhere to truth. Her distress seemed principally to arise from the circumstance of the debts she had contracted at Bordeaux, which she considered as the sole cause of her having been apprehended. She manifested no concern at being a prisoner, and only asked the Count whether she could not remain at his house. This he told her was impossible, at the same time assuring her that she should be treated with the highest respect, in an apartment he had prepared for her at the fortress of Montreuil, where she should be supplied with everything she wanted. He promised to see her the next day ; on which she took her leave, and was conducted to her destination accompanied by a female attendant provided for her by M. de Nény.

The following morning the Count found her in good spirits ; she seemed delighted with her apartment, and the treatment of those about her. When the Count offered her the use of any books from his library, she thanked him, and said she never had a moment hang heavy on her hands, her mind was so taken up with projects for her future life. The fact was, that she could neither read nor write, as Major de Camerlany taught her to sign her name whilst in confinement.

The next day her examination commenced. Count Cobenzel and M. de Nény both repaired to the fort, and the latter, who had not before seen the prisoner, was extremely struck with her resemblance to the late Emperor. They asked where she was born : she answered that she knew not, but had been told the place where she had been brought up was called Bohemia. She was asked if it were a town, and what was the earliest circumstance of her life that she could recollect. She said that she had lived in a small sequestered house in the country, with neither a town nor a village near it, and that before she inhabited this

house she had no recollection of anything that had happened to her. In infancy she had been under the care of two women, one about fifty years old, the other about thirty; the former she called mamma, the latter Catherine. She slept in the apartment of the first, but they were both affectionate and kind to her. An ecclesiastic came from time to time to say mass, and to teach her the catechism; and the person she called mamma once began to teach her reading and writing, but as soon as the priest heard of it, he put a stop to it, so that she received no more instruction, yet he always treated her with very great respect.

About a year after this, she said, a handsome man, dressed in a hunting suit, came to the house in which she lived, accompanied by a gentleman similarly attired. She was called in, the stranger placed her on his knee, caressed her, and exhorted her to be good and obedient. She supposed that this person had seen her before, as she remembered that he thought her grown taller and altered, but she could not herself recollect ever having seen him on any former occasion. In about a year and a half he returned with the same attendant, and in the same kind of dress. At this second interview, the features of her unknown visitor made such an impression on her mind, that had she never seen him more, she should never have forgotten them. He was of middle stature, rather corpulent, had an open countenance, a ruddy complexion, dark beard, and a small white spot on one of his temples. She observed that M. de Nény bore a distant resemblance to this person, particularly in the lower part of his face. At this second visit, she remarked something red about the stranger's neck, under his riding-coat; she asked what it was, he replied that it was a mark of distinction worn by officers. Ignorant in every particular, she inquired what he meant by officers. He answered, "They are men of honour, gallantry, and spirit, whom you must love, because you are an officer's daughter." She added that at this visit she felt a strong attachment to the stranger, and when he took leave, she burst into tears, at which he appeared much affected, and promised to return soon.

It was not, however, until two years afterwards that he came again, and when she reproached him for his long absence, he told her that at the time he had fixed for coming to see her, he was very ill, in consequence of over-heating himself in the chase. Prince Charles recollected that at a date corresponding with that above-mentioned, the Emperor had been really taken ill on his return from hunting.

At the third interview, the stranger desired to be left alone with her. When he informed her of his illness, she shed tears. He was himself moved, and inquired why she cried; on which she replied, "Because I love you." He declared he also loved her, that he would take care of her, make her rich and happy, and give her a palace, money, and attendants, who should wear yellow and blue liveries. He afterwards asked her if she should not like to see the empress, adding, "You would love her very much if you knew her, but that, for her peace of mind, you must never do." He then presented her with the two pictures she had sent from Bordeaux to Count Cobenzel. She told the stranger that one was his own picture, which he allowed and desired her to keep as long as she lived, as well as that of the empress; and a third picture, which he afterwards gave her of a female whose features were partly concealed by a veil. This, he told her, was her own mother. The pictures were in a kind of blue silk purse, which contained a great quantity of ducats. On leaving her, the stranger assured her that she should soon be happy, and have all her wishes gratified; but she must promise him never to marry, and always to keep that vow in remembrance. He then quitted her with the utmost tenderness, she herself being also extremely affected at the parting.

She related that in the interval between the first and second visit of this stranger, a lady, accompanied by two men, came one day to see her. She was dressed with great simplicity, was of middle height, fair, and of a pleasant countenance. This lady looked at her very earnestly, and began to weep; she asked her several indifferent questions, and then, kissing her two or three times, said, "My child, you are, indeed, unfortunate!" Her emotion was so great that she called for a glass of water to keep herself from fainting, and after drinking it, immediately departed; but she could not positively say whether the picture the stranger gave her at his last visit bore any resemblance to this lady or not.

CHILDE GOTTFRIED.

FORTH to the world Childe Gottfried rides,

"Whither, thou wanderer, whither away?

Beyond the gates of thy father's halls

Sins and sorrows thy coming stay!

And climbing the hills thy foot may slip,

Stemming the floods thy heart may fail;

And before the blast o'er the dreary wastes

Thy frame will quiver, thy cheek grow pale!"

Lo! rings the laugh of the fearless Childe,

And he tosses the wavy hair from his brow;

"My good steed Faith, well reined and groomed,

Shall bear me steadily on, I trow;

And Hope, this little foot page of mine,
Will run at my side, or ride at my back,
And cheer my soul with his pleasant voice
If I lose the light of the beaten track."

"Yet awhile tarry, thy brethren call!
Help! thou art stronger, oh! Childe, than they!"
But he presses forward with careless glance—
"Who that would climb can brook delay?"



And forth in his haste Childe Gottfried rides;
Close to his saddle wild phantoms throng;
But he presses onward with upward gaze—
"Thou shalt distance them all, my Faith, ere long!"

Strong in the might of his youth and pride,
Boldly he rides through the darkening hours;
Meaning around him float wintry winds,
Steeply above him the mountain towers.

And Faith, by thickets and thorns beset,
Scarce answereth the touch of his rider's hand,
And doubts and distrust hem the traveller in,
Till Hope is lost in their shadowy band.

"Weary, ah me! is this lonely road;
Weary the climbing this hill-side steep;
And thou, fierce river, that rusheth by,
How may I brave thy current so deep!
And ever and ever within mine ears
Ring the sad voices which bade me stay;
Is it their pleading sound that checks
My faltering speech when I strive to pray!"

Then into his saddle Childe Gottfried leaps—
"I will turn me back let what will betide,
And wipe this stain from my knightly fame,
Though they smile in scorn at my fallen pride."
And Faith, upraising his brightening eye,
Now lightly and bravely his rider bore,
While green-garbed Hope to his stirrup pressed
With a song as sweet as he sang of yore.

"Welcome art thou, thou noble Childe!
Thy fainting brethren take heart again,
For that gentle maiden, whose name is Love,
Leadeth thy willing steed by the rein!
With her to guide us, with Faith to aid,
And Hope the toils of the way to cheer,
The storms may be many, the journey long,
But pilgrims to Heaven have nought to fear."
LOUISA CROW.

"THE LESSER LIGHT."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

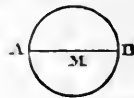
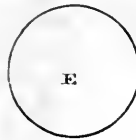
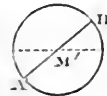
DEAR SIR,—In No. 309 of ONCE A WEEK there appears a communication signed "Enquirer," seeking from me some further elucidation of that *pons asinorum* of superficial reasoners—the axial rotation of the moon.

It is not my intention to enter upon a controversy on this subject, for the matter has been argued over and over again in various journals, and no good whatever could arise from its further discussion. "Enquirer" will therefore have the goodness to consider the following remarks, on my part, as final.

The chief error into which "Enquirer," like hundreds of others, has fallen, has been that of judging the phenomena of the moon's motions solely from the evidence of his senses, and without appeal to reason. He would say, "How can the moon rotate, if I can never see the other side?" To put the question into a more scientific form, he would refer the rotation of the moon to the earth. But why? The moon, he will say, revolves round the earth; and so it does round the sun, and why, therefore, should not the sun be the object to which to refer its motion. The earth has no claim to be considered as the point of reference. If we were to consider it as the reference point for all the motions of the celestial bodies, and hence assume those motions to be only what they appear to us to be, we should have

to go back to the exploded errors of the Ptolemaic system. To ascertain then if the moon rotates we must imagine ourselves stationed upon some point without the solar system, so remote that the rotations of the bodies within it can be determined, and their directions and rates measured, without reference to their orbital motions (for as the causes of orbital and axial motions are separate and distinct from each other, we must view the effects separately and distinctly also). Such a reference point is a fixed star, and the question resolves itself into this,—does the moon always present the same point of her surface to the same fixed star? Certainly she does not: she presents every point of her surface successively to any given star, and hence she certainly rotates on her own axis.

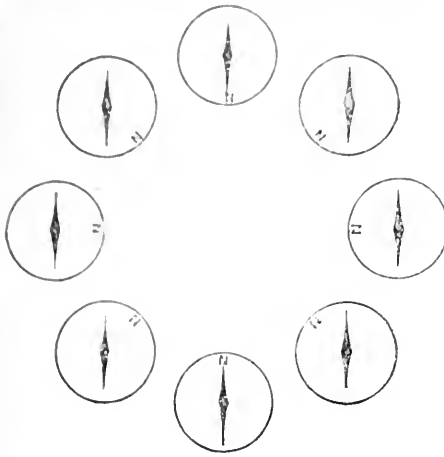
To put the question into another shape. Every diameter of a non-rotating body always remains parallel to itself, or to its original direction, whatever motion of translation from place to place it may be subject to. Now, does a right line passing through the moon's equator always remain parallel to itself? Let



E be the earth, and M and M' the moon in two positions of her orbit, and let A B be a right line through the moon. If the moon did not rotate, A B must be parallel to A' B'; but it is not. What then is the inference, but that the moon has turned on her axis through the angle at which the two lines are inclined? If "Enquirer" cannot comprehend this direct reference to the moon—for, from the tenor of his remarks, I should assume him to be but imperfectly acquainted with celestial motions—we will borrow another example from a terrestrial object. Suppose we take a pocket compass, and pass it around a table, keeping always the north point of the card (the letter N) towards the table's centre, the various positions of the compass-box and needle will be as in the following diagram.

The needle in all positions remains parallel to itself, but the box has so moved that every point on the card has passed successively under

the needle. How has this been accomplished? Purely and simply by the turning of the box



upon its axis; and yet it has kept one point of its circumference always towards the centre of the table.

One of the most striking proofs of axial rotation existing independently of orbital revolution is offered by the fact that a distinct and separate force (as we have above hinted) is required for each of the motions. Let a tea-cup be taken in the hand, and moved round in a circle with its handle always towards the centre: it will soon be evident that to effect this a *twirling* force is required quite distinct from the *pushing* force that moves it onward from place to place; or let "Enquirer" stick a wafer on the wall, and try to move his finger round it with his finger-nail always facing the wafer. He will find he cannot do it; and why? Because he cannot turn his finger on its axis.

"Enquirer" and the "half-fledged philosophers" draw all their inferences from experiments in which the mimic moons are firmly fixed to the mimic earths by rigid bars; their enlightened minds do not consider the important fact that no such rigid connexion exists between the real earth and moon, and that the comparisons are therefore untenable.

But all I have said may fail to satisfy Enquirer: the suggested experiments may, "to his mind, prove exactly the reverse of what they are intended to prove." I cannot help that. I have given him reasoning, I cannot give him understanding.

I may add that I am perfectly familiar with all the arguments that can be urged against the doctrine of the moon's rotation, (which doctrine has been established and maintained

by every astronomer from Newton downwards,) and, therefore, so far as I am concerned, there will be no use in his replying to this letter.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,

JAMES CARPENTER.

[We have received several letters on the subject of Mr. Carpenter's paper, but it must be evident that the columns of ONCE A WEEK are unsuited to discussions of this nature. Our contributor, in asserting the fact of the moon's rotation, asserted a fact acknowledged by all astronomers—the most competent judges of the question. We have given place to a communication on the opposite side of the controversy, and also to the reply to which our contributor was entitled; and we must decline admitting any further letters on the subject.—ED. O. A W.]

HAUNTED.

SHE cometh to me in the gray, gray dawn,
She cometh to me at night,
She cometh to me now I'm all forlorn,
She comes, and I clasp her tight.
She would not leave me alone to mourn,
She comes in her garments white.

I turn me round, for I know her tread,
The gleam of her brow I see,
And I stroke the hair on her sunny head,
Ah! Death hides her not from me.
Are we not one? he could ne'er unweave
Those hearts link'd so faithfully.

She leaves her lily-white palm in mine,
She gazes with tender eyes
Which fain would tell of the life divine
In her home beyond the skies,—
Where none can sorrow, nor weep, nor pine,
Where the spirit never dies.

I whisper, "Come," but she does not move;
I look in her darling face,
I tell her again of my mad, mad love,
I hold her in fond embrace;
But she only points to the sky above,
As if not of earthly race.

When daylight comes, out I stretch my hand
To detain her by my side;
I hold her not; to that other land
She has fled, my fair young bride;
And I hear the tones of the seraph band
As from earth to heav'n they glide.

She is not here when the sun shines down,
But when he is gone to rest,
She always comes in the same white gown,
And lies close against my breast.
Then I know I have her, my wife, my own,
So I live for my angel guest.

I live my life: it will soon be done,
For the burden of earth seems light;
The web of woe now is nearly spun,
She whisper'd to me last night.
And I wait in faith till my race be run
With her spirit to take my flight.

AGNES STONEHEWER.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER XI. PASSION AND ITS PENALTY.

For a few months Mr. Craggs tried his experiment. Nothing that he suffered, nothing that he saw his wife and daughter suffer, had any effect on his characteristic obstinacy. He saw Nanny and her infant and servant off by the Company's vessel, which sailed next after the arrival of the bare news of her husband's landing. He had his reasons, he said at home, for permitting no delay. At home it was supposed that Nanny was to be removed from London snares, while speculation was more restless than ever, however less sanguine it might be. Abroad it was whispered that old Mr. Craggs was preparing in all ways for the evil day that was impending; and not least, by sending valuable property away in his daughter Ives's luggage. He could not well buy any more estates at the moment, cheap as they were in the market. Too many eyes were upon him just now, and he must stay his hand, as far as England was concerned; so he was probably going to buy a few gold or diamond mines through his agent and son-in-law. Mr. Craggs held his head high while such talk went on, but things were happening now from day to day which tried him to the utmost. Sir Robert Walpole's counsels were sought by Ministers and Parliament, and were adopted in regard to saving the country from being dragged down into ruin with the South Sea Company. This was bitter, but it was only mortification. His friend and colleague, Lord Stanhope, after consulting with him on their way down to Parliament, how to reply to attacks from certain vexatious peers, entered one House when he entered the other, and was presently brought out insensible and dying. Men's passions were fierce in that fearful season, and never so fierce as when provoked by cool adversaries. Lord Stanhope had no taint of dishonour upon him: but he could not endure the taunts which the young rake, the Duke of Wharton, aimed at the South Sea scheme, and the fortunes which certain Ministers had made by it. His friend's death in such a cause, and at such a time, was a shock to Mr. Craggs; but he could bear more. Then came the King's proclamation against bubble companies; and the decision of Parliament to investigate the whole case of the South Sea Company's operations; and, at last, the disclosure of the discoveries made by a committee of the House. Even then

Mr. Craggs was still seen transacting business in his office daily, and conferring as usual with his colleagues. It was remarked that those most implicated in the great speculation were careful not to be seen consulting together with any exclusiveness. Lord Sunderland and Mr. Craggs had not much to say to each other; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Aislaby, whose gains were supposed to equal or surpass Mr. Craggs's, was seldom seen in his company. But there was one blow more impending. The Company's Secretary was announced to have absconded with papers of essential importance to the elucidation of the case. There was an instant order for closing the ports, in order to prevent the evasion of any of the Directors, and those gentlemen were ordered to hold themselves ready for examination at the pleasure of Parliament. Some who were members of the House of Commons were expelled, in order to their being arrested, and their papers seized.

Mr. Craggs showed little emotion in public, and kept a wonderfully calm countenance out of his own house. There he collapsed, as was natural. His wife was alarmed by his passing his nights in exasperating thoughts, and in passionate tears; but he still brought home friends to dinner, with whom he discussed the great affair of the day as if he had no personal interest in it. He went into society, though wearing weepers for his only son. He even sounded his wife and daughter about having an assembly at home, but he found that not even their fidelity to his interests and wishes could enable them to make such an effort yet. They were shocked by the desire; and a few words upon it brought them to utter to each other the doubt that was harassing them,—the doubt whether Mr. Craggs was altogether in his right mind. That he should grasp at wealth now, when James was in his grave, seemed like madness.

After a long pause, and a fixed stare into the fire, one day after dinner, he spoke, to explain his wishes, in the form of imposing a command.

"I told you," he said, "that Ives and Anna would not stay long in South America. You must understand what I meant by that. Mind, you must clearly understand. I am in treaty for the territory and charters which William Penn has offered the Government several times. He first asked twenty thousand for Selvania and the whole region, with its

rights; but the late Queen's government would not bid. Not long ago he offered the whole to the King for twelve thousand, but he got no answer; and I see Sunderland does not care about it. I mean to make the bargain for myself." Seeing an expression of consternation in his wife's face, he went on:—"My mind is made up; I shall do it as a matter of prudence. These are times when every prudent man will invest largely abroad, and make his gains there if he has the opportunity. Now, I've must be my agent there till I can make some lasting arrangement. I am sure there is boundless wealth there for any proprietor who has enterprise to get at it."

"I do not see what we can do with any more wealth," Esther observed.

"That is because you do not understand. Wait till you do, before you advise your father."

"One thing we know, my love," said Mrs. Craggs, venturing to lay her hand on her husband's. "'They that would be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and——'"

"Stop!" cried he, snatching away his hand; but his wife went on—

"And into many foolish and hurtful desires, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

"Will you hold your tongue?" he cried, as he had too often of late. "Do you think I have been to church all my days not to know those words? How can you tell that I am so rich? How do you know how long I may be rich? But you women vex men past their patience." And he burst from the room and the house.

In the evening his valet came home, with the message that his master had dressed at his office, and was gone to an assembly at Leicester House, where he should be detained so late that he would not have any one sit up for him. It could not be ascertained afterwards whether he was aware before he entered the Prince's drawing-rooms of the news which was spreading through London: that the gains, and some said the whole property, of the South Sea Directors were to be confiscated, and divided among the sufferers whom they had ruined. As Mr. Craggs's and his son's portions were reported to be little less than a million, it was not surprising that many eyes were on him that evening, nor that he did his utmost to appear confident and at ease. He did this so well that some persons—even some in the Prince's Court—declared, as soon as he had made his bow and was gone, that the rumour could not be true.

Mrs. Craggs was awake when he quietly en-

tered his chamber. He chid her for her watching in a tone sufficiently gentle to send her to sleep tranquilly as soon as she believed him to be asleep.

After an unknown time, but before dawn, she awoke with a start and a sinking sensation of alarm. This had happened often since James's death: but this time her husband was absent. In a moment she fancied she heard a strange sound from his dressing-room. Some unintelligible feeling restrained her from speaking. She lighted a candle at the night-lamp, found the dressing-room door fastened, went round by the landing, and entered by that way. Her husband was on the floor, in strong convulsions.

As she was springing to the bell, he caught her dress, and forbade the act. He could speak—at intervals.

"Call no one," he said; "it is no use: I am dying. I shall be gone before you can bring any one to me. At least I hope so, for the agony is unbearable. I must—I must——" and he looked about him. "I cannot endure those spasms again."

Mrs. Craggs had wrenched her dress from his clutch. As she passed the table, she snatched up his razors. As she reached the door, he cried out:—

"Esther,—yes, Esther only. Only Esther—you hear! I must say a word to her."

Mother and daughter were with him almost instantly, having sent for two physicians who lived near. They brought medicine,—an emetic,—but he resisted it.

"You have taken something, have you not?" was their question. At first they got no answer.

Another fearful convulsion; and then he said he would do anything they wished. Nothing they could give him would now have any effect. He was dying; and he would not cross them.

"O, husband! how could you do it?" exclaimed the pale wife.

"I did it for a good reason, my love. If I had lived we should have been stripped of my property. As it is, the main object is safe. Esther, come closer, I want to say something to you. You will now have to carry out my plans,—to sustain the honour of the family. Remember,—our name will stand in history: father and son Ministers of the first Hanoverian Sovereign, and the son, at least, buried in Westminster Abbey. You must enjoy and use your wealth with dignity. Do you hear what I say?"

"O yes, father!"

"Promise me to do as I say. Murry Lord Gerald. The crown of my scheme is that—

that my descendants shall be in the peerage. Promise me that."

Esther could not promise. Her mother and she tried to occupy him with their attempts to give him ease, but he would have an answer. The moment was too solemn for a false one, and so they told him. They would promise nothing which involved their keeping money or estates which, whether claimed from them by Parliament or not, they could not regard as rightfully their own. Happily for them, there was little more opportunity for anything being said. The physicians were presently in the room. They understood the case at a glance; did what was possible without avail; and made the discreetest answers afterwards as to the nature of Mr. Craggs's seizure.

At one moment they told Mrs. Craggs that if they could sustain him for an hour longer, he might get through. He heard them, and he declared that he would not live. He repulsed their efforts, which could scarcely indeed have had any success.

As his wife bent over the bed into which he had been lifted, she heard him mutter "Walpole." She asked if he wished to see Sir Robert Walpole.

"See him!" he exclaimed, with wonderful fierceness. "See him who has got the victory over us! He is supreme! He will be minister for life, perhaps. His name will stand in history where our James's should have been! It was the cast of a die whether it should be he or our son; and he has won!"

"Do not speak of chance, my love," said his wife softly. "There is no such thing as chance."

"What, then, has my life been?" he said, with a groan. "Every object defeated! and the last by my own wife and child! My last command refused!" But his mood soon changed. As he was sinking, with occasional mutterings, both wife and daughter caught the words, "Drown men in destruction and perdition."

When all seemed to be over, and they were watching for the last breath, his lips moved once more; and they saw too plainly what they uttered: "Destruction and perdition."

These were the last words he spoke.

CHAPTER XII. THE CLOSING CALM.

His wife and daughter had no choice what to do about his wealth. With that of the other Directors, it was confiscated, in the interest of the sufferers by the bursting of the great Bubble. In consideration of the probable savings from his salary, five thousand pounds were paid over to them.

"What shall we do with it?" sighed each,

at the same moment. Looking in each other's face, they saw that they had the same thought and the same desires.

They bought the little farm down at Blenheim, and, at the first possible moment, they settled themselves there. Their fine clothes were sold (their jewels were forfeited). They dressed themselves as of old, and returned with a relish which surprised them to their dairy and poultry-yard. At times, when no guests were at the Great House, they paid their duty to the Duchess; and, as the old Duke sank, they helped to nurse him to the last. They did not wish to see anybody else, and they would have been glad to hear nothing from beyond; but there was no dwelling in the kingdom to which the dreary news of the time did not penetrate. This was as inevitable as that there should not have been a spot in Egypt in which any one of the plagues was not heard of. It was a remark of the time that the calamity was like one of the plagues of Egypt;—that there was no house, not even a Goshen of purity and moderation, in which there was not some one smitten. From the disgraced Prime Minister down to the apprentice and the servant-maid, there was ruin and disgrace; and suicides enough for a century took place in a few months. The realm itself would have been ruined but for the skill, vigour, and prudence of Sir Robert Walpole, who earned thereby a tenure of power which was the envy of the statesmen of all other countries. The envy kept alive the fact that he had made twenty thousand pounds in a quiet way, while publicly condemning the scheme; but this did not prevent his being master of the situation, when a master was the need of the nation.

Mrs. Craggs and Esther were not altogether without visitors. Lord Sunderland came to see them when the censure of Parliament, and dismissal from office, left him leisure for the country, and when his decline towards the grave made its retirement congenial to him. The Duchess did not spend much tenderness on her son-in-law; but he had grown meek under his disgraces, and he seemed to like to hover about the home of his first wife; and there, soon after he was dead, his turbulent temper was almost forgotten in pity for the broken-hearted statesman. As he sat on the settle by the fireside, or in the porch of the little farmhouse, he talked so of James, of his talents, and his temper, and his graces, that the mother and sister could not be sorry that he, for one, had come to see them.

Lady Di came too, when, before the year was out, she visited the Great House with her father. There was not much said: for her

tears silenced her, and moved those between whom she sat. She had had James's message long before; but when it was referred to by Mrs. Craggs her tears flowed all the more. When she had kissed them both, and hurried away, they looked at each other, and said:—

"What does this mean?"

What could it mean? Often as they talked it over, they could never understand it, unless it could be supposed that, in the stir of the great world, she had not understood herself. It soothed them that now at least, she understood *him*.

Lord Gerald came. It was with pain that Esther saw him enter the yard alone, fasten up his horse, and appear at the open door. By glances Esther implored her mother not to leave her: but he said he wished to speak to her alone.

"Do not say you cannot think of it," he pleaded, when he had told her that, after all the efforts he acknowledged he had made, he found he could not be happy without her. He urged upon her—not the reality of his attachment, for the circumstances had proved that—but her father's known wishes, strongest at the last. He set before her the power she had to render the lives of father and brother a success, after all, as their talents deserved; and not a tale which should be a world's wonder, as an evil chance would otherwise make it. He knew Esther too well to fear to speak to her thus.

"It is such a tale," said Esther, calmly. "It can never be blotted out. While the history of our country is read, their names will be in it; and nothing that I or any one can do can help or spoil the lesson. If I could, I should not dare: and you know that I cannot."

It could not be denied that the reason which prevented his success before held good still. Esther did not love him: and what more could be said?

As he went out, he met Mrs. Craggs in the porch. She saw by his countenance how it was.

"I love her more than ever," he said, "but it is all in vain."

"I believe it is," she said, gently. "If you will listen to my counsel, you will not come again."

"I will not if—you must allow me to speak what is in my mind—if you tell me that she—that she *can* love, though not me."

"I believe that there is no girl like Esther who cannot love. And I have sometimes thought,—but I have no knowledge whatever, I assure you,—I have sometimes thought that—that she has suffered more than any of us

by the changes in our life since we had our trial of greatness."

"If it be so—" he said: and, after a pause, he resumed:—"I wish you would promise me, Mrs. Craggs, to settle my mind, if such a thing should happen as that you are proved right. If she marries here send me a few words: say 'it is as we thought.' Promise me that."

"I will do it. But you must promise me not to come again."

He clasped her hand in token of promise, mounted his horse, and rode slowly away.

Yet another person came. * Early one morning, before the neighbourhood was astir, a foot-sore, haggard, tattered girl showed herself at the door of an out-house, as Esther went out to feed her chickens. She supposed her to be a vagabond beggar, such as infested farm-yards in those days; and she was hailing her rather peremptorily when the girl burst into tears.

"O, Miss Craggs!" she sobbed. "But I ought to be glad that you don't know me. If you don't others may not; but I think Miss Nanny would have known me through everything. She came oftenest to mother's in the old days."

"You are little Lois Gillow, then?" asked Esther. "Poor Lois! what has happened to you?"

Poor Lois had to be strengthened with food before she could tell. She could cry now, she said; and cry she did. She had walked all the way from London, hiding by day, and trudging by night. "Where was her mother?" O, she was dead,—killed in such a dreadful way! People had fancied that by her fortune-telling she had helped to bring on the troubles that were making everybody mad. They said she had put a spell on some of the great folks. So they came and fetched her out of the house; and when the constables took her, and said she should be tried for a witch, the people seemed pleased, and only jeered at her as she went. But others came up—more and more—and they grew furious; and she was pulled away from the constables. Where she was for the rest of the day, nobody seemed to know; but at daylight she was found hanging, quite dead, from a tree in the road, with a broomstick tied between her legs, and a high-pointed paper cap on her head.

This visitor was one who did not go away again. She begged so to stay and serve them, that Mrs. Craggs and Esther let her try. They made no promises till they could satisfy themselves on certain points. If there was any witchcraft in her, they could not harbour her, of course: but they would not conclude without evidence that there was. When they could get her to speak freely of

her former life, they were satisfied that there was nothing worse about her than a relish for fun and trickery. Of her mother also they, in time, changed their opinion.

They asked Lois if she knew what her mother meant in her warning to young Mr. Craggs against a lady from abroad. It came so terribly true that it was necessary to learn whence she got her information. Did Lois know?

Lois believed she knew, but she was afraid to say.

"You will be safest in telling," said Mrs. Craggs, very seriously. "Was it from the Evil One?"

No, it was not. Mother was not always quite sure whether spirits came to her in dreams, or not; but Molly had overheard that information given to her in broad daylight. One of the Duchess's gentlemen—a confidential messenger—had told her mother that the way to foretell young Mr. Craggs's fortune, was to observe how he got on with the King's chief mistress, who was now a great Duchess too. She would be a bad enemy, but she might be a worse friend. If she over-persuaded him to give her all she wanted,—and she was a very greedy lady,—she would be the ruin of him. Lest he should be so over-persuaded, her mother warned him. She had heard her mother say it was all of no use; for he had let the greedy lady have so much money, that the people would never forgive him.

Here was some devil's work; but not done by the Devil in person. Here was the mystery cleared up.

Not the last mystery.

Long after the time when Nanny's first letter from the South Seas was looked for, no word had come from her. Ives had written twice; his letters were addressed to his father-in-law,—being on business. In the first he said, at the end, that the Company's ship, the Midas, bringing Nanny and the child, might be looked for any time after the current month. In the other, the ship and Nanny occupied the first page, instead of the last. Nothing had been heard of the vessel, and he began to be impatient. He had been on the look-out for a month. He heard that it was so common a thing for ships on that new course to have to go out of their way for water, or other necessities, that he did not feel any alarm; but the suspense was trying.

This was but the beginning of that suspense which was to last from month to month, and from year to year.

There seemed to be a fatal mark set on all South Sea property and enterprise. That year

the annual ship failed to reach its destination,—disappeared from the seas, as if it had foundered in them; and would have been supposed to have foundered, but for the accident that a priest, who understood the English language, was ministering in a hospital in Guatemala some fifteen years later, when an English seaman was dying there.

Nanny's heavy chest was not the only collection of gold supposed by the crew to be on board when the Midas left the Thames. Everything connected with the great Company was supposed to be wealth or wealth-giving; and the reputation of the Midas was such, that two or three men got on board her, as passengers or seamen, who had no intention that she should ever reach her port.

Nothing portended the mischief. The captain liked the weather, and found his crew less troublesome than many he had commanded. Mrs. Ives and her infant and maid had been expressly committed to his charge; and his kindness seemed to command for them the civility of everybody else on board. In the third week Nanny was waked in the early morning by neither her servant nor the captain. Her baby was asleep on her arm. She was told that the captain had sent for her to come on deck; but there was no maid to dress her, or to take the child while she dressed herself; and when she called, nobody answered. When she went on deck, looking about for some fine scene which she concluded she had been sent for to admire, a chill dread seized her. She did not know what to fear: but there was no captain to greet her as usual, no land in sight, nothing splendid in sea or sky, nothing but silent men, and not many of them. One of them desired her to give up her keys. "Why?" Because the captain ordered it. Where was the captain? Why, there! But the so-called captain was one of the strangers who had been treated as a passenger. He came towards Nanny, and held out his hand for the keys. On her hesitating a moment, he said it was no matter, she might take her keys with her if she liked.

"I may go down again now, I suppose?" said she. "The air is cold for my baby."

"No: you have to walk the plank. That was why I sent for you."

"Walk where?" she asked.

"Walk the plank."

"What plank? I don't know what you mean."

"Show her, Dick."

It was plain enough in another moment.

"Do you mean that you are going to drown me?" she asked, of the so-called captain.

He nodded, and she went on.

"What can you mean? I never did you any harm, did I?"

"O, no! and you are going to do us good,—with that chestful of gold. No, no; we can't let you live to tell against us. Of course you will promise never to tell: but it won't do. Don't waste time: you had better go at once."

"Who will take my baby?" and she looked wistfully round for the servant, about whom she dared not ask. She was told that men could not be hampered with babies on board. There was no woman now on board. The child must go too.

"But he cannot tell against you," she pleaded. "Why should you drown a harmless baby?"

"Because it suits me," was the answer.

She made no delay or resistance. Her heart swelled as she thought of the little farm behind her, and of the husband waiting for her on the shore, far before her; and she believed that she could not have spoken another word to save her child's life. She did speak again, however.

She pushed aside the pirate hands held out to help her to step on the plank, which was pushed half over the side; and, as she stood raised above them, she held up her child before the captain's eyes, saying,—

"How will it be with you when the sea gives up its dead?" He muttered that that was his affair, told the men to waste no more time, and walked away.

In England it was always said that no traces of that catastrophe remained. There were some, if it had been known where to look. On a promontory of the Azores some country people going to market found on the shore the corpse of a woman, partly clothed, and with the long wet hair covering a very beautiful face. Not far off, the body of an infant had just before been thrown up among the rocks. It would have supplied a text to the priest who buried them to know that these were waifs from the great South Sea whirlpool.

(Concluded.)

A VERY OLD "DOCTOR'S BOOK."

THE "LÆCE BOC."

A VOLUME of "Family Medicine" is not the most lively reading in the whole compass of literature, and a case of surgical instruments is scarcely an object to be chosen for contemplation in one's leisure hours. Yet Time, who makes all things interesting from a piece of cerecloth of the age of the Pharaohs to a Queen Anne's farthing, casts a mellowing

lustre of interest even upon surgical prescriptions and housewives' receipts.

It is interesting enough to us Victorians, to learn how our remote forefathers of the days of Egbert and Edgar splintered the broken limbs of little Saxons, cured their bruises, and doctored their warts.

History, as treated by the great writers, is a majestic and imposing lady enough, but we catch few and very indistinct glimpses of home life from all the pages, filled as they are with blaring of trumpets, flying of gonfalons, roaring of culverins, signing of treaties, and making of speeches and proclamations.

Physic, however, is a homely thing, and so leads us into the home, and by the hearth and sick-bed. A bundle of ancient prescriptions; a herb-manual of a Saxon Leech;—a list of charms long since disused and scorned; and which we, in the supreme wisdom of an age which has fostered the Davenport Brothers, can afford to laugh at, will, nevertheless give us many peeps into the old home life and ways of our Saxon fathers and mothers. They draw aside a corner of the curtain of ages, and we stand amongst Englishmen and Englishwomen when witchcraft was believed in, and the Church was the Church of the people.

To those who are inclined for such a glimpse into the days of Young England—those days which we, creatures sitting in the lurid light of iron furnaces and coke ovens, call the dark ages,—a book has been published which we can cordially recommend to them. It is a book of learning and research, and is published, as the title page informs us, "by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls." It belongs, in fact, to the series of "chronicles and memorials of England and Ireland during the middle ages," which have long been issuing from the press, a volume at a time, and bears the inviting title of "Leechdoms, Wort-cunning, and Star-craft of Early England."

In this book we have "drinks and salves," "leechdoms" and "charms" in abundance; remedies for diseases of man and beast, potions and "cures" for "devil diseases," for persons "overlooked," for land sterile and bewitched, for bites of mad dogs, and *against temptations*.

We will just make a dip into this embodiment of the wisdom of our ancestors.

We may assume that the art of filtering water was but imperfectly known, if known at all to our Saxon forbears, and so it would frequently happen that many things injurious to health would be swallowed in the water

which they drank; accordingly we find in the "Leece Boe," a curious remedy:

"If a man drink a creeping thing in water, let him cut into a sheep instantly, let him drink the sheep's blood hot."

Against bites of snakes, which were doubtless plentiful in our English woods, we are gravely told that, "Some teach us against bite of adder, to speak one word, that is, 'faul,' it may not hurt him!"—and again—

"Against bite of snake, if the man procures and catcheth *rhind*, which cometh out of *Paradise*, no venom will damage him." It is slyly added, "Then said he that wrote this book, that the rhind was hard gotten!" We should imagine so.

This is really worth knowing—"Against a woman's chatter; taste at night, fasting, a root of radish, that day the chatter will not harm thee."

It is not often that ale is given now-a-days in fever cases, yet we find it in the Leech Book as a fever drink, and indeed as a component part of a multitude of remedies for widely different disorders.

"For a fever disease; pound in ale lupinus githrife (cockle, *Agrostemma githago*), waybread (way-bread, *Plantago major*; *Plantago media*), let it stand for two nights, administer to drink."

Again, "Drink in clear ale wormwood githrife, betory, bishopwort, marrubium, fen miut, rosemary, the clove-rooted, wenwort marrubium drink for thirty days.

"For lent addle, or typhus fever, work to a drink wormwood everthroat, lupin, waybread, ribwort, chervil, attorlothe (*Atropisape*, gen. an., "venom-loather," *panicum crus galli*), feverfue, alexanders, bishopwort, lovage, sage, cassock, in foreign ale; add *holy water* and springwort."

Not always trusting to herbs or ale, we come to an exorcism of fever.

"A man shall write this upon the sacramental paten, and wash it off into the drink with holy water, and sing over it, 'In the beginning,' &c. (St. John i. 1). Then wash the writing with holy water off the dish into the drink, then sing the *Credo* and the *Paternoster* and this lay, *Beati immaculati*, the Psalm (i. e. Psalm cxix.), with the twelve proper Psalms, 'I adjure thee,' &c. And let each of the two men (that is to say Leech and patient) then sip thrice of the water so prepared.

Inde salutaris incedens gressibus urbes,
Oppida, rura, casas, vicus, castella peragrans,
Omnia depulsis sanabat corpora morbis.
SIDVLIVS."

In these days we not infrequently trace

spectral appearances, or what seem such, to the supper of underdone pork-chops, or the too liberal indulgence in indigestible sweets and "trifles":—our Saxon ancestors had a most remarkable cure, or rather preventive, for we are told,—

"Let those who suffer apparitions eat lion's flesh, and they will not after that suffer any apparition!" It must have been rather difficult in those days, when the Regent's Park collection was not in being, to procure the requisite lion-steak or chop for the dinner of a Saxon troubled with spectral illusions. The researches of the Acclimatization Society have not even yet induced them to place lion cutlets upon the table by the side of their camel's hump. But lions are made useful in another way. For sore of the ears we are instructed to "take *lion's suet*—melt it in a dish, drop it into the ear; it will soon be well with it." Modern doctors will probably suggest that the suet of the homely swine or innocent sheep will suffice instead of that of the royal beast.

Where we shut an insane person in gentle restraint, and amuse him with pleasant walks and gardens, and, in the proper season, balls and charades, the Saxons, wisely or unwisely, gave a drink. This is a drink for one "fiend sick," as the Saxons phrased it—to be drunk, observe—"out of a church bell."

"Githrife, cynoglossum, yarrow, lupin, betony, attorlothe, cassock, flower-de-luce, fennel, church lichen, lichen of Christ's mark (or cross), lovage; work up the drink off clear ale, sing seven masses over the worts, add garlic and holy water, and drip the drink into every drink which he will subsequently drink, and let him sing the Psalm "*Beati immaculati*, and *Exurgat*, and *Salvum me fac, Deus*, and then let him drink the drink out of a church-bell, and let the mass priest after the drink sing this over him—"Domine Sancte, Pater Omnipotens" (referring to a formula of benediction, several of which are found in the missals).

In another receipt for a lunatic, we are told to sing masses over the drink compounded with foreign ale and holy water, with yarrow, gentian, fennel, and other herbs—and the lunatic is to "give alms, and earnestly pray God for His mercies." Who shall dare to say whether to the prayers and the alms should not belong the merit of the cure, if cure was wrought? The drinking out of the church-bell was one thing, but the singing of masses and the benediction were others, and far different; and who will dare to deny the possibility of their wonder-working power!

With the good Saxons, "fouy" is treated

as a disease, and classed with "mental vacancy." Surely, if folly is to be read in our sense of the word, the Leeches of Saxon-days must have had practice enough, and would scarcely need to foster a business by sending out bottles of coloured water to imaginary patients, as did Dickens' inimitable companions, Bob Sawyer, late Nockemoff, and his friend Mr. Robert Allen.

We are apt to trace "FOLLY" in many instances to the free use of malt liquor;—with the beer-bibbing Saxons, ale and cassia and lupins, with alexanders and other herbs, are compounded in the usual manner, with holy water, and given as a drink against lunacy and *folly*!

"A good drink against the devil," is compounded as follows:—"A mickle handfull of sedge and gladen, put them into a pan, pour a mickle bowlfull of *ale* (ale again!) upon them; boil half, rub fine twenty lib-corns, put them into it; this is a good drink against the devil."

The following should be carefully noted by would-be explorers in Central Africa, by dwellers in the wilds of Notting Hill, or other places where garrotters do congregate.

"He who would travel an overlong way, let him have with him on the journey the herb known by the name *ἡρακλεια* (heraclia), (the Saxon has it *hepacleæn*), and by another name—then he dreads not any robber, but the wort puts them all to flight."

Really the police force should obtain this wonderful wort! It would be a more efficient weapon than their staff, with which they so valorously attack the shins of drunken men. We are informed, by the way, that "Mercurius" protected "Ulixes the chieftain" when he came to Circe, "by giving him feltwort (*Verbascum thapsus*), and that afterwards he dreaded none of her evil works."

Here is a remedy which, as the advertisers of nostrums would say, cannot be too widely known. Only let it be true, and peace and quiet may be no strangers even in a household overbrimming with children. Here it is.

"If any child be vexed, then take thou the same wort (he is speaking of smearwort, *Aristolochia clematis*), and smoke it with this; then wilt thou render it the gladder!"

It seems that the same wort is a remedy against adder's bite, ulcers on the nose, poison, and—devil-sickness!

The Croton oil plant (*Ricinus communis*), chiefly known to us by the very powerful effects it produces upon one's tender flesh, would seem to be a sadly undervalued wort, if we are only to trust our Saxon forefathers, and we recommend the following passage to

the consideration of the Board of Admiralty, and to all mariners, "ancient" or juvenile.

"For hail and rough weather to turn them away, if thou havest in thy possession this wort, which is named *ricinus* (and which is not a native of England), or if thou hapest some seed of it in thine house, or have it or its seed in any place whatsoever, it turneth away the tempestuousness of hail, and if thou hapest the seed on a ship, to that degree wonderful it is, that it smoothe every tempest." This wort is also to be invoked as follows:—"Wort *ricinus*, I pray that thou be at mine songs, and that thou turn away hail and lightning-bolts, and all tempests, through the name of Almighty God, who hight thee to be produced; and thou shalt be clean when pluckest this herb."

But for all wonder-working herbs commend us to that seeming-simple inhabitant of our gardens, the periwinkle. The list of virtues belonging to this wort are completely overwhelming; and if one's whole lifetime were devoted to the plucking and distributing of this herb amongst one's fellow-creatures it would scarcely be wasted—only supposing the Saxon herald of the magician periwinkle to have spoken sooth.

"This wort, which is named *priapiscus*, and by another name *vinca pervinca*, is of good advantage for many purposes; that is to say, first, against devil-sickness, and against snakes, and against wild beasts, and for various wishes, and for envy, and for terror, and that thou may have grace; and if thou hast this wort with thee thou shalt be prosperous, and ever acceptable." Then comes the invocation, "This wort thou shalt pluck thus saying, 'I pray thee, *vinca pervinca*, thee that art to be had for thy many useful qualities, that thou come to me glad, blossoming with thy mainfulness; that thou outfit me (so) that I may be shielded, and ever prosperous, and undamaged by poisons and by wrath.' When thou shalt pluck this wort thou shalt be free from every uncleanness; and thou shalt pluck it when the moon is nine nights old, and eleven nights, and thirteen nights, and thirty nights, and when it is one night old."

When we leave the nostrums and commence the perusal of the "charms," we find very many curious ceremonies. These charms in reality seem to have been nothing more nor less than religious ceremonies, with a dash of superstition thrown in amongst much faith and reverence for holy things. We can imagine the working of these charms giving occasion to our simple forefathers of a holiday, and a spectacle, both so dear to all nations and peoples.

Here is a charm for bewitched land.

"Here is the remedy. How thou mayest amend thine acres, if they will not wax well, or if therein anything improper have been done by sorcery or witchcraft. Take thou at night, ere it dawn, four turfs on the four quarters of the land, and mark how they formerly stood. Then take oil, and honey, and barm, and milk of every cattle which is on the land, and part of every tree which is found on the land—except hard beans—and part of every wort known by name—except the buckbean only—and add to them holy water, and then drip of it thrice on the place of the turf, and then say these words:—'*Crescite* (that is, wax) *et multiplicamini* (that is, and multiply), *et replete* (that is, and fill) *terram* (that is, this earth), &c.' *In nomine, &c.* And say the *Paternoster* as often as the other formula; and after that bear the turfs to church, and let a mass-priest sing four masses over the turfs; and let the green surface be turned towards the altar; and then let the turfs be brought to the places where they were before ere the setting of the sun. And let the man have wrought for him four crosses of quickbeam, and let him write upon each end '*Matthew, Mark,*' &c.; let him lay the cross of Christ upon the lower part of the pit (from which the turfs have been taken), and then say, *Cpux mattheus, Cpux marcus, Cpux lucas, Cpux Sēp. Iohannep.* Then take the turfs and set them down therein, and say nine times these words: '*Crescite,*' (as before), and the *Paternoster* as before, and then turn eastward and lout down nine times humbly, and say these words:—

'I stand towards the east,
For grace I entreat;
I pray the Lord glorious,
I pray the Lord good and great,
I pray the Holy Heaven's Ruler;
Earth I pray
And Heaven above,
And the sooth,
Saintly Mary,
And Heaven's might
That I may this gibberish,
By grace of the Lord,
With teeth disclose,
Through firmness of thought,
Wake up the (wanting) crops
For our worldly weal;
Fill up the fields of earth
With firm belief;
Prank forth these grassy plains,
As said the prophet,
That he on earth honour should have,
Whoso his alms
Hath dutifully dealt out—
Doing his Lord's will.'

Then turn thyself thrice according to the sun's course, and then stretch thyself out along and there count the litanies (every saint's name counting as one), and then say the *Ter Sanctus*

to the end; then sing the *Benedicite*, with arms extended, and the *Magnificat*, and the *Paternoster*, thrice, and commend it to Christ, St. Mary, and the Holy Rood, for love and reverence and for grace for him who owneth the land, and for all those who are subject to him. When all that is done, then let one take strange seed of almsmen and give them twice as much as was taken from them, and gather all his plough apparatus together; then let him bore a hole in the plough-beam, and put therein styrax, and fennel, and hallowed soap, and hallowed salt; then take the seed as above and put it on the body of the plough. Then say,

epce ! epce ! epce !
epshen moep xeeune, &c.

'Eree. Eree. Eree.
Mother earth—
May the Almighty grant thee—
The eternal Lord,
Acres waxing
With sprouts wantoning,
Fertile, brisk creations.
The rural crops
And the broad crops of barley,
And the white wheaten crops,
And all the crops of earth
Grant the owner,—God Almighty
And His ballows—in heaven who are—
That his farm be fortified
'Gainst all fiends, 'gainst each one,
And may it be embattled round,
'Gainst baleful blastings every one,
Which sorceries may through a land sow.
Now I pray the wielder of all,
Him who made this world of yore,
That there be none so cunning wife,
That there be none so crafty man,
Who shall render weak and null
Words so deftly-neatly said.'

Then let one drive forward the plough, and cut the first furrow. Then say,

'Hail to thee ! mother earth.
Mortals maintaining,
Be growing and fertile,
By the goodness of God,
Filled with fodder,
Our folk to feed.'

Then take meal of every kind, and let one bake a broad loaf as big as will lie within his two hands, and knead it with milk and with holy water, and lay it under the first furrow. Then say,

'Land filled with fodder,
Mankind to feed;
Brightly blooming,
Blessed become thou,
For the holy name
Of Him who heaven created.
And this earth,
On which we live.
May the God who made these grounds
Grant to us His growing grace,
That to us of corn each kind
May come to good.'

Then say thrice *Crescite, In nomine, &c., Benedicite, Amen, Paternoster, thrice.*"

Here is another charm.

"To recover cattle.

"A man must sing this, when one hath stolen any one of his cattle. Say before thou speak any other word, 'Bethlehem was bright, the borough wherein Christ was born: it is far-famed over all earth. So may this deed be in the sight of men notorious *per crucem Christi.*' Then pray three times to the east, and say thrice, 'May the Cross of Christ bring it back from the east;' and turn to the west and say, 'May the Cross of Christ bring it from the west;' and to the south, and say thrice, 'May the Cross of Christ bring it back from the south;' and to the north, and say, 'The Cross of Christ was hidden and has been found. The Jews hanged Christ: they did the worst of deeds: they concealed what they were not able to conceal. So never may this deed be concealed. *Per crucem Christi.*'"

Here follows another charm for the same end. Perhaps some reader can throw light upon the name, "Garmund," mentioned therein, and inform us who he was, and why mentioned in connection with the lost cattle.

"Charm to find lost cattle.

"Neither stolen nor hidden be aught of what I own; any more than Herod could our Lord. I remembered St. Helena, and I remembered Christ on the cross hung; so I think to find these beeves, not to have them go far, and to know where they are, not to work them mischief, and to love them, not to lead them astray. *Garmund*, thou servant of God, find me those beeves, and fetch me those beeves, and have those beeves, and hold those beeves, and bring me those beeves, so that he (the misdoer) may never have any land to lead them to, nor ground to bring them to, nor houses to keep them in. If one do this deed let him avail him never. Within three nights I will try his power, his might, his main, and his protecting crafts. Be he quite wary, as wood is wary of fire; as thigh of bramble or thistle, he, who may be thinking to mislead these beeves, or to mispossess these beeves."

For catching a swarm of bees—

"Take some earth, throw it with thy right hand under thy right foot, and say, 'I take under foot, and am trying what earth avails for everything in the world; and against spite, and against malice, and against the mickle tongue of man, and against displeasure.' Throw over them some gravel where they swarm, and say,

'Sit ye my ladies, sink,
Sink ye to earth down;

Never be so wild

As to the woods to fly.

Be ye as mindful of my good as every man is of meat and estate.'"

Such are a few of the charms in which our simple, honest forefathers believed; and when we look round about us, in these days of spiritualism, of mesmerism, of table-rapping and table-turning, of quackery and humbug, are we not inclined to say of our Saxon forebears—we have in things unholy superstitions as gross as theirs; but in things holy, where, oh where is their faith?

With them, religious observances were the illuminated pages bound up with and beautifying the volume of their lives. With us, they are too frequently regarded merely as pictures to be looked at now and then, and forgotten in the intervals of working existence.

FOR THE SAKE OF UNIFORMITY.

"I AM come to that time of life," said a friend of mine to me one day, "when, if I were living in England, and unmarried, I should, according to an old song, 'go about to cards and to tea.'" In Germany this means going about to knit and to drink coffee, and becoming what they there call a regular Kaffee Schwester. "Like most of this genus," she continued, "I love a little gossip immensely, and although we do not, in our small circle, invariably praise our acquaintance, yet we are pretty free, I trust, from indulging in that species of industrial amusement, called 'picking one's neighbours to pieces.' To me, living as I do alone, the monotony of seven winter months, and the amount of house life they necessitate, have often been most agreeably varied by occasional friendly reunions of this kind. I was present lately at one of these coffee parties. Our company was a mixed one, composed of Germans and English, but of course all ladies. Our hostess had just drawn our attention to a newly-contrived coffee-making machine, which she had recently purchased, and which was bubbling and hissing away upon the table.

"There is a moment of intense interest approaching," said she, "at which that miniature Vesuvius of ground coffee contained in the glass bowl will overflow, and its lava descend in the shape of what I trust you will all pronounce to be excellent coffee, not like the flat-tasting thick fluid you often get in England, but distilled from fresh home-roasted berries, whose aroma is something delightful in itself. But, if you will like to witness this amusing eruption, ladies," continued she, "I must beg you to sit round the table for the

sake of uniformity, as well as that you may be better enabled to get a good view of my little volcano."

"Ah," remarked an old lady present, "your observation on uniformity, reminds me but too painfully of a circumstance that occurred in my family about a quarter of a century ago, and which I will, with your permission, relate, as soon as the fury of the small mountain has spent itself, without doing serious damage I trust to the surrounding porcelain, which, by-the-by, is extremely tasteful and pretty."

"Yes, the eye must be consulted!—the stack of chimneys shall be placed in the centre of the roof of the new building," said my husband to me one morning, looking suddenly up from his book, now nearly thirty years ago," began the old lady.

"If I could have foreseen that our olive branches would have become so numerous, wife, I should have built the house large enough to accommodate your nine children at first. However, I have seen the architect's plan, and the Gothic addition looks well enough on paper, but in spite of what



G. says, the flues must be arranged together in the centre, for the sake of uniformity.' He had been studying Ruskin. Oh! dear, what a sad memory mine is becoming!—it could not of course have been him, for he had not written any books then; well, he had been reading some book of the same kind as Ruskin writes now, and his head was full of Gothic, Elizabethan, early and late, ornamental and plain—and in short all sorts and styles of architecture, whose different merits he was mentally discussing. Poor dear Edward!—he was a man of such

good taste, such appreciation of the beautiful in nature as well as in art! Well, to go on with my story. The proposed alteration had long been completed, and we congratulated ourselves that our increased accommodation had not been purchased at the expense of any degree of good taste, for indeed the late addition had rather enhanced than detracted from the beauty of our house. About two years after this change had been made, I was lying one night in the latter part of February on a sofa in our drawing-room at the Grange, the name of our place, which I have forgotten

to mention. Our neighbourhood was an exposed one on the coast of Yorkshire, and the country had looked particularly gloomy on the day of which I speak, as it always did in bad misty weather. Yes, it did seem very dreary that day, with its louring heavy sky, across whose dark horizon the seagulls were wheeling and squealing in numbers. The barometer had gone down to nothing; everything and everybody appeared to be in a state of depression; and an unusual and ominous stillness prevailed towards sunset, if that can be called such, which left us scarcely darker than we were before; the atmosphere, I remember, was unaccountably warm for the time of year. I was lying, as I have already said, on the sofa. The fine cedars in front of our house, which had been swaying and moaning and shivering all the evening, now becoming more demonstrative as the storm commenced, began to fling their beautiful long green arms about, occasionally striking our windows and walls, as if wishing to warn us of some coming catastrophe. Since that time there is something of a tragic meaning conveyed to me in the way the dear old trees throw their branches about, even when stirred by the slightest breeze,—now bending their graceful boughs so low as to touch the daisies nestling in the mossy sward beneath them, now dancing joyously up to brush the roses which cluster in twos and threes along and around our walls, and peep in upon us through the panes of the mullioned windows of our drawing-room looking on the lawn. Lying there and listening to the fitful gusts of wind and the hurried spattering of rain-drops against the glass, I was thinking how comfortable it was to be there by a warm cheerful fire, with a bright lamp burning on the table, and an interesting book at hand, whilst all was so miserable in the world outside my luxurious home. My husband had retired early with a bad cold, and my daughter Mary, the eldest of the nine children, had just kissed me, and wished me good night. After her departure, I had taken up my book, and soon became so interested in it, as to forget even how comfortable I was; at last I must have fallen asleep, lulled by the rising and falling sounds of the night, having read on to a late hour,—for I was dreaming of being in a vessel at sea, in a storm too, for the ship was rolling and tossing finely, the booming of the waves deafening, and sea birds screaming over my head,—till I was suddenly awakened by what I imagined to be the firing of great guns, and a general rumbling and grinding of chains on deck. Starting up, I discovered that, though on *terra firma*, my candles had burnt down almost to their sockets,

and that there was verily a sound of rumbling and crashing and knocking about in the house itself. Hastily snatching up a light, I opened the door and reached the landing-place before it. There I was met by strong blasts of wind, which gave me the impression that half the doors and windows must be open, my candle was at once rudely extinguished, and I stood in the dark listening to the alarming and strange sounds mentioned, which were now forming a running bass accompaniment to screams, wild cries, and exclamations of wonderment and dismay. What could have happened! Could thieves, taking advantage of the disturbance caused by the warring of the elements, have broken into the house, and had my husband fired upon them, or worse, they upon him, and—horrible thought!—was it possible, was it probable that some one had been killed in the struggle! Half wild with fear, and filled with the worst anticipations of danger, I groped my trembling way along the wall, feeling as I crawled, with my hand against it to guide me, when all at once something came in contact with my fingers—something fleshy and warm. Good heavens!—what could it be!—a hand. My blood began to freeze—yes—another hand. And immediately I felt myself seized by somebody, who must have been advancing as stealthily as myself, and as noiselessly, owing to the general uproar around us. “Only spare me,” I gasped with scarcely audible voice, “and you shall have everything you want,” convinced for the moment that I was in the custody of some ticket-of-leave man.

“‘Emily, dearest; I only want to know that my own love is safe,’ to my inexpressible relief cried the voice of my husband, which had never sounded so musical to my ears before, unless indeed it was at the time when he first proposed to me. Come what would, he, at least, was unharmed. In my joy at finding that Edward was all right, I had actually forgotten the poor children—but only for an instant, for they soon reminded me of their presence, and probable danger, by the numerous cries and ejaculations on all sides.

“‘Mamma, papa, where are you? Are you both killed!—where are we?’

“The clamour had awakened the baby, a boy of six months old, possessing remarkably strong lungs, and who was, to make matters more intelligible, screaming his loudest in the arms of nurse, who was vainly endeavouring to quiet him. After some difficulty, we succeeded in collecting together the terrified group of nightgowned little ones, and more difficult still, in the dark, we managed to

count them. They were all there, and all right, save one—our second youngest, the dear little pet of the family, and ‘the moon-faced darling of all.’

“‘Where, where is she,’ I cried, ‘where is Annie?’ demanding her of the others, as if they were a wild tribe of savages, who had purloined and made away with the child.

“‘Oh, mamma,’ exclaimed Mary, who was quite a second mother to the rest, ‘don’t you know? If you will recollect, you said yourself that she was not to sleep in the nursery with nurse and baby, or indeed near any of the others, and Doctor Brown said this morning that she was to be kept apart from the rest for fear of infection.’

“It was true; the fright had caused my forgetfulness of a fact, the remembrance of which now filled me with more intense alarm. The dear child was suffering from measles, and had been removed to sleep in a room adjoining that in which our two other women servants slept, and which was in the new part of the building. We soon perceived that it was from this quarter that the sounds which terrified us so much were proceeding. After some trouble and searching, we at length found a lantern in the kitchen, which lighting, we all hurried to the part of the house in question. Arriving at the servants’ room, we encountered the maids, who, wringing their hands, were standing in mute despair, gazing helplessly, and with an almost supernatural dread to know the worst depicted on their countenances, at the door of the room where the little girl had been placed for the night. They had made no attempt to open it; and to our united efforts it would not yield,—some heavy substance appeared to block it up, and we could only get it sufficiently apart to discover that the apartment was full of fallen rubbish, and that clouds of dust were whirling about in the hurricane that seemed to fill it. Bad as our worst conjectures might be, at least suspense and doubt were yet worse to bear; and rushing headlong down the stairs, we reached the garden, and fetching a ladder from the tool-house, placed it against the wall, and climbing to the window, my husband first, then I, and lastly Mary, managed to get into what had been once a bed-room—now nothing but four walls, enclosing a jumbled mass of scattered bricks and mortar, plaster, broken chimney pots, beams of wood and broken bits of rafters, over all a blinding cloud of dust, which prevented us from seeing more distinctly the exact nature of the disaster. Where—where should we search for our little one. All hope of the possibility of her safety had died away

in our hearts. It would, however, be a melancholy satisfaction to us to find the poor little mangled body, and to be able to consign it to a decent grave. At length our eyes becoming more accustomed to the state of things, we discovered that the ceiling had fallen in, and had covered the floor with its *débris*, and that in the place where our child’s bed had stood, there was an enormous pile of rubbish.

“‘Hark!’ cried Edward, with a start, ‘listen all of you. Don’t you hear something?’ Yes, we all heard, what?—a voice? yes, a child’s voice; but oh, so low and faint, and as if she was half suffocated, came the voice of our poor Annie from under the pile of rubble which reached from the floor up to a hole in the roof, from which fragments of laths and of mortar were still falling. Can I ever describe, or forget the delight, the rapture of that happiest of happy moments when we first knew that our darling was still alive! But this was not the time to indulge this sensation of grateful and overpowering joy, for there was work to be done, and this we found to be of a difficult and dangerous nature, for with every attempt to remove the rubbish, so as to make an opening for the child’s escape, the mass threatened to collapse and fall into the cavity, and in this case even the larger loose stones would be sufficient to crush out the little life now doubly dear to us.

“‘Mamma, papa, take Annie out. Annie will be good,’ cried the poor little thing, now scarcely able to make itself heard.

“With trembling hands, but with glad hearts, we set cautiously to work, and after some hours of careful and skilful endeavour, our efforts were crowned with success, and we were enabled to pull the now almost lifeless little creature through the small aperture we had ventured to make. Our precious Annie soon recovered after we had taken her down into the air. By this time the morning had dawned, and the song birds which frequented our garden bursting into joyous chorus, seemed to us to be offering grateful praise in unison with our own hearts, for the deliverance of our beloved child. You may be sure that Annie became now a greater pet than ever. Edward, poor dear man, never forgave himself, having suffered his taste for the picturesque to bring about such a calamity as this might have proved. The chimneys had been ill-advisedly placed, and the violence of the storm dislodging them, one or two of the stacks had fallen on the roof, and knocked a hole in it, through which the wind had entered, and done its work of havoc in no time—first, however, happily turning over Annie’s little tent bed, and thus mercifully burying

the child alive as it were. The accident had occurred in that part of the roof immediately over the sleeping child, and but for this, she must have perished. My husband cared much less after this how things looked, as long as they were safe. And in bidding you adieu, my friends," said the old lady, rising, "I offer you the advice, he so repeatedly gave to his children—never to do anything merely for the sake of uniformity."

"Her tale left such an impression upon us all, that I for one, shall never hear the raging of the storm without thinking of her; and let me impress upon you, my dear friends," said my relator, "to remember yourself the moral of her little story." Readers, do the same.

MARGARET SWAYNE.

ARETHUSA AND ALPHÉUS.

To the nearest stream she hastens,
Hot and eager from the chase,
Lays aside her bow and quiver
In a shady shelter'd place;

Lays aside her cap and feather,
Loosens all her golden curls,
From her waist unbinds the girdle,
From her neck the string of pearls;

All unties her silken bodice—
Oh, the dazzling sight, to see
Shoulders, neck, and bosom fairer
Than a mortal maid's may be:

While her amorous ringlets, loosen'd
From their gleaming braids above,
Fall upon her neck in rapture,
Swathe her snowy breast in love.

Like a thin white cloud that passes
From before the full-orb'd moon,
Like a mist that hides the sunshine,
But is scatter'd ere the noon,

Robe and vestment rustle from her
At the touch of lily-hands,
And in all her naked beauty
On the mossy brink she stands.

River-god Alphéus, lying
In his crystal cave below,
Saw the naked nymph approaching,
Softly footed as the snow.

Soon as snow his heart was melted
With the sudden warmth of love,
And he sprang at once to clasp her
In the running waves above.

But she started at his presence,
Fled away in shame and fear,
Over hill and over valley,
Fleetly as the flying deer.

He, more heated by disaster,
Follow'd fast with many a bound,
Over hill and over valley,
Fleetly as the flying hound.

Skimming through sequester'd places,
Gleaming over meadows green,
Darting intermittent flashes
Where the pine trees intervene;

All on tiptoe, scarcely bending
Any blade of grass that grew,
Fled the startled nymph, bewailing
Love thus cruel to pursue.

Now the narrow space between them
Seem'd to widen as she ran,
And her trembling heart took courage,
Strong as when the race began;

But her weak limbs, worn and weary,
Strove to keep the course in vain,
Falter'd, while the reeling distance
Wrought a tumult in her brain.

In a breath, the god advancing
Bent to kiss his well-won prize;
But the ever-chaste Diana
Heard her troubled virgin's cries:

And the fair nymph, Arethusa,
Started from the god's embrace;
Then a nymph, but now a river,
Eager for the harmless chase.

Through the green and pleasant valleys,
Stretching miles and miles away,
Flow'd the river, Arethusa,
Never weary, night or day.

And with ceaseless murmurs swelling,
Swerving both to left and right,
River Alpheus, never weary,
Follow'd many a day and night.

Through the secret silent channels,
Deep and deeper evermore,
Underneath a hundred cities,
Spanning seas from shore to shore,

Still she kept her course unwearied,
Still the amorous god pursued,
Till, in some propitious moment,
Woofing, not in vain he woo'd.

And their happy streams united
On the fair Sicilian shore
Rise, and flow thus on for ever,
To be parted nevermore.

G. COTTERELL.

FOUND DROWNED.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS. BY R. ARTHUR
ARNOLD.

CHAPTER II. SIR HUGH ELSDALE, BARONET.

IN March an incident had occurred at Poonah to which Mr. Tyler's letter may be traced. A corporal's guard of the — Regiment had been told off to trace, and if possible to bring back, a deserter to head-quarters. Captain Malloy had given the order. He was sitting in his bungalow enjoying a cheroot, when the following dialogue was forced upon his unwilling attention by a serjeant.

"Sir,—Hugh Page has deserted."

"A good riddance, I should think, a lazy blackguard," muttered the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"Better send a guard after him, if you think you can catch him."

"Yes, sir," replied the saluting and retreating serjeant.

Hugh Page had deserted, and Mr. Tyler was more immediately the cause of it than anybody else. Page bore a bad character in the regiment, though regarded as something of a scholar by his comrades. He had been accountant to a planter until he was convicted

of embezzlement and imprisoned at Agra. Then he was a loafer at Calcutta; then, after a night of drunkenness, he took the shilling, and joined Her Majesty's — Regiment. He had fought well through the battles of the Mutiny, he saw Outram and Havelock enter Lucknow, and he had cheered brave Sir Colin; but he was the blackguard of his company, always "up" for misconduct, until the black-hole of the barracks had come to be known throughout his regiment as "Page's Hole." He could



read and write well, was sharp and intelligent, — when he was sober. In appearance he was a most innocent-looking lad, with long thin limbs, and with evident marks of breeding in his features. The only hair upon his face was a reddish brown moustache. He had a deboshed air, which, however, seemed rather listless and worn out, than vicious. No one would have guessed he had been a convicted felon, yet any one would have shrunk from placing instant confidence in him.

This was the man, who, the day before at

the canteen, had taken up a copy of the Bombay Times, and stumbled upon the following advertisement, —

TWO HUGH ELSDALE. — If Hugh Elsdale, son of the late Colonel Hugh Elsdale, of Her Majesty's — Lancers, will apply to the undersigned, he will receive information respecting a title and estates which he has inherited. Any person giving information to the undersigned concerning the whereabouts or death of the above-mentioned Hugh Elsdale will be handsomely rewarded.

AUGUSTUS TYLER, Solicitor,
66, Bedford Row, London, England.

He understood the situation in a moment: knew that he, Hugh Page, private in Her Majesty's — Regiment, was now Sir Hugh Elsdale, Bart., of Ambleton Place. He didn't faint or shout: in fact, he behaved in quite a common way, for he ordered a large glass of rum, and drank it off. Had he been trained to the part, he might possibly have lived a fair life as a gentleman of property. Indifference had been his ruin; circumstances drove him hither and thither, and when once or twice they had got him in a corner, he had fought his way out, not according to law. Poor miserable wretch as he was, he was not quite sure as he staggered out of the canteen that he felt glad of the change in his position. He knew he must desert, and go some how or other to England; he had pride enough to resolve that no one who had known him as Hugh Page should know him by his real name and title. So there was no road but desertion. He walked up to the barracks, the evening air steadying his brain; fortunately no one was in the room where his chest stood, or they might have suspected his intentions, on seeing him make a bundle of his things, knotting them in a red handkerchief. Last of all he took from his chest a small oblong box, which looked like a woman's work-box, and placed this carefully in the breast of his coat. Cautiously looking round, he left the barracks, and was soon concealed in an adjoining patch of jungle. There he lay till the night was well advanced.

Probably he thought more while lying in the high grass than he had ever thought before. Once or twice he took the box from his breast, and examined its contents; these were a packet of letters, and two locks of hair carefully wrapped in paper. It was some time after his mother's death that he obtained possession of this box. When he was dismissed from Agra jail he had made inquiries as to whether any of his mother's property had been left to him; he knew that she had died far from her home, almost upon the battle-field. In reply, he received this box, addressed to him by his mother. Among the letters were many from his father to herself, full of boyish affection, and there were some addressed to her after her marriage. In the packet was the Colonel's commission, and Hugh's certificate of baptism. Evidently Ruth Page had insisted and the colonel had yielded the *incognito* at this point, for the certificate was in due form, and described Hugh as the son of Colonel Hugh, and Ruth Elsdale his wife. Hugh well knew that the hair was that of his father and mother. But this reflection did not excite any grave or reverent feeling in him; he didn't feel sad or sorry; he began

to think he was hungry as he replaced the box, and probably he would have sold all his birth-right for a plate of soup and some brandy.

He threw aside his regimental jacket, tore the piping from his trousers, and left them with his cap in the grass. Winding a shirt round his head "turban fashion," he began his march. Probably the search made for him was not very strict: in truth, the serjeant ventured to make still more intelligible to the corporal what Malloy had muttered to him, and none were sorry that the regiment was free of Hugh Page.

In three weeks he was at Bombay, a dusty, ragged, miserable object. He had resolved to work his passage to England; he was in a land where nakedness does not imply want, and is only inconvenient when it becomes indecent. When he walked along the quays, looking at the shipping, he did not crawl with that fearful footfall which we associate with scanty rags in England, yet he looked weak, and worn, and wasted.

He stood watching a ship which was being laden with cotton. One after another the ponderous bales swung out and down into the vessel. He saw a man standing against the foremast of the vessel, whom for a moment and in his languid way he envied. This man had a sun-burnt face, curling hair, a huge ruff of rather lighter hair beneath his chin, and framing the lower half of his face from ear to ear; he was a fine, strong, handsome fellow: he was Jack Poulson, mate of the *Ulysses*, a barque of 500 tons, which was now taking in cotton for Liverpool.

"Eave that rope off," he shouted to Hugh, pointing at the same time to a two-inch hawser that was looped round a post against which the deserter was leaning. Hugh stooped, lifted the rope, and unprepared for the weight with which it rolled over the quay-side, shot forward head-over-heels into the water.

In an instant Jack's cap and jacket were thrown off.

"Stand by the rope," he called to a man near him, and then slid down it just as Hugh came to the surface, splashing and sputtering wildly. Jack caught him by the arm, and they were drawn up the ship's side.

"You ain't been across the line, I should say," was Jack's first comment upon Hugh's trembling, wretched appearance on deck, where he lay, death-like in countenance, and shivering with fright.

"Get him a drop o' rum, Duncan."

The cook's mate, Jem Duncan, moved off to get the stimulant, leaving Hugh with Poulson, and about half-a-dozen coolies around him, who, for lack of English sailors, had been en-

gaged as part of the crew for the nome-voyage. At present they were only employed in freighting the ship.

"Well, mate, that wash won't do you any harm," said Jack, when Hugh was revived by the rum. "Now, what port might you a been a cruising for, when you foundered in this ere way?"

The coolies grinned, but Hugh didn't understand the mate's nautical phrases.

"Where was you a going? What was your game? I'd lend yer a hand if I know'd how," Jack continued.

Hugh told him he wished to go to England, and that he'd be very glad to work if any ship would take him.

"I should say you've been a sojer," remarked Jack, in a tone of the greatest contempt; "but I can 'list yer as cap'en's servant, if you like to ship along of us. I don't want to take no more of these chaps than I can help," he continued, nodding at the coolies, who were talking "pigeon English" to each other, and gesticulating; "a set o' yaller 'ogs to call their-seves seamen."

Hugh accepted gladly, and for the first time signed his name "Hugh Elsdale."

The vessel had been a month under weigh on her homeward voyage; he had got over seasickness, and began to feel stronger and more hopeful than he had ever felt before. In appearance he was an altered man; his messmate, the man with whom he was always to be seen during the little leisure that his duties allowed him, was Jem Duncan, the cook's mate.

Like Hugh, Jem had joined the Ulysses at Bombay. No one knew where he came from. Evidently this was not his first voyage; he could tell stories about London and the gold-diggings, and get a knot of seamen about him very quickly. Yet they were all half-afraid of Jem, though they liked his yarns. The second mate, who only made a remark off duty when he turned his "quid," had been once heard to say that Duncan "looked like a tame shark," and perhaps the description was more accurate than the ordinary language of physiognomy will admit of.

Jem was rather above middle height, strongly built; in figure he had no points, and yet he was not fat; he was broad, hard, and muscular in body and limbs; his head well matched his body; flat at the back, the sides presented a large surface, with deep, powerful, hairless cheeks, and rather large ears. There was something very different from "cook's mate" written on Jem's face. The lower part of it was singularly muscular, and perhaps the great charm in his story-telling was the manner in which his mouth moved with the recital. His face was

the shape of a dish-cover, and in place of the handle was a nose tolerably well-formed, but rather too fleshy to be a handsome feature; above it a pair of dark, restless eyes, rather small, of which "the white" was not very white, while the central black was very black, and over these a short thick crop of dark brown hair, straight and coarse. Even Hugh had noticed that Duncan rarely looked at any one or anything for more than a moment together, and never looked at anybody while he spoke to them, but always after he had finished speaking. He had been rather kind to Hugh during his first few days at sea, when the waves of the Indian Ocean had made him sick.

But Jem was a man of a most acquisitive turn of mind; his first motive in attending to Hugh had probably been his desire of discovering the mystery which brought a man with Hugh's features to the position of a skipper's servant. Then a few words were sufficient to tell both men that they had not much in common with those around them. Jem, who could speak like an educated man, running about with beef and platters, or Hugh, swabbing the captain's cabin, looked strangely out of place. Yet there was an essential difference between the two men: one was always thinking of himself, the other never; Jem regarded everything from a selfish point of view, and went through his work like a man who had trained himself to it from necessity. When he was tending Hugh during a bad night of sickness, his first act, when the captain's servant turned his face to the ship's side in order to get some sleep, had been to open his bundle. It contained only two things that Jem regarded with any interest; he turned the old trousers about and inside out, looking carefully at the regimental number, and at the broken stitches where the piping had been torn from the legs; then his eye fell upon Hugh's tobacco-box, which had evidently belonged to Her Majesty, and was designed to carry ammunition.

"I thought so," muttered Duncan, "every soldier's a fool. Yet I wasn't quite sure that this one was a soldier, because I didn't know that every fool joined the army."

He laughed bitterly as he replaced the things in the bundle, and then sat on a chain box, slowly tapping the ground with his foot; his arms were folded tightly, and the little of his face that could be seen, in the dim light of a distant lantern, looked dark enough to frighten any one. His lips moved to his thought, which was almost expressed aloud.

"And haven't I been a fool! or, curse it, have I had a chance of being better? Six years ago I should have been happy, but for—thou, those two years, harnessed like a jackass,

and driven like one, chained like a dog, — their cannon-shot and shell, may they blow their heads off. Then Sydney : but that wasn't so bad as Chatham. Now I'm free again ; — free to starve, and poor Kate — Well, here's for London once more, and the devil to them that get in my way."

By the time the Ulysses arrived at the Cape, Jem had so adroitly used his half-knowledge of Hugh's antecedents, that the poor weak creature fancied himself quite in Duncan's power. Jem had now a stronger reason than he ever thought to have for using this power so as to increase Hugh's terrors. He had watched how carefully Hugh carried about with him his mother's work-box, and Jem at once determined that it contained a treasure worth an effort to obtain.

Again and again he purposely got into conversation with Hugh, then put a question directly or indirectly as to what the box contained. Once Hugh said "it was only letters from his mother," and as it seemed to Duncan so likely that such a fool as he held Hugh to be should carry letters from his mother with so much care, he would have ceased to question him if Hugh had not shortly afterwards awakened his suspicions by saying they were letters from "his sweetheart ; — his girl, at home in England."

"Now, look you here, shipmate," Duncan replied to this confession, in that tone of alternating menace and coaxing which only men of his temperament can employ, "you're not treating me on the square. I've only got to tell the skipper that you're a deserter from the — Regiment, and that I suspect you of having stolen goods in that box, and then 'tain't only me that will know all about it, but everybody aboard ship, and you'll be lucky if you ain't in irons in an hour."

Poor Hugh looked the picture of abject misery.

"Of course I ain't going to do anything of the sort," continued Duncan ; "but I ask you, as a man, is it handsome, the way you're treating me ? Ain't it enough to make any man blow on you ? That's all I say."

Hugh gave way naturally, and by the time the Ulysses was standing up the Irish Channel, Duncan knew of all his bright hopes, had read all the letters, thumbed the certificate, drawn the locks of hair through his fingers, which were much more delicate than one would have expected to find upon the hand of the cook's mate of such a vessel ; and naturally also, this man, who had despised Hugh for his weakness and submission, now hated him for his coming prosperity and wealth.

Night and day, day and night, Jem re-

hearsed the whole story to himself : he felt that he knew all the characters concerned in it. Sometimes he even tried not to think of it : he swore at it : swore at Hugh, then at himself, and then back again came all the troop. He coveted Hugh's easy inheritance. On, on, through his mind, one scene of Hugh's past and of his future, chased another. He saw him landing a stranger at Liverpool ; a man who had never been in England before ; whom no one knew, who knew no one ; saw him reaching Mr. Tyler's office, making good his claim ; saw him great among the great ; — rich, well-fel, and happy.

Suddenly, — he was in his hammock when the thought struck him, and made him feel for a moment as though his spirit had left his body, so all-pervading was the deadly chill with which there arose to his mind another scene — a scene in which he was Sir Hugh Elsdale, Baronet, and Hugh was —. He didn't complete the idea definitely at first. Gradually it shaped itself to him with less and less disturbance. Then away coursed his thought again, and he was where he had pictured Hugh. He was feasted, — he was rich, — he enjoyed his revenge, — he was asserting his right, the right which his natural abilities gave him to be a person of consequence, until at length, when his thought returned again to actual circumstances, he was aware of a sense of bitter disappointment. He began to feel that Hugh was defrauding him of his rights.

"Haven't I read," said he to himself, "that if you meet a man carrying a gun, and you have gunpowder and he hasn't any, and can never get any, that you have a right to take the gun from him, and appropriate it to your own use ? And isn't that just my case ? Here's a fool, an idiot, who has no knowledge of the value of money or rank, going, by a mere fluke, to inherit both, while I, who know their worth and could use them well, must go on carrying swill to these pigs, or doing something equally beastly."

When he next met Hugh, his eye fell at once on the place where the box made his jacket stand out, and then the doom of his victim might have been read in the manner in which he sidled off, afraid to speak to the man who was always in his thoughts. As yet his mind was thus far made up — he would do "it ;" but how he should do "it," or where he could do "it," had not been determined.

He wished it would be sufficient to steal the box ; but then had he not seen Hugh sign his name ? The mate, Poulson, knew his name, and Jem Duncan was more afraid of Jack Poulson than of anyone within reach. For he saw that Jack didn't like him : he knew that the

mate understood him. Whenever Jack ordered him to do anything, it was not in the tone he used to others of the crew; he spoke in a deeper, more serious voice, which Jem interpreted thus,—“I know what sort you are, and I don't want you to give me a chance of putting you under hatches, but if you do——”

It was next to impossible to do “it” on board ship. Duncan saw that, and was glad. Yes, glad to be respited from what he felt he must do, and yet shrank from. He was rejoicing in this view of the difficulty when the deserter loitered up to where he stood. Hugh looked but little like an Englishman. A life passed beneath an Indian sun had given his face almost the yellow-brown tinge of a Parsee; and, but for the colour of his hair and eyes, one would scarcely have supposed that he was an Anglo-Saxon.

“You'll be mighty strange when you land, shan't you?” said Duncan, spitting over the vessel's side as an excuse for turning away.

“But then you said you'd show me the way to London,—I'll pay, you know.”

“The way to London, man! Why it's more than two hundred miles from Liverpool.” Then, after a minute's pause, Duncan added, “I'll stand by you, never fear that. I know a nice house in Liverpool, where we'll go directly we can leave the ship, and have got our money.”

Hugh said “all right,” without suspecting that in these last few words Duncan had surmounted his greatest difficulty. He knew where he must do “it” now. He felt sick, as he thought of the house in Liverpool,—the “nice house,” where he could get a “hoccussed drink” for the asking,—from whence a drunken man could be put into a boat, and taken out to sea, and—disposed of. Yes, it was all clear enough now!

But the weather was not. Ever since they had sighted the Welsh coast a north-westerly wind had been blowing, and now they were making due east for the Mersey, with two reefs in their mainsail, and all the topmast canvas snugly furled. For the waves were splashing over the deck of the *Ulysses* as she stood off shore, intending to give the Orme's Head “a wide berth.”

Towards evening the wind rose higher and higher, straining the sails till the vessel seemed to fly through the boiling waves. The sea had become white with foam, and hissed as the billows skirled away, breaking into spray far from any object against which to dash their heads. Every now and then one would bang against the ship's side, shaking every bolt; then the vessel lurched over as the wave foamed across her deck; then she righted again, and

galloped on; then met another wave; then her masts seemed almost to touch the sea: but no! they were up again, with the bellying sail flapping with the noise of a gun when it caught the wind again.

The night was coming on, and the wind had increased to a gale. Jack Poulson said it was “a gale,” as he stood holding on to the foremast, looking into the weather. The rain and spray streamed off his oilskin dress, as he turned one ear to the shore, and sheltering it with his hand seemed to listen attentively.

“Starboard!” he shouted.

“Starboard it is!” came from the helm.

“Keep her so,” returned the mate, and began to make his way aft. The skipper was ill; very ill; he had not been out of his berth for days. Poulson swung himself down below, just to look to the captain, when he saw Jem Duncan noiselessly appropriating the captain's life-belt. He was strapping it securely under his arms as the mate said,—

“You're going to help us ashore, are you? Well, you may have a chance before long.” He didn't tell the man to take it off, for Jack knew the terrible position the ship was in, and a glance at the captain lying insensible and motionless, convinced him that he would never want his belt again. Duncan slunk out of the cabin as Jack went up to the berth where the dying man lay. The noise of the storm was terrible as Poulson gently, with a woman's touch, smoothed the clothes about him, and tucked them securely under his shoulders. In another moment he had passed a thin rope once or twice before the outside of the berth, so that no heeling of the ship could throw the sick man out of his bed.

“The Lord save him!” murmured Jack; “if it's only for the sake of the three little uns and his good lady.”

Then he clambered up on deck. There, too, was Duncan: not trembling, not afraid, but standing by the man at the wheel, with a face so calm that Poulson forgot all his dislike to the man. Directly he saw Jem's face he thought that no one on board could help him as this man could, in what he knew was coming. Yes, knew! For before he went below he had heard the surf rolling on the rocks, and now he could distinguish the roar without listening attentively. Duncan had looked about for Hugh, but couldn't find him. He was not sure what had been his object in seeking him: yet, in any crisis, he didn't wish to be out of sight of that box which he felt contained his fortune.

“Duncan,” said Poulson, close to his ear, “I see you are a man. In less than an hour, if the wind don't go down, we shall be upon the rocks. Now, if so be as she got lodged,

she couldn't stay long, for the tide's rising;—but if so be as she did lodge, will you take your chance of getting ashore with a rope? Then, if we couldn't save the vessel, we might get the hands ashore."

Jem felt the belt round him: he was a good swimmer, and a very powerful man. He knew that if what Poulson said did happen, this was his best chance for life. So he promised. Making one condition, however, that if he did get the rope ashore the first man to pass along it should be Hugh Elsdale, "for I like that poor chap," he said, "though he is a little soft."

Poulson agreed, and began to make preparations. He tied a light, strong cord round Duncan's body, and laid a good length of it loose on the deck, fastening the other end to a stout cable, which Jem was to drag ashore if he were so fortunate as to escape being dashed to pieces on the rocks. Some of the crew stood about them, clinging to parts of the vessel; some with terror in their faces, others quietly watching how, in spite of all their efforts, the ship was approaching the shore. Hugh was quite unmanageable; he clung to the mate;—told him he was a baronet;—that he had a large estate and would give him a thousand pounds to save his life.

Jack thought that fear had made him crazy, and pushed him away, just as the *Ulysses*, with a shock that sent Hugh and three sailors rolling across the deck, grated on to a rock. It was an awful crisis: and in a moment the helm was left, and all was disorder.

"Over you go," bawled Poulson, and he saw Duncan lower himself into the waves, which were rather less boisterous on the lee side of the ship, just as he sprang forward, and with a hatchet cut the main sheet. The mainmast had broken with the shock, but the sail still held the wind, and might have drawn the ship off again. She was filling fast, and Jack knew that whatever might be their fate, the *Ulysses* could never hold together for another hour.

The seamen were shouting over the vessel's side, straining their eyes to see Duncan, and securing everything they could lay their hands on which would keep them afloat, should they have to buffet the sea for their lives. The thin rope was still running over the ship's side, but then they knew that Duncan's dead body might be floating down the shore and dragging it out.

"My God! he's safe," said Poulson, as he saw a steady pull on the rope, quick, and directly from the shore. Away went the cable, their willing hands helping it out to the dark strand where Poulson thought he could see

Duncan drawing it in. At length it stopped: they pulled gently,—then harder,—then they knew it was made fast.

"Shove him in," roared the mate, pointing to Hugh, and to a large tub which they had swung on to the cable. He was pushed in: three or four men fought to share with him what they thought to be safety. Poulson was in the act of pushing the tub off, when the vessel seemed to fall from under them, as with a grating jerk it swooped back into the sea. The cable broke, and almost before the tub reached the sea, the ship was thrown broadside on to the rocks, but not to lodge again. She burst in pieces, like a shell, and the next minute there were the waves and the rocks, but of the *Ulysses* nothing remained but floating spars and timbers.

When the morning broke over the rock-bound coast, the scud was flying across the sky at a tremendous rate; the sea was dashing itself upon the shore, and but one man looked upon the rock where the *Ulysses* had rested the night before. He was busy along the shore: but there was a method in his wrecking which not every one would have understood. He passed chests and bales, and furniture, which had been cast ashore. When he saw a body, his pace quickened; he seized the corpse, looked in its face,—not pitying, not tenderly,—but simply disappointed, and hurried on. He had spent hours in this way, until at length he saw, as the tide went down, something fixed between two rocks. In his anxiety he waded out, reached it, pulled and dragged it to shore. It was a body which had been awfully battered upon the rocks, but Jem Duncan knew that it was the object of his search.

From an inner pocket of the dead man's jacket he transferred a small box to his own. Then looking down at the corpse, he seemed satisfied to think that no one could recognise the features, and muttering "poor devil," left Sir Hugh Elsdale, Bart., a ghastly object on the beach.

CHARLES WATERTON, AND WALTON HALL. PART I.

A DISTINGUISHED naturalist has just passed away from among us; a man of whom we may fairly feel proud, and one whose name was known perhaps even far more widely on the swampy banks of the South American rivers, and in the far-off prairies of North America, than it was in this land, where no doubt his strong attachment to what he believed to be not merely the creed of his immediate forefathers, but "the old religion," stood immensely in the way of his becoming favourably

known to society at large, at all events till he had long past middle age. A short sketch of the career and the habits of Charles Waterton, of Walton, York, may therefore not be without interest to our readers.

If the moral of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" be really just and true, that

He liveth best who loveth most
All things both great and small,

then it cannot be said that Charles Waterton lived to no purpose, nor can it be denied that he was one of those who made the best use of this fair world, and of the pleasant sights and studies which animated nature affords to the observant eye. The students of the natural world, on the whole, are a fortunate and happy and contented race; their out-of-door studies have a tendency to prolong life, and at the same time to calm and to soothe that feverish unrest of the brain which carries off so many members of hard-worked professions before they have reached their prime. Linneus, Buffon, Cuvier, all lived to be old men; we have still among us the veteran naturalist, Mr. Edward Jesse, in the full enjoyment of all his powers and faculties at 85; and if Charles Waterton has just died at 83, be it known to all that his death was hastened on by a fall in his own grounds, while walking the other day round the edge of his lake, among his aquatic birds and the other feathered and four-legged inmates of his hospitable domain. Well; such men have quiet and happy days; they let the great world foam and seethe on outside their lives, caring nothing for politics, for wars and rumours of wars, which party is in and which party is out, or how cotton or corn stand in the market. These things, which engage and trouble the rest of mankind, scarcely interest them at all; to a new flower, a rare shell, an animal not previously named, a fossil relic disclosing some great truth or opening up some fresh vista into the dim antiquity of man,—to these things they give themselves with delight and enthusiasm. To share the feeling one must be touched with a portion of the same spirit; otherwise it is impossible to comprehend the charm of their placid existence. In no other way can we understand the rapture of Linneus when he first caught sight of a field of English gorse, with its waving sea of golden blossom, and then and there fell down upon his knees and thanked God for the sight; or the emotion of the late Sir Robert Schomburgh, when he came upon a quiet nook of the South American lake and saw it covered with the resplendent glories of Victoria Regia. Some may account it ludicrous, rather than sublime,

when they read of the extravagant pleasure with which Le Vaillant rode at last side by side by the striding camelopard—his gigantic frame and glossy spotted hide having become to him a reality, and no fiction. The keen competition of naturalists for an unique shell may be a mystery to the world of ordinary men; as, for example, when a "*Scalaria pretiosa*," causing nearly as much excitement as a race for the Derby, is knocked down at last for a hundred guineas, amid the intense jealousy of rival conchologists. But these enthusiasms are not false nor unfruitful; they create the ambition and occupation of men whose gentle studies benefit the whole world. Linneus called botany "*amabilis scientia*," and any one of his tribe will claim the same name and title for his own particular path in that exhaustless field.

Happy natures indeed, say we again; happy workers these in a world where work of one kind or another is the very law of our lives. "Poking" into low-water pools for actinæ, chipping and hammering among old quarries and gravel-pits; hunting the woods and prairies on the scent of a new "cryptogam;" running helter-skelter over hill and dale after a strange "lepidopteron;" wild with glee and glorification over the idea of a new species, and affixing to it some name Latinised out of associations with discoverers or personal friends,—these naturalists never cease to be children—in the sense of keeping the wisdom of children. The earth is always new for them; it never palls, it never wearies; to be *ennuyés* or *blasés* is not in their experience; they are the mild apprentices of a mistress who gives noble wages and peaceful fame—Dame Nature, the gracious and bountiful mother of all, at whose knees they have the best place. They study the interminable beauty of created things; they see the eternal effort of the natural world to move from lower to higher forms, from perfection in the higher to the highest—the gratuitous beauty of the garden—the unpaid-for splendours of the sky-theatre, where 'morning and evening' are daily performed 'until further notice'—the provision made in the earth for every created thing in its own sphere—the intense enjoyment of life instilled into all things that move: every part of these studies fills them with the love of God, and the sense of His love to creation. They lead an existence as full of new delights as a child, but with the intelligence and active purposes of a man; and when they pass to wider and more glorious fields of knowledge, their only regret—if they entertain one—is that of Schiller's on his death-bed, that "they have not had time to see all this beautiful planet,

and all the many fair things worthy to be seen upon it."

But it is time that we hastened on to the character of the person who is the subject of our sketch, and who in his "Wanderings in South America," and in the prefaces to his three volumes of "Essays on Natural History," has given us so many autobiographical details, that it requires but little skill to draw out a sketch of the old man, who, "take him for all in all," was perhaps as good a counterpart of Virgil's "*Corycius Senex*" as we are likely to meet with in these days of debate and turmoil.

Charles Waterton was born on the 3rd of June, 1782, at Walton Hall, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, a seat and estate which had belonged to his forefathers since the reign of Henry VIII. The Watertons came originally from a village of that name in Lincolnshire, where they held broad acres at a fabulously early age, but which they appear to have lost at the time of the Reformation, when, adhering to what was styled "the old religion," they refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the English Crown in things spiritual, and were forced in consequence to be content to see their lands torn from them and given to strangers, and themselves subjected, under the Penal Laws,* to heavy fines and double taxation, from generation to generation, as "Popish Recusants." Thus punished in purse and pocket from age to age for adhering to the faith of their parents, no wonder that it became a matter of pride to the heads of such old Roman Catholic families as the Watertons, to have nothing whatever to do with the English Church, and that consequently they brought up their children to love Rome and its ecclesiastical associations far better than the soil which had given them birth.

According to Mr. Walford's "County Families," the Watertons received a grant of the lands and manor of Waterton or Watertun in the Isle of Axholm, from Gilbert, who was Abbot of Selby, in the years 1159—79. Some of the naturalist's ancestors also had fought at Agincourt, and Sir Robert Waterton was Governor of Pontefract Castle, and had charge of King Richard II. Sir Hugh Waterton was

executor to his Sovereign's will, and guardian to his daughters; and another ancestor was sent by another Sovereign into France, on the delicate task of negotiating the terms of a royal marriage, for which he was allowed thirteen shillings a day for his trouble and travelling expenses. In Mary's reign, too, Thomas Waterton, of Walton Hall, was High Sheriff of Yorkshire; and it ought to be mentioned that Charles Waterton drew his descent in the maternal line from the great and good Chancellor,[†] Sir Thomas More.

At an early age young Waterton was sent by his father to Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, then, as now, the chief educational establishment of the Jesuit body in England. He was placed under the especial care of Father Clifford, a cousin of the late Lord Clifford, by whom, and by the rest of the community, he seems to have been most kindly treated and carefully and religiously educated, though of course he could not fail to imbibe some portions of the spirit of the Jesuit system, which "crop out" here and there in his "Wanderings" and "Autobiography." At school he does not seem to have been very fond of books; and though he is fond of quoting the classical authors, and quotes them readily, and sometimes treats us to Latin verses of his own composition, it is not difficult to see that he left the Jesuits without attaining any high distinction as a scholar, in the limited and conventional sense of the term. Why this was so, perhaps, it is only fair to quote his own words. At a very early age he had shown a taste for the study of birds, beasts, and fishes, and he had mastered half of Dame Nature's book by heart, before he had mastered his "*As in Presenti*," or his "*Propria quæ maribus*."

"At Stonyhurst," he writes, "there are boundaries marked out which the students are not allowed to pass; and there are prefects always pacing to and fro within the lines, to prevent any unlucky boy from straying on the other side of them.* Notwithstanding the vigilance of these lynx-eyed guardians, I would now and then manage to escape, and would bolt into a very extensive labyrinth of yew and holly trees, close at hand. It was the chosen place for animated nature. Birds, in particular, used to frequent the spacious enclosure, both to obtain food and to enjoy security. Many a time have I hunted there the founmart and the squirrel. I once took a cut through it to a neighbouring wood, where I knew of a carrion

* As might be expected, Mr. Waterton is continually exhibiting in his "Autobiography," the keenness of his sense of the injury done to his ancestors and himself by those senseless laws, which are now happily exploded, and only exist as matters of history. The one "root of bitterness" in his otherwise kindly nature, seems to be his hatred of the English Church and everything belonging to its system, of which he considered Luther, and Calvin, and Queen Elizabeth to be the real founders. I do not think that any more perfect example of the way in which these silly laws defeated their own object is to be found, than in Mr. Waterton's life. Had those laws been swept away a century ago, there is little doubt that Mr. Waterton's family would have been brought up under other auspices, and that they would not have entrusted their sons to be reared by Jesuit priests.

* This odious and un-English system of *espionage*, so utterly opposed to all that an English public schoolboy regards as fair and honourable, is still the system pursued in the Roman Catholic schools and colleges of our day, and goes far to account for that want of open, frank, and genial manners which marks the society of Roman Catholics in England.

crow's nest. The prefect missed me; and, judging that I had gone into the labyrinth, he gave chase without loss of time. After eluding him in cover for nearly half an hour, being hard pressed, I took away down a hedgerow. Here (as I learned afterwards) he got a distant sight of me; but it was not sufficiently distinct for him to know for a certainty that I was the fugitive. I luckily succeeded in reaching the out-buildings which abutted on the college, and lay at a considerable distance from the place where I had first started. I had just time to enter the postern gate of a pigsty, where most opportunely I found old Joe Bowren, the brewer, bringing straw into the sty. He was more attached to me than to any other boy, for I had known him when I was at school in the north, and had made him a present of a very fine terrier. 'I've just saved myself, Joe,' said I; 'cover me up with litter.' He had barely complied with my request, when in bounced the prefect by the same gate through which I had entered. 'Have you seen Charles Waterton?' said he, quite out of breath. My trusty guardian answered, in a tone of voice which would have deceived anybody, 'Sir, I have not spoken a word to Charles Waterton these three days, to the best of my knowledge.' Upon this, the prefect, having lost all scent of me, gave up the pursuit, and went his way. When he had disappeared, I stole out of cover, as strongly perfumed as was old Falstaff when they had turned him out of the buck-basket.

"Once I had gone into the labyrinth to look into a magpie's nest, which was in a high hollow tree; and, hearing the sound of voices near, I managed to get a resting place in the tree just over the nest, and there I squatted, waiting the event. Immediately, the President, two other Jesuits, and the present Mr. Salvin of Croxdale Hall, passed close under the tree, without perceiving me.

"The good fathers were aware of my predominant propensity. Though it was innocent in itself, nevertheless it was productive of harm in its consequences, by causing me to break the college rules, and thus to give bad example to the community at large. Wherefore, with a magnanimity and excellent exercise of judgment, which are only the province of those who have acquired a consummate knowledge of human nature, and who know how to turn to advantage the extraordinary dispositions of those entrusted to their care, they sagaciously managed matters in such a way as to enable me to ride my hobby to a certain extent, and still, at the same time, to prevent me from giving bad example.

"As the establishment was very large, and

as it contained an abundance of prog, the Hanoverian rat, which fattens so well on English food, and which always contrives to thrust its nose into every man's house, where there is anything to be got, swarmed throughout the vast extent of this antiquated mansion. The abilities which I showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder did not fail to bring me into considerable notice. The cook, the baker, the gardener, and my friend old Bowren, could all bear testimony to my progress in this line. By a mutual understanding, I was considered rat-catcher to the establishment, and also fox-taker, founmart-killer, and crossbow-charger, at the time when the young rooks were fledged. Moreover, I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower, and foot-ball-maker, with entire satisfaction to the public."

On leaving college, as he incidentally tells us in a later portion of his Autobiography, it was his wish to have gone into the army, a roving life having the greatest possible charm for him; but the stupid penal laws forbade a Roman Catholic to hold his Majesty's commission, thereby tempting him, as they tempted scores of other scions of our best and worthiest families, to enter the service of some continental sovereign, and so to withdraw themselves from all allegiance to their sovereign, and to exchange their patriotic feelings for love to the land of their adoption. But happily Mr. Waterton did not follow in the wakes of the Taaffes, the Nugents, the Macdonnells, and the Talbots, and accept a commission under French or Austrian banners. Having remained at home for a year, fox-hunting with his father, he took advantage of the short-lived Peace of Amiens, and went on a tour in Spain, where he had two uncles settled as merchants,* at Malaga. He now visited Cadiz, Algeiras, and Gibraltar, and was at Malaga during the months when the city was more than decimated by a pestilence, a graphic account of which is to be found in the earlier pages of his Autobiography, interspersed with many "moving accidents by flood and field." Giving the officers of quarantine the slip, he returned to England, but with health considerably impaired, and from that day he never tasted beer or any fermented liquors. Wine and spirits he had already forsworn as a boy at school, by the advice of Father Clifford.

Disliking the bleak winds and chilly air of England, and tempted by his love of a roving life and the prospect of seeing nature in the beauty of its tropical vegetation, we find him

* These gentlemen, whose wealth and property ought to have enriched their own country instead of Spain, became naturalized Spaniards, and died in the land of their adoption, on account of the shortsighted Penal Laws against their religion.

next starting for Demerara, where he had an uncle settled, and where his father had bought an estate. His mother's brother, Sir John Bedingfeld,* having given him an introduction to Sir Joseph Banks, who encouraged him in his taste for exploring foreign countries, and gave him some good advice as to the time which he should stay in hot countries. He sailed for Guiana from Portsmouth, in November, 1804, and administered the family property till 1812, coming home for change only at distant intervals; and it was at this time that he laid the foundation of his subsequent fame as a naturalist. Whilst living on these estates he had the finest opportunity of examining at his leisure the waterfowl of Guiana and the neighbouring parts, which are found in vast abundance all along the seashore, and throughout the fresh-water swamps which lie behind the plantations; and no country in the world can afford a more exclusive and fertile field for the ornithologist than Demerara.

It was in the course of a voyage which he made up the river Orinoco to Sacopan and Barrancas, against a heavy and powerful current, which whirled along before it high branches and trunks of trees, that he met with one of the most amusing of his adventures, which he thus records:—

“During the whole of the passage up the river, there was a grand feast for the eyes and ears of an ornithologist. In the swampy parts of the wooded islands, which abound in this mighty river, we saw water-fowl innumerable; and when we had reached the higher grounds, it was quite charming to observe the immense quantities of parrots and scarlet aras which passed over our heads. The loud, harsh screams of the bird called the horned screamer, were heard far and near; and I could frequently get a sight of this extraordinary bird, as we passed along; but I never managed to bring one down with the gun, on account of the difficulty of approaching it. Whilst we were wending our way up the river, an accident happened of a somewhat singular nature. There was a large labarri snake coiled up in a bush which was close to us. I fired at it, and wounded it so severely that it could not escape. Being wishful to dissect it, I reached over into the bush, with the intention to seize it by the throat, and convey it aboard. The Spaniard at the tiller, on seeing this, took the alarm, and immediately put his helm a-port. This forced the vessel's head to the stream, and I was left hanging to the bush with the snake close to me, not having been able to recover my balance as the vessel veered from the land.

I kept firm hold of the branch to which I was clinging, and was three times over-head in the water below, presenting an easy prey to any alligator that might have been on the look-out for a meal. Luckily, a man who was standing near the pilot, on seeing what had happened, rushed to the helm, seized hold of it, and put it hard a-starboard, in time to bring the head of the vessel back again. As they were pulling me up, I saw that the snake was evidently too far gone to do mischief; and so I laid hold of it, and brought it aboard with me, to the horror and surprise of the crew. It measured eight feet in length. As soon as I had got a change of clothes, I killed it, and made a dissection of the head. I would sometimes go ashore in the swamps to shoot maroudies, which are somewhat related to the pheasant; but they were very shy, and it required considerable address to get within shot of them. In these little excursions, I now and then smarted for my pains. More than once, I got among some hungry leeches, which made pretty free with my legs. The morning after I had had the adventure with the labarri snake, a cayman slowly passed our vessel. All on board agreed that this tyrant of the fresh waters could not be less than thirty feet long.”

In 1812, he left Demerara, and commenced his travels on a more extended scale through various parts of South America, the results of which he has recorded in his “Wanderings,” a book which has always been and always will be a favourite with both old and young. But of these “Wanderings,” and of the rest of Charles Waterton's career, we shall have more to say in another chapter.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

PLATO traces the development of human society from two or three simple elements. In like manner it will be found, by analysing the component parts of any fraction thereof, that it generally groups itself around a few individuals. Take any country village, for instance, from the thousands scattered through England, and the squire, the parson, and the doctor, are its most prominent personages. It is hardly possible to assign priority of existence to any of the three. The idea of governing, as the philosophers say, the existence of a priesthood and the need of a cunning leech to heal the ills of peace or the hurts of war, are necessary conceptions of every little community. Let us don the homespun morality suitable to an essay on the village doctor, and see what social traits are most noticeable in his character.

The country practitioner of what may be

* This was the gentleman who saved the King's life in 1796.

called, as distinguished from to-day, the pre-scientific age, had a pleasant time of it. He was generally portly and benevolent, somewhat magisterial in his utterances, as became one whose knowledge was reputed boundless, and a great diner out. The whole neighbourhood looked up to him as one who had assisted all its sons and daughters into the world, and was always prepared to usher their fathers and mothers respectably into a better state. He occupied the biggest house in the village after the squire. His wife and daughters called on county magnates in a chariot of portentous size. From his exalted position he looked down upon the usual medical grievances of post-mortems, unions, and poor-law boards with extreme benignity. They hardly approached the orbit in which he revolved. About his diplomas, or the exact letters he ought to write after his name, people never troubled themselves. Tradition told that he had studied at a celebrated medical school in Scotland, and that was enough for simple folk. Prudently refraining from associating all ailments with "stomach," or continually hinting about "liver" (which he held to be the character of an empire), he was far too wise to commit himself rashly to any theory. You would never hear him advocate hydropathy, or change of air; nor did he, like Dr. Sangrado, invariably resort to phlebotomy as the first step towards a perfect cure. A few retorts and an air-pump lent the requisite philosophical air to his well-assorted library. An assistant was left in the surgery to look after such ordinary things as bottles and drugs, while he, the great man, was discreetly reticent or profoundly suggestive by turns as he bent over So-and-so's bedside, or with magnificent *pose* felt Lady Moorshire's pulse. When the patient approached his end, he would usually summon a distinguished London physician, to satisfy the family that the ceremonial proper to a rich man's death was being duly performed: the

Great court-Galen poised his gilt-head cane,
And paw'd his beard and mutter'd catalepsy;

leaving the survivors highly pleased at his condescension. For the rest, our old-fashioned doctor, like Dr. Thorne, of delightful memory, was a great favourite with young ladies,—quietly genial, or gently jocular, the repository of half the love secrets of the country; with their brothers he was quasi-scientific, or becomingly fond of hunting, as occasion suited. The elders found him a cordial sympathiser in gout and archæology, glad to devise a better locality for an ice-house, always ready to decry poachers and free trade. Society, like his own draughts, was well shaken at his

death, and more than usually suspicious for a time of old Shufflecoil or young Sugarpill. They have both of them, you know, bees in their bonnets, and the latter is so fond of prescribing acids!

Remains of this once honoured type may occasionally be disinterred by the curious in the remote villages of the clay districts. Alas! how great is their divergence! The good man is rubicund and unmistakably vulgar. Slighted by aristocrats he has sold himself, body and soul, to the Union and the poor. The well-appointed brougham no longer conveys him to

Ancient homes of lord and lady
Built for pleasure and for state.

You may haply light on him in some shady lane, during the heat of the day, snatching a brief repose on the back of his shaggy pony, which, meanwhile, complacently nibbles the hedge, as well pleased as his master to rest from constant bog-trotting to farm and cottage. He is not altogether unknown at the little public house round, and perhaps the welcome gossip he brings there may account for his subsidence in the social scale, as you hear him relate to the village politicians how Mrs. Brown looked in bed without her wig, or how the old boy at the Grange raved at his wife's expensive habits. I, for one, do not pity his descent, as he tells his neighbour there in confidence, "he should not mind hanging up his hat in Mrs. So-and-so's hall," the lady in question being a pretty grass-widow. Safe at home again, the reins, "*nocturna versata manu versata diurna*," no sooner fall from his weary grasp, than fresh troubles await him. His weekly returns have to be made up for the Board; Smith is ill (as the villager says) "of a weak intellect of the bowels," and must be visited at once; Farmer A.'s son is poorly, B. is anxious, before the coroners come, to speak about his man-servant's "hawtupsy," and so forth. Worse than all, a crowd of Union patients is besieging the surgery door, clamorous to be given "some stuff for this illness that's about." Most of these petty annoyances our friend brings on himself by his want of punctuality and order. True, however, to his own principle of an universal panacea, he can at all events summarily remedy the wrongs of these latter suitors. Two huge jars stand behind the door of his sanctum, both containing "*aqua pump. ad lib.*"; the one judiciously sweetened with an innocent pink infusion, while the other frowns malignantly with black bitters, equally innocuous, if far more efficacious. Bottles of the former mixture are handed out to first comers, or sent off to

bedridden patients ; constant applicants, testy old grumblers, or hale young valetudinarians, are effectually quieted with the latter. It is generally strong enough to work a cure, no second dose being required for some time to come.

Pass we now to another specimen of village doctors of frequent occurrence. He is unmarried, and, therefore, emphatically the ladies' doctor. He will usually have brown sugar whiskers, a regular face, with pale cheeks (the fruit of hard study), and interesting eyes. Cannot you guess the sequel when he drops down at the quiet village of Mudford ? Amabel forthwith consults him about the welfare of her sick poor ; he cannot leave his house without meeting Melissa unexpectedly, and having to stop and chat with her. But Clarice boldly carries the war into the enemy's country. Though unfortunately taken ill and obliged to keep her room, she has, thereby, all the better chance of weaving her fascinating toils. How very becoming is a charming *négligé* to her pretty little plump hand ; but the subdued light of a sick room, and the command (like another Narcissa) laid on her servant, "Betty, give this cheek a little red !" these, she fondly thinks, must surely be irresistible. Young doctors' hearts, however, are as hard as a water-beetle's integument, or a reaper's digestion ; and our medical friend generally escapes elaborate plans of capture, to fall ignominiously beneath the artless manners of some country Phillis. Meanwhile, we leave him laughing hugely in his sanctum along with his pupil, the sucking Sawbones, at the deserved failure of all such transparent attempts to put out the pipe of bachelor freedom.

Yet, if self education be a lifelong task, no position, one would think, is more enviable for a real student than that of the country doctor with a moderate practice. With the easy assurance of a public schoolboy, such a one has passed to the University, and graduated fairly in classical literature. Thence the physical sciences are attacked from a point of vantage on which few ordinary students can take their stand. Theory and experience walk hand in hand with him through the great London hospitals ; and when he goes down to the country, he finds, oddly enough, that he was at Trinity with the young squire, and steps at once into a position. He becomes the oracle of the country side, writes articles on "Social Antiseptics" for The Edinburgh, puts mystical letters after his name which signify untiring devotion to many branches of natural science, and while working up, "Braithwaite" and The Lancet, occasionally oxygenates his knowledge by a run to London. Amid

the general dearth of intellect at country dinner parties, it is pleasant to meet a man whose ready information can nip impostures of all kinds in the bud, and point out the safe path in any social panic of the day. Gradually, he becomes known to a larger circle than his own practice, by a clever operation maybe, or the capture of a weevil unknown to entomologists. Then he writes a monograph on diatoms, and establishes his fame. Honours and wealth flow in apace. His horses are marvels of condition, his house is tastily furnished, his library better provided with scientific instruments than the Philosophical Institute at the county town. Thus he expands into one of those scientific men who are the glory of England, able to lay down general laws from happy inductions of a few instances, and, better still, able to apply his axioms successfully in alleviating all forms of disease, whether social or individual. Of course, in good time he marries Lady Katherine Zoophyte, and dies deeply lamented by her large family connections, but truly mourned, like Professors Forbes or Silliman, by all lovers of nature and science.

Thus have we roughly considered the country practitioner in his most striking developments. Inferior to the position of a town physician, because he lacks so vast an experience, and so ready an access to libraries and museums and the contact of cultivated minds ; yet in the pleasing variety of natural pursuits open to him, and the laborious leisure of a country life (to apply Horace's phrase where it has its truest application), the country doctor, unless he possess talents of the very highest order, may calculate on less wear and tear, and far more of the little comforts and blessings that tend to make a happy life, than his town brother can ever hope to call his own. Only let him be a gentleman, patient, attentive, and, above all, a reading man, and however circumscribed his field of operations may at first seem, our model country doctor will eventually succeed in getting together a good practice, and outstripping his competitors, Messrs. Pill-box, Bolus, and Drenchem. May he be the medical adviser summoned to aid us in our sorest need ; and as for any other of the types we have mentioned—*di hostibus illud !* M.

MOSES SAVED FROM THE WATERS.

(FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

I.

MAIDENS arise ! for the silver stream
Is glancing beneath the day's first beam ;
The reapers task is not begun,
And the river's bank is wholly ours ;
Scarce can we hear the city's hum,
And our frolics 'mid these leafy bowers
Will be witness'd only by the sun.

II.

Ah ! brighter far than the gilded dome,
Or the gems and gold of my palace home,
Are the flowers our footsteps press :

Sweet to my ear are the varied chants
Of the tufted grove's inhabitants ;
Than rarest perfumes drawn from plants
Sweeter the Zephyr's balminess.



III.

Still is the stream, the sky is clear,
We will leave our gauzy vestments here,
The sport of the gentle wind.
Detach my crown, and let us brave
The murmuring river's placid wave
With tresses unconfined.

IV.

Haste ! but athwart the morning haze
What object meets my doubtful gaze !
Look, maidens, look ! nor fear—
An aged palm, by tempests rent,
Down from its desert home is sent,
To pay a visit here.

V.

No,—if such transient glance may tell,
 'Tis Heimus' bark, or Iris' shell,
 Impell'd by breezes mild :
 No,—'tis a skiff, where lies at rest,
 Calmly as on a mother's breast,
 A tender, lovely child.

VI.

He sleeps,—and one might deem the nest,
 Borne on the changeful wavelet's breast,
 Contain'd a spotless dove,
 Floating the sport of every wave,
 Rock'd as if cradled in his grave,
 So calm the waters move.

VII.

He wakes ! oh hasten, maidens dear !
 He weeps ! what mother without fear
 Could risk such innocence ?
 He spreads his arms—the waters—hark !
 Are rougher—Is a fragile bark
 Of reeds his sole defence ?

VIII.

It is perchance a Hebrew child,
 Doom'd by my father's mandate wild
 To perish from the earth.
 Sweet babe ! I will thy mother be,
 And thou shalt owe thy life to me,
 Though not thy birth.

IX.

Thus spoke the Pharaoh's daughter, while
 Her joyous band beside the Nile,
 Follow'd her motions wild :
 Fairest of all she don'd her dress,
 And in her native loveliness
 Appear'd Old Ocean's child.

X.

The water ripples o'er her feet,
 As acting on the impulse sweet,
 She touch'd the limpid tide.
 The ark she seizes,—O'er her brow,
 Pleased with her burden, came a glow
 Of purity and pride.

XI.

Parting the wave the tangled reeds displacing,
 She gently steps, the rescued infant placing
 On the damp strand ;
 While one by one, touch'd by his helplessness,
 A kiss upon his snowy brow to impress,
 Advanced the maiden band.

XII.

Woman ! who for thy child hast fondly craved
 Thy God's protection, see him saved,
 Nor strive thy joy to smother :
 Approach, embrace thy Moses—neither tears
 Nor transport will betray thy fears,
 Iphis is not a mother.

XIII.

Then, when the maid elate and triumphing
 Carried the boy before the dreaded king
 With all but mother's feeling,
 Thus sang the choir of angels, high above,
 Veiling with wings of snow their looks of love,
 Their Maker's praise revealing :

XIV.

"Weep no more, Jacob, in this land of woe,
 Increase not with thy tears the sluggish flow
 Of Nile, hasten to Jordan's strand.
 The day arrives, when Goshen's land shall see
 (Spite of the hostile ranks) both blest and free
 The captive band.

XV.

"A feeble infant floating on the surge,
 Chosen of God, and by His power a scourge,
 Was rescued from the wave.
 Ye that deny your God, from this be taught—
 That as a babe for ancient Israel fought,
 A Babe the world shall save."

ANA.

OF all clerical wags, one of the best was the Rev. Anthony Hodges, who appears to have held the living of Wytham, or Wightham, near Oxford, from about 1645 to 1685, if we may believe the following anecdote about him recorded in one of Tom Hearne's MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, as quoted by Sylvanus Urban in 1804. "Parson Hodges of Wightham made a bargain with those couples whom he married that if they did not repent of their wedlock within a year's time, they should present him with a pair of gloves. Accordingly, one couple who did not repent within that time presented him with a pair of gloves made out of the skin of a lamprey, which occasioned the following verses," the handiwork, in all probability, of the parson himself :—

Has rectori dant nubentes
 Anno post non penitentes
 Chirothecas nuptiales,—
 Quis ostendet mihi tales ?

EMIGRATION FROM THE CONTINENT.—An article in a Swedish paper contains a great deal of interesting matter concerning emigration from the Continent in this century. From Germany, between 1840 and 1860, there departed for other lands 1,546,000, nearly all of whom went to America ; Switzerland, between 1851 and 1852 lost 24,000 of her citizens, who went to Transatlantic countries ; in the forty years ending 1860, not less than 208,000 Frenchmen emigrated to countries on the other side of the Atlantic, besides 120,000 who emigrated to Algeria and Senegal. The North American States absorbed 27,000 emigrants from Italy and Spain. In the short period of three years not less than 25,000 Portuguese took up their residence in Brazil, whereas not more than 2600 at the outside emigrated to America in the forty years, including 1860. Of Belgians 80,000 wen to the United States between 1851 and 1860. From 1851 to 1857 there left Holland 30,000. How many have quitted Sweden and Denmark there are no means of ascertaining, but in the former country 15,000 persons were supplied with passports between 1851 and 1860 ; while from Denmark, from 1820 to 1860, the number of emigrants did not exceed 6000, the greater part went to the Mormons.

CHARLES WATERTON, AND WALTON HALL.



PART II.

TURNING his back on Demerara and the family estates, Mr. Waterton next resolved to penetrate into the interior of Guiana, whither he wended his way, armed with the necessary formalities by the Governor, General-Carmichael. There he gained a world-wide name by his journeys in search of the Wourali poison, the effects of which he has described in his "Wanderings." Unfortunately his first attempt to penetrate the interior was a failure, owing to the break down of his health, and before the end of the summer he was on his way to England, to repair his shattered constitution. He was the bearer of dispatches from General Carmichael to Earl Bathurst, and on his arrival in England he was requested by that nobleman, who then held the seals of the Foreign Office, to explore the Island of Madagascar. This commission, however, he was obliged to decline in the May following, owing to the continuance of the fever and ague which he had brought back from the equator. Horace once condemned himself

severely for running away at the Battle of Philippi, if we remember aright,—*relictâ non bene parmâ*,—and Mr. Waterton bitterly reproached himself afterwards for having let slip this opportunity of seeing the name of Waterton once more enrolled among the servants of the British Crown. He thus gives vent to his feelings :—

"I ought to have proceeded to Madagascar by all means, and to have let the tertian ague take its chance. My commission was a star of the first magnitude. It appeared after a long night of political darkness, which had prevented the family from journeying onwards for the space of nearly three centuries. I can fancy that it beckoned to me, and that a voice from it said 'Come and serve your country ; come and restore your family name to the national calendar, from which it has been so long and so unjustly withdrawn ; come and show to the world that conscience, and not crime, has hitherto been the cause of your being kept in the background ; come into the national dockyard, and refit your shattered

bark, which has been cast on a lee-shore, where merciless wreck-seekers have plundered its stores, and where the patriots of yesterday have looked down upon it with scorn and contempt, and have pronounced it unworthy to bear its country's flag.' I ought to have listened to this supposed adviser at the time : but I did not, and the star went down below the horizon, to appear no more."

In 1817 Mr. Waterton had a narrow escape. In that year an expedition was being formed, under the auspices of Sir Joseph Banks, for the exploration of the River Congo in Africa, and Waterton offered his services as a volunteer. But the vessel engaged for the service was not up to the mark, and Sir Joseph Banks, too kind a friend to allow him to connect his name with a failure, forbade him to go. He, however, was able to give the exploring party some useful information, based on his own South American experiences ; and some months after, when in Brazil, he read in the English papers of the failure of the Congo expedition, and the deaths of most of the gentlemen who had taken part in it.

In the winter of 1817-18, we find him in the far more pleasant latitudes of Rome and its neighbourhood ; and we fancy that the stiff and starched cardinals and other ecclesiastics must have stared with amazement when they saw him and his friend, Captain Jones, playing the following tricks in the "Holy City,"—tricks which, we should have fancied, Mr. Waterton himself would have thought somewhat irreverent, if performed by a Protestant :

"During our stay in the Eternal City, I fell in with my old friend and schoolfellow, Captain Jones. Many a tree we had climbed together in the last century ; and, as our nerves were in excellent trim, we mounted to the top of St. Peter's, ascended the cross, and then climbed thirteen feet higher, where we reached the point of the conductor, and left our gloves on it. After this, we visited the castle of St. Angelo, and contrived to get on to the head of the guardian angel, where we stood on one leg."

But we had almost forgotten Mr. Waterton's "Wanderings," and the Wourali poison. His book, indeed, is somewhat crude and inartistic, but replete with interest for everyone who has an eye and an ear for nature.* It bears from

beginning to end the stamp of having been written in the depth of the forests, far away from books, and without the aid or help of any friend or companion with a taste for Nature's works. But really, if we were to attempt to give the substance of them to our readers, we should have to transfer at least a quarter of the work to our columns. We will, therefore, only say that, having been successful in his search after the Wourali poison, which is used by the natives of Guiana, he brought it back with him to England, and put it to the test of practice, inoculating with it animals which had been bitten by mad dogs, and demonstrating that the poison is an antidote to that dreadful malady, hydrophobia. He tried its effects, also, on a donkey, sent to him by the late Duke of Northumberland, which he first inoculated with the Wourali poison, and then restored to health by artificial respiration, so completely that it lived more than twenty years afterwards. On this Mr. Waterton observes :

"Mr. Sewell is satisfied that this Indian poison is capable of curing the dreadful malady caused by the bite of a mad dog. Would it not be well to make the experiment on some person who is just about to sink under the virulence of that disease, and when the case has been declared utterly hopeless by the faculty who surround the bed of the dying man ? I have a good supply of the real original. Not long ago, a gentleman was here, and begged a small portion of it, as he said that the *savans* of Paris had lately tried some Indian poison, but without effect. I complied with his request ; and, on opening the wax in which the poison is enclosed, I found it quite soft, and ready for use ; although it had not been looked at for above twenty years. If any farmer should have one of his cattle bitten by a mad dog, I would willingly repair to the spot and try the effect of the poison on the animal."

Many of the statements of adventures in Mr. Waterton's "Wanderings," it must be owned, trench very closely on the marvellous, if not on the miraculous, and there were not wanting those who placed them in the same category with Baron Munchausen and Gulliver's Travels ; and the work was severely handled by a portion of the contemporary press. But the book has stood the test of time ; and after making every allowance for the amiable eccentricities of its author, it must be owned that it is one of the most genuine and really

* Of this book, a writer in one of the daily papers observes:—"In fact, the written work by which he is best known, 'The Wanderings,' amused our grandfathers, and was reviewed by Sydney Smith. Everybody knows the story of the alligator in the Essequibo which he bit with a log, bridled with a rope, and rode to *terra firma*. Everybody has 'wandered' with the enthusiast in the luxuriant hanging woods of the great river ; seen along with him the murderous lianas strangling the forest trees—humming-birds, like flashes of prismatic light, darting in and out of

the magnolia blossoms—noisy toucans, screaming parrots, howling monkeys, lithe marbled serpents—butterflies like the *Morpho menelaus*, with six inches of steel-blue satin for wings—the wonderful inhabitants of the wonderful equatorial region. And everybody has been interested in hearing from the same source how Waterton was the first to bring the *wourali* poison home, and the long blow pipe from which the Macotshie Indian puffs death into great and small prey alike."

popular standard books of foreign travel, and that it has been read with pleasure and delight wherever the English tongue has penetrated : and the one bold and characteristic deed of its author, which is so modestly narrated in its pages—the riding of a caiman to death—will at once recur to everyone who has read it as a deed of daring not often to be paralleled. With respect to his critics, he says, with some feeling of indignation, in his autobiography :—

“Unenviable is the lot of him whose narratives are disbelieved merely for want of sufficient faith in him who reads them. If those who have called my veracity in question would only have the manliness to meet me, and point out any passage in the book which they consider contradictory or false, I would no longer complain of unfair treatment.

“If they can show that I have deviated from the line of truth in one single solitary instance, I will consent to be called an impostor ; and then may the *Wanderings* be trodden under foot, and be forgotten for ever.”

• In 1823—24 we find him in North America, where he seems to have carried about with him, as usual, a charmed life. At all events, he tells us that in the latter year he caught so severe a cold by incautiously taking a hot bath in New York, that, to use his own words, “All the skill of Dr. Hossack could not have saved me from consumption, had I not, at his urgent entreaty, taken myself off to a warmer climate. I was bled eight times, and I lived for six weeks on little more than white bread and tea.” It was during his stay in the United States that he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of an excellent naturalist, Mr. Ord,* of Philadelphia, with whom he kept up a long and familiar correspondence.

With the year 1825 the owner of Walton Hall seems to have settled quietly down on his ancestral estate as a Yorkshire squire. From that date, at all events, he never visited the Transatlantic forests, or exposed his life under the burning sun of the Equator, but contented himself with “sauntering leisurely” (as he styles it), from time to time, with his sisters-in-law, through Belgium, Holland, Germany, and the South of Europe, towards the sunny shores of which his religion always appears, most naturally, to have drawn his steps. He was in Belgium during the revolution of 1830, “the revolution for real liberty,” as he styles it, obviously in contradistinction to our own Revolution of 1688, to which he

bore as holy, or as deadly, a hatred, as he did towards Luther and Calvin. He says of himself :—

“I was in Belgium during the revolution for real liberty in religious matters ; and I wrote a paper for the *Examiner*, in which I predicted that the game would shortly be up for ever with the Dutch flag. I went into the large square at Bruges to see the Belgians engage their enemies. As the balls whistled on all sides I thought I might as well live to see the row another day ; so, observing a door half open, I felt much inclined to get under cover ; but just as I arrived at the threshold, a fat old dame shut the door full in my face. ‘Thank you, old lady,’ said I :

‘Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.’”

In 1829, Charles Waterton became, as he says, the “happiest man in the world” by his marriage with a Miss Edmonstone ; but she was taken from him in the following year, leaving him a widower, with an only child, the present owner of Walton Hall. “It has pleased Heaven to convince me,” he writes to a friend, “that all felicity here below is no more than a mere illusive and transitory dream : and I bow submissively to the adorable decrees. I am left with one fine little boy, who looks up to me for light ; and I trust that I shall succeed in imparting it to him.” Whether he was likely to impart this light to him by sending* him afterwards to be educated by the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, is a question on which there will be a diversity of opinion as long as there are two forms of the Christian religion in the world,—in other words, to the end of time.

Charles Waterton’s later years were mainly employed by him in exercising hospitality as a country gentleman, the office of a magistrate being one which he always steadily declined to hold, considering himself “disabled” from so doing “by Sir Robert Peel’s Bill,” though, we believe, he discharged the duties of the High Shrievalty in his turn. He also contributed from time to time to several periodicals a large variety of articles relating to various branches of his favourite study : the best of these, as all naturalists are agreed, were those which appeared in his friend Mr. Loudon’s

* In the autobiography prefixed to the second series of Charles Waterton’s “Essays,” the reader will find the letter which he addressed to his son on sending him to the Jesuit College, at Stonyhurst, in which, to a great deal of excellent advice, he adds the following sentiment, with which few of our readers will sympathise :—“*Carefully avoid particular friendships. They will injure you while at college, and they will be of no manner of use to you when you shall have left it for good.*” This certainly does seem inconsistent with the character of a man who loved all animal nature, and was (to say the least) no enemy to his own fellows.

* This gentleman was the elegant biographer of Wilson, the ornithologist.

"Magazine of Natural History," which he subsequently published in a collected form.

Mr. Waterton was by no means a scientific naturalist, like Professor Owen or Baron Cuvier. He was on the contrary, in the best sense of the words, a "*Rusticus, abnormis sapiens*," though the rest of the line is inapplicable, and he cannot be accused of having had a *crassa Minerva*. His strong point was actual observation, which familiarised him to an extent scarcely conceivable by any one who had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, with the habits of the tame and wild animals about which he wrote so pleasantly and chatily; and the pages of his "Essays on Natural History" abound consequently with the most original and striking anecdotes, as much as his "Wanderings." It is almost superfluous to add that his writings and researches contributed largely to the cultivation of natural science among young and old, and that his collection of stuffed birds and beasts at Walton Hall was well worth a visit. First and foremost among these was the celebrated crocodile, which he rode and killed, and which now stands upon a landing-place on the great staircase, an object of general attraction to visitors. The house was hung about with the trophies of his expeditions, and with specimens, prepared like life itself, from the wood, the field, and river. It was Waterton who invented the new method of preserving specimens without the cumbrous drugs, wadding, and wires of other collectors. His museum contained nothing but the skins of birds, beasts, and fishes, so adroitly worked while wet and fresh that, as they stiffened, every muscle and ligament is shown upon the preparation. The ordinary efforts of the bird-stuffer, who succeeds in making a pincushion of his subject rather than a bird or beast, were laughed at by this acute observer of the actions, air, and gestures of the creatures he had studied like a book.

The Hall itself, of which we give an engraving above, stands on a natural island of solid rock which rises out of an inland lake, and the whole estate is surrounded by a formidable stone wall, inside of which its owner would never allow a shot to be fired. Our illustration shows the old entrance, a water-gate, the doors of which still show the marks of the cannon balls with which Oliver Cromwell sought to destroy the older mansion, when he laid siege with his Roundhead army to the loyal cavalier and his family, zealous defenders in their day, if not of "Church," at all events of "King." As our readers will see, the house has no great architectural attractions; but these are rather to be looked for in the

"happy family" of aquatic birds who made its moat their home. Indeed, Walton Hall was famous throughout the north as a new paradise for animals, and as showing, practically, what might be the state of things even now, were man not carnivorous and gifted with the irrepressible bump of destructiveness. Around the lake stretch grounds broken into every variety of wood, meadow, morass, and rivulet—all encompassed by a lofty wall, entirely shutting in the domain. Thus secured from attack, and confiding in the tried favour of the master of the estate, birds and beasts of every known British species came to live with Charles Waterton. For the starlings, owls, and jackdaws, he built lodgings expressly; the other *ferre nature* took apartments as it suited them. You might look from his study window and see the "natural history" of the British islands unrolled, with illustrations by nature herself. Shy herons stood on one leg under the windows and fished; pochards and mallards dived, and quacked, and circled about the water. Canada geese, flying over to spend the winter south, saw Waterton's tempting oasis—perhaps heard of it from intelligent "*anser*s" before—and pitched their tent there. Teal bred upon the lake; cormorants passed a pleasant and safe month or so with him, till the herrings were ready; gulls and terns of all kinds put Walton Hall on their visiting list; and wild swans now and then dropped in to leave a feather or two, by way of bird-card, upon the pleased proprietor. Nothing feared him; nothing got out of his way when he walked about his domain; on the contrary, when his tall figure strode from the house there was a rush and flutter of wings towards him, mindful of the barley and Indian corn with which his shooting jacket was always stuffed. No gun was ever heard in the sacred precincts, except when the spirit of evil, in the form of a fox, got inside the nine-foot walls, like Satan into Paradise, and made havoc with his innocent pets. It was a strange scene; but "it was an idea like others," and it proved, and proves to this day, how thoroughly tameable the wildest creature becomes, so soon as the compact of kindness is established and faithfully observed on the part of man, the master and lord of all.

It is almost needless to add that the man who thus "loved all things both great and small," was an ardent lover of his fellow-man. As a landlord, as a squire, as a neighbour, as a friend, as a host, he was simply charming, in spite of his tall, gaunt figure, and manners so brusque and eccentric * that more than once,

* Among his other eccentricities, we may mention that Mr. Waterton, though unwilling to shed the blood of beasts,

he tells us, he was mistaken by strangers for a—"damned Yankee." But his hospitality and his open-heartedness, especially towards those who shared his tastes for natural history, knew no bounds; nor had he, we fancy, an enemy on earth, except the spirit of the Protestant religion, against which he was perhaps the more indignant, because he conceived it to be the cause of his ancestors' sufferings. But to his Protestant fellow-countrymen, and even to English clergymen, he was always frank, open, honest, and generous, and he could always distinguish between the man whom he loved and the opinions which he detested.

Well, he rests from his wanderings and his labours, not in the churchyard of the village, but in a small cemetery at the top of the lake which he loved, among the haunts of those water-fowl whose cries were so dear to his heart, and from whom in death he was not divided. On the Saturday after his death, his body was taken from the Hall, through the old water-gate, and conveyed on board of his own favourite boat to its final resting-place, his sorrowing friends and relatives following also as mourners, in other boats with muffled oars. And there he lies beneath the shade of two venerable overhanging oak trees which seem to weep over as true a "Druid" as the Thames ever wept over in Thomson at Richmond. He lies in a neat mausoleum of his own devising, over which is engraved a simple epitaph, requesting the visitor to "Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, born June, 1782, died May, 1865, whose wearied bones rest here." Surely none of our readers, or of visitors to the hall, will grudge to echo back the words "*Requiescat in pace.*"

A life like that of Charles Waterton cannot be said to have been entirely misspent, if it

proved that it is possible to bring the feathered tribes as well as four-footed beasts into a state of all but primeval tameness, such as we may suppose to have been theirs when Adam ruled over them in Eden.

Such a man can never have lived in vain, nor can his life be regarded as profitless, if he taught his friends and his neighbours the lesson so beautifully expressed by Coleridge.

He liveth best who loveth most
All things both great and small:

and if he was able to influence his tenantry and dependents in the direction of tenderness and kindness to the animal creation, as being, like ourselves, a portion of God's handiwork, his career cannot be said to have been purposeless; and he may be classed among the benefactors, not only of beasts and of birds, but also, indirectly, of his fellow-man. Such a man's good deeds live, and will live long after him; and though being dead, yet he will long speak by his example around the woods and lake of Walton Hall, and tell the good people in the neighbouring market-place of Wakefield that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."* Indeed, he will have done more good in this direction by his example than a dozen "Societies for Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals," however good and excellent in their purpose, will be able to effect; and for two reasons: first, because there is no preaching like practice; and, secondly, because the work of such societies is, and must be, mainly negative, whilst his was positive. They can teach the working man perhaps to abstain from beating his horse or his ass; but Charles Waterton showed him how to love everything that had life and drew in the breath of heaven. Such a man as Charles Waterton has deserved well of his kind, and it cannot be waste of space or pains to remind our readers of the philosopher's blameless existence, or to invite them to mingle a sigh with the clatter of the magpies, the caws of the jackdaws, the whistle of the teal, the hoot of the bittern, the chirp of the finches, over the grave of a naturalist who loved "man and bird and beast."

* The only animal to which the Squire at Walton Hall refused to grant an amnesty was the "Hanoverian" rat. This beast he expelled from his premises by paving his out-buildings with flagstones, and joining the paving with Roman cement. He chuckled, with infinite glee, over the fact that whereas these "Hanoverian gentlemen" had "surpassed the famished wolf in their boldness, and in their depredations had done more mischief than Cæsar of old had done to Hercules," have at length "made themselves so remarkably scarce, that if the owner of the Hall were to offer twenty pounds sterling for the capture of a single specimen, not one could be found upon the premises." . . . "When I am gone to dust, if my ghost should hover over the mansion, it will rejoice to hear the remark that, in the year of grace 1839, Charles Waterton effectually cleared the premises of Walton Hall of every Hanoverian rat, both old and young."

was an advocate of frequent blood-letting in the case of his fellow-creatures. Thus he writes:—"Whilst I am on phlebotomy, I may remark, that I consider inflammation to be the root and origin of almost all diseases. To subdue this at its earliest stage has been my constant cure. Since my four and twentieth year, I have been bled above one hundred and ten times, in eighty of which I have performed the operation on myself with my own hand. This, with calomel and jalap mixed together, as a purgative, with the use of rhubarb in occasional cases of dysentery, and with vast and often repeated potations of powdered Peruvian bark, as a restorative, has enabled me to grapple successfully with sickness when I was far away from medical aid. In cases where laudanum was *absolutely* necessary, I was always extremely cautious, having seen far too many instances in other people of the distressing effects produced by the frequent use of this insidious drug. My severest trials of sickness were those when I had to contend with internal inflammation at the very time that I was labouring under tertian ague. In those cases the ague had to bear all the burden, for I knew that it was not a mortal complaint; whereas, internal inflammation was not to be trifled with for one moment. Under this impression, I would fearlessly open a vein, and would trust to the Peruvian bark, at a later period, to counteract the additional encouragement which I had been forced to give to the ague, through the medium of the lancet. I am now, I think, in as perfect health as man can be."

We have said that Mr. Waterton was throughout life a firm adherent of the religion to which his fathers had belonged; and he proves his faith by his account of his visit to the Ecstatica and the Addolorata in the Tyrol, in which he thoroughly confirms all the statements made by Lord Shrewsbury. A dash of scepticism, however, as to the nature of the miraculous peeps out at times; as, for instance, when he resolves the cures said to have been wrought by the Prince of Hohenlohe into "supernatural" cures obtained by prayer, when earthly aid cannot prevail. His argument in favour of the public ceremony by which the beasts of burden at Rome are annually blessed, is based not so much on the idea that there is anything in the papal or priestly blessing as that the latter is likely to "insure to these poor dumb animals a better treatment at the hands of man than they might otherwise receive." The ceremony itself, however, he elsewhere calls a "scene of primeval pity;" and he does not scruple to declare his full belief in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.

Nor was it only the animal creation that found "Liberty Hall" at Walton: the very trees



and shrubs seemed to partake of the spirit of the place, and to grow and flourish in an eccentric manner. Thus, for instance, we find a seedling sprouting up from a seed dropped by a waggish bird, perhaps a jackdaw, or magpie for instance, through the pierced centre of a mill-stone, and then, as it gradually grew through the aperture into a small tree, lifting up the heavy mass some inches from the ground. A sketch of this freak of tree-nature, taken recently at Walton by that accomplished naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, is given above.

Mr. Waterton's "Essays" and "Wanderings"—popular as they were—did not escape

the last of the critics and reviewers, more especially Mr. Swainson and Professor Macgillivray. The latter, in a volume of Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," accused him of "a constant propensity to dress truth up in the garb of fiction;" and the latter, not very politely, compared him to the carrion crow. But these attacks he bore with good humour, though it is clear, from incidental expressions in his "Autobiography," that he was too thin skinned not to feel them keenly. Indeed, in "An Ornithological letter to W. Swainson, Esq.," which he printed as an appendix to the second volume of his "Essays," he gives back tit for tat pretty freely, and defends his own plan of stuffing birds, and his own observations concerning the habits of owls, rattlesnakes, pelicans, "Hanoverian" rats, and of other specimens of Nature's handy-work.

RALPH DE PEVERELL.

"A TRUE STORY."

HAPPENING to be spending the winter of the year 1860 at Gibraltar, I one day, in the course of my wanderings, found myself in the cemetery set apart there for the burial of strangers, Protestants, and the like, who were not members of the Romish communion. It was a bare and bleak spot enough, situated on very high ground, and there was not much in the surrounding details and picturesqueness of the graves, as sometimes is the case in foreign burial-places, to interest a sight-seer, with one exception:—In the extreme eastern corner, and on the most elevated ground, stood a simple white cross of marble with the initials "M. L." on it, and the date of the person's death; a wreath of flowers encircled the stone, and the grave was evidently very carefully tended and watched, presenting thereby a considerable contrast to those of the other strangers who had found their last resting-place on that bleak rock.

So struck was I with the neatness of this individual grave, that seeing an old man working hard by, I asked him if there was any particular history attached to it, and if he knew who the person was who was buried there; his answer did not give me much information, beyond the fact of its being the grave of an English lady who had died there some years before, and whose husband paid him (the old man) a small sum yearly for keeping that spot in order, and supplying the cross constantly with flowers.

This little incident had quite passed out of my mind as a matter too trivial to be worth remembering, till I was reminded of it in rather a startling manner a short time ago.

I was staying at a country house in Yorkshire, the host and hostess being both of them old and dear friends of mine, when late one evening the conversation happened to turn upon a subject sufficiently exciting to rouse the most sleepily-inclined of the guests into wakefulness. It was debated whether instances had ever really occurred of people having been buried alive,—whether, i.e., any authenticated case could be stated of a man who had fallen into a trance, had been in that condition buried, had afterwards come to life for a brief interval, and then had been suffocated in his coffin. Opinions were pretty equally divided on the subject; the one party affirming that it was impossible, in the present state of medical science, for anybody to meet with such a horrible fate, and the other, though apparently unable to cite any examples, declaring that they were sure such a thing might happen, though they admitted at the same time that cases of that nature would be less likely to occur in England, where a reasonable time elapsed before burial, than on the Continent, where the laws enforced the interment of the body so soon after death. In the midst of the discussion, the lady of the house, who had seemed to take but little interest in it one way or the other, suddenly surprised us all by saying that if we would give her our attention for a short time, she would tell us a story on that very subject, and relate what had truly occurred to a near relative of her own, many years before.

"You may have often heard me mention," she said, turning to me, "my two cousins, Charles and Frank Livingston, though I don't much think you have ever had a personal acquaintance with either of them. It is just twenty years ago now that they fell in love with two of the prettiest girls in Yorkshire, sisters and heiresses, whose names were Mary and Florence Arden. As the progress of their love affairs has not much to do with the gist of my story, it is enough for me to say that everything went on very satisfactorily, and that in due course, and on the same day, Mary and Florence became the wives of my two cousins, Charles and Frank respectively. Mary was the eldest sister, though at the time of their marriage she was barely nineteen, and to my mind the most taking and loveable of the two: of course, Frank thought differently, and perhaps it was as well he did so.

"I need scarcely tell you that the happy couples passed their honeymoons very pleasantly in visiting various spots in England and Scotland, and afterwards settled down a few miles from each other in close proximity to the city of York itself.

"The marriages happened in the spring of the year, and in the following autumn, much to the delight of the two brides, it was determined that a yacht should be chartered for a few months, and the winter spent in cruising about from place to place:—their ideas chiefly pointed towards the Mediterranean, as they one and all had a great desire to visit Malta and Gibraltar, and moreover, if possible, to land in Africa; the latter I believe merely that they might have the satisfaction of saying that they had once been there. Gibraltar was to be the first place on the list, and accordingly, after experiencing a rather rough voyage, which tested their capabilities as sailors to a considerable extent, they found themselves anchored off that huge rock. They saw all that was to be seen in the shape of the fortifications, &c., and among other places that they were taken to visit was the burying-ground set apart for strangers who were not Roman Catholics. Mary Livingston, who had been, so they afterwards recollected, silent and apparently pre-occupied all that day, when she first caught sight of the cemetery started, and seemed surprised; after they had looked about them, and lamented the general untidiness that prevailed, she suddenly astonished them all by walking to one corner of the ground more elevated than the rest, where she stopped, and planting her foot on a certain spot said that she was going to relate a curious dream she had had the previous night.

"She dreamt, she said, first that she was lying in the cabin of the yacht sick almost unto death; that her husband and sister, standing by, seemed, by their actions and gestures, to imagine that she was dead; but though she was all this time conscious of what was taking place, yet she was utterly unable to move hand or foot, or to make any sound to attract their attention: in the second part of her dream she seemed to be carried on men's shoulders, still perfectly conscious, along the road they had just traversed, that she passed by their aid into the cemetery, and that the men deposited their burden on that very spot, where she then stood:—a grave had been dug, apparently for her, she supposed, and she was buried, so it seemed to her in her dream, alive, but motionless and powerless to help herself in any way. The horror of her situation, as she was being lowered into the earth seemed to give her strength, and in the act of striving to cry out she awoke; what seemed so curious to her was, that though she had never seen the burial-ground before, or the road that led to it, yet, when she came to visit them the day after her dream, she found that the reality was exactly like the dream."

"Well, but," I interrupted, "you haven't told us anything yet that——"

"Excuse me," replied our hostess, "but if you will do me the favour of waiting till I have finished my story you will find you will have no reason to complain.

"Her husband and her friends laughed at Mary for her evident belief in her dream, and ascribed the whole circumstance to indigestion; they did not, however, stay much longer in the cemetery, but returned to the yacht.

Two days afterwards, and on the evening before that on which they had purposed leaving Gibraltar, Mary Livingston was suddenly taken ill; a doctor was at once sent for, who pronounced her attack to be a slight one of cholera, assuring her friends at the same time that they need not be under any apprehension of danger. Next day, however, her symptoms changed for the worse, and so rapidly, that before evening it was evident that she was sinking fast, and that no hopes could be retained of her recovery. She died during the night. Her husband, as you may imagine, was overcome with grief, but he had to stifle his feelings, and settle all things connected with her funeral, which was obliged to take place on the evening of the very day after she died.

"All, as I was told afterwards, happened according to that dream of hers; she was carried along that steep road, and her grave had been dug on the very spot where but a few days ago she had stood before them full of life and beauty; but strange to say, and almost incredible, neither her husband nor her sister remembered the circumstance of her relating her dream to them; and it was not till some six or seven months afterwards, that one evening in the twilight of their Yorkshire home, the memory of the stroll through the burial-ground and the event connected with it flashed across the mind of the widowed husband. Remorse at the thought of its being now all too late was his first feeling, and then an irrepressible desire seized him—a longing to see if his darling's dream had come true, and if she had, in reality, been buried alive. As fast as it was possible for him to do so, he hurried to Gibraltar; it was with some difficulty that he obtained permission to have the grave opened, and when he had succeeded he found that his worst fears had been realised; there was no doubt left in his mind that his wife had recovered consciousness after she had been supposed by all to be dead, for the body was turned partly on one side, as if with the effort of trying to free itself from the icy grasp of the tomb. From the date of that discovery, he has never ceased to reproach himself for

being in some part the cause of her death; but he has never ceased to wonder how it was that the recollection of that dream of hers passed so quickly from his mind, and was not revived till so long afterwards.

"Her grave, he told me, is marked by a white cross of marble, with the initials M. L. on it, and the date of her death."

The tale of our hostess was finished; and as she ended the memory of that grave with its wreath of flowers and the bleak graveyard came into my mind, and made the probability of the story more apparent to me. I have told the tale as it was told to me; for myself I believe it to be true: for my readers, they must decide for themselves.

The names, of course, have been altered, as, for aught I know to the contrary, some of the actors in that curious dream are living still.

METEOROLOGY OF THE YEAR 1864.

If any one is in want of a pet science, let us recommend him to meteorology. Properly speaking, the word means a knowledge of exalted things; but it is easy to become a working meteorologist, without at all penetrating to the regions of pure intellect. The great Attic comedian introduces us to Socrates suspended in a cradle from the roof of his study, that he may be the nearer to ethereal truths, and better able to breathe the finer air of speculation; but such metaphysical researches may be so justly styled cloudy, that we should certainly not recommend them to a practical man in search of a hobby. From them, however, the word meteorology is naturally transferred to a knowledge of the weather as affected by the heavenly bodies. The closeness of the transition comes out in the same scene, where Socrates after learnedly theorising on the nature of rain, is recalled to ordinary life and matter of fact by his scholar saying he had always thought hitherto that rain arose from Jupiter pouring water through a sieve. The connection is still more amusingly illustrated, when the sage proceeds to compare thunder to the internal effects likely to be produced by eating too much broth! From this homely point of view, it will be seen that meteorology is undoubtedly a safe and absorbing science for a plain man heartily to take up. Let any one set up a rain gauge in his garden, a thermometer and barometer in his hall, and he may reasonably deem himself a weather prophet. Admiral Fitzroy, in his Report of the Meteorological Office of the Board of Trade issued last year, gives admi-

rable instructions for advantageously combining the indications of these latter instruments, which are the sheet anchors, as it were, of the meteorologist.

This science of the weather possesses every requisite for a perfect hobby. Not only can its votary take observations and compare them with those taken by others, but he obtains a subject of daily, even hourly interest. Forecasts made during the day, and corrected by the actual results, may be supplemented by registration of the phenomena at night. The meteorologist is furnished with topics that will make him a welcome guest at every dinner table, more especially in the country, where weather prospects are the staple of conversation. He need never more tremble, if unwarily caught at a *séance* of the British Association. There is sure to be a paper on "extremes of temperature," or "the dew-point," which will interest him. Can he not always make a sensation there himself too, by volunteering a few remarks on "the late scarcity of ozone in the atmosphere as observed at a station, very abnormal in its results?" He may now even look Admiral Fitzroy's drum and cone in the face like an honest man, who is not to be lightly terrified by a scientific bugbear (always provided he is not going off by the next steamer). Nay, if unlucky enough to be benighted on Cumberland fell or Scottish moor, meteorology, to parody Cicero's famous eulogy on literature, will bring its own comfort by passing the night with him, and enabling him to observe atmospheric changes of great importance to science. In fine, under all circumstances, and in every station of life, no hobby is so generally useful as meteorology.

Having thus introduced our subject, let us make a few remarks on last year's weather, by way of exemplifying the above. It may be noted in the outset that 1864 was eminently a capricious year. Availing ourselves of Mr. Symons' published tables of rainfall, we find that, notwithstanding the outcry about drought, which was universally heard last summer, out of forty typical stations of Great Britain and Ireland where observations were taken, only nine obtained the least rainfall during that year of their continuous records. Cossey, near Norwich, carries off the palm for least rainfall amongst the English stations, with 14.48 inches. In fact, since 1860, Norfolk has only received the rainfall of three years instead of four. In many places, however, the fall was rather above the average. Those who are accustomed to compare these statistics, will be able to see through their usual divergencies the prevalence of what

may be termed the general law of British rainfall. Least rain, that is, falls in the eastern counties; it increases in depth towards the western counties, exceeds them among the mountains of Wales, and culminates in the Lake district. All the western coasts of Ireland and Scotland are extremely wet, as might be expected from the Atlantic mists breaking on the summits of their mountain ranges.

Mr. Symons supplies us with a dozen typical stations in Scotland, where the rainfall has been registered for several years. It may show the character of last year in that portion of Her Majesty's dominions, to state, that in no instance was 1864 the driest year in the record. The least amount of rain which fell at these dozen stations during 1864 was 25.56 inches, at Bothwell Castle, Lanark (where the least depth registered during twenty previous years of continuous observation, was 19.88 inches in 1855); and the greatest amount was at Portree, Isle of Skye, 89.54 inches against 87.90, the least amount in 1860. Of all the Scotch stations, most rain invariably falls at Portree, so that for it to register the least amount during five years of observation in 1860, which everywhere else in the United Kingdom was an exceptionally rainy year, "little else than one long-continued winter," as Mr. Lowe has called it, is a curious instance of the exceedingly capricious character of meteorological phenomena. To assure the natives of Portree that we are not rashly libelling their climate, we may contrast with last year the year 1863, the rainiest year upon record in their annals, when the large quantity of 148.89 inches fell, greater than the amount registered at any other place in the United Kingdom, with the exception of Seathwaite, in Cumberland, where in 1861 fell the enormous quantity of 182.58 inches.

To contrast briefly the climate of Ireland last year, by taking Killaloe and Dublin, a western and an eastern station, and comparing their records with those of the last three years, it will be found that 1864 was decidedly a dry year.

Stations.	County.	1861.	1862.	1863.	1864.
Killaloe	Clare	51.84	47.37	52.12	53.64
Dublin	Dublin	27.40	30.18	26.41	21.73

The same fact would be still more evident were a fuller induction made. We have dealt so largely in figures, that we may be allowed to state as a simple method of realising what

an abundant rainfall is to a district, that 100 tons of water, it has been calculated, are poured on every acre of it for every one-hundredth of an inch of rain that falls.

The winter of 1864-5 was far more noticeable with us for its length, than for the severity of its weather. We ourselves, residing in one of the English eastern counties, a few miles from the sea, registered its greatest cold as occurring in February, 11 degrees, Fahrenheit. On the Continent, however, it was a very cold winter. In Russia, particularly, it was one of the severest known; the thermometer having been so low as 26 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Everywhere the remark has been made, how many old people have died. No weather is so fatal to them as a long cold season. At present we have so many *à priori* views of the unhealthiness of sewers and stagnant water, that it might reasonably be supposed, owing to the dry summer of 1864, that during its continuance the country would have been extremely healthy. The contrary, however, is really the case, for a very wet season effectually flushes the drains, and clears off the injurious obstructions, the welcome home of all zymotic diseases. Thus the wet summer of 1860 was far more healthy than the corresponding dry one of 1864. At Leek, in Staffordshire, where an excellent system of public drainage is in action, Mr. Farrow, who registers its rainfall, remarks, "that the greater the number of days upon which the rainfall furnishes the sewers with a quantity of water equal to thirty gallons per head on the population, the lower is the number of deaths that occur from zymotic disease. This rule has held good for three years. Observation warrants me in concluding, that forty gallons of water per head per day is the amount required." Thus curiously may the registration of rainfall, which men have been wont to wonder at in other days as the useless occupation of an enthusiast, contribute in the hands of thoughtful men to the improvement of our sanitary knowledge, and react as "fruits," which not even the most practical can sneer at, upon the welfare of mankind.

Undoubtedly the main feature of interest which meteorologists will find in 1864, arises from the long drought of its summer. In most districts, July was hot and dry to an extent unexampled for many years. We select a few instances published at the time, to show the exact figures. At Birmingham only 0.7 inch of rain fell during the month. We must go back to July, 1825, for another such month, when 0.32 was collected. An-

other comparison would carry us back to 1800. At Great Berkhamstead, Herts, 0.29 inch of rain was registered, of which 0.20 fell on the 3rd. The nearest approach to this small quantity within the past ten years was in February, 1857, when 0.34 inch was collected. We can testify personally to the drought of July, 1864, on the east coast of Devon, generally a rainy locality, but during that month the old ladies who tenant its pretty villas had to buy water at so much a bucket for their gardens. But Cornwall, perhaps owing to its normal rainy climate, of which the characteristic proverb of the county tells, "it rains in Cornwall once every week day, and twice on a Sunday," suffered more severely than any other locality. At Bodmin, during May, June, and July last year, only 5.63 inches of rain fell. The mean of the previous fourteen years gives 9.60 as the usual supply for that time. Consequently, Cornish agriculture suffered severely. Pasturage being burnt up, beef, mutton, and dairy produce rose to very high prices. In some places green crops had to be cut to supply the cattle. At Camborne and Redruth, scores of men were employed carrying water from the rivers, and for upwards of twenty years such a scarcity of rain had not been experienced in the west. Harvest, in the midland counties, did not suffer so much as was anticipated, except that on some thin lands the crops were short in the straw; root crops, however, and especially turnips, were failures. Consequently hay and dairy produce has been extremely dear this spring; and, owing to the long winter, grass is very late in shooting forth. From the high price at which wool is selling, this state of things reacts very seriously upon farmers, and ultimately tells upon the happiness and prosperity of the nation. With such great issues is meteorology fraught.

It is noticeable in connection with the extent of the world over which meteorological peculiarities make themselves felt, that the same exceptionally hot weather prevailed during last summer in India. An observer writes from Humerpoor, Bundelcund, of June, 1864, "The heat this year is intense. The rains which usually set in about the 15th of the month, have not yet (July 1) made their appearance. The consequence is, that the people are suffering severely from all kinds of disease, and death is rife." At Berkhamstead, Herts, the temperature on August 5th rose to 85½ in the shade, the highest since the summer of 1859. It will be interesting to compare this with the heat registered in India during June. At Humerpoor, on two days, the thermometer rose to 114 degrees; from

107 to 110 was the average *maximum* height during the month, and 73 was the lowest figure registered, and that only on one day. On the 29th, owing to a thunder-storm, occurred the enormous variation in temperature of 32 degrees.

After the long drought with us, when rain did come, it was generally very violent. A curious circumstance illustrative of this occurred in October, at Great Grimsby. In the large dock there, appropriated to fishing smacks, which at low water becomes very shallow, float tubs, full of cod-fish, perforated with holes to allow of free circulation of water. In these the captive fish are safely kept, till a supply is required for the market; and the tubs rise and fall with the tide. During a low tide one day the rain came down with such vehemence into the dock, as to alter the proportion of salt water so greatly that it killed the fish, and caused a serious loss to their owners before the flowing tide returned.

In conclusion, we may point out a few more departments of meteorology, well suited for any one to take up as a special study. "It is a strange thing," says Mr. Ruskin, "how little people in general know about the sky;" and though he refers to our artistic perception of its beauties, the same may be affirmed of meteorological investigation. Day by day, hour by hour, the whole field above us changes, clouds arise and drift over or pour forth their contents; and it is but seldom that science, except in regular observatories, condescends to note their variations or theorise on their appearance. In Germany it is upon record that two brothers devoted a lifetime to hourly registration of the clouds, and though such devotion to meteorology as this may savour too much of enthusiasm for sober Englishmen, it is indubitable that any one blessed with a good share of perseverance amongst us might make during his leisure moments many valuable observations on the diverse aspects of clouds. The precise effects, again, that comets and eclipses have upon weather, is a part of meteorology which is still very obscure. How that mysterious agent electricity (to say nothing of magnetic influences) acts upon climate is another question, which much requires devoted adherents for its elucidation. Some people may be unaware that the amount of fog which hangs round our island shores is regularly measured by the lighthouse keepers for the advancement of science. Just as every drop of rain that falls is eagerly collected by meteorologists, so every ray of sunshine that gladdens the island, from the pale flicker that presages an autumnal sunset, to

the full flush of July's radiance, is also carefully registered at many places throughout the United Kingdom. In Scotland alone, at above fifty stations of the Meteorological Society, returns are regularly obtained of the number of hours of sunshine. We quote a sample of the curious information they give. In the eight years 1857-64, the sunniest month was May in three instances, June in three instances, July in two. During the six months from April to September, the summer half of the year, there were 1154 hours of sunshine in 1857, 1261 in 1858, 1301 in 1859, 1083 in 1860, 1094 in 1861, 1052 in 1862, 1155 in 1863, 1239 in 1864. The number in 1858 averaged very nearly seven hours of sunshine a day in these six months. Registration of the force and prevalence of wind by the anemometer, is a portion of meteorological science invaluable on the face of it to the large commercial and naval interests of the kingdom. Instead of speculating on weather prospects from lunar theories, as some are still found doing, it seems probable that more practical results could be obtained by persevering study of the laws of storms and correction of hypothetical generalities by a reference to local registrations of the anemometer.

The reader will see that these varied aspects of meteorology represent broken echoes of the great question to which that science as a whole endeavours to find the true answer, how far and by what methods may man hope to modify climate to suit the exigencies of modern civilisation. In a future paper we may enter more fully upon its consideration. M.

A VISIT TO ISCHIA.

AFTER a tiresome journey from Rome, my brother, his friend, and myself arrived at Naples in a carriage which we had been compelled to hire, all the places in the diligence having been taken for a fortnight.

When comfortably established at our inn, we proceeded to visit the various objects of interest in the neighbourhood. I shall not, however, dwell on the wonders of Pompeii, Herculaneum, the curiosities of the Museo Borbonico, or the varied beauties of the surrounding country, nor even describe the mass of sulphurous vapour issuing from the crater of Vesuvius. At Naples we had deemed it a cloud resting on the summit, but when on an excursion to the mountain we became involved in the said cloud, we heartily joined in Mr. Barker's remark, "That there was something in it after all." I will strive to describe, as

briefly as is compatible with a female nature, the incidents which took place on our eventful journey to Ischia. But first my readers shall become acquainted with the terms to which I consented before I was allowed to quit my native shores.

Having lost our parents, I had for some time resided with my only brother, and, on the whole we had agreed remarkably well; but my dismay may be imagined, when, one winter evening, I discovered that Charles had settled with his old friend Barker to start for a trip of some months on the Continent. I immediately told them that they ought to have given me some notice; I had "nothing at all to wear."

Charles answered that they had never contemplated the possibility of my accompanying them; he did not think it would be pleasant for me. I hastened to declare that it would be highly unpleasant for me to remain behind, and by dint of teasing and persuading I managed to get Charlie to promise that I might go, provided Barker made no objection to the addition to the party. Fortunately he was a good-natured fellow, reminding one of a Skye terrier in personal appearance, and so ugly and matter of fact, that our united battery of maiden aunts and cousins could not see any impropriety in the arrangement.

But my brother declared that I must manage to exist for the next three months with only one box, of a moderate size, and a hat-box; and that I was never to make the slightest allusion to smoking being unpleasant, —in fact, as he elegantly termed it, if I would go, "I must grin and bear it."

Under these circumstances I left our pretty English home, and I was surprised to find how easily difficulties were smoothed away if we determined to look on the bright side of things. When we had been a short time at Naples we were told that there would be an Italian pleasure excursion to Ischia on the following morning; we gladly seized the opportunity of viewing the island so easily, as we were informed that the steamboat would return the same evening.

From the appearance of the passengers our first misgivings arose that an Englishman's and an Italian's notion of a pleasure excursion were very different. Business not pleasure seemed the object of most on board; indeed, we discovered in the course of time that they were principally country people proceeding to Ischia for the purpose of marketing. As we did not speak the language fluently, —indeed, I had discovered some time before that the foreign languages taught at St. John's Wood

were very different from the dialects spoken by the natives, —we considered ourselves fortunate in making acquaintance with a gentlemanlike young Frenchman, who had been naturalised in Italy, and who could speak English with great fluency. He was on a visit to his grandfather, who possessed property in Ischia, and he kindly spoke on our part to a native who understood French, and who undertook to show us everything that was worthy of interest on the island, and he promised to join us upon our return to Naples in the evening.

The majority of the passengers landed at the principal town, with which the print in the Art Union has rendered most of us familiar; but we remained in the steamer by the recommendation of our new friend, and disembarked a few miles nearer the principal inn of the place. The captain's last words were a warning to us that we must be at the Mole punctually at the time appointed, or we should be left behind.

Our first care was to procure donkeys, the only means of locomotion on the island, save those provided by nature; indeed, we fancied that African bullock-waggons would scarcely last a season on the execrable roads we passed along. Donkeys are donkeys all over the world: ours were no exception to the general rule; they were thoroughly obtuse to anything we could do or say, though they did occasionally quicken their pace at some mysterious sounds emanating from the lips of their drivers. We spent some hours pleasantly enough in seeing all that was to be seen; but I will not dwell upon the sights of the place, as a guide-book would furnish a far better account than I could give, though I must mention a beautiful piece of sculpture which we saw in a small and dirty chapel attached to a monastery. It was a veiled figure in marble (similar to those which created so much interest in the Exhibition of 1851), and was most singularly beautiful.

As the afternoon was advancing, and donkey riding promotes the appetite, particularly over Ischian roads, we thought it high time to return to our inn. My brother said that by the time we had taken refreshment we must go to the town, a distance of about two miles, that we might be ready for the steamer. But our dismay may be imagined, when we arrived at the inn we found there was nothing for us to eat but cabbage and fried potatoes, and the common sour wine of the country. The gentlemen had brandy in their flasks, which seemed no small consolation to them, and I contented myself with some brackish water, which had certainly not been iced. After much per-

suasion we induced our host to slaughter a fowl ; it seemed the only one on the premises, and if one might judge by its taste and appearance, it had spent the last months of its existence in vain regrets for the loss of its companions. After our hunger was appeased, though Mr. Barker declared he was anything but satisfied, we began to say to each other that matters were not so bad as they might have been, and were looking forward with no little satisfaction to our return to Naples, when we were surprised to see our steamer, which had gone a few miles further, on leaving us in the morning, making the best of its way to the starting place.

It was two hours sooner than we had anticipated ; but as the captain had said he should wait no longer than was necessary to embark his passengers, no time was to be lost. We hurried as fast as we could to the Mole, hot and out of breath, and found the steamboat quietly moored in the little harbour blowing off her steam.

Our friend of the morning now arrived ; he had also seen the vessel, and had fancied he should be late. We requested him to make inquiries as to the probable time of starting, and he returned with the answer that the captain had no intention of leaving until four o'clock in the morning.

We thought he must be joking ; but alas, it was too true. The reason alleged was, that the wind and sea had risen so as to render a return to Naples dangerous. The true reason we discovered in the morning. We tried persuasion, we offered money, generally omnipotent with a Neapolitan, to induce the captain to alter his determination, but of no avail ; my brother then tried sarcasm by pointing to an English schooner yacht which was sailing merrily along, and instituted comparisons between English and Italian courage, by no means favourable to the latter. But although by an amount of bad Latin and worse Italian he succeeded in working the captain into a tremendous rage, he did not gain his object. At last, finding all his efforts fruitless, we endeavoured to persuade the owners of an open boat to take us over to Naples. The sea not being in a state to render the attempt dangerous, and the wind being in our favour, we should probably have got there in as short a time as the steamer would have taken.

But, although the gentlemen offered an equivalent to twenty-five shillings in our money, they could not persuade them to venture. It was not fear of the passage that prevented the men, but their dread of the authorities. They were employed in carrying

stores for Government works at the rate of about a penny a day, and yet they did not dare to accept our offer—which would have kept them in comparative affluence for months—lest they should be prevented by wind or sea from returning in time to resume their work in the morning. Finding that we should have to spend the night on the island, we felt anxious to secure beds in the town, for we were not inclined to return to the wretched inn we had left, and have a two-mile walk before four o'clock in the morning. Whilst our guide was employed on the search, our friend entered into conversation with a gentlemanly-looking man ; we afterwards heard he was a political prisoner. He complained sadly of the dullness of the place ; there was no amusement of any sort. They had had a billiard-table, but he supposed they thought it was too great an indulgence, and by order of the king it was removed. He said he had no idea of the nature of his crime, having been taken from his house at Sorrento in the night and carried to Ischia, and never even told of what he was accused. The poor man added, and his voice trembled as he spoke, that he had not been long married when he was torn from his home, and though he was now a father, he had never seen his child. Of course we knew nothing of the circumstances of the case, but to our British ears it sounded a sad and melancholy tale.

Before long we were rejoined by our guide, who said he had secured beds at the moderate charge of one ducat (about 4s. 6d.) a-piece ; and perhaps we might like to see them. We agreed willingly to his proposal, and immediately followed him. It must not be supposed that we expected grand accommodation, although we were to pay London prices for them ; but we were not prepared for the spectacle that met our eyes on entering the room that we imagined was intended for our resting place. It was growing dusk, when, after ascending a rickety staircase, we were ushered into a long and narrow apartment. About half a dozen trestle bedsteads were arranged down each side of the room, but want of light prevented us from seeing whether there was any sort of covering on the miserable beds. A huge crucifix, as large as life, at one end of the room, was rendered dimly visible by the glare of a smouldering fire, round which were squatting a whole family, two or three women, a man, and some children, who evidently were to be our companions for the night. The reception they gave us was by no means cordial, notwithstanding the high price we were to pay, and we bitterly repeated having allowed our guide to make arrangements for

us. The gentlemen said they should have gone back to the inn, but they felt sure I should be knocked up by so much walking, and we finally agreed to sit up by the fire till it was time to start. In order to escape as long as possible from any communication with the family, we strolled into the town, but were soon driven back by a heavy shower of rain. We had previously sent on our guide to prepare as well as he could for our reception. When lo, on our arrival he informed us that this amiable family had changed their minds, and would not have us at any price.

There was no alternative ; we must return to the inn. Taking leave of our friend, who had stood by us, as Mr. Barker said, manfully to the last, and was returning for the night to his relations, we made a start, and arrived most thoroughly soaked before the door of our refuge. After some delay we succeeded in effecting an entrance, for the inmates had apparently retired to bed, and we managed to make them understand what we wanted. As far as beds went, such as they were, we had plenty of choice, the house being large, and we the only guests, but provisions were as scarce as ever.

We selected what we considered were the best rooms, and had fires lighted, and were endeavouring to make ourselves as comfortable as wet clothes and starvation would allow ; when, to our great delight, our friend most unexpectedly walked in with a substantial looking basket on his arm, which contained wine from his grandfather's vineyard, eatables more suited to an Italian than an English appetite, but nevertheless most thoroughly acceptable, and fruit for mademoiselle, as the Frenchman said, presenting it with a bow. We managed to procure hot water, and soon had some negus, which did me a world of good, for I was shivering from the effects of wet clothes and discomfort.

My brother recommended me to retire to my room, wrapping me up as well as he was able ; but just as I was falling to sleep I was startled by hearing thundering knocks at the door, and amidst the rattling of the ill-fastened shutters and the roar of the wind, which was now very high, we thought we distinguished English voices.

On inquiry the gentlemen found that the party from the yacht had landed that afternoon, and on account of the wind had been unable to rejoin their vessel, and had been compelled to seek the nearest place of shelter for the night. As we had chosen what appeared to us the best room, my brother has-

tened to put it at the disposal of the party, as there seemed to be several ladies amongst the number. But they declined the offer, and took the rooms adjoining. Before the night was over we regretted they had not remained on board the yacht. Our countrymen had known better than to rely on the resources of a native inn ; the pop of champagne corks told of better things than Ischian wine, and the prolonged clatter of knives and forks was significant of more than superannuated fowl and boiled cabbage.

This, however, was not the worst. We knew their supper must conclude in time, and then we hoped they would retire to rest, for sleep was what we now wanted. But we reckoned without our host ; the noise of supper was succeeded by such singing, laughing, dancing, and rushing about the rooms, that we agreed we had never passed such a night, and had no difficulty in getting up in time to catch the steamer.

We were not very long, as may be supposed, in discovering the captain's objection to starting on the previous evening. Had he done so we should have been his only passengers, whereas in the morning he had numbers of persons who had been marketing the night before. After a short and pleasant voyage we reached Naples, and returned to our comfortable inn, where we soon had the pleasure of returning the hospitality of our young friend. We often met him during our stay at Naples, and before we left the neighbourhood my brother persuaded him to promise to visit us in England the following autumn, though Mr. Barker assured him that the "bothies" of Scotland were the only places in the British dominions that could be compared with Ischian lodgings.

E. M.

FOUND DROWNED.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS. BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

CHAPTER III. "AFFECTION NEVER WAS WASTED."

THE day before Mr. Tyler wrote the letter which had crushed Harry's hopes, and driven Lady Elsdale and Edith from Ambleton Place, he had received a note dated "Pengoeth Castle, North Wales," enclosing the advertisement which Hugh had torn from the Bombay Times, and informing him that the writer, who signed himself "Hugh Elsdale," had been wrecked on the coast in his passage from India ; that Lord Llanfair had given him shelter, and that he was already on his way to London, and would call on Mr. Tyler the next day at twelve o'clock.

Punctual to his appointment, "Sir Hugh" drove up to Bedford Row. Lord Llanfair had met a shipwrecked sailor near his house, and had told him to go up to the Castle, an invitation which had resulted in his hearing all of

the baronet's romantic history; in his lordship's taking a formal deposition, and signing it as a magistrate, concerning the loss of the *Ulysses*, a copy of which he gave to Sir Hugh, at his request; and ultimately in his lending



the baronet twenty pounds. Lord Llanfair pressed him to have more, but Sir Hugh said he had no doubt he should be able to draw upon Mr. Tyler immediately he arrived in town, and gave his I O U for the loan, which

the owner of Pengeth Castle laughingly said he accepted "only for the pleasure of having a remembrance of the commencement of Sir Hugh's new fortunes."

And when they parted it was with mutual

promises of future friendly exchange of visits.

All that ready-made tailoring could do for Sir Hugh had been done when he entered the lawyer's office; his dress was neat and gentleman-like; yet in his carriage there was a loose swagger, which however could scarcely seem remarkable in a man who had led a roving life. There was, too, a restlessness in the dark eyes which scanned all the pavements as he drove from a fashionable west-end hotel to Bedford Row, that seemed to speak of conscious insecurity. And his sensual, hard face, with its ponderous cheeks, did not form a pleasant letter of introduction.

Mr. Tyler, who was a young man, apparently about the same age as Sir Hugh, received him very warmly, yet with great respect; welcomed him to England, congratulated him upon his escape from the shipwreck, and then prepared himself to hear the baronet's story.

The young lawyer listened with deeply interested attention as Sir Hugh narrated his past career, hurrying over the years of indolent vice which, with a sigh, he confessed to have lived after his mother's death; how he had obtained the box which he now showed to Mr. Tyler, addressed to him by his mother; at last coming to the time when he had joined the army in a feigned name. The baronet leaned carelessly back in his chair while the family solicitor, having first looked to him for permission, glanced through the letters, and then laid them one by one upon the table. Mr. Tyler scrutinised the certificate of baptism very carefully, and he was still looking at it when Sir Hugh observed,—

"I hope you are thoroughly satisfied, at all events."

"Ye-es," Mr. Tyler assented, slowly; "but it would be more satisfactory, I think, to Lady—I mean your relatives—if we were able to trace back your career step by step, with some corroborating evidence of identity.

"It would."

Sir Hugh was looking thoughtfully at the carpet, as if undecided; then suddenly he fixed his eyes on the lawyer, and continued: "I suppose, Mr. Tyler, you have been accustomed to receive the confidence of my family, and I don't doubt you deserve it. I'll give you mine: I'm a deserter from Her Majesty's—Regiment. It would be a d—d nuisance for you to open up that business. I'd sooner lose my title than tell you the number of the regiment. If I were to tell you, you could only trace me from the time of my enlistment: before that time hard luck made me bear so many aliases, and knocked me so from one end of the country to the other that no

living soul could identify me as the son of my father."

Mr. Tyler had a wholesome dread of family exposures; he admitted the force of this reasoning; yet he was loath to acknowledge even to himself that his visitor was Sir Hugh Elsdale, Bart., as he thought of his friends at Ambleton, and contrasted Harry with this man, whose antecedents were evidently such as would not bear disclosure.

Sir Hugh was very anxious to see his house and estate. He inquired if his grandfather, the old bailiff was alive, and professed a great desire to see "his dear mother's father." "He was afraid he hadn't been a good son, but he would do what he could to atone for the past." When Mr. Tyler informed him that Sir Godfrey had died intestate, and that his wife and daughter were living in the house, it occurred to the baronet that they were left penniless, and that he might have to maintain them; but he dissembled this thought, and told the lawyer that "he should wish them to move out at once, in a week, because perhaps it would not be agreeable to them to meet him."

Mr. Tyler objected, though deferentially, that there were many legal formalities to be observed before he could properly take possession. But Sir Hugh was very decided upon this point, and desired Mr. Tyler to say no more about it, but to write, informing Lady Elsdale of his wishes on the subject. It was difficult for the lawyer to conceal his disgust, and, from the curious expression in his face, to decide the motives which made him yield the point so easily. He contented himself with pointing out to the new baronet that although Lady Elsdale could not be compelled to move out upon such short notice, and that although he was not fully entitled to take possession, yet he would write as Sir Hugh wished, and he had no doubt that Lady Elsdale would accede to the arrangement.

Mr. Tyler attended Sir Hugh to the door. On the way he asked the baronet "if he should be remaining all the week at his hotel?"

"Oh, yes," replied Sir Hugh. "I should be afraid of losing myself if I left it. Besides, I shall expect you to send me some money the day after tomorrow."

The baronet did keep very close to his hotel: there was no doubt about that. He rose late, yawned and smoked away the day until dinner-time. In the evening he went out, muffled up almost to his eyes, for as he observed before the waiter, "this cursed climate might be the death of him."

Yet Sir Hugh looked a very powerful man as he lay on a couch waiting for Mr. Tyler's messenger. Naturally he was thinking of his

interview with the solicitor. He had not altogether liked Mr. Tyler's manners. His claim had been admitted with an almost suspicious readiness. Yet it was true that Mr. Tyler had been advertising for months past for such a claimant, and therefore could not be expected to be surprised if he should turn up. Mr. Tyler was the family solicitor, and of course would be influenced by hereditary respect for the head of the family. Yet it was not so much what the lawyer had said, as what he had left unsaid, that troubled Sir Hugh. He had seen at once that Mr. Tyler was no ordinary man, and he felt that he was one whose sense of justice no consideration of personal interest would pervert. He read in the bold yet steady eye of the solicitor that he was a man who could be untiring in the energy of his pursuit, and yet secret;—qualities which those who have most reason to fear them detect at first sight.

The waiter announced Mr. Tyler's clerk, who was rather an older man than his employer, but eminently worthy of his confidential position, if one might judge from his smug appearance. Just one glance round the room, which seemed to include everything that it contained, yet made so quickly that one might suppose his attention had been attracted by some picture on the walls, or by some of the ornaments of the richly furnished room, before his eyes settled on Sir Hugh, who scarcely honoured him with so much attention. Holding his hat in the front of his stomach, the clerk made a short, ducking bow, and with a smile, addressed the baronet.

"Sir Hugh Elsdale, I believe?"

Sir Hugh "didn't suppose he'd come there to tell him his name," and asked if he had the money. Whereupon Mr. Tyler's confidential man counted out a hundred sovereigns, asked for a receipt, and while Sir Hugh was writing it gave the baronet a long and attentive stare, in which, though the clerk's face was of a most inexpressive type, might be witnessed a curious contention between surprise and subdued satisfaction.

The baronet pocketed the money, and seemed to grow more and more tired of his confinement. he had yet four days to remain in London, or at least four days before he was expected at Ambleton. He hungered and thirsted for some one to talk to; it was of little use to be a baronet, and master of an ancient estate, if he were not free to go out when and where he would. At last, after he had dined and sat over his wine, Sir Hugh's walking hour came round. He went into his dressing-room, took out from a portmanteau a ragged, greasy, seaman's dress, and in less than ten minutes he

was the cook's mate of the *Ulysses*. Cramming a loose cap into the crown of his opera-hat, he put that on his head, then a long cloak, which the "climate" had made necessary for his evening walks was thrown over his shoulders, carefully fastened, and Sir Hugh was soon in a cab, driving towards the City.

He had scarcely left the door of the hotel, when Mr. Tyler's clerk came running out of the coffee-room, and nearly knocking the waiter over who had been obsequiously attending Sir Hugh to his cab, asked "where that gent had gone?"

"I've only just found out that I've left some papers with him by accident," he continued, with well-feigned excitement.

"I 'spect he's on the spree," grinned the waiter; "all he says to the cabby was 'Bank.'"

Mr. Tyler's clerk seemed to have a cab waiting close by the door, and the baronet had not left the street before the lawyer's man was rattling behind him.

As Sir Hugh's cab drew up near to the Wellington statue there were few other vehicles about to obstruct his passage; he could almost hear the vibration of the bell of St. Paul's as the clock of the cathedral struck ten while he was getting out of the cab. He had been a traveller; his life had not been of the softest; he had known for years what it was to be forced to go hither and thither at work under the remorseless supervision of a rifle and a bayonet; yet he had never felt so wretched as at this moment. Well enough did he know the scene. He wished it had been broad daylight, and there had been the hurrying, bustling thousands to disturb his attention. Now, it was like a city of the dead. It seemed to him that the ghostly columns of the Exchange and all the surrounding buildings were receiving him with an intentional hush. The feeling grew upon him so with the loneliness of the place that he felt almost as if every stone knew him, and was conscious of the antecedents of the man whose tread now resounded in the quiet night. Gathering his cloak round him, he walked at a rapid pace up Princes Street, up Moorgate Street, and on till he crossed Finsbury Square; then he turned into Providence Row. Looking about for some dark entry, he at last found a place which seemed to satisfy him, and suddenly turning into it he dropped off his cloak, folded it into the smallest compass, then put his crush hat beneath it, tying them both in a red handkerchief, and hanging the bundle on the end of his stick, he emerged, after looking suspiciously around to see that he was unwatched.

He crossed the road to a long row of small houses, and then commenced counting off the numbers. At length he stopped at No. 22. It was a private house. The door was closed, though the shutters were not yet put over the window. He seemed almost impotent to knock for admittance, yet he stooped, putting his face close to the white door-plate, on which was written in black letters, "Mrs. Duncan, Milliner and Dressmaker." He held his hand again from the black knocker while he looked through the window, flattening his nose against the glass in his anxiety to see what was going on in the room. It was lighted, and he could see the shadow of a woman move now and then across the muslin screen which covered the show-frame placed in the window. Once or twice he felt very much inclined to dash his hand through the glass, and to upset the very elegant and elaborately stitched pair of red satin stays, which may be the magic bodices of the milliner's fairy guardians, but which it seems are never intended to embrace human bosoms.

As he knocked, the light left the room, and appeared at the open door. She who held it was a young girl, a brunette in complexion; her black hair had fallen down over one side of her face, while on the other it remained neatly laid above her ear; her face was pale, and wore a look of unnatural anxiety as the candlelight fell upon it. On her black dress, which fitted and displayed to much advantage her small and well-rounded figure, were ends of cotton and scraps of the material upon which she had been at work. Her large, brown eyes expressed not so much surprise at seeing Sir Hugh in the doorway, as an eager, loving, tender anxiety, an intense hope which seemed to be longing for gratification. She had looked at him thus but a moment when her hand shook so that the candle fell from its socket, and in the dark, with a gentle sh-sh-sh, he passed his arm round her waist, and drawing her to him kissed her willing lips again and again.

She had re-lit the candle, and laid aside her work; sat herself on Sir Hugh's knee, and clung with an arm lovingly round his neck. For a moment he had been loving to her; but now he sat looking sullenly into the fire, scarcely seeming to notice her caress.

"Jem, dear," she said, in a low, half-frightened voice, "you're not going to be a sailor now, are you? You won't go and leave Kate any more?" She had a sweet voice, and, nestling closer to him, kissed him softly.

Still he made no reply.

"I've been expecting you, dear, oh! so long, —for two months. I knew you were to leave

that horrid place,"—she couldn't help shuddering,—“six months ago, and I wrote to you, asking you to tell me when you would be home; but I suppose you never got my letter.”

Strong was the conflict now going on in Sir Hugh's mind. Little did poor Kate know that the ragged seaman who was so dear to her was hesitating whether to chose her love or a baronetcy and an ancient name and estate, with perfect oblivion of that past which it was so hateful to recall. Yet it was nothing but this struggle between love and a covetous ambition which held him silent.

At one moment he felt he could give up all for her love; then, at the next, he saw that it was now impossible to do so. For a moment he fancied he could be a baronet and enjoy Kate's love also; yet he knew she would never live with him as his unacknowledged wife, and then,—what would be the end of his ambition? No! he had chosen his path, and he would keep to it, though this were the last time they should meet.

He lifted her as he rose from his chair: not ungently, but without the love she wanted, and her eyes were filling with tears as he said:

"I must be going away to sea soon, my girl."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, throwing her arms round his neck, and looking up into his face with a piteous and imploring countenance. "Oh! no, no, Jem, dear! don't leave me any more. I've worked and worked so hard while you were away. I've saved all the money I could, and now I've got plenty of work to do, and shall be able to keep both of us nicely. I've had nobody to speak to, nobody to love, all these years! Don't go away."

"Poor Kate!" Sir Hugh spoke hoarsely, and she thought he was yielding, as he kissed her.

"Papa died a year after you—left—were taken away. He wouldn't see me before he died," sobbed Kate; "he said that I had run away with the man that r-r-rob—ruined him, and that I—was—just—as—bad." Then releasing Sir Hugh, she looked sadly at him. She had forced back her tears, and said in a tremulous voice:

"Jem, you see we have suffered together; your punishment was not greater than mine; and now it is over, are you going to leave me?"

No! a thousand times No! had he been master of himself. A thousand times No! if he had not been the slave of a passion which still mastered his love. Never would he have stood there the disgraced man that he was, had he ever before known that love as he knew it now. Would to God he could remit the past

—the past, in which, after he had taken her from her father's house, he had robbed the man who had been his benefactor, and was the father of his wife. But for this recent, fatal, glittering temptation, how happy did he now think he could have been with Kate. They would have settled in some place where bygones would have been bygones. He cursed the hour which led him to this position, yet he could not give it up. He dashed past her out into the street, and away as fast as he could run towards Finsbury Square.

Shocked and surprised, Kate hurried after him, calling "Jem! Jem!" as she saw it was impossible to overtake him.

She had not gone many yards before a man, who certainly must have been hiding when Sir Hugh passed, caught her in his arms, and, in spite of her almost frantic struggles, led her back to her house.

WESTENHANGER GRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

"THAT house is haunted," said my friend Rosalind Hippisley, as we drove in a little pony-carriage past an old-fashioned dwelling embosomed in trees. Rosalind was a gay dashing woman, who dressed well, drove well, and was even known in the hunting-field; she was certainly less likely to indulge in supernatural fears and fancies than most others of her gentle sex; but as she pointed with her whip towards the tall chimneys, a sort of doubtful fear crossed her face.

"Who says it is haunted?" I asked.

"Everybody," replied my friend, now smiling; "villagers, tenants, servants;—to my own knowledge two cooks and a housemaid have left on that account. Mr. Wilson has had much trouble in persuading his male factor, Jem, to stay with him from year to year. Charles told me this,—he slept at Westenhanger one night about five years since,—before our marriage, you know, and—and——"

"Well!" said I.

"They certainly *did*——" Here Rosalind stopped; half ashamed to confess that her shrewd husband gave the slightest countenance to the stories. I think it probable that that wise man had been bound to solemn silence, out of regard to his reputation.

"And pray is Mr. Wilson himself ghost-proof?"

"He took the house at a very low rent for seven years, and as he can get no tenant far or near, and dearly loves his money, he chooses to stay on himself."

"Mr. Wilson must possess a far from nervous temperament."

"Exactly. He says noises break no bones, and he and his ghosts get on quite comfortably. As to Jem, at first he went half mad with fright, but the fear of losing a good situation has caused him to resign himself. I believe he goes to sleep with cotton-wool in his ears. The truth is, Jem got into bad odour when a young fellow,—was imprisoned for a poaching spree,—and knows he might find it hard to suit himself if he left Westenhanger."

"And is there nothing female about the house?"

"Yes, a deaf old cook, who won't believe a word of the stories; besides, she sleeps in the attic above Wilson, and so would probably hear nothing, for the ghosts keep to the ground floor."

As we talked we were driving rapidly across the sunny open down. Soon we came in sight of the sparkling sea, by whose shore we purposed to spend an hour. I forgot the haunted Grange as we wound round and down the steep zigzags which led us to the beach, and shortly the pony-carriage was put up at the little inn, and we were exploring the town on foot. Ten years had elapsed since my last visit; there were new houses, new terraces, new streets; the post-office had expanded into a Doric façade, the grey-haired old man who fumbled so dreadfully over the stamps was replaced by two smart, snappish clerks; the baker had become a confectioner, the circulating library afforded room for increased breadth of crinoline, the inn on the parade had become a large hotel, the livery stables were populous with men and animals,—altogether, we had so much to see, and so many old friends to congratulate, that it was half-past three of the winter's afternoon before we had our ponies in harness again, and started up the zigzags for our ten-mile drive home to the town of Lymm.

As we slowly mounted the hill I began asking Rosalind about some of the chief county families. At the time of my former sojourn in the neighbourhood I had been a confirmed invalid, unable to make country excursions, and so knew next to nothing of the neighbouring villages, their families great and small, or their local traditions, in which every corner of England abounds. In particular I questioned her about the Fordes, of Forde-Combe, whose large white house she had pointed out early in the day, standing on a wooded slope about a mile from the road.

"Forde-Combe is shut up," replied my friend. "Vavasour Forde was killed in the Indian Rebellion, his wife and infant son were at Calcutta at the time; they returned immediately to England, and Mrs. Forde now lives

with her brother, a clergyman in Staffordshire. Forde-Combe lies empty till young Vavasour comes of age—he must be fifteen or sixteen years of age now.”

“Was not Vavasour Forde very wild in his youth? It seems to me I remember hearing something about it.”

“Yes, very; always lived in Paris, and was never seen in these parts after his father’s death. It was always said he was overwhelmed with debt, but if so, old Marmaduke’s money put all that right. The property was in good order when he died, and little Vavasour will inherit a large income.”

“Who was old Marmaduke?”

“Oh, Vavasour’s uncle. He had disgraced his family by going into the East India trade in the early part of this century, and made a heap of money; but they never would forgive him; there was no intercourse between him and his brother the general; but when he died he left his money to his nephew all the same.”

“When did he die?” I asked idly.

“In 1845, when Vavasour was a young scapegrace of five-and-twenty.”

“And he had never seen his nephew?”

“No, never. He said so to Harman, our attorney, just the week before his death; but said he should leave his money to the heir of the family, in spite of the quarrel. There was something fine and hearty about old Marmaduke. His death came upon the neighbourhood with a great shock, it was so sudden. He went off in a fit; apoplexy, I think Dr. Harman certified; it was one night after he had ridden from Lymm. I was a very young child at the time, but I remember how sorry everybody was in the town and village.”

“What village?”

“Why, Westenhanger, of course. I thought I had told you he lived at Westenhanger Grange?”

“No, you never did. How did he stand the ghosts?”

“Really I don’t know; he had lived there for twenty years, and he never said anything about them so far as I am aware. So, perhaps, he was ghost-proof like Wilson. After his death, the house stood empty for several years. Vavasour Forde remained in Paris, and sent over no orders about the old place till 1850, the year of his marriage (he married Miss Burgeon, one of the Staffordshire Burgeons). Then he sent word to have the Grange thoroughly repaired and let if possible. It so happened that the agent found no tenant for a considerable period; three years I should think; then it was taken by a widow lady with four daughters, who remained there until 1856.”

“Well, and what then?”

“Why, one of the daughters, a very weakly nervous girl, was seized in the night with strong convulsions, and after lingering a fortnight, she actually died.”

“What do you mean by *actually*?”

“Because it was then we first heard about the ghosts. But Dr. Harman assured me privately it was just violent mania, and in the family. The poor girl was buried in that churchyard on the hill, and the widow went, with her three remaining daughters, to live at Leamington. The next people who came to inhabit the Grange were substantial farmers, and offered to take the land also. They were just settled in, and preparing to arrange a long lease which only wanted signature, when suddenly they threw up the bargain, and would have none of it. They said somebody was incessantly talking in the house.”

“Talking!” I replied, with a half smile. “I suppose it was the ghost of the poor girl who had died there in delirium?”

“Indeed, I don’t know who or what it was, but I do know that during the last eight years everybody who has tried to live at the Grange has been frightened off, until Wilson, who is fond of saying he fears neither man nor devil, obstinately settled in. Moreover, he sleeps in the best bed-room right over the dining-room.”

“And that is the room whence the talking proceeds?”

“Yes, always,” replied Rosalind, touching up the ponies as she spoke. The ponies started and increased their speed just as a huge cart laden with faggots and brushwood toiled slowly into sight at a turn of the road before us. In an instant, before we could even scream, our light carriage lay broken in the road, and Rosalind and I were shot out into a dry ditch. I escaped with bruises, but when I tried to help her rise, I found with dismay that she could not stir; her right foot, which had doubled up under her, was severely sprained, and there she lay, perfectly helpless, and five miles from home. The waggoner scratched his head, and quoth he, “Eh, missus, what’ll the measter say? I be despt feared she’ve fainted, poor zowl!”

The measter was Mr. Hippiasley, Rosalind’s good husband, well known in Lymm, and heartily at that moment did I wish that some good angel would bring him to the rescue. I went on a few paces towards a large five-barred gate, and looked over the fields; we were five miles from Lymm, three-quarters of a mile from Westenhanger, and a quarter of a mile from the Grange.

“Run!” I said, to the waggoner’s boy,

"and tell Mr. Wilson to come down with his man, and to bring a chair with them."

The sharp little fellow shot off like an arrow, and I lingered just a moment at the gate, watching his flying steps as one instinctively does after sending a messenger. The evening was dead calm, the sun was sinking over the western edge of the down; a light frost lay upon the land, the sky overhead was dark purple; over the track of the river meadows a silver mist began to float and curl; the hedges, the woods, the solitary elms were all fast asleep, locked in wintry silence. In the mid-distance, or rather in the further foreground, rose the dark mass of the Grange amidst its rookeries. As the sun sank, and the mist glowed with a rich soft gold, a dead gold with little burnished clouds floating over it, the Grange became black as ebony. It took but a moment to note the scene, and then I knelt down by Rosalind and lifted her head into my lap, while the waggoner spread one of those pieces of coarse sacking, or cloth, and tried to move her on to it; but she could not bear the slightest motion, and moaned so that he was obliged to desist. Presently, he ejaculated, "I zee a candle i' the Grange," and we knew that our time of waiting was short. A few minutes more, and our breathless little boy arrived with the news that Wilson and Jem had started with a wooden arm-chair. When they came up, red and panting, and full of loud lamentation over Mrs. Hippisley, Rosalind was lifted into it, and by slow and difficult stages carried into the Grange.

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS my gentle, and possibly nervous, reader will hardly be disposed to believe me when I affirm that the fright and distress caused by Mrs. Hippisley's accident made me utterly forget our late conversation. The Grange to me at that moment was no more than any other substantial old farm-house, and never in my life having previously seen Mr. Wilson or Jem, I looked at them merely as friendly neighbours, people well known to Rosalind's husband, and thought how lucky it was that the accident had taken place so near to the house, instead of out on the wild open down we had so lately crossed. At every step taken by the two men my poor friend's face contracted with agony, so that I several times feared she would faint away again before we got her into the house. First we crossed a grass field in which two cows stood and looked at us with grave reflective eyes, then another where half a dozen young lambs and their mothers looked pathetically out of place and

season in the cold November eve. Then we passed through a gate into the long kitchen garden, somewhat ragged and forlorn it looked, with scanty remains of vegetable beds and gnarled apple-trees, on which the last leaves lingered. The lack of rose-trees and lavender, even in winter bareness, showed that no mistress cherished this kitchen-garden. Nearer the house was a profuse growth of evergreen shrubs, yews, laurels, and hollies; relics of the careful cultivation of twenty years back. As we entered by the back way, we passed from the kitchen-garden into a large yard; not exactly a farm-yard, but harbouring pigs, poultry, and a great dog-kennel, out of which a fierce old mastiff glared without moving, but ejaculated a loud pitiful roar, not unmusical, but withal something sad and awful in the sound as it echoed and died away from wall to wall. As we neared the back door I noted that the house was at least of three different dates. To the left, half-hidden by an enormous yew, rose a thick round tower, built of brick, with a conical roof. It reminded me of that ancient habitation near Dover,—erst tenanted by fair Rosamond,—one of the oldest relics of a house in England. A deep depression at the base, extending round the corner, suggested a moat afore time. The body of the house, which was straight before us, bore the aspect and the date of 1620; while the out-houses and a large scullery were quite modern in comparison; fifty years old perhaps. A profuse growth of ivy clothed the dwelling, and tall sprays ran up among the chimneys, and hung in fair festoons about the gables.

At the back door of this picturesque old place stood an aged woman, staring with all her might into the dusk evening, a lighted candle in her hand, and a large black tom-cat whisking his tail by her side. Through a long low casement window glimmered the red light of the kitchen-fire. I note these details, because their homely yet picturesque aspect filled my eye, and absorbed the small part of my mind that was left at leisure at the moment, from watching every step taken by the farmer and his man as they carried my fainting friend across the yard and over the threshold.

Of course, the first thing was to lay her flat, and apply restoratives; but couch there was none in the kitchen, and though for a moment we thought of getting a mattress laid before the kitchen-fire, yet when the farmer said, "We can carry her up the wide stairs, ma'am; and she'll be comfortable in my room," I agreed that it would be the best place. So they hoisted up the chair slowly and

securely, step by step up the shallow flight, for the storeys at the Grange were very low. The old woman walked before with the candle, and I followed with one hand upon the back of the chair; the door of dark solid oak on the right side of the landing was opened to admit us, and we passed into a good-sized room with a low ceiling traversed by beams, and lighted by two casements, through which glimmered the last amber of sunset and mildly shone the evening star. Darkness gathered on the outer world as we laid Rosalind on the farmer's bed, and found that she had swooned right away. When with great trouble we brought her round, the first word she said was, "Send for Charles."

"Get the pony, Jem, and ride off for Mr. Hippisley," replied Farmer Wilson.

Then for the first time I looked at Jem, a fair, heavy man, with sleepy blue eyes, and an expression of phlegmatic endurance on his broad face. Wilson himself was a complete contrast, short, dark, wiry, full of acuteness and resolution. Old Sally bustled out to get wood for the fire, which was soon lighted, and then she brought a kettle of hot water up from the kitchen to foment Rosalind's foot, while Mr. Wilson fastened up two thick moreen curtains against the casement, and the room soon assumed a comfortable aspect. Again I mention these practical trifles, to show how natural it was that I should be absorbed in what went on before my eyes, and how likely it was that our late conversation should, to use a vernacular expression, "go out of my head."

Old Sally made some nice hot tea in a black teapot, and the farmer brought up a covered plate of buttered toast, and we drew a round table up to the bedside and made Mrs. Hippisley eat and drink. After which the farmer went to smoke his pipe down-stairs, saying Jem would be back with Mr. Hippisley by half-past seven, and Rosalind lay back in a half-doze while Sally continued to bathe the injured ankle. I picked up an odd volume of an agricultural magazine, but all my attention was concentrated in my ears, striving to catch the earliest sound of Charles Hippisley's gig, which ought to have been approaching, for by this time it was twenty minutes past seven. But though dead silence fell upon the house, though the farmer smoked in the kitchen, and Tom purred almost inaudibly by our fire, and deaf old Sally made no sound save that of the gentle trickling of the water from her sponge,—nothing like a gig could I hear. I went to the window, lifted the moreen curtains, and looked out on the starlit night. Not a breath of wind stirred; no distant vehicle rumbled ever so faintly, ever so far

away. Westenhanger was but a small village, and afforded no traffic after sundown, save the return of some belated farmer. Anxious and disappointed I again returned to my seat, but I had hardly sat down when I heard the front gate swing to, and a manly active step come up the broad gravel-walk of the front garden. I rushed to the window and again looked out, sure that it was our much-desired Charles, but could see nothing of the new-comer, so concluded he had found the front door open, and would be up-stairs immediately. How he had traversed the five miles without the gig, I did not at that moment consider. Nobody, however, came up-stairs, nor did I hear any sound in the lower part of the house. I looked at old Sally, wondering if she had heard the step, but Sally's face was imperturbable, she being so exceedingly, I might almost say so actively afflicted with deafness; as for Rosalind she lay still, with her eyes closed. But the one other creature in the room,—black Tom,—he must have heard, for he stopped purring, slightly arched his shining back, and glared at the door with large round eyes, which had turned of a brilliant luminous green. Very much surprised I went on to the landing and called out to Mr. Wilson, who came from the kitchen pipe in hand.

"I thought I heard Mr. Hippisley," said I, leaning over the balustrade and speaking low; "I heard some one walk up the front garden, and they must have come in at the front door."

"The front door is locked, miss," said the farmer, and as he spoke he walked up to it and shook it in a convincing way.

"Dear me, how extraordinary; I must have been dozing," said I. "I was *quite* certain I heard some one walk up to the front door."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, dozing I dare say you were," said Mr. Wilson, with a certain alacrity of manner; and thereupon he went back to his pipe, and I to my fire and my book, feeling certain that I had *not* been dozing, but particularly wide awake after a cup of strong tea, and retaining a nervous impression that some one must be hidden in the garden among the dark evergreens, waiting, perchance, to rob the lonely house.

After a while Rosalind awoke and asked the time. I told her it was close upon eight o'clock. She then said, "Charles must have gone to Tetlington,—John must be worse." Tetlington was a village about three miles on the other side of Lymm, and John was husband to Mr. Hippisley's sister. Rosalind then fell to talking of her sister-in-law and the children, and what could be done with such a

number when the father succumbed to lingering decline. Presently she dozed again, and so on for another hour,—old Sally had fallen asleep in a high-backed arm-chair, and being also weary, I leaned back in mine, opposite to her. It was half-past eight by my watch when I awoke with a violent start, hearing as distinctly as ever I heard anything in my life, the window of the room below softly opened, and a voice raised apparently in angry remonstrance, an answer was given in deprecatory tones, and rapid conversation ensued; one voice a deep bass, slow in utterance; the other higher in pitch, thinner, and more audible, but owing to the thickness of the floor, I could not distinguish a word, though I sat up and strained my hearing to the utmost. In the midst I heard a shoveling of heavy coals on a fire. I said to myself that some one must be down-stairs with Wilson, and glancing round the room saw that Sally was soundly asleep, that the cat stood erect, waving his tail in the red light of the fire, and that Rosalind—*she* was sitting up on the bed with a face full of agonised terror. I ran to her side, and just as she clutched my sleeve a moaning gust of wind swept round the house, and the casement of the room below slammed violently, as if it had been left swinging open and were caught by the breeze. At the sudden sound, Rosalind, weakened by her accident, screamed fearfully; screamed with a loud distressing cry which rang through the house, and brought Mr. Wilson up from the kitchen.

"Good God, miss, what is the matter?" he cried, bursting unceremoniously into the room.

"Somebody is talking in the dining-room, Mr. Wilson, and they have left the window open, and it slammed and frightened Mrs. Hippisley, who has just awaked from sleep."

Mr. Wilson looked annoyed. "Nobody is in the room below, miss; you must have been asleep and dreaming yourself."

"But I assure you I am not; I heard them quite plain—two people talking, quarrelling, I thought; they have been putting coals on the fire."

"There is no fire in the room, miss, and the window has not been opened for a month. I was complaining to Sally this morning that the place was damp."

Seeing me unconvinced he added sarcastically, "Come and see for yourself."

Waking up Sally and pointing to the bed where Rosalind lay trembling and white as a sheet, I hastened down with the farmer. How my hand shook as I laid it on the handle of the dining-room door. We entered with our one candle; dead silence, emptiness—sur-

rounding darkness! The grate was cold and black, the long low casement window firmly shut! I could hardly believe my eyes; I held the candle close to the old-fashioned hasp, and saw that a spider had spun his delicate unbroken web all across the angle where the window would have opened,—had my ears represented truth to me? I felt my limbs quivering under me, and dared not look into the garden, lest I should see white faces glimmering in the darkness. I turned to Farmer Wilson with gasping lips, but he only said, "There, miss, you see you were dreaming." As I passed into the hall, clinging to his stout arm, the aspect of the room stamped itself on my brain. It was a low room, with heavy beams across the ceiling, after the manner of building three centuries ago. A dark carpet covered the floor, thin and even, here and there worn into holes. In the centre stood a long table, round the walls very old-fashioned chairs of black wood with gilt knobs. A buffet stood on one side of the fire-place; under it was one of those oval hooped mahogany tubs for holding bottles. On the other side of the grate was a huge square-sided arm-chair of dull faded leather. I noted all this in a very few seconds, and when the farmer seated me in my chair by our own fire, I had certainly not been away three minutes. Rosalind looked up with mute inquiry, to which I could only shake my head. Both of us were frightened out of our wits, but what could we do? There was no other room in the house fit to receive her, and we were ashamed to ask for her to be moved had there been. We had no one to back us; old Sally had been asleep, and the farmer had laughed at us.

"Heard silly tales, miss, afore you came here, and dreamt about them." Nevertheless, it may easily be imagined that we could not bear to lose sight of our male protector; and humbly confessing we were two nervous women, we implored him to stay up-stairs with us and finish his pipe, nay, to sleep and snore if he would, but on no account to go away. Smiling he consented; Sally went down to the kitchen, and Wilson settled in. I took up my old magazine, and for another hour there was again deep silence within and without. At the expiration of that time I fancied I heard approaching wheels in the far distance, and with restless anxiety I nerved myself to steal down-stairs with a candle, and out at the front door. It cost me a fearful thrill to pass that room on the left hand, but had I not seen that all was empty and dark within?

Carefully carrying the candle, and shielding it with one hand from any possible draught of air, I passed down the gravel walk which led

straight from the front door to the gate. The front garden was but a narrow strip, some ten yards deep, and the gate looked into a lane which joined the high road less than a quarter of a mile away. I leaned awhile over the gate to listen for those approaching wheels.

Yes, they were certainly audible, though perhaps a mile distant in the deathly stillness of the November night. Just at that instant a faint gust of wind, wind that could hardly have sprung from that calm sky, nor have been born in those utterly motionless woods, blew out my candle, and I instinctively turned to the house to seek for the light glimmering through the moreen curtains behind which Rosalind lay. But what was the sight which met my terrified gaze! Through the undraped casement of the *lower* room streamed the bright light of a blazing coal fire, and in the ruddy glow stood two figures, who appeared to speak with eager gesticulation. In the flash of an eye I noted the long grey locks curling down the shoulders of the elder man, and the crisp dark curls and black eyes of the young one, and the military moustache which curled over his lip. Not a word could I hear now, only watch the dreadful pantomime of a deadly quarrel. The old man flung open the casement, and seemed to call loudly for help, but no sound reached me where I stood, not many yards off. A sudden blast violently closed the window, and the dark youngster struck at the old man's temple with his closed fist. At the same instant two men came rushing up the lane and through the gate, passing close to me. As they moved swiftly within the light from the casements, I recognised their faces:—the brothers Harman, of Lymm, lawyer and doctor. With a loud strangling cry of "Save him! save him!" I fell in a dead faint upon the gravel path—I was picked up by the strong hand of Charles Hippisley, whose loud cheery voice rang in my ears. "Bless me, Phoebe, what on earth has happened to you—where's my wife?" Jem was outside the gate holding the smoking horse. Within stood a second person holding a bottle of smelling salts in his hand—it was Dr. Harman. As I slowly struggled back into consciousness, the impending murder loomed up in my dazed mind, and I tried to point to the dining-room window. "Were you in time?" I gasped.

"What do you mean, my dear madam?" said Dr. Harman in his loud clear voice.

Standing up and clinging to Charles Hippisley, I turned and again pointed to the house—where was total darkness. I staggered back, but was caught by Mr. Hippisley, who carried me rapidly towards the front door,

which at the instant was flung open in our faces by Wilson, who exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Hippisley, come up to your wife." As he spoke, shriek after shriek rang through the house, and Charles hurried up-stairs, while Wilson drew Dr. Harman into that dreadful dark dining-room. Yes, I saw it through the open door, dark, empty, cold as the ashes of the past. I sat on the lowest step of the stairs trembling with fright, and heard Rosalind's imploring voice up-stairs,

"Charles, take me home, take me home;" and his answer,

"My dear child, how is it possible to drive you five miles in a gig with your sprained ankle? you must wait till to-morrow morning, and I will bring a fly."

But she prayed and insisted, said she could not and would not remain the night, and at length he gave way, fearful of the consequences of her agitation. Wrapping her up carefully from the night air, he placed her by his side, and me in the little back seat, and so we drove off in the dark night. Many apologies were made to Dr. Harman, and the farmer offered him a bed, but he preferred borrowing a horse, and overtook us long before we entered Lymm.

And now you will perhaps ask me if my story has any ending, any *denouement*? to which I am obliged to answer *no*. Rosalind was severely ill for several months, and the first time Dr. Harman came to see her, on the morrow, I said to him, "How did you get to the Grange last night, doctor?—I did not hear you drive up."

"Why," answered he, staring at me, "I came with Charles in the gig."

"But I saw you before the gig drove up, you and another man. You ran towards the house just before I fainted; I thought it was your brother."

Dr. Harman gave me a suspicious look. "Indeed, young lady, you were mistaken; I was just then driving up the lane with Charles, and Jem in the back seat. As to my brother, he has been in London this week past."

"Then you must both *haunt* the Grange," said I, half jesting, half reckless. He turned green; he turned white; every drop of blood deserting his face.

"What nonsense! Somebody has been telling you absurd stories, Miss Phoebe, and you frightened yourself into a fainting fit out among the honeysuckles by the gate."

I durst not argue with him, nor tell him that as I saw his features plainly at that moment, so had I seen them in the clear light of that leaping fire. After he was gone, I

asked Rosalind what had frightened her so just before the arrival of the gig.

"The voices again, Phoebe, so clear that it was extraordinary I could not catch the words; then there came a sharp cry and a fall, and some one burst in at the front door. After that I began to scream, and it woke Wilson."

I passed the matter over lightly, telling her I supposed we had both been nervous after our talk in the pony-chaise; but I went down to Charles, and to him I said, "Can't you move Rosalind to the sea in a bed-carriage? Move her before she gets worse."

He did as I wished, for there were better doctors at the fashionable watering-place on the other side of the bay. Here, as I had anticipated, she sank for a while into a state of utter nervous prostration, but we had got rid of Dr. Harman.

It was full six months before we returned home, and June shone bright among the roses in Rosalind's garden when, still feeble, but calm in mind, and on the way to complete recovery, I got her seated one morning in a small summer-house among the flowers. As we sat working I ventured for the first time to tell her my share of the experiences of our evening at the Grange.

"What was the cause of Marmaduke Forde's death, Rosalind?"

"Apoplexy," said she, with a quail in her voice.

"Who certified it?"

"The Harmans,—they were there that very night, and it was William Harman who wrote over to Paris for Vava—" the sentence was cut short by the appearance of the doctor, who came so suddenly round the corner of the trellis-work that I gave a little scream, and Rosalind dropped her work.

"Really, Miss Phoebe, you are very nervous," said he, rather sharply. "This is the second time I have known you scream at nothing."

But he recovered his temper and sat down by us, and told us among other town gossip how the old house called the Grange had been completely gutted by fire, and how Mr. Wilson said it would be better to build a new farmhouse just on the rise of the hill.

"Was he insured?" I asked.

"The owner is insured," said the doctor with a slight accent, "my brother took care of that."

"And who is the owner?" I rejoined, for I wanted him to say a certain name.

"Oh, don't you know?—It's young Forde, of Forde-Combe. He is a lad at Eton. His father was killed in the Indian war. Strange man, rather wild; never was in England after

his boyhood; married one of the Staffordshire Burgeons in Paris, as soon as his old uncle died, and went from thence to India."

But Rosalind and I knew far better than that!

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

"Come and have a pipe on the fox'le, old fellow," said a mate of H.M.S. Tartar, then lying off Spithead, to a brother-mate.

"All right, Wood," and the two walked off to the fore-castle, the only permitted place for smokers and smoking. As soon as they were each comfortably puffing at their short pipes, the elder, Wood, said, "I say, McNeile, you've often saved Graham from getting into awful scrapes; can you save him from getting spliced to-morrow?—for if you can, I think his father would thank you."

"Spliced! you don't mean to say he's fool enough to try that again, do you?"

"If you can't stop it, Mary, the old barmaid at the Keppel's Head, will be Mrs. Graham to-morrow."

"What an ass he is!" said McNeile; "why, it was only when we were at Bermuda that he fell in love with a 'mudian, and was going to marry her, only I told the captain; and because he knew his father, he stopped his going on shore, and a week afterwards Graham told me I was the best friend he had, and had saved him from ruin."

"Well, you'll have sharp work now, for it's all arranged for to-morrow morning. He's going to the Red Lion, on the road to B——, and she's to join him there, and then they go on and get spliced in B—— Church."

"Well, it will be sharp work, but I'll try," said McNeile, reflectively, "and I must go and get leave at once," so off he went to the captain's cabin.

In the meantime Graham, the subject of this conversation, was pacing up and down the deck, reading occasionally but listlessly from a copy of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," which he held in his hand. He was a pale, fair-haired young man, with an almost feminine delicacy of feature and complexion, but the indecision that could be traced in the mobile mouth gave a weak, irresolute look to the whole, and took away the interest that his otherwise handsome face would have inspired. He was evidently older than either of those who had been discussing his future with such parental interest, and his lieutenant's uniform showed that he bore a higher commission. McNeile soon joined him, and they began walking up and down the deck together.

"My dear fellow," he began, "you can't

think how tired I am of this life. Only consider what a waste it is of all one's intellectual powers; in the morning to have to look after the decks being cleaned, and to watch the coals and bread being stowed away, what a degradation for the soul of man."

"I don't know about the degradation, Graham, but I know the duty must be done, and I know that we have undertaken to do it, else we should not be in the service; and after all you have spoken of the worst part of our life."

"Ah, but," drawled Graham, "to be a clergyman, now, in a sweet country village, with leisure for every pursuit, able to cultivate one's mind, and enter into communion with the most highly cultivated intellects; only think how far happier than our lot. I shall leave the service, and take orders."

"All right, old fellow. I'll come and hear you preach your first sermon; but what are you going to do to-morrow? You've got leave to go ashore, haven't you?"

A close observer might have seen a slight flush on Graham's, cheek as he hesitated for a moment before answering; McNeile saw it, and said,

"Going to enjoy a little communion with a highly cultivated intellect, eh?"

"I am going to spend the day with a friend, and perhaps have a ride in the country; he offered me a mount."

McNeile was too true-hearted to endure the least approach to untruth; he saw Graham was lying, and turned away in disgust. But he was too staunch a friend, in spite of all shortcomings, to leave him to fall without making an effort to save him, so he went below, and finding Wood in his cabin, the two talked over the plans they thought most likely to answer.

Very early in the morning McNeile landed at Portsmouth, and took his way to the Kestrel's Head. There was a new barmaid, sure enough, and when he asked for Mary, he heard that she had left "to be married" the day before. "Could any one tell him where she lived?" No, no one knew where she was to be found, or who she was about to marry. Foiled in this, he next ordered a horse, and rode off to the Red Lion, halfway between Portsmouth and the village of B—. Arrived there, he put up his horse, and walked into the house.

"That room, sir," said the landlord, "is engaged."

"Indeed! for a wedding-party, may I ask?"

"Something like it, I believe," said the man. This seemed conclusive evidence as to the truth of Wood's information, for surely few wedding parties would be given at a miser-

able pot-house like the Red Lion. A piece of gold secured the landlord's help, and with him he soon arranged his plans. He ordered fires to be lighted in two small rooms, and desired that when the gentleman arrived he should be shown into one, and the lady into the other. He also carefully tasted the landlord's stock of spirits, and finding nothing very choice, produced a small flask of first-rate brandy and a box of excellent cigars, which he had brought with him.

"Now, then, when the gentleman comes, you ask him if he won't have a glass of grog, and take him in that brandy and these cigars."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the landlord with a knowing wink, "if I knows much of the gentleman he won't leave them while there be any in the box."

"Well, you do as I tell you, and let me know when the lady comes."

These preparations finished, McNeile retired to an up-stairs room, commanding a view of the road to Portsmouth, and waited the arrival of the victims.

Soon a fly drove up, and out of it stepped Mary, all in white. Mary was no longer young, nor was she handsome, but she had a good deal of quick repartee about her, which, with more education, might have made her pass for a clever, witty woman. Now, however, with her coarse, red face surrounded with white, and her great hands in white kid gloves, she looked worse than usual, and McNeile wondered what infatuation could have made Graham think of marrying her.

No time for speculation now, however; the bride having been the first to arrive, made it more difficult to carry out his plan than he expected, but he was not to be daunted.

The landlord showed her into the room McNeile had ordered, and went to tell him of her arrival.

McNeile had drawn the curtains in front of the window of his upstairs room, and from behind them was peeping out, like a spider watching a fly.

As soon as the landlord had told him that "The lady, sir," was in the room below, he desired him to take refreshments into the room, and then to lock the door, and bring him the key. This done, he still waited patiently, and soon Graham appeared in sight, walking up the road. McNeile heard him come in, and then a short parley with the landlord. Very soon the latter appeared and told him Mr. Graham was having his grog, and "seemed to like the cigars uncommon."

"Lock him in, too, then;" and this done, McNeile took out his watch. A quarter past 11—if he could only keep him there three

quarters of an hour more the deed was done. Half-past, all quiet; a quarter to twelve, a ring at the bell in "the lady's room." What was to be done?

The landlord, on tiptoe, looked into the room. "What be us to do now, sir? The lady have rung."

"Put the clock back to five minutes past eleven."

The landlord scratched his head. "You see, sir, 'twere my mother's clock, and it always was an uncommon good 'un to go, and they do say it do hurt 'un to put 'un back."

"Never you mind," said McNeile, "do as I tell you. I suppose this will keep it going," and he held out ten shillings.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the man, with a broad grin, "that'll help 'un, I reckon."

Down-stairs he went, on tip-toe still, and in a few minutes softly unlocked the door of Mary's room, and went in to know "what she pleased to want?"

"Can you tell me the time, master?" said Mary.

"Five minutes past eleven."

"Oh, all right. I want the fly at the door in ten minutes, please."

"Certainly, mum," and the door was again shut, but not locked. Five minutes more—the fly was getting ready in the yard—McNeile noiselessly slipped down-stairs.

"Hold on the fly another five minutes, landlord."

At last, slowly as the minutes seemed to crawl, McNeile's watch pointed to twelve o'clock.

"Now, then, the fly may come round," and as he gave the order he walked into Graham's room, and shut and locked the door behind him."

"Halloa, McNeile! What on earth is that for? and what are you doing on shore, sir?" said Graham, who had evidently drunk enough brandy to make him quarrelsome. McNeile did not answer directly, but walked quietly up to him, and laid his hand on his arm.

"You're my superior officer, you know, Graham," he said quietly, "and I've no business to interfere in your concerns, but you've often been a good friend to me, and to-day I want to return it."

"And pray, sir," said Graham, working himself rapidly into a passion, "what right have you, or any man, to meddle with my private concerns?"

"No right, certainly, and I only want to get you to think quietly for a minute, before it's too late. Only just ask yourself, old fellow, how your sisters would like the new sister you were going to give them."

Graham's eye fell. McNeile saw his advantage, and followed it up.

"You see, you meant to be married to-day, but it is illegal to be married after twelve o'clock without a special licence, and it's past twelve now, so you can't be married to-day."

In an instant both his hands were seized in Graham's.

"My dear fellow, I don't think any one ever had such a friend as you are. How thankful my good old father will be to you. You have saved me from destruction."

"Not quite that, old fellow,—only from doing a silly thing; but we must think of Mary a little."

"Oh, I'll give her some money, and she'll find some better husband of her own class."

"Well, that's rather cool, I must say, Graham; have you no more feeling for her than that?"

"Oh, those sort of people have none of the finer feelings, they have no idea of anything like love."

McNeile stamped his foot impatiently.

"Come, come, Graham, don't judge the poor woman so hardly; if you won't see her, I will, and hear what she says."

He went to the room in which she had been sitting, but found it empty.

"The lady, sir, drove away in the fly about half an-hour ago," said the landlady.

McNeile went back to Graham.

"You go back on board, old fellow, and I'll look her up and see what arrangement I can make for you;" and without waiting for the torrent of thanks he saw was coming, walked off towards Portsmouth.

After making some inquiries, he found out her address, and was surprised to find a neat cottage in a garden. The door was opened by a sickly-looking, but very neatly dressed old woman in tears.

"Does Mary H— live here?"

"My daughter, sir, has just come in, but she is too much upset to see any one." The old lady evidently took McNeile for one of Graham's friends.

"I assure you I am heartily ashamed of my shipmate, but I think she has had a happy escape."

"She never would have listened to him if it hadn't been to get a better home for me; she's the best daughter that ever lived, sir," and the poor old mother's tears flowed afresh.

"I was commissioned by Mr. Graham to ask her to accept a sum of money as some slight acknowledgment of his error."

The old woman's cheeks flushed.

"Please to tell Mr. Graham, sir, that there are some wounds money cannot heal."

McNeile was puzzled. His mission seemed a failure. In a moment or two Mary herself, her wedding dress exchanged for her everyday one, came to the door.

"I have brought you, sir, this note to Mr. Graham, if you'll please give it him. It's just to say I hope never to meet him again; that he shall never hear anything from me about this, if he'll leave me alone; and I hope he will find some one fitter to be his wife, but he'll never meet one who loved him better." So ended Mary's wedding-day.

L. E. D. T.

FRANKS AND FRANKING.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I beg to thank you for the interesting paper on the Franking Privilege, which appears in No. 298 of *ONCE A WEEK*,* entitled "A Forgotten Mania," and hope you will allow me to supplement the writer's statements by some additional information of my own. When the rates of postage were high, people naturally tried to get rid of it as much as they could, and official and parliamentary persons were very successful in the attempt. The Sovereign had the privilege of sending his or her letters post-free, then the royal family, then the ministers, then the members of both Houses of Parliament. But not only so; members had the privilege of franking their friends' letters as well as their own, to the extent of a certain specified number every day. Multitudes of letter-covers are now carefully preserved, because they have the autograph of the Duke of Wellington or some other distinguished man on the outside—the autograph having served to frank the letter through the post. Further than this; members' servants were wont to beg large parcels of such blank but franked covers, and then to sell them. So grossly was the privilege abused, that about the middle of the last century it was computed that the revenue lost as much as 100,000*l.* a-year by this nefarious mode of avoiding postage. A few weeks ago, Mr. Scudamore, now Senior Assistant-Secretary at the Post Office, found an old volume among the records of the establishment, containing entries relating to 1703, and two or three adjacent years; and this shows what sort of things were franked through the over-sea packet post in the early days of Queen Anne's reign:—

Three suits of cloaths for a nobleman's lady at the Court of Portugal.

A box containing three pounds of tea, sent as a pre-

sent by my Lady Arlington to the Queen Dowager of England, at Lisbon.

A case of knives and forks for Mr. Stepney, her Majesty's Envoy to the King of Holland.

One littel parcel of lace, to be made use of in clothing Duke Schomberg's regiment.

Two bales of stockings for the use of the Ambassador of the King of Portugal.

A box of medicines for my Lord Galway, in Portugal.

Some parcels of clothing for the clothing-colonels for my Lord North's and my Lord Gray's regiments.

A deal case with four fitches of bacon for Mr. Pennington, of Rotterdam.

Living beings were franked as well as lifeless commodities:—

Eleven couple of houndes for Major-General Hompesch.

Fifteen couple of houndes, going to the King of the Romans.

But to carry human beings by post was the crowning achievement of all:—

Two servant-maids, going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen.

Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries.

We are not told that Dr. Crichton and the cow were stamped before being posted; at all events we do not imagine that they had postage stamps affixed to them.

I am, sir,

Your faithful servant,

June 20th.

CURIOSUS.

"THE TIME WILL COME."

Enjoy the spring, enjoy the spring,

The young year's happy day;

The time will come, the time will come,

When 'tis nae langer May.

Gather the bonnie flowers that youth

Around yer path has strown;

The time will come, the time will come,

When youth's for ever flown.

Cherish the friends that now are yours,

Let naething love offend;

The time will come, the time will come,

When ye may lack a friend.

Oh! love sae lang, as love ye can,¹

Oh! love sae lang ye dare;

The time will come, the time will come,

When ye shall love nae mair.

Oh tak yer lassie's hand in yours,

Gaze on her beauty rare;

The time will come, the time will come,

When she's nae langer fair.

Oh! ca' yer bairnies round yer hearth,

And pit them an yer knee;

The time will come, the time will come,

When they'll nae bairnies be.

Oh! live sae lang, as live ye can,

Oh! live sae lang ye may;

The time will come, the time will come,

When life is ta'en away.

MARGARET SWATNE.

* See Vol. XII. p. 316.

THE FALL OF CASTLE GARDOVAL.*



STOEWLY on the changeless mountain crumbles Castle Gardoval ;
 Slowly stone from stone is sundered ; slowly sinks the shattered wall.

* Gardoval is in the Engadine, not far from Samaden. The destruction of the castle at the beginning of the fifteenth century was the signal for the rising of the whole tract of country.

Winters twenty score have blasted keep and wall with
 wind and hail
 Since its crown of cursed turrets frowned secure o'er
 all the vale.
 Coarse and cruel, feared and hated, reigned the Lord
 of Gardoval ;
 Feared and hated, every henchman, drunken nightly in
 his hall.

Not a tender maid but shuddered when his wicked smile she met;
 Not a lad but ground his teeth, and dreading dared a muttered threat.
 Tillers mourned their toil made fruitless; plunder swooped the herds among,
 Scarce a home no raid had blackened, scarce a heart but hid a wrong.
 Smiled no sire to see his maiden grace by grace her charms unfold;
 Sadly through the weeping valley whispering woe the river rolled.

Resting at his door at evening, Karl the herdsman true and strong,
 Watching through the curling tendrils heard his daughter's sunset song;
 And the flood of artless music as it filled his anxious ear,
 Roused a beating of his pulses half of love and half of fear;
 Though by keenest torture threatened, though by richest bribe beguiled,
 "As my love preserved the mother, so my love shall guard the child."
 Then he turned to greet her gently: "after all it may be well;"
 And the shadow of a horseman o'er the vine-clad threshold fell.
 "Hear me, caitiff!" cried the rider, "I have marked thy daughter's grace,
 And methinks that now my castle is for her the fittest place:
 Bring her hither, man, to-morrow, veiled and jewelled like a bride;
 Disobey, and thou shalt dangle on my gibbet! Stand aside!"
 Clashed his scabbard on his stirrup as the tyrant rode away.
 Where did Karl the herdsman wander till the dawning of the day?

When the morrow's sun was highest Karl the herdsman clomb the steep;
 Of the score of friends behind him not the gentlest deigned to weep.
 Stern and still he sought the gateway, and his daughter at his side
 Walked as walketh one that dreameth, veiled and jewelled like a bride.
 Wide the gate was open; horrid hung the iron fangs above;
 And the eager Tyrant waited there to seal his loveless love.
 "Dog, 'tis well!" he shouted, lifting churlishly the maiden veil;
 And his wicked lips were pouted to impress her cheek so pale.
 Ere the taint had touched its whiteness, flashed a score of thirsty knives.
 "Strike!" a score of voices clamoured, "for our daughters and our wives!"
 Blows and shouts of slain and slayers clashed and rang through Gardoval,
 And a purple stream went winding thick and smoking through the hall.
 Once the tyrant muttered faintly; once his minions turned to bay;
 Lifeless round their lifeless chieftain tangled heaps of corpses lay.
 Of the score that with the maiden sworn to save her clomb the steep
 Ten came down again in triumph, ten as happy slept their sleep.

Sank the sun; but fitful flashes lit the keep of Gardoval,
 Flame-tongues licked the falling night clouds; crashed the roof-tree of the hall.
 Rose the sun and mocked the embers with his morning stream of gold,
 And the river gladly rolling through the vale the tidings told.
 Every soul within the hamlet bowed before the blessed tree,
 Hailed the carved Christ, and chaunted hymns of thanks. The vale was free. B. J.

THE LADY OF THE HAY-STACK.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the examination had proceeded thus far, it was found that the young prisoner was beginning to prevaricate about the circumstances of her history. Yet even after this was discovered, she persisted in solemnly declaring that her narrative previous to quitting the house in which she had been educated, was true in every particular, and although questions were put in every form possible, she always repeated the above facts with the same earnestness and simplicity. She then related as follows the story of her departure from the place of her education. Soon after the stranger's last visit, the ecclesiastic who had attended her from infancy, came to inform her that her protector was no more, and that before he expired he had ordered that she should be conducted to some convent in France, and that she must be ready to set out in a few days. At the end of a week he returned in a post-chaise, into which he handed her and Catharine, and then got into it himself. She cried much at leaving the person she called "mamma;" not entirely on account of the pain she felt at the separation, but also because she was afraid of the convent; for the inquiries she had made in the week preceding her departure had given her the most frightful ideas of the place to which she thought herself condemned. She could not tell what towns she passed through; but on her arrival at Hamburg, the priest dismissed her attendant, and made her embark on board a vessel, freighted for Bordeaux. The moment they set sail, a man, apparently about fifty years old, offered her his services, and said he would take care of her during the voyage. On their arrival, this man took her to the house of a German merchant; his wife placed her with Madame Guillaumot, with whom she had lived during the whole of her residence at Bordeaux. A fortnight after her arrival at that lady's house, a letter was brought to her, addressed to Mademoiselle Felicia Juliana de Schönan, which name the priest (on her leaving Bohemia), told her she was in future to consider as

her own. This letter Madame G—— read to her by her desire. It contained directions for her conduct, and assurances that she should be amply supplied with money; she was advised to remain with Madame Guillaumot, and to persuade her to dismiss all her other boarders, and to devote her whole attention to her alone. This letter had neither date nor signature, and enjoined her to forbear making too curious inquiries. Some days afterwards, a gentleman called upon her, and without any preface, put into her hand a purse of a thousand louis d'or, which he said he was directed to advance to her for the purchase of furniture. She asked whence the money came, on which he begged her to make herself easy, and not be inquisitive.

She then took a house, and furnished it; Madame Guillaumot went with her as her companion, and she lived at Bordeaux amongst people of the best standing until the day of her imprisonment.

The manner in which she related the circumstances of her embarkation at Hamburg appearing improbable, Count Cobenzel told her it was evident that her story was untrue. He desired her to remember what he had before told her, that the only way to obtain the favour and protection of the empress was by being truthful and sincere. Only on this condition had he offered her his best services, but having deceived him, he would now abandon her to the consequences of her imposture. She became greatly confused, and the Count having risen as if to depart, she held him by his clothes, throw herself at his feet, and with many tears said she had much to relate, but that she could not proceed in the presence of M. de Nény's secretary. When that gentleman had withdrawn, she again fell on her knees, and entreated the Count to take compassion on her, confessed that she had deceived him in the account of her embarkation at Hamburg, but called Heaven to witness that all she had said concerning her residence in Bohemia was absolutely true in every detail. She then gave another version of her departure, which was this:—When the priest came to take her from her house in Bohemia, he said he was going to place her in a French convent. All the horrible stories she had heard from Catherine and her mamma of the misery of those places came back to her mind with so much force that she formed the design of delivering herself by flight from this captivity. No opportunity for executing her plan occurred until her arrival at Hamburg, where her alarm was so much increased by the sight of the sea and the ships, that the night preceding the day fixed for her departure, she rose from

Catharine's side whilst she slept, made a small parcel of some linen, took the blue purse with the three pictures, and the ducats given her by the stranger, and at daybreak left the city. She walked a long time till, exhausted with fatigue, she took refuge in a farmer's barn, and fell asleep. Here she was discovered by the owner, who, struck with her youth and distinguished manner, offered her the use of his best bed in a small room, which she accepted. Her fears not allowing her to remain so near the town she quitted her host, who refused to accept any remuneration for his kindness. Mounting a wretched carriage, she then took the road towards Sweden, but the third day of her journey she fell from the vehicle, and received such a dangerous wound in her head that it was found necessary to take her to a neighbouring inn, and to procure the assistance of a surgeon. A Dutch family, happening to stop at this inn on their way to Pomerania, insisted on defraying the doctor's expenses, and requested her to join their party. She mentioned their names, and also that of a Lutheran clergyman, who, when this narrative made its appearance, was tutor to the children of a merchant at Hamburg. Proceeding to Stockholm, she left her fellow-travellers, and took a lodging at the house of a German woman, whose husband held a small post under Government. This person was fortunately a woman of great integrity, and conceived the strongest attachment for her. During Mademoiselle La Frülen's residence here, she was one day informed by her hair-dresser that the Count Belgioioso, the Imperial Ambassador, was making strict inquiries for a young lady who had eloped from Hamburg. La Frülen, who began to form some idea of the consequences of her flight, and was more terrified by the apprehensions of poverty than the thoughts of a convent, declared that she was the person; and allowed her informant to make this discovery to the ambassador. The following day she received a note from the Count, inviting her to his house. This note was read to her by a girl named Sophia, who attended on her, and she at once accepted the invitation. The Count received her with every mark of respect, and having satisfied himself from her replies that she was the person he was in search of, he told her that he was instructed to take the greatest care of her, and would call upon her to see that she was in suitable lodgings. She accepted the money he offered her, because her blue purse was empty; and when he visited her the next day, he told her that he should procure more commodious apartments for her near his own house. These rooms were in the house of a trades-

man; she removed to them two days after, taking Sophia with her, and the Count sent her a lacquey, and furnished her with provisions from his own table. Not long after this, she removed, by his own desire, to the Count Belgioioso's house, having, as he said, been still more strongly commended to his care and protection. She further said that during this residence, she was so affected by the sight of a picture resembling the stranger whom she had seen in Bohemia, that she instantly swooned. (This circumstance was confirmed in a letter by the Count, who mentioned that it was the portrait of the Emperor Francis.) It was some time before she could be restored, when a violent fever succeeded, and nearly proved fatal. Her illness lasted six weeks, during which she grew much taller, and was so altered that she looked thirty years old, although she was only a little more than sixteen. About the time of her elopement from Hamburg, the daughter of a merchant of that city had gone off with a young Englishman. This event coming to the ears of Count Belgioioso excited suspicions in his mind of the truth of her statements, and led him to believe that she might be the merchant's daughter, and not the young lady who had been so earnestly intrusted to his care. Accordingly, on her recovery, he told her he had received advice from Hamburg that she had quitted that city in the company of a young Englishman. She solemnly denied the charge, but at last, wearied out by the Count's persistence in the accusation, she confessed herself guilty of what she knew to be false. The consequence was such as might naturally be expected, and the Count advised her to return to Hamburg, giving her twenty-five louis d'or to defray the expenses of her journey; she was then placed under the care of a merchant who was returning to that city. On her arrival at Hamburg she anxiously inquired for the persons she had so abruptly quitted, and walked every day on the quay, and in the most frequented places, in the hope of meeting them. In one of these rambles, a man who appeared to be about fifty years old, and had followed her at a distance, at length accosted her, and proposed to her to go to Bordeaux. She consented the more readily, as this was the place for which the priest had wished her to embark, and she imagined that by following the plan originally laid down for her, she should the more easily meet with those who interested themselves in her fate. What she had previously stated of this man's having attended her on the voyage was, she said, strictly true. She then continued her history as follows:—

Soon after she had taken a house of her own,

to which she was accompanied by Madame Guillaumot, she received an anonymous letter, in which she was directed to go to the Duke de Richelieu, and ask that protection of which she stood so much in need. This the writer urged her more earnestly to do, as the Duke was already acquainted with her history. Accordingly, she repaired to that nobleman, who informed her that he had received a letter from the Princess of Auersberg, recommending Mademoiselle de Schönan in the strongest terms to his protection. He made her a thousand offers of service, and, according to his usual fashion, said more than he ought to have done. She burst into tears, fell on her knees, and implored his compassion, when the Duke raised her and apologised for his thoughtless words.

A few days after he called upon her, and earnestly recommended her to learn the French language. He paid her several other visits, always treating her with the greatest respect. She was a constant guest at all his entertainments, and when questioned concerning her, he invariably replied, "She is a lady of great distinction." During her residence at Bordeaux, she had two very advantageous offers of marriage, one of which was from the nephew of M. de Ferrand, a councillor of the parliament of Bordeaux, but she refused both, conceiving herself bound to perpetual celibacy by the promise she had made to the stranger in Bohemia. As to her pecuniary circumstances, it has already been observed that a person unknown presented her with a purse containing a thousand louis d'or. Through the same channel she received at different times about one hundred and fifty thousand livres (6250*l.* sterling), without being able to discover to whom she was indebted for this munificent allowance. These circumstances corroborated her supposition that she belonged to a very wealthy family; and she spent the money as fast as she received it. Her remittances suddenly stopped, and as she made no alteration in her style of living, she soon contracted debts to the amount of sixty thousand livres, which remained unpaid at the time of her being arrested. In the distress to which the threats of her creditors reduced her, she resolved to fabricate several letters, which, when read at her examination, she acknowledged to have been dictated by herself. These were, the letter to Count Cobenzel, dated "Vienna—from my bed—two in the morning," that signed Count de Weissendorff, another to the Emperor, directed to him at Florence, another to the Bavarian Minister at Paris, and lastly, the letter to the King of Spain, which had led to her apprehension. Although

she frankly confessed that all these epistles had been sent by her, at the same time she declared her perfect ignorance of that signed "Count Dietrichstein," and of several others which the Counts Cobenzel and Nény had received concerning her.

Such was her simplicity, that it was perfectly impossible to make her sensible how highly criminal she had been in procuring letters to be forged on a subject of so much importance. Nay, she even persisted in declaring that she thought she had acted rightly, and defended her conduct on the following grounds: The extraordinary manner in which she had been brought up, the conjectures she had formed concerning her parentage, the portraits which gave such weight to these conjectures, and the large sums of money that had been remitted to her, naturally tended to excite and confirm the suspicion that she really was the Emperor's daughter. This suspicion she had never communicated to any person, but finding herself all at once entirely forsaken, she concluded that the person who had been commissioned to furnish her with money was dead, and that her supplies ceased only because her residence was not known, as he alone probably might have known her abode. As she, however, imagined that her father might have intrusted more than one person with the secret of her birth, she hoped by writing to all the most illustrious servants of the house of Austria to meet with some one acquainted with her history, by whom she might be placed in the position originally intended by her father. These letters she did not write in her own name, being unwilling to expose herself to the troublesome curiosity of those who, not being in the secret, would immediately make inquiries respecting her birth. She concluded that if only one of these letters should fall into the hands of any person acquainted with her history, that person would probably know more particulars of her life than she did; but in the meantime, as her suspicions were unsupported by positive proof, all she could say could not prevent her being looked upon as an impostor. She added that a strong argument of her conscious innocence, and of her firm persuasion that she was the Emperor's daughter, might be drawn from the circumstance of her having pointed out the place of her abode in all her letters; that all of them tended to put her in the power of the Court of Vienna, which alone was interested in punishing any deception. She declared that she had never consulted any one in the steps she had taken, and especially denied having sent the letter to the Duke de Richelieu signed "The Princess of Auersberg."

It should be observed that immediately on the receipt of this letter, the Duke returned an answer to the Princess, stating "That in consequence of her recommendation, he would treat Mademoiselle de Schönan with all possible respect, and would render her every service in his power." This letter was delivered by M. du Châtelet, the French Ambassador at Vienna, to the Princess, by whom it was not answered. Had she not written to the Duke, it is natural to suppose that she would at once have replied, "she knew no such person as Mademoiselle de Schönan." Hence it may be justly inferred that the Princess wrote the letter of recommendation, and also that she knew the mystery of the stranger's birth. This presumption was confirmed by the subsequent conduct of the Empress, who expressly desired her ministers to ask the Princess of Auersberg no question whatever on the subject. The information given by the prisoner, in the course of her examinations, concerning the late Duke of York, was likewise of considerable importance. On his arrival at Bordeaux, His Royal Highness sent to inform Mademoiselle de Schönan that he had something of great consequence to communicate to her, requesting her to appoint some time when he might see her without the knowledge of any other person. She replied that, as he wished for secrecy, she thought the most suitable hour would be at six in the morning, after a ball that was to be given by the Duke de Richelieu. His Royal Highness was there at the appointed time, and told her that the object of his visit was to inquire the amount of her debts, as he was commanded by a lady of distinction to give her a sum of money. She acknowledged that her creditors importuned her for 60,000 livres. He desired her to rest satisfied, and the same day sent her seven hundred louis d'or, adding that he would soon supply her with a sufficient sum to pay all she owed. Next day the Duke left Bordeaux.

Soon after this she became ill; one morning, while her secretary, M. St. Ger, was by her bedside, a letter was brought from the Duke of York, dated "Monaco." St. Ger began to read as follows:—"I was about to send you the remainder of the money; but after I had left your house, I received a letter which strictly required me to give you only a part. I have written to the Princess of Au—" Here she snatched the letter from the hand of her secretary, and would not allow him to proceed. When asked the reason of her conduct on this occasion, and who the Princess was that had been mentioned, she replied it was the Princess of Auersberg; that she herself did not know her, but the Duke of York

had told her that the Princess knew all about her, and was greatly interested in her behalf. When she stopped her secretary, it was that she feared the remainder of the letter might betray her own history, or say something more of the Princess, facts of which she wished St. Ger to remain in ignorance.

She then took from her pocket the Duke of York's letter, which M. de Nény read aloud. The remainder was as follows:—"I have written to the Princess of Auersberg, and have requested permission, at least to remit you the sum you require to relieve you from the importunities of your creditors, but——" Here the letter abruptly terminated. A few days after she received it she was told of the Duke's death. She sent to the persons appointed to examine his papers, requesting that her picture and her letters might be returned. One letter only was found, it was transmitted to her with the picture, and a portrait, which she afterwards presented to M. de Camerlany.

Such was the substance of the information obtained in the examination, which occupied twenty-four sittings. The Counts Cobenzel and Nény agreed that it would be better to place the unfortunate girl in a convent until time should throw some light on this mysterious affair. This opinion they were about to transmit to Vienna, when Count Nény received a letter from his father, who was private secretary to the Emperor, stating that, from the particulars of the examination, His Imperial Majesty had formed a very disadvantageous idea of the stranger, and was determined to treat her with the utmost severity. Soon after this, Count Cobenzel was attacked by an illness, which proved fatal. The day before his death, after having received the sacrament, he told a friend who had been informed of all the circumstances relating to the stranger, that he had just received despatches from Vienna charging him to acquaint the court with the prisoner's whole history, by no means to dismiss her, and to take no step without fresh orders. He alluded to a letter he had received from Prince Kamitz, which, after he had read, he immediately burned, adding, as he did so, "You see an honest man's opinion will sometimes prevail." The Count expired on the following day; had it not been for this event, the affair would probably have taken a different turn. If similar orders were sent to any other person, they arrived too late, as four days after the Count's death, the stranger was taken out of prison, and conducted by a sub-lieutenant of the *maréchaussée* of Brabant to Quievrain, a small town between Mons and Valenciennes, fifty *louis d'or* were put into her hands, and

she was abandoned to her destiny. Such was the account communicated by Count Coroning (nephew of Count Cobenzel), who was present at the examination. This narrative brings down the history of Mademoiselle La Frülen to the year 1769. If we suppose her to have been the same person as Louisa, there is a chasm of seven years in her history till her discovery near Bristol in 1776, a chasm that will now never be filled up. Louisa, as we have already stated, was placed under the care of Mr. Henderson, the keeper of a private asylum at Bitton, near Bristol. From the accounts of different persons who visited her, the following particulars are collected:—They contain so many striking coincidences with the narrative as scarcely to leave a doubt that the subject of it was the girl known by the name of Louisa. If this first conclusion be correct, a second which results from it is, that in all probability "La Frülen" was a natural daughter of Francis I. Emperor of Germany.

A gentlewoman, a native of Altona, and wife to the captain of a Danish ship, once went to see Louisa when she was under the haystack. With her she conversed in German, and told her she had lived at Sleswick, and had been in a convent from which she had escaped with her lover. This foreigner was a well-bred woman, who, by misfortune, was reduced to be a superintending servant in the very house in which Louisa had been imprisoned, and had had the chief care of her. Louisa, remembering the former confidence she had reposed in her, was offended at the sight of her, and could never be prevailed upon to renew the conversation, though she would frequently use short German sentences when she had any favour to ask of her attendant.

After the appearance of the translation of the French narrative, more particular attention was paid to discover the scars described in the account of Mademoiselle La Frülen. It was found that Louisa had a very large one on the lower part of her head, behind her ear, and another in the breast, which appeared to have been a considerable wound.

She seldom rose from her bed of straw, on which she lay very quietly, and was perfectly harmless and stupid, except on any attempt to dress her, or to put her on a comfortable bed. Notwithstanding the injuries her situation and mode of life must have caused to her looks, she had still a very interesting countenance. She had fine expressive eyes, her complexion, although wan, was not sickly, her under jaw projected a little, and some fancied they could distinguish something of

the Austrian lip. As far as her position would permit, her movements and attitudes were those of a person in a superior station of life ; her manner of reaching out her hand was done in a peculiarly graceful manner. She applied the term "papa" in a vague and incoherent manner, sometimes to Mr. Henderson, and at others to some unknown person to whom she talked of going. One day, when asked by a gentleman if he should drive her to Bohemia, she answered, "That is papa's own country." It may be remarked that this answer came from her in a perfectly fair and direct manner, after she had been talking and laughing, and might, therefore, be supposed to be off her guard. In spite of her miserable condition, she did not appear to be unhappy.

Having remained for a considerable time under the care of Mr. Henderson, Louisa was removed as incurable to Guy's Hospital, Southwark, where she continued to exhibit the same degree of mental derangement to the last. The contraction of her limbs from exposure to cold in the fields, and from her propensity to remain inactive, rendered her an object of the strongest compassion. Mrs. Hannah More and her sisters continued to supply the extra wants of the poor solitary stranger until her death. This event took place suddenly on the 18th of December, 1801 ; her remains were interred in the ground belonging to the hospital, the expenses of her funeral being defrayed by her former benefactress. Having finished this narrative, the reader must be struck with the merciful dispensation of Providence in withdrawing the gift of reason from the unfortunate Louisa. Had the faculties of her mind remained unimpaired, the remembrance of her past life, and the vicissitudes she was destined to undergo in the present, must have embittered her days, and rendered her existence almost insupportable. Compared with such misery, the poor maniac enjoyed a state of comparative happiness in the indulgence of her childish whims, and an insensibility to the woes of her condition.

There is also another lesson to be derived from a perusal of this melancholy history, which he who runs may read. C.

LIMBURG.

In the month of July, 1864, I quitted London for a fortnight's visit to some English friends residing in the province of Limburg, in the Netherlands ; and in the hope that the information contained in the following slight sketch may be of some little service to those of my countrymen who are meditating a resi-

dence abroad, and who are desirous of settling in a locality in which they may combine economy in living with the enjoyment of pretty scenery, I offer this short paper to their notice.

I took my ticket to Aix-la-Chapelle, and also provided myself with a passport, as reports were rife in England which led me to imagine that an Englishman was not likely at that time to meet with a very cordial or even civil reception from the Prussians, through a portion of whose territory I should have to pass, and who were exasperated by our display of national exultation at the naval defeat they had lately sustained from the Danes.

However, I found the officials at the frontier exceedingly polite, and the only difficulty I experienced was on account of a bamboo fishing-rod, which I was conveying to a lady in Holland ; this harmless article was examined, and re-examined, apparently under the impression that *something*—of what nature it would be hard to say—might be concealed in the hollow of the butt. Aix-la-Chapelle is so well known to tourists and travellers that I will not dwell upon it here ; the distance thence to the barrier is about three miles, when you enter at once on the province of Limburg, which was constituted a part of the Netherlands after the overthrow of Napoleon. Not far from the barrier the province converges to a narrow strip, lying between Belgium and the Rhenish provinces. The boundaries of Limburg are Prussia, and the provinces of South and North Brabant, Liege, and Antwerp ; it has good arable ground, abounds in a fine breed of cattle, and contains mines of iron and lead. Its capital, of the same name, the chief feature of which is perhaps a castle built of marble, is seated on a mountain near the River Wey, twenty miles east of Liege : it was taken by the French in 1793, and delivered up by them to the allies in 1814.

There is a striking difference between the appearance of the priests in Holland, and that of their *confrères* in Belgium, the latter in their three-cornered hats, fat, sleek, and jolly-looking, the former comparatively spare and lean, wearing the "chimney-pot" adornment, and altogether more resembling our English clergymen. The Bishop of the See of Limburg enforces a two days' fast in the week, namely, Friday and Saturday, which may partly account for the priests in his diocese not being in an equally plump condition. But I did hear it hinted that some of the ecclesiastics do occasionally overstep the Barrier on Saturday, and feast at their pleasure in the Lutheran domains. However this may be, I can testify to some of them being very cheerful and

friendly, and very agreeable companions. The conversation not unfrequently turned, "as is usual in polite circles," on eating and drinking, that topic of such cosmopolitan interest! One *canonicus* had just been visiting England, where he seemed to have been pleased with most things, above all, with the bitter *El* (ale); but he by no means appreciated some green gooseberry tarts. The German wines he pronounced abominable as compared with good English port. The inhabitants of Limburg are a quiet, contented, industrious race, civil and obliging to strangers, and primitive to a degree. Should a peasant who knows you meet you on the road he will cross himself, kiss his hand, and extend it for you to shake; and you would greatly wound his feelings by refusing to respond to this act of intended courtesy. Considering the price of provisions, the labourers are well paid: their wages are about fourteen pence a day, with two supplies of bread-and-butter and coffee. Their costume is very simple, and although the sun was broiling hot, I do not recollect to have seen one peasant child wearing either hat or cap, or other covering to protect the head. The wages of domestic servants are very low; a good cook receives 5*l.* per annum, and other maids 4*l.*, for which they toil like slaves from morning till night; besides the usual culinary and house-work you will notice them milking the cow, tending the goat, cleaning the fish-pond, &c. And all this seems to come as a matter of course, for they are happy, and well satisfied with their lot, and ready to oblige. Before the château in which I was staying with my lady friends, there was a small reservoir for fish; it wanted cleaning, and in ten minutes' time the pretty cook Marite and the waiting-maid had appeared on the scene, and were soon busily engaged, throwing out bucket after bucket-full of water, until the fountain was dry. It would certainly be difficult to picture to oneself in the present day two English women-servants in their capacious crinolines similarly occupied! The clumped wooden shoes are a great institution in Limburg, for they cost but sixpence, and always keep the feet dry. Prime meat of splendid quality is little more than half the English price. Fruit is plentiful and very cheap, cherries being sold for three farthings the pound; Spanish chestnuts grow in profusion, and in winter the pigs are fed on them. Coffee is eightpence per pound; tea about two shillings; and sugar the same as at home. Game is abundant and inexpensive during the season. The charges for wine and beer are extremely reasonable; my friends and I drank the latter, of very good and wholesome quality,

at little more than a halfpenny the bottle, though I need hardly add that it was not of a strength to be quite palatable to the British farmer, nor does it possess the exhilarating properties of Bass's Pale *El*, which was so much admired by my clerical friend.

There is a poll-tax to which—as its name implies—all are liable in Limburg, of three guilders per annum; and windows and various other items are taxed, not, however, at a heavy rate, with the exception of the house-tax, which is very high: for a house and garden, of which the rental is about 26*l.* sterling, the taxes amount to nearly 12*l.* House rent itself is very low, the chief difficulty being to find an abode small enough for one's requirements, for the Limburg châteaux are mostly of considerable size, having been of yore old feudal castles, with moat and drawbridge. Many of them may be hired at from 20*l.* to 25*l.* a year, the taxes perhaps amounting to another 10*l.*; then the tenant will in all probability have from three to seven acres of land annexed, and the fruit and vegetables, with grass sufficient for a cow, will almost cover his rent. Every château has also its fish pond, generally well stocked with perch, eels, &c., though the fish do not run very large, owing to the prevalent custom of drawing off the water every second or third year. They are expensive articles of food to purchase, owing to the great demand for the fast-days, and the distance from the sea. Yet there is no lack of pike, eels, carp, tench, and especially perch, to reward the angler's patience; and many a dozen of the latter did I catch during my short residence in Limburg, in company with an ancient dame of eighty, who seemed to enjoy the sport no less than myself, remembering, as we landed perch after perch, that to-morrow would be the Bishop of Limburg's fast-day. There is no good river fishing, so far as I am aware, in the province; what there was in the Gule has been destroyed by the lead mines poisoning the stream, and consequently the finny tribes inhabiting it, for a distance at all events of some miles. The proprietors of these lead works are rather tenacious of allowing Englishmen to inspect them, owing to one having enticed away their principal workman some years ago.

The roads are for the most part excellent; that from Aix to Maestricht is paved the whole way, nearly thirty miles, and it is kept in as good order as when it was constructed by the prisoners during the occupation of the first Napoleon. A new postal convention has been concluded with the Netherlands, effecting certain alterations in the rates of postage between that country and Great Britain. A

letter prepaid, not exceeding the half-ounce, is charged threepence, with an additional rate for each additional half-ounce, or fraction thereof.

The Dutch treat their animals with great humanity; the horses look sleek and fat, and though the whip is loudly and repeatedly cracked, it is seldom put to any other use. The sheep literally follow their shepherd wherever he goes; if he crosses a stile they take it one by one after him as naturally as possible. The sheep-dogs are even more sagacious than our own, and I was told that they are often purchased and taken home by Englishmen. They and their masters are never absent from their flocks; when the latter are housed for the night, the shepherd retires to his crib close by, and sleeps with his faithful companion and watchful guard stretched at his feet.

A fair is annually held at Aix, very much resembling our old gingerbread fairs in England: in the streets are erected small booths, whereon articles of dress, fancy toys of every description, and different wares too many to enumerate, are exposed for sale. Vendors congregate on this occasion from all parts of the Continent; and as the neighbouring peasants and servants are fond of exchanging presents at fair time, it is the signal for a general holiday merry-making, and a pretty sight it is to watch them on their return home, radiant with the day's enjoyment, and laden with gimcracks, or other little gifts, for their sweethearts or their children. I believe almost every village gives a grand feast to the surrounding villages once a year,—a custom which I doubt not tends to promote a kindly feeling among the people. During my sojourn in Limburg, one of these fêtes was held at Monsou, and a certain friend of mine, a farmer, who came away in a very "jolly" condition, informed me that the company had devoured eleven cows, besides various other good things.

The country in the neighbourhood of Aix is decidedly pretty, and pleasing in its character, and some of the Limburg villages are remarkably picturesque. Nowhere are the poor people's cottages kept more neatly and trimly than in this province; the walls clean and whitewashed, not a speck of dirt visible within, and every piece of brass polished as bright as new. Any old heirloom is handed down with the utmost care from generation to generation. In one house I saw a butter-churn, barrel-shaped, inscribed with the date of 1780; it had been in use almost daily for more than three-quarters of a century, and, but for its antiquated form, it might have been just made, so perfect was its state of preservation. From this same cottage I hired a boy to carry my

bag to the railroad, a distance of about seven miles; and I have since heard that, with the money he then received from me, he has purchased an umbrella, which will be transmitted to posterity, to chronicle the great event of which it is a memento!

I have already mentioned that some of the châteaux in Limburg are of a very ancient date. One of the oldest in the Netherlands, some six miles from Aix-la-Chapelle, and within a stone's throw of Belgium, was to be let last year (and possibly it may not yet have found a tenant) for a rental of about 30*l*. It is a romantic spot, surrounded by a moat full of fish, and a garden full of fruit; the mansion abounds in family portraits of bishops and warriors of a bygone day, and formerly the barons coined their copper money within its walls. The old baron, who is the proprietor of the place, lives in a secluded little village hard by, and is perhaps one of the last surviving specimens of feudalism, lamenting over the past, and growling at the present, notwithstanding that he is blest with daughters, whose loveliness might cause many a heart-ache, even in merry England.

The general features of Holland are too well known to require me to enlarge upon them within the limits of this brief paper, in which, as the reader will observe, I have confined myself chiefly to the endeavour to present to him a sketch of a province comparatively but little explored by English travellers. Should it be the means of inducing anyone of my countrymen to visit Limburg and judge for himself of its merits and advantages, I can offer him no better wish than that his experience of that region may be as happy and agreeable as my own.

HENRY CHESHIRE.

SCOURING THE THAMES.

At a time when princes, peers, bishops, statesmen, corporations, and philosophers, have joined in inaugurating the opening of one half of the great Main Drainage scheme for the Metropolis, we are forcibly reminded of the strange history of the Thames during the last few generations, and of the cost we are now incurring in scouring a river which we have done so much to injure. It bears on its bosom an amount of traffic altogether unprecedented; it has brought to English merchants a store of wealth almost fabulous; it supplies many hundred million gallons of water every week for domestic and manufacturing purposes; it affords a toll-free highway for scores of steamers and hundreds of row boats, which supplement the means of

transit afforded by street vehicles. The Thames does all this for us. And what do we do to the Thames in return? We abuse our privileges. We treat it as such a noble friend ought not to be treated. We take away from it much that it wants; we force into it much that it certainly does not want; we darken and obstruct its passage by numerous bridges; we allow railway people to obstruct it still more by their immense viaducts; and we make its banks as shamefully ugly as we well can make them.

We talk about scouring our poor old Thames now; and indeed it is time. What a change from the old state of things! Kings and queens, nobles and ladies, were wont to take their pleasure upon the Thames—having their water pageants and tournaments, their jaunts in gilded barges, their minstrelsy on the water in the serene evening hours, and sometimes their displays of fireworks reflected in the glittering stream. The Strand was *really* a strand—an open river-bank—studded here and there with noble mansions. It was not until the Temple Gardens were passed that pleasure-seekers on the river began to meet with anything like busy river-side buildings; and even eastward of these gardens there were many patches of green and shrub peeping out between the wharves. Then, on the other side of the river were pleasant fields, almost down to the water's edge. Lambeth Palace was something like a palace for an archbishop, instead of being elbowed by bone-boilers and glue-makers; and lower down, at Bankside, were two theatres to which visitors were rowed across the water. London Bridge was the only bridge over the Thames for many a mile; and thus the Thames-wherry was a recognised means of transit for all except east-enders. Especially was this the case before Queen Elizabeth and her subjects introduced the use of pleasure carriages. The watermen inveighed as loudly against innovations as the holders of vested rights usually do. Taylor, the Water Poet, who wrote in the time of James the First, launched out against the "trade spillers," as he calls the coaches, which were so numerous that

"Almost all the streets are chok'd outright,
Where men can hardly pass from morn till night,
While watermen want work."

The Thames continued, however, long after the time of this grumbling personage, to be a very favourite and delightful means of passage from place to place: the water was comparatively clean and clear, the atmosphere was not much vitiated by smoke, the obstructions were few and far between,

and there were many pleasant spots to look at on either bank.

But now, look at the bridges, striding and blocking up the river. London Bridge was, as we have said, the only one that spanned the stream within the limits of the metropolis, until about the middle of the last century. How this old bridge was patched up from time to time it would be quite a history to tell; but we need only say that it obstructed the Thames in a sad way, with its bulky piers and small arches. At length in the time of William the Fourth the present beautiful bridge was built, the forerunner of a vast series of improvements in the city. The next bridge was Westminster, opened in 1750. After requiring and receiving an immense amount of mending and strengthening, it was at length finally condemned, and has lately made way for a much finer structure. Then came Blackfriars Bridge, constructed by Mylne in 1764-5; like its neighbour, it was coddled up to make it last its time, and is now being pulled down to yield place to a better. The Thames had then a respite for a great number of years; until at length came in succession the ugly old wooden bridge at Battersea; Vauxhall Bridge (1816); the unequalled Waterloo Bridge (1817); the massive and bold iron Southwark Bridge (1819), recently thrown open toll-free by way of experiment; the once elegant Hungerford Suspension Bridge (now replaced by a more solid structure); the very cheap but superlatively ugly Lambeth Bridge, from Horseferry-road to Lambeth-stairs; and Mr. Page's pretty bridge at Chelsea. All these nine bridges, and another higher up at Fulham, burthen the Thames with piers, columns, abutments, and such like; but as they afford indispensable means of maintaining communication between the two sides of the river, it would be ingratitude to find fault with them.

What the Thames did *not* expect, however, was to be crossed by half-a-dozen railway bridges within the limit of the Metropolis. Who could have thought it? Not many years ago it was regarded as rather a reckless affair to throw a railway across the Thames from Battersea Park to Pimlico; and now let us see what we have come to. There is the South Eastern Company's railway bridge from near the Borough Market to the Steel-yard in Thames-street—when finished, it will be one of the widest railway bridges in the world, having five parallel pairs of rails, and throwing a very unpleasant shade on the river beneath. Then there is the rival Chatham and Dover Company's railway bridge at Blackfriars, a beautiful structure in itself, but so

close to the other Blackfriars Bridge that the Thames is and will be darkened between them, and the architecture of each will interfere with that of the other. Next in order is the new Charing Cross Bridge of the South Eastern Railway, with its four lines of rails and its two pathways for foot passengers. Really it seems, judging from the millions spent in this way, as if the two rival Dover Companies expected that all the world would be constantly wanting to run down to that celebrated port. Fourth on the list stands the Victoria Bridge of the Brighton and other Railway Companies, at Pimlico; and, as if this were not enough, they are going to build another close alongside it, to accommodate the increasing traffic to and from Victoria Station. Lastly,—that is, lastly for the present,—there is the West London Railway Extension Bridge, some little distance beyond Cremorne.

These numerous bridges, while under construction, are a sad annoyance. The piles and barriers, caissons and coffer-dams, centerings and scaffoldings, block up the river abominably. Look at Blackfriars just at present, with the bulky timber piles preparing for the new bridge, the discord and rubbish connected with the removal of the old one, the labyrinth of timber supporting Mr. Cubitt's new temporary wooden structure, and the new railway bridge—all are as close together as they can be, and the waters of the old river find it no easy matter to get a clear stage for flowing. As for the captains of the penny steamers, their "ease her" and "stop her" are more abundant than ever, seeing that there are more chances than ever of bumping up against something or other.

Again, if ever a noble river was unhand-somely treated by the philanthropists and sanitary improvers, it is the Thames. Some years ago persons cried shame on the mode in which we drained (or did *not* drain) our houses. "By all means, or any means," we were told, "get rid of the refuse, and washings, and scourings, and send them decently out of sight; build drains and sewers in plentiful abundance, and be tidy and respectable." We *did* become tidy and respectable; but how? Everything that we didn't want, everything that was unpleasant to see or to think about, we forced into the river, polluting the water and the air alike. Through a hundred mouths, a hundred brick channels, was this done, until all the poetry of the "silent highway" was knocked out of it. One feels a savage delight in thinking that the Lords and Commons, in their splendid palace, were almost driven to desperation a few summers ago by the unsavoury odours arising from the Thames; it was *they*

who decided, by numerous statutes and legislative arrangements, that all the drainage of the largest city in the world should flow into the river which traverses that city; and it was right that they should have personal and sensible proofs of the consequences which would inevitably follow such a course. Before the main drainage began, there were *eighty million* gallons of refuse and dirty water flowing into the Thames every day, through the hundred mouths already mentioned. At Putney the Oxford and Cambridge crews did manage to find a little clear water to row in; but the colour deepened, and the consistency thickened, and the odour strengthened, every mile from that point eastward, until down at Wapping and Rotherhithe—well, let it be, as a thing not very nice to talk about. We are building magnificent main drainage works now, which, when finished, will certainly relieve the principal parts of the metropolis from a very grievous infliction.

Then the water supply: here is another grievance for our ill-used Thames. The grand scheme of Sir Hugh Myddleton, by which Hertfordshire was made to contribute to the water supply of London, brought a copious stream to reservoirs at Islington and Clerkenwell in 1613; and gradually in later years the custom was introduced of conveying the water from these reservoirs to the houses where it was to be consumed. All this was very well, so long as the Thames was not attacked; but now see what occurred. Fifty years before Myddleton's great work was finished, an ingenious Dutchman, one Peter Morris, erected an engine for raising water from the river at London Bridge; it was placed under the first arch on the Middlesex side, and was worked by the tide. Afterwards, the water flowing through some other of the arches was so dammed up as to furnish a stronger motive power for the engine, to the no small detriment of the navigation. Arch after arch was brought under the control of those who obtained the patent or privilege; and the engine became a very complicated mass of wheels, paddles, cranks, pumps, and pipes, by which water was raised to the surface of the streets, and there distributed for the use of the citizens. Those who can carry back their recollection to the year 1822, may perchance have seen the London Bridge Water Works, which were removed soon after that date, after an existence of three centuries and a half. When engineers and manufacturers found the way to make large iron pipes, then companies were formed for drawing water from the Thames, and distributing it through such pipes throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Thus

arose the Southwark, the Lambeth, the Vauxhall, the Chelsea, the Grand Junction, and West Middlesex Water Works—all depending on the Thames for their supply. But the water became dirty, and the drinkers became dissatisfied; learned chemists told us exactly how many thousandths of a grain of unpleasant substances there were in a glass of foul water; and Mr. Pepper, of the Polytechnic, showed us the queer animals which live and dance about in a drop of the fluid. So Parliament interfered, and compelled these companies to draw the water from the Thames at points *above* London, not *in* London; and the companies have expended very large sums in erecting works at Kingston, Thames Ditton, and Hampton. But what is the effect upon the unfortunate river? Our water being obtained beyond the limits of London, there is all that amount the less to flow down to the region of the bridges; and the consequence is that the Thames is becoming shallower and shallower. Fifty million gallons a day are taken from the river above Richmond (where the water is tolerably pure); and, as a natural result, the depth of water is becoming so much lessened that steamers no longer attempt a voyage up to Richmond, as they used to do, and even the Kew steamers are constantly sticking in the mud.

Among the many troubles which have befallen the Thames, and have kept the old river in doubt as to its fate, must also be reckoned all the various schemes for making quays, terraces, or embankments. After the Great Fire in 1666, Sir Christopher Wren was appointed Surveyor-General and Principal Architect of the City; and if the citizens had allowed him fair play, he would have made London such a place as it has never yet been. Fine streets well laid out, and an embanked quay from the Tower to the Temple, were possible *then*, because the Great Fire had made a clean sweep thereabouts; but petty opposition thwarted him; he was obliged to make crooked, narrow streets, and the embanking of the Thames was abandoned altogether. And so matters went on, during the reigns of Charles II. and the five following sovereigns. Just about a century ago, a very bold man brought forward a very bold scheme. His name was Gwynne; he appears to have been an architect and surveyor; and he published a book to show how London and Westminster might be improved by the construction of new streets and thoroughfares. His plan comprised, amongst other things, embanked quays on both sides of the river sixty feet in width, for vehicles and foot passengers; with another portion of

equal width, to be used as landing-quays, and to be backed by rows of good houses. Mr. Gwynne was born before his time; the world was not ready for him; *we* can understand him, but his contemporaries could not; and so his scheme fell to the ground. Then came a long period of little peddling improvements. At one time a kind of continuous wharfage was constructed east and west of Blackfriars, for a short distance; at another, the lofty embanked terrace at the Adelphi was formed—pleasant when the Thames was cleaner, but exposed to very sorry sights and odours in later days. Early in the present century, Mr. Jessop, the civil engineer, prepared for the Corporation a plan for the improvement of the Thames. It almost seems as if our Mr. Bazalgette was speaking in this same 1865, when we are told that “a river wall was to be constructed at some distance out beyond the then existing shore, and that the space behind was to be filled in with ballast dredged from the bed of the river: thus at once gaining new land and deepening the river.” The embankment was to extend from Blackfriars Bridge to the Tower. But the Corporation paid Mr. Jessop his fees, and wished him good-morning; the scheme was far too scientific for the Gog and Magog of those days. Afterwards they employed Mr. Mylne, and then Mr. James Walker, to make new surveys and to suggest new schemes; but with an equal lack of results.

It was just forty years ago that a series of movements began, having for their object the embanking of the Thames, *whether the Corporation liked it or not*. In 1824 Sir Frederick Trench made public a plan for embanking the north shore of the Thames from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, the embankment to be available as a public thoroughfare. The Crown was appealed to, the Corporation was appealed to, the Legislature was appealed to; and then a public meeting of eminent persons (including the evergreen Lord Palmerston) was held, to assist in the formation of a joint-stock company. The old Thames was pleased, for the meeting was held in a state barge moored off Whitehall; but the scheme came to nothing. The Crown wouldn't, the Corporation wouldn't, the Legislature wouldn't, and the capitalists wouldn't; and so Sir Frederick Trench was thoroughly checkmated.

The Corporation woke up afresh in 1831, and requested Mr. Mylne and Mr. Walker to make fresh estimates for new embankments on both sides of the river. The engineers did as they were told; but the Corporation went to sleep again, and slept soundly for several

years. They introduced a bill into Parliament, however, in 1840, for a vast embankment on both sides of the Thames all the way from London Bridge to Vauxhall. Mr. Walker estimated that the reclaimed land, at a rental of eighteen pence per square yard per annum, would defray the whole cost. It was too good to be true, or else too vast to be ventured upon; and so the scheme came to nothing, like so many others that had preceded it. A little plan in 1841 tried to obtain a better fate than the big one in 1840, but without success. Then came an immense amount of talking and writing in 1842, 1843, and 1844, in connection with the proceedings of the Metropolis Improvement Commissioners. Plans for embanking the Thames were brought forward by Sir Frederick Trench, Mr. Walker, Mr. Martin, Mr. Page, and other engineers; but the upshot of it was—*nothing*. After a time, the Marquis of Westminster and Mr. Cubitt made that fine embankment which now extends nearly from Vauxhall Bridge to Chelsea Hospital, nearly in a line with the older bit in front of Milbank Prison; but as for the busier parts of the river, people had done their talking, and there was an end of the matter for several years. In 1855 there was a rush of railway engineers; and among the many projects brought forward by them were several for forming railways either on or by the side of an embanked quay along the Thames. A Committee of the House of Commons behaved with great impartiality to all these schemes, by ejecting the whole of them; so there was an end of *that*. It was talk in 1856 and 1857, talk in 1858 and 1859,—nothing but talk. Meanwhile the Thames remained out in the cold, waiting to see what was to be done with him or for him. At length, however, came the Committee of 1860, empowered to decide how best to accommodate the enormous and rapidly-increasing traffic through the streets of the metropolis; and thence, after an enormous amount of fighting and struggling between Committees, Commissioners, Boards, Corporations, and Legislators, there at length emerged the two embankment schemes with which we are all more or less familiar; one, now in course of construction, from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars on the Middlesex side, and the other (about to be commenced) on the Surrey side.

How proud we shall be by-and-by, with our terrace-road a hundred feet wide, our ornamental balustrades, our piers and pedestals and lamps, our statues, and our flights of handsome granite steps leading down to the steamers and the boats!

GEORGE DODD.

THE FORSAKEN.

ATHWART the valley, thro' the glen,
With weary tread and woeful face,
Adown which tears each other chase,
She wanders from the haunts of men.

Her lips have lost the smile they wore,
And as she wends her way along
Hill-sides re-echo not her song,
That pleasant tune oft heard before.

But now there come borne on the wind
Wild mournful chants at early dawn,
Deep murmurs from a heart forlorn,
Out-pourings of a fever'd mind:—

Oh come! I wait for thee in vain,
I cannot yet forget the past,
Love is the key that locks it fast
Within the casket of my brain.

The days will lose themselves in years;
I know not, heed not, how they pass:
A future without *thee*? Alas!
'Tis a vast ocean filled with tears.

Then is the old time gone for aye?
Must I to love remain a slave?
Must my young heart e'en own a grave?
Shall youth in mourning pass away?

Or shall I thrust my sorrow by?
O'er-leap it, and shut-to the door
Of memory? recall no more
Those days I thought could never die.

Then was the April of my years,
The pale primrose of early love
Did bloom, and angels from above,
To nourish it, dropt down their tears.

Long-suffering Trust stood by, to shade
The plant from dark Suspicion's strife,
From Faith it drank eternal life,
Forgetful that the Spring might fade.

But soon Neglect, that wintry blast,
Moan'd by. It gently bowed its head,
It deem'd not summer days had fled,
It thought the storm would soon be pass'd.

Ah, no! Affection's cheering light
Has gone and left earth dark and drear,—
That plant within my heart is sear,—
Without, the day is changed to night.

Come, Sleep, my wearied thoughts confine,
Enfold me in a soft embrace,
That I in dreams may see his face,
May feel his heart-throbs beat 'gainst mine.

There is an ante-room where all
Are hastening with reluctant feet,
On level ground we there shall meet:
I would be waiting in that hall.

For then I should not wake and start,
Or stretch a hand to him in vain,
While every nerve and sense I strain,
To still the throbbings of my heart.

To hear his voice as in dream-life:
Ah no! 'tis hush'd and he is gone;
With tears I rise to greet the morn,
Heart-widow'd ere I am a wife.

"With tears," those fount-drops of the soul
Which well up from unfathom'd woe,
Mute-anguish-words, e'en as they flow
They groan for grief beyond control.

Words are but shreds with which I try
To staunch the bleeding of my heart—
They cannot, for the aching smart
Can ne'er be 'suaged until I die.

Oh Time! come quickly. Must I stay
To live without a thought of him
Until the light of earth grows dim,
And watch *alone* the dawn of day!

Must I greet Summer's silver morn
Alone? And thro' the dewy meads
Where leaves are gemmed with pearly beads,
And thro' the golden fields of corn—

Where he and I were wont to meet,
Then wander hand in hand along,
And list the throstle's warbling song
Away from town and busy street—

Go silently, without him now?
My other self, whose life seemed mine,
The man whose being seemed divine,
With Truth's fair seal upon his brow.

I never could deem *him* untrue,
The dimmest shade of doubt I fled;
Hope garnered in my heart instead:
But now I watch from dawn to dew:

From falling dew till dawn again,
While mantled night enwraps the world,
And ev'ry leaf in sleep is furled,
I wait and look for him in vain.

Oh! must drear Winter's evening glide
Into the early-ending day,
Without the beam of that soft ray
That shone when *he* was by my side?

And up th' ascending hill of youth,
And down the deepening slant of age,
Must life to me be one blank page,
Or if not blank, a tale of ruth?

Oh Time! come slowly. *Must* there be
The day when I shall see *her* face,
Who lured him from my fond embrace,
Who made him break his vows to me?

Who spread her net of tend'rest wiles,
And wrapt him in, and round him crept,
And sang so softly, till he slept,
And dull'd his mem'ry with her smiles?

Oh, Woe! I will not mate with thee,
For all so false this grief doth seem,
I sometimes think it is a dream,
And sorrow but the imagery

Fantastic, wild, of my weak brain:—
Come Time, come teach me such it is,
That sorrow-dreams but veil the bliss
That shall encircle me again.

I, waiting here from hour to hour,
Do list his voice in every breeze
That bares the winter-stricken trees
Bud-robbing every maiden's bower.

Impress'd on leaves, his face I see,
I hear his footsteps oft and oft;
The tread I know, so firm yet soft,
It comes along the sward to me.

Far off it comes: I turn me back,
Retrace my steps thro' mead and dell
To find the footprints loved so well,
And press my own feet in the track.

Last night I heard a wailing cry
Within; I neither moved nor spoke,
I know it now—my heart then broke,
I cannot live—I soon *must* die.

For virgin nature cannot bloom—
While owning aught as I so sad—
In all her fairness, gay and glad,
Until she blossom on my tomb.

'Tis night, and dark: I would go home—
Home have I none, for "*home*" is *rest*,
Yet hope low whispers in my breast
That soon the rest and peace will come.

To rid me of this weight of woe,
And to restore the peace *he* stole,
The angels now wait for my soul:
Theirs were the footfalls—I will go.

AGNES STONEHEWER.

FOUND DROWNED.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS. BY R. ARTHUR
ARNOLD.

CHAPTER IV. AMBLETON PLACE HAS A NEW MASTER.

IN "the street" of the village of Ambleton, conspicuous above all other houses, stood a square old-fashioned mansion, which had recently become tenantless. It was one of those places which it would ruin a modern builder to erect. The thick white-painted sashes of the small-paned windows were evidently framed in the days when glass was an article of luxury, and the front door would almost have stood a siege. A short wall ran from either end of the house to the street, where a heavy iron railing, mid-set with gates which were supposed to be ornamental, inclosed a parallelogram of garden, across which a broad stripe of white pavement led to the door. On one side of this walk was an evergreen, which some idiotic gardener had cut into a fantastic resemblance to a peacock; and on the other a holly-bush, which had been tortured by the shears into the shape of a gigantic acorn. For flowers, the garden now showed a fine display of chrysanthemums, and Michaelmas daisies. In spring it put forth daffodils and wallflowers, succeeded by a heavy crop of dragon's mouth. For all these this garden was famous; anything less orthodox and common would probably have been overgrown and outrooted by them as revolutionary, if we may suppose that the "language of flowers" can be spoken by petal and calyx.

This was the Dower House, belonging to the Elsdale family—the refuge for the dowager whom the arrival of a new lord at the Place deprived of the position of queen-regnant. Upon Sir Godfrey's death, the tenant, a London

merchant, had received notice to quit; and now Lady Elsdale and Edith were removing into this house, in order to make room for Sir Hugh at Ambleton Place.

The whole village was deeply interested in



See page 105.

the movement, and truly sorry. It was certain that Sir Hugh would receive no general welcome, for he had displaced,—the people thought he had dispossessed,—their favourite, Master Harry. Besides, it was contrary to

the general feeling of what was right, that Tom Page's grandson should be their lord and master; and though he himself didn't say as much, yet the old man seemed to feel that he himself had done something wrong.

He had been bedridden for two years, and when Edith Lander told him with a roundabout preface, kindly constructed to avoid a shock, that his grandson had come to England, and would take possession of the Place in a week, he was evidently rather saddened than gratified by the intelligence.

"I hope I shan't live to see it, Miss. I never had but one trouble, and that was when my poor gal run off with Master Hugh."

Edith assured him that that ought not to trouble him, that his daughter was a very superior girl, and that no doubt she had been a good wife.

"Ah! Miss," sighed the poor old man: "I feel now as if my sins was coming home on my head; I was so proud on her; I tried to make her too much the lady, as if the quality could be made out o' the likes o' we; and when she run off there was that poor fellow Binks as took directly to poachin' and drinkin', and a soberer honest young feller never lived till he broke his heart about she."

Edith found it quite impossible to console him for what she had regarded as his good fortune.

"I'm oneasy, too," he continued, "because it's a disappointment for you, Miss——"

"For me, Tom? Oh! dear no. Mamma and I will be as happy as ever at the Dower House."

"Ain't you got no thoughts o' Master Harry, Miss?"

Harry would have been happy enough if he could have seen the blush which now mantled Edith's lovely face.

"Ay, Miss, I'd rayther a seen you and him up there than my poor Ruth's lad."

"Me and Harry! Why, Tom, how can you talk such nonsense? We never thought of such a thing."

"Mayhap as you're the only ones that ain't, then, Miss; we've thought on it ever since yer was both in short petticoats."

Edith didn't dislike talking about Harry to this good old man, but remembering she had an engagement to meet her mother and Annie at the Dower House, she took one of his shrivelled brown hands in her white soft fingers, and, gently pressing it, wished him good-bye. The old man made an effort to detain her.

"I say, Miss," he said slowly; "no offence you know, Miss. I've knowed yer since you was a baby, and, if you won't take it on-kindly,—I've loved yer all them years,—I say, Miss," he repeated, "you've heerd about Binks—him as I spoke on along o' my poor gal. Now don't yer let Master Harry go like that poor feller went. No offence, I hope,

Miss." And the old man's weary eyes sought hers.

Edith made no answer; perhaps old Tom couldn't see her deep blushes, but a faint smile, like the sunlight in December, rested on his face, as she stooped and kissed the brown hand she held in hers. Did she feel that she was sealing a promise? Certainly she left Tom Page happy enough in that belief.

She had experienced great difficulty with her mother since the arrival of Mr. Tyler's letter. Sir Hugh's rudeness had disgusted Edith, and she determined to make no secret of her feelings. She had none of her mother's reverence for the family title, at all events she had little sympathy with the belief which seemed to be held by Lady Elsdale, that the Lord of Ambleton could do no wrong. For one thing, she was entirely free from the ambitious views which her mother entertained for her; yet she had a foreboding that Lady Elsdale's tenderness to the ungentlemanlike conduct of the coming baronet was influenced by the thought that he might be a possible, and would be regarded by her ladyship as the only proper suitor for her hand. But with the thought Edith had made quite a strong resolution, that she would take a very early opportunity of convincing her mother that this could never be.

She found Annie standing on a high stool, arranging books, and her mother looking on from out the depths of an arm-chair. Lady Elsdale was not, and had never been, an active woman. Small talk she loved, but if she had had a gossip with her maid, and gone through the necessary routine of dressing, and eating, and drinking, she never felt that she had done less than her duty during the day.

"Edith, dear," she began, "I'm so glad you have come. Annie wants to remove all the books that we called your library, but I think it might be offensive to Sir Hugh."

"When did Sir Hugh become entitled to such nice consideration from us, mamma?"

"And I want to take my dear Cossack out of the stable, but Aunt won't let me," said Annie, looking down from the high stool. "Uncle did give him to me, you know, Aunt," she added, her desire to save Cossack from Sir Hugh overcoming her repugnance to allude to Sir Godfrey's wish.

"How I am troubled, to be sure," sighed Lady Elsdale. "You girls would spoil the whole place, and make a lasting quarrel between us and Sir Hugh. As to his letter, I think we ought to make allowances for a man born and bred in an uncivilised place, like India, and with that poor dairy-maid of a girl for his mother. Pray, Annie, what is Harry

going to carry off? Does he want to move the roof of the house, or the timber?"

"Oh! poor dear boy," replied Annie sadly, and very busy with the books; "he wants to remove himself, that's all, I think, Aunt."

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"He's been frightening Mamma dreadfully, saying he shall go into trade, or to the diggings. He says he knows that now he shall never get on at the bar. To-morrow morning he returns to London. It is quite natural that he shouldn't wish to meet Sir Hugh, but we are so fearful that he will do something rash. Poor dear boy, it is a cruel disappointment for him."

"And is he not coming to bid us good-bye?" asked Edith hastily.

"I think he feels that he cannot just now," was Annie's reply.

"Then I shall ride down and see him this afternoon." The good little woman on the stool was still busy with the books, though if her Aunt had not been looking on, she felt she would have left her perch, and kissed Edith over and over again for this determined speech. As it was, she only experienced a thrill of pleasure, which communicated itself to nothing more sensitive than the stool.

Lady Elsdale would have liked to offer sufficient objections had she been able to do so. She rather feared a meeting between Harry and Edith just at present. She knew her daughter's generous nature, and that Edith, the heiress, would feel much more lovingly disposed towards Harry, the penniless, than to Harry the heir apparent. She feebly suggested that Edith could not, really ought not, to spare the time to go down to Mrs. Elsdale's; but Edith's resolve her mother never long opposed. And Edith had resolved to go, for she was almost trembling with anxiety, remembering what Annie had said about Harry, and perhaps thinking a little of poor Binks.

"You'll stay with Mamma till I return, won't you, Annie?"

The fair librarian loved her brother too well not to be delighted; and perhaps her joyful "Oh, yes, of course," did not improve her Aunt's temper during Edith's absence.

The mile between the Dower House and Mrs. Elsdale's cottage seemed shorter this evening than Annie had ever thought it before, although she walked, which was an unusual thing for her to do. She knew the reason when the cottage came in sight. In the Dower House she had spoken quickly and felt strongly for Harry, now she began to feel, not that she wished she had not come, but that she didn't know what she should say. She would do anything for Harry: but what

could she do? Perhaps Harry would not thank her for coming. Perhaps he would resent it as an insult to his misfortune; he might think she had come to offer him pity, and be offended, but then,—then perhaps if she asked him, begged him for her sake not to do anything rash,—not to leave his mother, and Annie, and—her; perhaps she ought to ask him this. It was her duty to do this, and she would go on. Yet it may be questioned whether Edith, thus facing the windows of Mrs. Elsdale's cottage was not quite as much entitled to the merit of bravery as a soldier storming a fortress from which the hollow-eyed guns frown out upon him.

"Sweet cousin, I'm so glad to see you," was her welcome from Harry, who was standing beside the gate as she entered the garden.

He strove to lay aside the care-worn and harassed look which Edith had still detected. And he had caught that dangerously sympathetic glance from her soft eyes, and felt all the worse for it.

"I've come to give you a good scolding, Harry," she said, "for thinking even of going away without bidding Mamma and me good-bye, when you know," she added archly, "we shall always be thinking of you while you are away."

"You will have enough to do to think of Sir Hugh." The weight of his trouble forced this ungracious remark from him.

"Harry, that is unworthy of you," she replied, her voice trembling.

"I'm a fool,—a beast, Edith. I know I am. I wish you had your horsewhip, and would thrash me as I deserve."

Edith laughed, and proposed they should go in, and see his mother. But when Harry said that she had gone out for an hour or two, Edith thought she must be returning home, and of course Harry would be her companion. She didn't wish to leave him yet, for she felt that she had not accomplished the object of her visit. She wanted to make Harry promise that he would not do anything dreadful, or go far away from them, and for this she felt ready to do or say almost anything.

Their way lay along a lane: such a lane! so wooded, so undulating, so full of Nature, that one could scarcely have been angry if it had falsified the proverb, and had no turning.

"What are you going to do in London, Harry?"

They had walked a few steps in silence, before Edith put this question, which seemed to be a judicious way of approaching the difficulty.

"Go into sugar, or invent a pill, or something," answered Harry, with forced gaiety.

"Why can't we go on as we did before?"

"We? I won't answer for you, Edith, but I think I've been an idle, good-for-nothing fellow."

Edith protested that he had not, and ended by saying something to the effect that it was natural for him to feel much disappointed at Sir Hugh's arrival.

"And Edith," he broke out, "I can't stop and see that fellow come and lord it down here: a coarse, vulgar brute! We should fight before a week was over."

What was she to do? Here was the best of all possible reasons for his going away, and yet she feared for what he would do if he left Ambleton. The Dower House was not far distant, and once there, the opportunity might be lost for ever, and Harry be ruined.

"But Harry," she pleaded, "when you are away you will remember that we all look to you as our natural protector: you know that we have no one else to look to."

"I'm not likely to forget you, Edith."

"Nor I you, Harry."

Never before had she said anything so encouraging as this. Had he all along mistaken her feeling towards him? Dared he go further? No! he dared not ask her love, when not a week had elapsed since he was disinherited. What would the world say? What would she think of him? So, though his heart bounded at her answer, he was silent.

"We may say anything to each other, mayn't we, Harry?" she continued; "you know that I can have no use for money down in the village: couldn't you borrow some of mine?"

"Don't, please don't; I shall go mad."

"You know we have always had everything in common, and I consider that my future belongs quite as much to you and Annie as to me," urged Edith.

"I wish you hadn't a penny," he groaned.

"Oh! Harry."

"Look here, Edith," he turned round suddenly, and stood facing her in the road; "I can't stand this any longer. I didn't mean to have told you, and perhaps a poor devil like me ought not to do so, but I can't help it. I feel that if I talked for a week I could not tell you how much I love you. I shall work hard, and be a happy, and I feel a good man while I work, if I may hope that I am winning the prize of your love. Then may I claim you for my own, when I have won a position in which I should not blush to do so?"

He spoke rapidly, wildly, hardly knowing what he said. Happy Harry, for the love-light in those eyes as she raised them and placed her hand in his.

"Dear Harry, there's my hand upon it." Then, at the rather pressing suggestion of his arm, she gave her lips, and then the world seemed quite a new place to Harry,—quite devoid of troubles, in which life consisted of a happy, loving pilgrimage, like to their walk along this Sussex lane.

"You have given me new life, dearest: I feel so happy," he said.

"Silly boy, I had little enough to give you, and that little was yours long ago."

But, happy as Edith was in confessing her love, she felt that this was not an auspicious moment for presenting Harry as her accepted lover to Lady Elsdale, so there ensued a sweet parting, continued by more and more distant adieux until Edith entered the gate of the Dower House.

Lady Elsdale was not watching Edith's face so intently as Annie did, or she also might have guessed what had happened. Yet possibly it was high diplomacy which made her mother—greatly to Edith's relief—content with one or two simple questions as to how she found Mrs. Elsdale, and when Harry would be returning home again.

The next morning they were to pay their last visit to Ambleton Place, to see that everything was ready for Sir Hugh, and that nothing they wished to remove had been left behind.

Soon after breakfast Annie called to go with them. Lady Elsdale was very melancholy. The girls tried their best to be gay and cheerful, but it was very difficult, for they all loved the great house, and felt that now the house and all the surroundings they knew and loved so well were to pass to a stranger, for they hardly felt disposed to regard Sir Hugh as a relative.

The old housekeeper bobbed a mournful curtsy as she admitted them: then they went from room to room, Edith and Annie wishing they might take this and that piece of furniture. Here was an old sideboard, under which they had played at "Wolf," with Harry for the beast of prey; and there a picture, a simple daub it looked, but Edith remembered that she had built many a childish theory upon its subject. Lady Elsdale was, however, very determined about not displacing anything which might suggest a removal to Sir Hugh.

For the last time Lady Elsdale took the head of the table at Ambleton Place, as they sat down to luncheon. It was a most dismal meal, her ladyship crying the whole time. The windows of the dining-room stood open to the floor. They were thinking sad thoughts, looking silently out to where the croquet arches

still stood, when they heard a steady crunch, crunch,—a firm footfall upon the gravel of the carriage-drive. Then a gentleman passed the windows, staring through at them. The front door seemed to be open, for the same firm step resounded upon the polished-oak floor of the hall, then the dining-room door was opened, and, with his hat in his hand, the intruder bowed to the ladies, who rose in some dismay.

It was Sir Hugh. Prosperity did not seem to have agreed with him; his face was pale, and this made its heavy, sensual cast look very unpleasant. He was certainly not much less confused than they were.

"Beg pardon, ladies, I'm sure," he began, fumbling the brim of his hat all the while with both hands. "I hope I don't disturb you, but fact is I couldn't stand it any longer, I wanted to see the place so desperate bad; you've heard of me, I s'pose, from Mr. What's-his-name: Hugh—Sir Hugh Elsdale."

"Yes, sir, we have heard of you, and we have been foolish enough to suppose that you would have the decency to observe the inconveniently short notice you gave us." This was Edith's greeting to the new baronet. How beautiful she looked! An angry queen, before whom even Sir Hugh felt miserably abashed.

"We shall not intrude long, sir," said her mother, whose tears had given place to offended dignity. She was adjusting her shawl, as Sir Hugh stammered:

"Sir Godfrey's widow, I presume," and, looking to Edith, "Miss—Miss Landor."

"Yes, sir, I have the misfortune to be your aunt." Lady Elsdale had not intended to quarrel with her nephew whenever they should meet; but she was taken unawares, and then his appearance and manner, his restless eyes, had not prepossessed her.

Whenever she had thought of Sir Hugh as a possible husband for Edith, this was not the sort of man her fancy had painted.

"I might have expected a warmer welcome," said he bitterly.

"Are you conscious of having done anything to deserve it?" was Edith's no less bitter retort.

"You must please yourselves," he said, sullenly. "But I'm going to have some lunch, and I'm d—d if you shall go away till I've finished." He locked the door, and, putting the key in his pocket, seated himself at the table. But he had scarcely done so before Edith was at one of the windows, and had jumped out. The leap was not more than a yard from the ground, but there were shrubs growing beneath, which made it

awkward. Lady Elsdale fainted; Annie rang the bell violently,—though she knew it would summon no more efficient assistance than old Mrs. Pridger, the housekeeper,—and then proceeded to loosen her aunt's bonnet and shawl.

Edith's intention was to run round to the stables and get assistance, but she had not gone far before she met Harry, and with him were Mr. Tyler and his clerk.

They had no time to explain their opportune appearance, for Edith began at once to tell them how Sir Hugh had locked her mother and Annie in the dining-room.

"Is that the window as you came out of, Miss?" asked the clerk, pointing in the direction of the dining-room.

The clerk did not wait her reply, but, making his way through the shrubs, nimbly scrambled into the dining-room.

"I ask your pardon, ladies." He could get no further before Mr. Tyler had followed him, and then Harry, who with both hands helped Edith to mount through the window. The old housekeeper was tugging at the door, but no one paid any attention to her.

Of all who were in the room Sir Hugh appeared to be the least disconcerted.

"The more the merrier, gentlemen," he said. "You've come to welcome me to Ambleton, I suppose. I'm here a day before I was expected; but, to say the truth, I was tired of London."

Mr. Tyler had made his way to Lady Elsdale, who had now recovered, while his clerk was near Sir Hugh. Just as the baronet finished speaking he drew his hand quickly from his coat-pocket.

But Sir Hugh saw the movement, and snatching a pair of handcuffs from him flung them out of the window.

"We shan't want the darbies this time," he said, with a quiet smile at the foiled detective. The others had scarcely seen this manœuvre, and were listening to Mr. Tyler.

"I'm afraid I have given you great trouble," he addressed Lady Elsdale: "I must explain my conduct. When this man," pointing to Sir Hugh, "left my office after his first visit, I had strong suspicions that he was an impostor. I at once sent for Mr. Matson, there," nodding to the detective; "communicated my suspicions, gave him an opportunity of seeing him at his hotel, and then wrote to you. I dared not say what I thought, lest you might betray your suspicions if he came down here before we had discovered his true character. Mr. Matson will tell you the rest."

"You see, my lady," began the detective, keeping one eye on Sir Hugh, "from information received, I looked after him," jerking his

head towards the baronet, "and directly I set eyes on him I knew it wasn't the first time I'd seen him. Then, when I found him paying a visit in Providence Row, I was certain sure he was Jem Duncan. I ketched his wife there, and she——"

"She told you what?" exclaimed Jem. The ex-convict shivered at the mention of his wife.

"She told me nothing," returned Matson; "she couldn't tell me more than I knowed. Well, my lady, there's the end of it, then. This ere man aint no more a bar'net than I am. He's Jem Duncan, as had five years for 'bezzling in the city. I believe his time was up pretty well a year ago."

Duncan was leaning against the wall. He seemed to be thoughtfully turning over all the circumstances in his mind, looking for the best way out of the difficulty.

"I should like to say a word or two about this business," he began; "you needn't caution me against saying anything that may be used against me," this he said to Mr. Tyler, who had made an effort to interrupt him; "at all events, there's nobody here that I've done any hurt to. If I troubled these ladies, I'm sorry for it, and hope they'll forgive me. What Matson says is true, and I don't know that I'm sorry he has said it. I want to do better than I have done. My poor Kate—but that doesn't concern you. Mr. Tyler there knows that this job can't be cleared up by hurting me. All I want is a fair bargain: if I tell you how I came by those papers, and where the real Hugh Elsdale is—and, thank God! I never did him any wrong—will you give me money enough to take my poor wife and me to New Zealand, and to settle us out there comfortably?"

They all saw that there was no use in punishing Duncan for his imposture, and besides this there was such an absence of bravado in his tone, his mention of his wife had been quite pathetic, and he was evidently earnest in his desire to lead a new life.

Edith held a whispered conversation with Mr. Tyler, who promised Duncan that no proceedings should be taken against him for the imposture, and that he should have five hundred pounds upon proving what had become of Hugh Elsdale.

Jem had learned his tale so well from the wretched deserter, that he quickly ran it through, confirming so much of what they knew of Hugh's mother and the boy's early life, that it was impossible to doubt that he was speaking the truth. He told them the names of two of the officers who had employed the lad after his mother's death, the company

and the number of the regiment from which he deserted, his name in the regiment, and all the subsequent circumstances.

It was a labour of love to the young solicitor to verify this evidence. It was because the title would pass to Annie's brother that he was so diligent. He found Hugh's clothes in Wales, and the ship's books had been picked up on the shore, containing the names of Hugh Elsdale, and James Duncan. Then he obtained most conclusive and satisfactory evidence from India, and when Mr. Tyler assured Harry that there was no doubt as to his right, and no impediment to his assuming the title and taking possession, Lady Elsdale was by no means sorry to learn how happy Edith had made him.

Poor Mrs. Duncan readily forgave and forgot. Her true love had saved her husband, and they lived happily in "the Britain of the New World."

I am ashamed to add that Sir Harry and Lady Elsdale (*née* Landor) held an *auto-da-fé* one evening, in which a barrister's wig was the victim. But the dowager knew nothing of this disgraceful affair, for she remained at the Dower House.

THE PANAMA RAILWAY.

H.M.S. MERCY, having been afflicted with small-pox, had been lying for some time in quarantine at Port Royal, Jamaica, but as she was now convalescent, and reported ready for sea, she was ordered to embark 200 supernumerary seamen for passage to Aspinwall, to be conveyed by rail across the Isthmus to Panama, where they were informed that another man-of-war was waiting with orders to receive them.

From Port Royal to Colon, or Aspinwall, little occurred to disturb the monotony of the voyage. We had fine weather, with light breezes, which just carried us along at the rate of five knots an hour, a pace that was easily kept up by a shoal of sharks that followed us the whole way. Several were caught with small hooks and lines twisted up with wire to prevent biting through them, but were too large to be taken on board, so that they were shot at with rifles, and either killed and devoured by their companions, or the lines broke and the animal dropped astern. One small one only was "landed" (excuse this from an Irishman), and devoured, fried in slices, by some of the seamen.

The ship arrived at Aspinwall early on a Thursday morning, and anchored about three miles from the town, in the centre of a large

open bay, that they might be a respectable distance from the marshes and swamps that surround the harbour, and keep out of reach as much as possible of the malaria, so particularly dangerous in that climate. As a further precaution all persons, on returning to the ship from the shore, were made to drink a small dose of quinine.

Shortly after anchoring, some officers were sent to inquire about the means of transit. Starting in a cutter, we neared the shore, and found the easiest landing-place to be a long wooden pier built on piles that stood far out into the sea, near which some large American steamers lay moored. Pulling alongside, we mounted some steps, and were much surprised at seeing only so few natives. The town had a most deserted appearance, for besides being thinly populated, the great heat prevented even those that might be acclimatised showing out of doors more than necessary. This was more remarkable to us, as the first boat from a British man-of-war usually creates the greatest excitement; crowds of guides, carriages, horses, or donkeys, according to the conveyance most in vogue, surround the first party generally that set their feet on shore. The two or three natives that we noticed just regarded us with oriental apathy, and merely expressed their interest by "My golly, massa, 'speak you want washerwoman; ine no starch the body of the linen."

The lines of railway that were laid along the pier for the convenience of ships that were discharging their cargoes led us to a large brick house with "Booking Office" built into the walls in coloured bricks in large letters. This appeared to be the only respectable building in the town, the others being formed of wood, and in a tumble-down condition. They were mostly two stories high, having a verandah built round the upper story, acting as an awning to the doorway underneath. Nearly all the buildings adjoining were restaurants or hotels; as to the former they were very respectably managed, but the charges were exorbitant—4s. 6d. for a bottle of so-called Allsopp; as to the latter they were unwholesome, dirty, and swarming with insects. One cannot leave his window open, for the swarms of mosquitoes and sand-flies that swarm in, while with the windows shut the heat and smell are unbearable. Add to this that the town is built on a swampy island, and you will have some estimate of a traveller's hardships in this locality. This island, "Manzanilla," is separated from the mainland by an arm of the sea about 200 feet wide, and being now covered with houses, presents one advantage; that the town cannot increase beyond

its present limits, and new-comers will have to find another and better site for their habitation. At present the houses are straggling and disconnected, some entirely surrounded by water, the front door being approached by a plank bridge, and the back leading to a turtle pond. Most of the houses are whitewashed outside, which although cooler to the inmates is most annoying to those out of doors, reflecting the sun so intensely that ophthalmia is frequent among strangers. The roofs are of a very bright red.

The natives are a breed between the American Indians and the niggers that were transported from the coast of Africa, the thick under-lip widely predominating; here and there may be traced some of the ancient Indian generation, but they mostly show some trace of the Spanish blood. Their clothing may be described as "nil," and their bodies, especially the children's, have an enormous enlargement of the stomach, presenting an indescribably ludicrous appearance.

Before the railway was constructed, travellers in fine weather and under favourable circumstances might succeed in crossing the Isthmus in five days, but in the rainy season the transit, at all times difficult, became truly perilous.

The passage was commenced by water. A canoe was hired in the river Chagres, about eight miles north of Aspinwall, which took the travellers as far as the village of Gorgona, about half-way across; there the traveller might remain and enjoy rice and scenery for an indefinite period, till some stray muleteer would condescend to sell his steed, usually on his last legs, for an exorbitant sum, which cavallo, in nine cases out of ten, dropped dead in some narrow mountain pass, and forced you to drag his carcase out of the pathway to make room for those in rear of you, who, when they had passed, would wish you good-bye, and go on their way rejoicing. Ladies, sometimes with a brave spirit that they do not usually receive credit for, would endeavour to cross also, and many a one has been left a prey to the vultures and Turkey-buzzards. The swollen streams, too, have swept away many a horse with his rider, for the fords and passes in the rainy season are rapids of five or six feet deep, with precipitous banks, and only approached by some cleft where the hand of man has hewn out some semblance of a road. When the fever for the Californian gold diggings was raging fiercest, as much as three pounds a piece was offered for a canoe to hold three passengers to proceed to Gorgona, besides a small testi-money on your arrival.

But to return to the booking-office. The

officers were informed that if any of the crew of the *Mercy* merely wished to take a trip to Panama for their own gratification, the company would be most happy to pass them backwards and forwards free of charge; but on the other hand the supernumeraries crossing on duty would be charged 25 dollars, or 5*l*. a-head; and this for a distance of less than sixty miles! The principal profit, however, comes from freightage, and out of the enormous supply of coal that is taken from the Atlantic side for nearly all the west coast of North and South America, a coast devoid of any portable fuel; and from the return cargoes of vegetable ivory, Chinese and Japanese manufactures, and Californian gold, one would naturally suppose the profit to be somewhat considerable.

The management of the railway is now entirely in the hands of Americans. The "Panama Bubble" is well known. How the canny Scots sold their farms and cattle, and went to sea. How they disembarked at Aspinwall to live in open boats or canoes. How they died off from the effects of ague and yellow fever—*Requiescat in pace*. Shortly after, an American company was formed, who enticed Irish emigrants by the promise of exorbitant wages; they, too, could not stand the climate, and died. Chinese were then transported across the Pacific, but a sufficient quantity of work was not by any threats to be got out of them; besides, they contracted a bad habit, when annoyed, of hanging themselves, and then new Chinamen had to be brought over, which was too expensive. *On dit* that one man died for every foot of railway that was constructed. So the natives were the only resource; the wages were raised, and even then only few were obtained. At last, the line was completed under restrictions to the Grenadian government, one of which was that after forty-nine years the railway should become the property of Congress. Who can say where the Congress may be then? What diplomacy will not be resorted to before the company give up a concern that they acknowledge is paying 12½ per cent., but is supposed to be even double?

After having made our report to the captain of the *Mercy*, arrangements were effected for a disembarkation next morning. A train with extra carriages was prepared to start at 10 a.m. Arriving at the terminus, we inquired if there were any particular carriages for the seamen, but the guard "guessed that there were no classes in that country, that every man was a man, and might sit where he chose." Consequently, the men got in, lit up their pipes, and made themselves jolly after

their own peculiar fashion, particularly as the foremost carriage was fitted as a restaurant. At the bar were the usual American drinks, in which bitters form the chief ingredient, and called, of course, by the Yankee titles,—brandy smash, gin cocktail, morning glory, fixed bayonets, Lincoln's own, essence of rum, up-righters, flashes of lightning, and a numerous quantity of flips; iced beer, however, seemed the favourite, notwithstanding its price. The carriages open at either end like an omnibus in England, and not at the sides, so that any person could walk through the whole line whilst the train was in motion. This serves to keep up a cool and refreshing draught that would not be appreciated in a colder climate. Not a few of our men preferred going on deck to a cabin passage, as they termed it, and climbed on to the roof in spite of the smoke and dust from the funnel. The engine presented a hideous appearance, from the funnel being about three times larger round the top than the bottom, and uttered frightful shrieks in imitation of a whistle.

Starting from Aspinwall, the lines were first laid to the left of the river Chagres, and although we did not follow all the turnings and windings, we occasionally caught sight of the water, till at a distance of twenty miles from Aspinwall, we crossed the stream on an iron bridge about 600 feet long and 200 high, and lost sight of the stream. The road now lay along the side of a hill with a slight ascent till we arrived at an elevation of 350 feet above the level of the sea, a short distance from Panama, where the steam is turned off, and the trains run down a declivity without further aid from the engine till they stopped on a platform on the shores of the Pacific. There boats were waiting to re-embark the men, and we gave up charge to another vessel.

The railway has been cut through the virgin forest, the lower lands being marshy and swampy on the Atlantic side, but more firm as we proceed to Panama. After the vegetation had been cleared, the line was formed by raising it about six feet above the level of the swamp by filling in with stones and shingle that was collected along the coast. This road, as may be supposed, is constantly requiring repairs, and a considerable number of natives are thus employed. No description will convey an idea of the impervious mass of vegetation displayed in the forest. One only who has seen it can form an idea of the ancient forests of the carboniferous period of geologists.

On the margin are thick impenetrable masses of sensitive plant, a thorny bush with small leaves that close naturally on being touched.

These are backed by canes and reeds, here and there interspersed with plantain and banana trees with large wide-spreading leaves. Gigantic water lilies, orange and lemon trees, fill up where they may find room ; and towering above all are the cocoa-nut palm, mangoe, sycamore, oak, mahogany, and innumerable others. Amongst these are creepers and parasitical plants, drooping and festooning from bough to bough ; ivy and convolvulus showing out strongest. Here were most gaudily-coloured flowers and foliage, blossoms of blue, yellow and scarlet of the brightest shades, but without scent, mixing with insects that dazzle the eye ; gigantic butterflies, humming-birds and parroquets that match the blossoms, are desried amongst the verdure. Flocks of birds of gorgeous plumage, but with frightful shrieks instead of song. No traces beyond the outskirts of the forest can be distinguished ; whether hill or vale, nothing can be seen. Every turn in the road presents new colours, new plants, more magnificent blossoms, thicker jungle, and a denser mass of trees and shrubs. Here, at times, are to be seen huge snakes coiling themselves across the road, the tapir, alligator, birds of prey, storks and pelicans, armadillos, &c., just startled into cover at our approach. From the time that we commenced our descent, the country gradually assumed a more cultivated appearance, the ground became more fertile and less marshy after crossing the bridge, and now, on nearing Panama, we were surrounded by fields. Now and then a hut, then a man, horse, or dog, showed that we drew near the town, and at last we stopped on the shores of the Pacific, having accomplished in three hours what took our ancestors as many weeks. Leaving the terminus, we strolled through the town—a chief town, where the Senate sits, where there are elections with much more excitement attending than in England, where there sits a judge, the only one in the country. The object of interest was the cathedral, which had been plundered of the greatest part of its riches by the pirate Cortes. It possesses a very fine organ, and at the performance of a high mass that was being executed we heard some good tenor voices. The fortifications around the town are broken down in several places, and much in want of repair ; mainly attributable to the same pirate, Cortes, and scarcity of funds to replace them. The hotels are much the same as those of Aspinwall, but we had a capital dinner, dressed by a good French cook. After a pleasant afternoon, employed in looking through the town and playing billiards, we took our seats in the return train, and, thoroughly tired, rejoined our ship.

E. A. F. B.

GOVERNMENT CITY CLERKS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

OF course in government offices in the city the pay is less, and the accommodation smaller than in those at the West-end ; for, above all things, it is necessary that the ancient and sacred distinction between the two quarters should be upheld.

Petitions for an increase of ten pounds or so a year are constantly emanating from those misguided city clerks, but, we are happy to state, they are very properly and very promptly refused. For why should they marry ? Why should not the women of England be warned against them ? There ought to be a certain number of wives allowed to each department, as in a regiment of soldiers.

Evening employment is a great desideratum among Her Majesty's married servants in the city. In term time, and during the session of Parliament, some lucky fellows get engaged at law stationers' offices ; others give musical lessons to their tradesmen's daughters, or put their greasy accounts right, as a set-off against their bills. Some clever ones, it is whispered, club instruments of a night, and go about as a German band or Lancashire distress people.

Soon after that intellectual inquisition, the Civil Service Commission, was established, Mr. Bartholomew Stanley Grunter, a lymphatic young man of nineteen, was appointed junior clerk in a government office in the city. He came from the North, and knew no one in London. He soon made official acquaintances, but having been piously reared by his family, (who had something to do with the potteries, he said), he avoided the society of the fast fellows in his room, and hearkened to the conversation of the family men.

One day, when Grunter was out to lunch, the bald-headed seniors drew lots for him, and he fell into the hands of Mr. Moss. The consequence of this was that he left the coffee-shop in Gracechurch Street, where he had put up in the innocent idea of being near his office, in case the Government might want anything in the middle of the night, and went to lodge with Mr. Moss at Paradise Villas, Bermondsey.

Mr. Moss was a fatherly little man, with a hook nose. He was the delight of his office, being always ready with a pleasant cough and spit, or a cheerful clatter. Moping was out of the question beside him. Some credulous clerks believed him to be a Jew, and some irreverent ones called him Ikey, but all this was very wrong, for he was a staunch dissenter,

and deacon of his chapel, and also one of its trustees ; his official position, and his certain income, being a great consolation to the mortgagee.

Mr. Moss had a large family, with plenty of daughters. How many, Grunter never found out during his short stay with him, for when he concluded he had been shown all of them, some fine Sunday afternoon would bring another charming Miss Moss (with the family nose) for him to look at, from her aunt's or her grandmother's, where she was on a visit. The resident Misses Moss were very kind to Grunter,—they each tried to replace to him the sister he had left at the potteries. In the morning at nine, when in company of his landlord, their father, he started for the city, they all went to the door with him, and shook hands with him, and kissed old Mr. Moss and their brothers in a tantalising way. On his return at five, the girls were all gathered in the passage waiting, (they opened the door by turns), and the same process was gone through. Who knows what might have happened, but for a mischievous young male Moss in knickerbockers : a viper in the bosom of his family, his father afterwards called him. This young gentleman persisted in teasing his father's lodger, and playing him all manner of tricks. He delivered pretended love messages from him, first to one sister and then to another, as Grunter's confidant, and caused much jealousy and discord in that once happy female cluster of Mosses. He would bring to one or two of his elder sisters fictitious invitations from Grunter to concerts and places of amusement ; and when the delighted girls hurried down, all ready dressed, to meet Grunter, and thank him, as he came in from the office, and accompany him to the cab, which was no doubt waiting at the door, you can imagine what Grunter had to face, when he disclaimed any other intention but that of taking tea with them. Indeed their symptoms of disappointment so often bordered upon hysterics, that Grunter was compelled to treat the girls after all, or be esteemed by them as having meanly wanted to shirk his own engagement. It is said by ill-natured persons that Mr. Moss and his daughters were privy to these pranks of the boy, and that the family was obliged to resort to such means of rousing Grunter's otherwise flagging attention to the charms of its female members.

Then the chapel going—twice on Sundays, once on Thursday nights—was another thorn in the side of young Grunter : the collections were so pitilessly frequent. Mr. Moss, as deacon, went round with the plate, and having

received upon it the usual shillings from the sixteen or seventeen members of his family in the square pew to the left of the platform,—it is true he served out those shillings to his family every Sunday morning before starting ; but it is only a report that on entering the vestry he gathered them up again for redistribution as decoys the Sunday after—when the deacon, I say, had collected the pious offerings of his family, he would turn to Grunter. Then were all the big noses of the Mosses pointed at him,—then were all their big eyes on the watch to see how much Grunter would put in.

One day—the last of his stay at Moss's—Grunter was talking to an old lady at the other side of the right-hand garden-wall, that is, the old lady—a clean, smart-looking widow, who kept a preparatory school next door—was talking to Grunter.

“Twenty-five shillings a week, and find your own lunch, Mr. Grunter ! I think you pay him too much. But I understand your feelings, they do you credit, Mr. Grunter,—you wanted to help a poor man with a family.”

Grunter blushed a little. “I won't stop,” he said, and then looked round to see if he had been overheard. But there were none of the Mosses in the garden.

“I'll come and lodge with you, Mrs. Hooker, if I can get away quietly, without any fuss. I hate fuss.”

“Of course,” said kind Mrs. Hooker, “no gentleman likes fuss. And I will only charge you twenty shillings a week, washing included. Indeed, I wonder how you stand the expenses you have here : you have but 75*l.* from Her Majesty's Government, you say ; well, you must have some private fortune, or how could you treat those poor girls so often as you do ?”

“My mother,” answered Grunter proudly, “sends me something occasionally.” This was no doubt correct, for about once a week or so Grunter would dispose of a shilling's worth of postage stamps among his fellow clerks. Still, even with this help from the mysterious potteries, after an outing with the Moss girls, Grunter had to go without lunch for a fortnight.

“If I could leave without fuss,” repeated Grunter to his friend on the other side of the wall.

“I'll tell you how,” responded the widow, and bringing her head close to Grunter's, she whispered him.

Grunter looked dubiously at her.

“It will be a capital joke,” remarked the widow. Grunter's face lightened ; he seemed

relieved that her proposal should appear in that light.

"So it will," he said, "a capital joke."

About nine the same night—it was a Saturday night,—when the Moss family was gathered round the supper-tables, not all in one room,—that would have been impossible, but some in the parlours and some in the kitchens, waiting anxiously for their beer,—Sally, the maid-of-all-work, coming up the kitchen stairs with a couple of jugs in her hands, received from Grunter in silence his box and carpet-bag, and a shilling for herself. Carefully and quietly she slipped out with his luggage, and laid it down on the steps of the next door to the left, and gave a gentle ring, and returning, took her jugs from Grunter, who had stood behind Moss's door with them. Grunter then entered the parlour, and partook of a hearty supper in the company of his unsuspecting landlord and family. When the meal was over, he went out for a stroll in the garden, as he stated, before going to bed.

On Sunday morning there was weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of large teeth, in the household of Moss. Grunter had fled!

We dare not detail here all the excesses to which this disappointment carried them; but amongst others, the family manned the garden-wall when Grunter ventured out at the back, making a formidable array of eyes and noses; and old Moss and two or three of his bigger sons kept rapping at Mrs. Hooker's door, demanding to see the traitor, till kindly warned away by the contents of a water-jug. Moss sent the traitor an enormous bill, which Grunter, at the instigation of Mrs. Hooker, threatened to show to the head of their department, and also to give the office a history of his sojourn at Moss's, upon which the bill was reduced, and monetary matters settled; Old Moss, who was a forgiving man, declaring he should always look upon Grunter as one of his own sons. Two new junior clerks had just been appointed to their office, and as Grunter actually persuaded them to go and lodge at Moss's, that family abandoned its hostility towards him, and became very pleasant neighbours to him in his new quarters.

Mrs. Hooker, under whose care our hero had put himself, was a widow of about forty, with an only child of—was it not singular?—exactly the same age as Grunter, or Stanley, for Mrs. Hooker persisted in calling him by his second name: it was so genteel. Her only child was a daughter,—still more remarkable,—by name Maria. She was under the middle height, wore dark ringlets, and had pretty little hands. She was pale and romantic, and very liable to catch cold. Grunter did not see much

of her; after tea he was left to his own devices, a novelty at first after the frolicsome society of the Mosses; but he soon began to tire of his own company. He asked Mrs. Hooker to play cards with him; she acceded. He asked Miss Hooker; she gracefully declined. Grunter was astonished: all landladies' daughters then were not at the service of their lodgers.

Grunter wished to learn chess. Mrs. Hooker had impressed him much with the virtues of this game; it was so intellectual, and so genteel; especially if you had a twenty guinea ivory set of Indian manufacture to put on the table when a visitor wanted to play. Mrs. Hooker had such a set, (her husband had been master of an East Indiaman), but she could not play herself; her daughter Maria, however, was an adept. At her mother's request, she consented to give Grunter a lesson or two.

Night after night Grunter and Maria played chess together. Her long dark ringlets would knock the men over, and her pretty white hands in trying to catch them would meet the big hands of Grunter.

Miss Giulia Moss did not despair. She visited her dear Maria every afternoon; and walking towards the city they often met Grunter returning from his office. With him came old Mr. Moss, his forgiving friend, and Mr. Ferdinand Moss, his eldest son, who was also a government city clerk. Indeed, out of his seven sons, the foresighted father had managed to provide for five in this manner. As a civil service clerk he himself was debarred from voting at elections, but he made good use of the votes of the members of his chapel. When a son reached the age of sixteen, Mr. Moss drew up a petition to the M.P. for Southwark, who sided with the ministers of the day. In this petition were set forth his age, his virtues, and long service in his country's cause, his large family, and his small income. Mr. Moss was a little over sixty, had served twenty-three years, and received now 200*l.* per annum. These facts were made the most of to the sitting member, and he, very properly, when he saw the goodly number of signatures of his constituents to the petition, urged upon the Treasury to reward a good and faithful servant. So, with the exception of the two youthful Mosses, whose pranks, authorised or not, had driven Grunter away, all the sons of Mr. Moss became in time government clerks. Those were Ferdinand, Rupert, Alexis, Roland and Peregrine. These romantic cognomens had probably been decided upon to counter-balance their Jewish surname and the tale-telling family nose. Their worthy father's name was Isaac; but as he invariably signed J.

Moss upon the daily appearance-sheet, this fact was not generally known. Similarly his girls were christened by any other names than those in the Bible.

Miss Giulia Moss did not despair. She kept popping in next door nearly every evening, and broke up the chess-playing, and managed to substitute three-card loo. She was very vivacious, and had anecdotes of all the neighbourhood at her finger-ends. She wore short black curls, and had a pleasant habit of showing her large white teeth to Grunter while she was listening, and a pretty little laugh for him when he had finished, or whether he had or not, for she loved more to talk than listen. Maria, on the contrary, would lend her ears to Grunter for hours together, with little more interruption than some soft sympathetic ejaculation. Giulia's quick and ready tongue made him mentally giddy. Maria's timid utterances were even slower than his own, for Grunter was not a fluent speaker; indeed both Maria and he had often to wait a minute or more for his idea,—Grunter with uplifted finger, Maria with her mild blue eyes fixed attentively on his troubled brow. Giulia made him laugh at others; Maria made him pleased with himself.

Grunter was a stout built young fellow, with a pale heavy countenance, small eyes, nose turned up, with nostrils round as rings, and a quick-set hedge of bristly dark hair between it and his simple open mouth. He had a weakness for penny literature, from the penny illustrated issue of the Family Bible down to the lowest weekly serial. He had accumulated quantities of this, in the fond hope of one day becoming rich enough to bind it in volumes, and form a magnificent library. Several trunks, full of this literature, coming one day from Staffordshire, Mrs. Hooker was confirmed in her opinion that Grunter must have rich friends, for Grunter did not tell her the exact nature of their contents.

"Some property of mine," he said.

Several pleasant months elapsed, during which Maria Hooker's romantic heart went gradually into the placid possession of this civil servant of Her Majesty. During this time the forgiving Mosses gave their neighbours many an evening's entertainment—a little bread-and-cheese, and beer, and plenty of noise and talk.

"I am not a revengeful man, Mr. Grunter," Mr. Moss would delight in telling him on such occasions; "my pleasure is in forgiving those who offend or injure me. I bear you no malice, my dear boy, for leaving my poor house. My boast through life has been that I pardon my enemies. Mr. Gosforth, the

coal merchant over the way, rushed at me one night when he was tipsy, which, I am sorry to say, he is every night, and knocked me down. The next morning I went over, and told him I heartily forgave him." So the worthy old gentleman did, and got three tons of best Wallsend on credit.

Once upon a time, a burglar broke into Moss's house. The next day the office was startled by the report that all the senior clerk's plate had been stolen. There was a subscription started which had reached to twenty pounds, when the thief was timeously apprehended, and he averred, with bitter words, that all the plate he found was two old silver teaspoons.

"If I hadn't been a hass," cried the indignant thief, "I would ha' knowed what a government gent's house was, and ha' gone to the cheesemonger's opposite."

Moss would not forgive this offender: he had sinned against the public. He prosecuted at the sessions, and the unfortunate burglar got three years. Moss put into court a long list of missing articles of plate. A junior clerk averred to the office that he had seen Moss the day before, looking into a silver-smith's shop-window in Cornhill, and making notes in a book. As it was, the subscribers to the fund demanded their money back; they offered him five shillings, but this Moss declined.

"I forgive you, gentlemen," he said; "I forgive you all. Had you presented me with the full sum of twenty pounds, I would have given it to the Missionary cause. For what had I, a poor government clerk, to do with plate? It is a proper judgment upon me. Gentlemen, I forgive you."

So Moss forgave young Grunter, and told him what a consolation to him in this vain life was his dear daughter Giulia.

"The man who gets her," he said, "will not get a large fortune,"—Grunter knew that very well,—"but he will get—he will get,—let me whisper to you,—he will get an angel."

Grunter replied that he did not doubt it, but the intelligence did not appear to excite him. In fact he was very happy under the gentle influences of his landlady's daughter. Latterly Miss Moss had not been encouraged in the evenings, and the noisy card-playing had given way to chess, with Maria's pretty white hands again hovering round and about the board.

The two new junior clerks whom Grunter had persuaded to lodge at Moss's, did not stay long. They reviled Grunter for having sent them there, and made many jokes in the

office about their experiences of the Miss Mosses, until old Moss forgave them so often, and so publicly, that they grew ashamed, and left off. Mr. Moss's finances were sadly in want of the invigorating aid of some lodger's weekly stipend. One morning, as the usual party was on its way to the city, Ferdinand suggested to his father that they might get Grunter back.

"How?" demanded old Moss. He and his eldest son were in advance of Grunter, who brought up the rear with Rupert, Roland, &c., &c., who sometimes went by London Bridge and sometimes by the Thames Tunnel. These young men, with the exception of whiskers, were duplicates of their eldest brother, and, excepting the wrinkles and bald head, of their father also.

"How can we manage to get Grunter back?" asked the patriarch of his eldest hope.

"In this way," replied the astute son: "Mrs. Hooker believes he comes of a good family, and has a good allowance, besides his salary, for I used to hint that to her for fun when he was with us. Now, if that were not true, and I don't believe it is, she would not fling that stupid Maria at his head as she does. Her husband, the captain, left her some money, as we all know, and Maria will get it when her mother dies. But just find out all you can about Grunter."

"But how?"

"How! well, doesn't Grunter get his usual letter this morning, and don't you generally get a letter to-day, and if you hadn't your spectacles on mightn't you make a mistake?"

"Yes, I think the wind will get round to the east," said old Moss, the rest of the party coming up at this moment to shake hands, and separate to their different offices. Grunter and Mr. Moss then proceeded arm-in-arm together to their own department, the Docket and Cocket Office.

One evening, about a week after the above conversation, it happened to be fine, and Grunter was permitted to take Maria for a long walk in the picturesque neighbourhood. During their absence Mrs. Hooker received an anonymous letter. The happy couple returned at twilight, and Grunter went upstairs to his bedroom. To his surprise, he perceived all his things had been packed up. He hastened down to the parlour to ask for an explanation. Maria was already there, getting out the ivory chessmen.

"Put those things away, Maria," said her mother sharply, "and leave me alone with Mr. Grunter. I want to speak to him."

"What has Stanley done, mother?" asked Maria, her blue eyes beginning to suffuse from apprehension.

"You shall know presently; go away now." Maria left them together, and ran down to the kitchen to ask Betty if she knew what had occurred.

"I found my things packed up," began Grunter.

"Yes," replied the widow, "it's all right. You leave this house to-night. Read that." She handed him the anonymous letter.

Grunter read it, and coloured very much.

"Is that true, Mr. Grunter?" (She did not call him Stanley now.) "Is it true, Mr. Grunter, that your mother has made cup-handles all her life at a pottery, and that your father makes saucers, when he is not drunk, and that your mother sends you a shilling in postage stamps when she can spare it, and that the master of the pottery is fond of your sister, and got you your place?"

"My sister is engaged to him," said Grunter meekly.

"Of course, that's very likely. And so it's all true then, and you have had the face to come here, and deceive two unprotected women."

"You must have deceived yourself, ma'am," said Grunter.

"I say this," returned the widow angrily, "that if my dear husband had been alive, you would have been kicked out of this house."

"But what have I done, ma'am?"

"Done? why you have dared to make love to my daughter, sir: can you deny that, beggar and deceiver that you are? And your trunks full of property! oh, yes, full of penny rubbish!"

"But, my dear madam," said Grunter, anxious to propitiate the mother of his Maria, "my dear Mrs. Hooker, you forget my prospects."

"What are they, sir?" asked his landlady, a little contemptuously. Grunter hastily proceeded to explain.

"You will recollect, my dear Mrs. Hooker, that Mr. Moss, our mutual friend, entered the service late in life, and that is how he is only getting his 200*l*. Why, they calculate at the office, that if I am only reasonably lucky, I shall get 200*l*. when I am forty. Think of that, Mrs. Hooker." And poor Grunter smiled, as if he had won her over.

"Magnificent indeed!" remarked Mrs. Hooker, so gravely as for a moment to confirm the boy's illusion. "Very grand prospects indeed; 200*l*. when you are forty, and I suppose, when you are forty-five, they

will make you a commissioner,—I shouldn't wonder if they did."

"Oh! don't joke, Mrs. Hooker; you don't know what I feel for Maria, and twenty years isn't long, that is," he added, as a disagreeable notion crossed him that it was not very short, "that is, it is not very long, Mrs. Hooker. Besides, we could live on——"

"On me, yes, of course you could," broke in the widow.

"No, Mrs. Hooker; I mean we could live on less than 200*l.* a year, on, say 120*l.* which I am almost certain to get in ten years."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, feigning astonishment.

"Yes, and there's one of our fellows who actually married on 75*l.* a year, with his 5*l.* yearly increase to 100*l.* of course, and they had no children till he got off his class. And then there was another——"

"Mr. Grunter," said his landlady, rising, "I want no more anecdotes of your office friends. There are three days' board and lodging due, but I will make no charge if you go away quietly, and at once, and never let me see your face again. I wish I had never seen it," she added to herself, as she left the parlour, thinking of the trouble she would have with Maria.

Grunter's heart was full. His little cup of happiness had been rudely dashed away. He felt inclined to cry, but he remembered his moustache and his manhood, and restrained himself. Where should he go? he could only think of Moss's; they had been very kind to him lately. So he went next door, and asked if they would take him for twenty shillings. Mr. Moss was not so inquisitive as he dreaded, nor so very much surprised.

Said Mr. Moss:—"I forgive Mrs. Hooker for cajoling you away, and the more readily because I knew you would not stop. People seldom do. I don't know how it is, but I've noticed that she's never had a lodger yet, but she thought herself of more consequence than that lodger, and perhaps she let them know it. You know her husband was master of an East Indiaman, and left some money."

"But isn't a government clerk considered a gentleman?" demanded simple Grunter.

"If he has a large salary," replied Mr. Moss of Bermondsey.

"Well, now, will you take me for twenty shillings, Mr. Moss?"

"Yes, my dear boy, but you must find your own washing."

Grunter deliberated. He had twenty-eight shillings a week. Three shillings went in luncheons, that left five for washing, for clothes, and pocket money. Paper collars

came into his mind, and he felt relieved; he thought he could do it; he need not go to church on Sundays, and his present stock of clothes would almost serve him till a year brought round his five pounds rise.

So Grunter was again domiciled at Moss's. Giulia felt he was now her own. But her father cautioned her against any such forcible display of affection as would jeopard his new and welcome source of income. Therefore, for the present, she contented herself with blushing and holding down her head when Grunter looked at her, and with borrowing all his penny journals that had stories in them.

As Grunter went to the office, and as he came back, he would gaze wistfully at the front windows of the house next door, and, after tea, from the garden he kept watch as wistfully and as fruitlessly on the back windows. He had never a glimpse of the long ringlets of his lost one, but often of her mother's black cap and frowning brows over the bedroom blinds. One evening, leaning listlessly against one of three lime trees at the bottom of Moss's garden, with his eyes, as usual, fixed on his Maria's bedroom-window, he noticed for the first time that his own window was very close to it. Betty, Mrs. Hooker's servant, was in the next garden, hanging out some under-clothing. Grunter cast a fond glance at those articles of apparel, for some of them doubtlessly belonged to his loved one; and then he leaned over, by the help of a broken brick in the wall, and spoke to Betty in a low voice. Mrs. Hooker was behind the back-parlour window, and noted this conference, without being able to overhear it.

"Betty," said Grunter, "tell me how is Maria?"

"Why, sir," replied Betty, with a clothes-pin in her mouth, "she's very low, poor thing. She does nothing but play at chess by herself."

"Will you tell her—and I wish to goodness I had a sixpence to spare——"

"Never mind that, I'll tell her what you like, and I'll get the sixpence when you're married," said this kind little maid.

"Tell her, Betty, I've just found out that my bedroom-window adjoins hers, and at half-past one——"

"Betty," cried Mrs. Hooker, from the kitchen-door, "who are you talking to?"

"Coming, ma'am," and Betty ran in immediately, but gave a wink to Grunter as she went.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hooker?" shouted Grunter, in a hearty kind of manner. But Mrs. Hooker went in, and slammed the kitchen-door unforgetfully. X.

A SUMMER DAY IN HYDE PARK.



Hyde Park in the Last Century.

Now that London is fast thinning, and Belgravia and Tyburnia have betaken themselves to the country to look after their various Eatanswills, let us, gentle reader, take a quiet stroll in Hyde Park, without as much fear of being ridden down by Miss Di Vernon or driven over by Lady Aspasia as we might have felt a week or two ago. Hyde Park has a past as well as a present; and let us see if we cannot dress up its past history into a pleasant and readable paper, for the Park has seen many great scenes and many great personages since it first obtained its name.

Everyone, we imagine, is aware that Hyde Park lies, as the London guide-books tell us, "in the county of Middlesex, and hundred of Ossulston, within the liberties of the city of Westminster, about four miles west of St. Paul's Cathedral:" but all may not be equally aware of the fact, that the ancient Roman military way, the Watling Street, passed across Hyde Park, and through St. James's Park, to the Thames close by Old Palace Yard; or that the park derives its name, not from Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, but from the manor of Hyde, which belonged to the abbot and monks of St. Peter's, Westminster, from a date which carries us at all events back nearly to the Conquest. There are to be found court rolls of the manor of Hyde during the reigns of the Edwards, among the records of the abbey; but little else is known of it till the time of Henry VIII.,

when, like many other places, it reverted to the Crown. As soon as it was enclosed, it appears to have been promoted from a manor into a park, with a "keeper," who eventually was dignified with the title of "ranger." The first keeper on record was George Roper, Esq., whose pay was sixpence a day. In 1554 the office was divided, and the salary raised to fourpence a day, with pasturage for twelve cows, one bull, and six oxen. The keepership appears to have been held successively by Carey, Lord Hunsdon; Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury; Sir Walter Cope, Sir Henry Rich, and the Earl of Newport, before the Rebellion, when, three years after the death of Charles I., it was "Resolved that Hyde Park be sold for ready money." The park, as we learn from the printed particulars of the sale, was put up in three lots, the whole 621 acres, which it then contained, realizing £17,068 6s. 8d. At the Restoration, Charles II. gave the keepership, with the title of ranger, to his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, who was succeeded by Colonel James Hamilton,* one of the grooms of the bedchamber, after whose widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, the houses built near Park Lane were called Hamilton Place.

* It appears from an indenture still extant that this Colonel Hamilton was anxious to do a little business with the King on his own account, as he states that he has undertaken to plant fifty-five acres of the ground with choice and fit apple-trees—pippins and red-streaks—in order to supply His Majesty with cider.

King Charles I., it appears, was anxious to have had Hyde Park surrounded with a wall, "as well for the honour of his palace and great city as for his own disport and recreation;" but it was not till his son's days that it was stocked with deer and walled in. The list of rangers subsequently includes William Harbord, Esq., ancestor of Lords Suffield; the Earls of Bath and Jersey, Mr. Portman, the Earls of Essex, Pomfret, Ashburnham, Oxford, and Euston, Viscount Weymouth, Lord Grenville, Viscount Sydney, and the Duke of Sussex.

Our readers may be interested at learning that Hyde Park once was strongly fortified. At Hyde Park Corner stood a large fort with four bastions, erected in 1642, when the city and suburbs were fortified by trenches and ramparts, in anticipation of an attack by the royal army; another fort was also erected at Oliver's Mount, close to Mount Street. The enthusiasm prevailing at this period was carried to such an extent that the whole population appear to have assisted in the trenches, detachments from all trades relieved each other at intervals, the work proceeding night and day without intermission: even women and children partook of the general feeling, which is facetiously alluded to by Butler, *Hudibras*, Part II. Canto 2; and in a note by Nash, it is stated, that 'ladies of rank and fortune, not only encouraged the men, but worked with their own hands; Lady Middlesex, Lady Foster, Lady Anne Waller, and Mrs. Dunch, having been particularly celebrated for their activity.'

During the reigns of James and Charles I. Hyde Park appears to have been a place of fashionable amusement; but although the Park was in 1632 said to be 'then lately thrown open,' it does not appear that the public were admitted indiscriminately. The amusements provided for the company comprised horse-racing, foot-racing, morris-dancing, &c.; refreshments were also to be procured, such as wines, syllabubs, &c., at the lodge, which bore the sign of the 'Grave Prince Maurice's Head.' In one of Shirley's Plays entitled 'Hide-Parck,' licensed in 1632, first printed in 1637, and dedicated to Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, at that time *Keeper*, the following allusion to the sports occur in various scenes:—

Act II. Sc. 2.—*LACY*. Prithee stay; we'll to Hide Park together.

BONAVENT. There you may meet with morris-dancers; . . .

Act. III. Sc. 1.—*LORD B.* Lady, you are welcome to the spring; the Park

Looks fresher to salute you; how the birds

On every tree sing with more cheerfulness

At your access, as if they prophesied

Nature would die, and resign her providence
To you, fit only to succeed her!

JUL. You express

A master of all complement; I have
Nothing but plain humility, my Lord,
To answer you.

BONAVENT. Be there any races here?

LACY. Yes, Sir, horse and foot.

BONAVENT. You'll give me leave to take my course
then.

And again, in a Comedy called the "Merry Beggars; or, Jovial Crew" (1641), we find it asked, "Shall we make a fling to London, and see how the spring appears there in Spring Garden, and in Hyde Park to see the races horse and foot?"

Though horse-racing was voted sinful by the Puritan party, yet Hyde Park appears to have been still a centre of attraction, such profane sports being superseded by athletic exercises. The ring also—the entrance to which may still be traced—was even then the favourite resort of equestrians, male and female, and elegant carriages were driven there by irreligious cavaliers and their ladies, in spite of the severe and canting criticisms of the press, as will be seen by the following paragraphs:—

HYDE-PARK, May 1.—This day there was a hurling of a great ball, by fifty Cornish gentlemen on the one side, and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps and the other in white. There was present, his Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy-Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling, at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies, than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal, was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal.—*Moderate Intelligencer*, 26th of April to the 3rd of May, 1654.

MONDAY, May 1, 1654.—This day was more observed by people's going a Maying, than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meeting, with fidlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like; great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered-hair men, and painted and spotted women, some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation. But his Highness the Lord Protector went not thither,* nor any of the Lords of the Council, but were busie about the great affairs of the Commonwealth, and among other things, had under consultation how to advance trade for the good of the people with all speed that might be, and other great affairs for the good of the Commonwealth.—*Several Proceedings of State Affairs*, 29th of April to 4th of May, 1654.

Hyde Park was the scene of an accident which, by all accounts, nearly cost the "Pro-

* In defiance of the puritanical cant displayed in the above account, it is well known that the wily Cromwell paid great attention to the breeding of race-horses: he possessed a celebrated stallion named White Turk; and he had also an equally famous brood-mare, afterwards called the coffin-mare, from the circumstance of her being concealed in a vault during the search for his effects after the Restoration; the name of his stud-groom was Place, a conspicuous character in those days.—*Darrell on the Treatment of Race-horses*, 1832.

lector" his life, though the papers give different versions of the matter, some asserting that his Highness was inside his coach when it upset, while others declared that he had got on the box in a frolic, and suffered severely in consequence.*

There would seem to have been some fatality about Oliver Cromwell's visits to Hyde Park; at all events, in Feb. 1656, we find Myles Syndercombe tried for high treason and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, for an attempt to assassinate the Protector in Hyde Park, an attempt which was only prevented by the merest accident from being fatal.

Five years later, in 1659, we find Hyde Park thus described by a foreign gentleman in "The Characters of England, a Letter to a Nobleman in France," p. 54.

"Did frequently accompany my Lord N—— into a field near the town, which they call Hyde Parke; the place is not unpleasant,—and which they use as our course, but with nothing of that order, equipage and splendour; being such an assembly of wretched jades and hackney-coaches, as, next to a regiment of carmen, there is nothing approacheth the resemblance. This parke was, it seems, used by the late King and nobility for the freshness of the air and the goodly prospect; but it is that which now (besides all other exercises) they pay for hire in England, though it be free for all the world besides; every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful and permission of the publican who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves."

From chance expressions in Evelyn's and Pepys' Diaries, too, we learn that money was at this time taken for admission into the Park, and that the character of its amusements was not a bit more reputable than those of the last century at Belsize or Marylebone Gardens, or of our own century at Vauxhall and Cremorne.

It should be mentioned that at one time Charles II. contemplated the erection of the National Observatory in Hyde Park, though

* The Dutch Ambassador, quoted in Thurloe's "State Papers," vol. ii. p. 652, says that he was "flung out of the coach box upon the pole . . . and afterwards fell upon the ground . . . during which time a pistol went off in his pocket . . . He was presently brought home and let blood." The "Faithful Scout," a journal of the day, thinks it necessary to apologise for his Highness being seated on the box, which it justifies by the example of the heroes of old. The following lines, which we take from a "Collection of Loyal Songs printed at the Restoration, and reprinted in 1781," (vol. ii. p. 281), refer to this event.

"Nol, a rank rider, got fast in the saddle,
And made her shew tricks, and curvet, and rebound;
She quickly perceived he rode widdle-waddle,
And his coach-horse threw his Highness to ground.
Then Dick, being lame, took holding the pumtail,
Nol having the wit to get hold of the rein;
But the jade did so smart at the sight of a Cromwell
That poor Dick and his kindred turned footmen again."

his design was set aside by Sir Christopher Wren, who recommended Greenwich Park as a better situation.

We are not going to inflict on our readers a history of all the springs and water-pipes in Hyde Park which have been the subject of grants and litigation at various times; but we will remind them that the broad lake which is now misnamed the Serpentine was originally a narrow winding brook, which drained the uplands of Hampstead through Kilburn and Paddington, and was gradually widened into its present expanse of water by order of Queen Charlotte, who took the greatest interest in this ornament of the Park.

It is not very long since a circular bason or reservoir of water stood on the east side of the Park, nearly opposite to the entrance of Mount Street, but it has lately been drained off and the site converted into a flower garden. The ugly engine-house which adjoined the bason was taken down as far back as 1835, and its materials sold by auction. Between this reservoir and Grosvenor Gate stood the Duke of Gloucester's Riding School,* which was taken down about the year 1824, after which its site was occupied by a temporary wooden building, in which some of our readers may remember to have seen exhibited a picture of the battle of Waterloo by Sir John Pieneman, principal painter to the King of the Netherlands.

Walnut-tree walk, which extended nearly the whole length of the Park from Hyde Park Corner towards Cumberland Gate, consisted of two rows of magnificent walnut trees, shading a broad gravel walk, near Grosvenor Gate; these trees formed a circle, the area of which will be readily imagined when the reader is informed that the reservoir of the Chelsea Water-Works, which was placed in the centre of this circle, stood 90 feet from the nearest tree. This splendid grove was consigned to the axo during the war, about the year 1800, the wood being required by Government, to be used in the manufacture of stocks for soldiers' muskets.

It is said, and most probably with truth, that the gate at the corner of Piccadilly is the oldest entrance into the Park; Grosvenor Gate was opened in 1724, Stanhope Gate about the middle of the last century, and Cumberland Gate in 1774-5.

The inhabitants of London have always

* The above riding house was erected by H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester, under a grant of the 10th of October, 1768, to hold the land during his Majesty's pleasure, on payment of a yearly rent of £5. The materials were subsequently purchased of his Royal Highness in March, 1800, for the sum of £1030 paid out of the Land Revenue, and the building was occupied by leave of the Government, as the head-quarters of the Westminster Volunteer Cavalry.

been especially jealous of any encroachments on the part of the Crown and the Government on the Parks, which, though in theory they belong to Her Majesty, are regarded by the people at large practically as national property, and therefore not to be profaned by surveyors and builders. Accordingly we find that when, in 1808, it was recommended to raise about £2,500 by ground-rents, giving building leases for nine handsome houses on the west of Park Lane, between Grosvenor Gate and Brook Street, so great an outcry was raised against the proposal, both in the House of Commons and outside, that the plan was abandoned. It is quite recently, comparatively speaking, that the stone wall which ran along the north side of the Park, shutting it off from the Uxbridge Road, has been superseded by light iron rails, though that improvement was suggested so far back as 1826; and it is only within the last ten or twelve years that flower gardens have sprung up in the place of dull and dreary groves of elms with wet soil beneath them, wholly bare of grass, and soppy with perpetual puddles.

It is well known to all our readers, no doubt, that Tyburn turnpike stood close to the north-east corner of the Park, and that consequently the latter has been the scene of the death throes of many a distinguished criminal besides Dr. Dodd. At all events, in the "Particulars of Sale" already alluded to, we find mention of a parcel of ground "formerly used as a meadow," and called "Tyburn Meadow," which was the scene of the execution of two individuals—one of them no less a personage than the Chief Justice of the King's Bench—for high treason. Many a poor "seminary" and "missionary" priest of the Romish Church breathed his last at Tyburn under the Tudors and Stuarts, as a traitor, in consequence of the severity of the penal laws against papists, and the intense jealousy felt against foreign ecclesiastics. It is perhaps less generally known that all military criminals who were sentenced to death by court-martial, were taken to a spot within the wall of Hyde Park, and there suffered death by being shot; this spot is identified by a stone, against which the delinquent was placed when about to pay the forfeit of his life, having been visible till within these few years. The situation of this stone is laid down in a Plan of Hyde Park, which was once, and perhaps still is, at Kew Palace; it was situated only a few yards from Cumberland Gate, and when this entrance to the Park was enlarged for public convenience, by the munificence of a private individual, and it became necessary to raise the ground for that purpose,

this stone was found to be so deeply embedded in the earth, that to prevent trouble, the earth was carried over it, and it now lies buried on the spot where it was originally placed.

Military punishment by flogging was also inflicted in Hyde Park. In 1716, the fear of the Pretender, and the rigid measures adopted for punishing his suspected adherents, were carried to great excess; the wearing oaken boughs on the 29th of May, in commemoration of the Restoration, was construed into an insult to the reigning Government, and several persons were apprehended and committed to prison for indulging in this display. On the 6th of August of that year, two soldiers were flogged almost to death in Hyde Park, and turned out of the service with every mark of infamy and disgrace, for having worn oak boughs in their hats on the 29th of May.

Our readers must not forget that "Tyburn Meadow" was also the ultimate destination of Oliver Cromwell himself. At all events, we take the following from a MS. diary of Mr. Edward Sainthill, a Spanish merchant of the middle of the seventeenth century:—

The 30th January, being that day twelve years from the death of the King, the odious carcases of Oliver Cromwell, Major-General Ireton and Bradshaw, were drawn on sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged by the neck, from morning till four in the afternoon; Cromwell in a green seare-cloth, very fresh, embalmed; Ireton having been buried long, hung like a dried rat, yet corrupted about the body; Bradshaw, in his winding-sheet, the fingers of his right hand and his nose perished, having wet the sheet through; the rest very perfect, inasmuch that I knew his face, when the hangman after cutting his head off, held it up: of his toes, I had five or six in my hand, which the prentices had cut off. Their bodies were thrown into a hole under the gallows, in their seare-cloth and sheet. Cromwell had eight cuts, Ireton four, being seare-cloths; and their heads were set up on the south end of Westminster Hall.

Hyde Park has also been used at various times for the purpose of military encampments as we learn from history. Thus, for example—

1643, 2 Dec.—The Parliament army marched up to London, and were encamped in Hyde Park, and St. James's.

1665.—The troops under the command of General Monk were encamped in Hyde Park. The General remained in London during the whole year of the Plague.

1715.—His Majesty's regiments of Horse and Foot Guards, with a train of Artillery from the Tower, were encamped here, extensive preparations being made in various parts of the kingdom, in anticipation of an invasion by the Pretender.

1722.—The Household troops encamped here were reviewed by his Majesty George I. on the 11th of June, who was afterwards magnificently entertained by General the Earl of Cadogan, the commanding officer, in a pavilion which had been formerly taken from the Grand Vizier by Prince Eugene. His Majesty was

accompanied on this occasion by the prince, a numerous staff, and a majority of the nobility.

Troops, both horse and foot, were encamped here in March, 1739; other forces were also encamped at the same time on Hounslow Heath and Blackheath, in pursuance of an order issued from the Horse Guards on the 8th of February preceding.

Troops of the line were also encamped in Hyde Park, in the year 1780, in order to assist in suppressing the riots which had been excited by the fanatical intemperance of Lord George Gordon, and which, by the pusillanimous conduct of the Lord Mayor and constituted authorities, had been allowed to increase to such an alarming extent that the executive Government found it necessary to draw troops from the provinces to the amount of 30,000 men, before order was restored in the metropolis and the suburbs.

The Park has also been used from time immemorial* for reviews and other military spectacles, and although there is not sufficient room for the execution of manœuvres on a large scale, yet these reviews have frequently been graced by the presence of Royalty. The household troops also are continually exercised there, as being the most convenient spot close to the metropolis. Evelyn's Diary and Pepys' Memoirs will supply abundant other instances of these military spectacles being held in Hyde Park. For instance—

1663, July 4.—“I saw his Majesty's guards, being of horse and foot 4000, led by the General, the Duke of Albemarle, in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran soldiers, excellently clad, mounted and ordered, drawn up in battalia before their Majesties in Hyde Park, where the old Earle of Cleveland trail'd a pike and led the right-hand file in a foot company commanded by the Lord Wentworth his son, a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant souldiers. This was to shew the French Ambassador, Monsieur Comminges; there being a greate assembly of coaches, &c. in ye park.”—*Evelyn's Diary*, vol. ii. p. 208.

1663, July 4.—“To the King's Head Ordinary. Thence with Creed to hire a coach to carry us to Hyde Park, to day there being a general muster of the King's Guards, horse and foot.”—*Pepys' Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 68.

1668, September 16.—“When I came to St. James's, I find the Duke of York gone with the King, to see the muster of the Guards in Hyde Park; and their Colonel, the Duke of Monmouth, to take his command this day of the King's Life Guard, by surrender of my Lord Gerard. So I took a hackney coach, and saw it all: and indeed it was mighty noble, and their firing mighty fine, and the Duke of Monmouth in mighty rich clothes; but the well-ordering of the men I understand not. Here, among a thousand coaches that were there, I saw and spoke to Mrs. Pierce.”—*Pepys' Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 170.

1676, March 16.—“I was at a review of the army about London, in Hyde Park, about 6,000 horse and foot, in excellent order: his Majesty and infinity of people being present.”—*Pepys' Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 205.

Pope also, in the following notice, shows that the taste of the ladies a century and a-half ago was the same as in our own days, when they go off to Chobham or Shorncliff.

“Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde Park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwell in the waggons of war were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the soldiers. Tea and coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess to represent the *Mater Exercitus*.”—*Letters to Digby*, No. XII.

There are still some few Volunteers living who remember King George III. reviewing the Volunteer troops in Hyde Park, in Oct., 1803, a display of which the daily and weekly contemporary press give full accounts. More recently, the same place was the scene of a magnificent review of the cavalry and infantry, and Volunteer troops, in 1814, in the presence of the Prince Regent and the allied sovereigns; and we ourselves have more than once seen a similar spectacle within its boundaries. At coronations, victories, and on other grand occasions, Hyde Park has always been the great centre of public festivities in the way of fireworks and fairs.

One kind of adventures the Park has happily long ceased to witness: we allude to those duels* which disgraced the age of our fathers and grandfathers; and when we have given a passing notice of some of the most celebrated of these, we shall bring this paper to a conclusion.

In November, 1712, the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun “met” in Hyde Park. They fought with swords, and with such ferocity, that Mohun was killed on the spot, and the Duke expired before he could be conveyed to the keeper's house.

The cause of the duel was said to be a dispute on the subject of a law-suit between

* The earliest instance of the park being put to this use is to be found in the year of the Restoration.—“The Commissioners of the Militia of London, in pursuance of an order of the Council of State, appointed on Tuesday the 24th of April, to rendezvous their regiments of train-bands and auxiliaries at Hyde Park, Major Cox, Quarter-Master General of the City, hath since, by their order, been to view the ground, and hath allotted a place to be erected for the reception of the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and the Commissioners for the militia. The Lord Mayor intends to appear there with his collar of eses, and all the aldermen in scarlet robes, attended with the mace and cap of maintenance, as is usual at great solemnities.”—*Mercurius Publicus*, 12th April to 25th April, 1666.

* It appears that between the years 1760 and 1821, 172 duels have been fought (including 344 individuals), that 69 persons were killed; that in three of these, neither of the combatants survived; that 96 were wounded, 43 of them desperately, and 48 slightly, and that 188 escaped unhurt. It will thus be seen that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It appears also, that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder; that two were executed, and eight imprisoned during life or for periods.

the families; but violent party politics no doubt produced a termination so sanguinary. The Duke of Hamilton was leader of the Tories, and suspected by the Whigs of favouring the Pretender; he had also been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, at which the Whigs were much exasperated. Lord Mohun was an experienced duellist, and had killed two antagonists in previous combats; he was, moreover, called the Hector of the Whig party, and it was generally believed had been selected to pick a quarrel with the Duke, and thus to prevent his proceeding on his mission. The Duke of Marlborough, who was also publicly blamed as the author of all this mischief, immediately retired to the continent, whither he was shortly followed by his Duchess.

In 1773, John Wilkes fought with pistols, in Hyde Park, with Mr. Samuel Martin, M.P., the duel having arisen out of a paragraph, written by Mr. Wilkes, in the *North Briton*, the author of which Mr. Martin denounced in the House of Commons as a "stabber in the dark, a cowardly and malignant scoundrel." Mr. Wilkes was severely wounded, receiving his adversary's shot in the belly, with which—no wonder!—he "declared himself satisfied."

In 1770, we read of a more harmless duel fought in Hyde Park, between George Garrick* and Mr. Baddeley. Mr. Garrick having received the fire of his antagonist, fired his pistol in the air, which produced a reconciliation between the principals.

In 1780, we find Lord Shelburne engaged in a duel with Colonel Fullarton, M.P. for Plympton, by whom he was severely wounded; and a "student at law," whose name is not given, fighting with the Rev. W. Bate, with whom he had quarrelled on account of some circumstances connected with the *Morning Post*. Two years later, in 1782, another clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Allen fought with and mortally wounded Mr. L. Dulany, for which he was afterwards tried at Newgate, and sentenced to a fine of one shilling and six months' imprisonment. Here, also, the cause of strife was an article penned by Mr. Allen in the *Morning Post* some three years previously.

In 1786, General Stewart and Lord Macartney fought at the end of Hyde Park next Kensington Gardens. The duel arose out of personal ill-will on the part of the General. Lord Macartney was severely wounded, but recovered.

In October, 1797, was fought perhaps the most celebrated of all duels, the scene of which was laid in Hyde Park, between Colonel King and Colonel Fitzgerald, the circumstances of which are recorded as follows in an account published a few years afterwards.

"The distressing circumstances attending this duel caused a great sensation at the time in the public mind. The facts are as follows:—it appears that Colonel Fitzgerald had seduced the Hon. Miss King, daughter of Lord Kingsborough, at the same time being married to a lady who was second cousin to Miss King, and had caused her to elope with him from Lady Kingsborough, her mother, who resided at Windsor. The lady, having been discovered after great difficulty, was forcibly taken home to her friends.

"As soon as Lord Kingsborough, who was in Ireland, heard of the fate of his daughter, he came to England with his son, Colonel King, determined to call Fitzgerald to a personal and severe account. A meeting was appointed near the Magazine in Hyde Park; Colonel King was accompanied by Major Wood as his second, but Colonel Fitzgerald came alone. After exchanging six shots without effect, Colonel Fitzgerald's powder and balls being all expended, it was agreed they should meet again the next morning. Both Colonels were, however, put under arrest the same day.

"The sequel to this extraordinary affair is most tragical. It appears that the young lady was removed to her father's residence at Mitchelstown, near Kilworth, in Ireland. A discarded servant became the bearer of a letter to Colonel Fitzgerald, which induced him immediately to follow her. Colonel King, now Lord Kingsborough, his father being created Earl of Kingston, having received intelligence of his arrival, immediately proceeded to Kilworth, and went to the apartment in which the Colonel lodged. Having demanded admittance, and being refused, the enraged young nobleman forced open the door, and running to a case of pistols lying in the room, seized one, and called on the Colonel to defend himself; they instantly grappled, and while struggling, the Earl of Kingston, entered the room, having come in pursuit of his son, and seeing that his life was in danger, immediately fired upon the Colonel, and killed him on the spot. Colonel Fitzgerald thus fell a victim to the most horrible infatuation and depravity, lamented by no one who reflected on his dishonourable conduct in this affair."

But happier and brighter, because more peaceful, days have dawned upon us, and the green turf of Hyde Park is no longer periodically dyed red with the blood of men anxious

* Mr. G. Garrick was the brother of the celebrated tragedian, David Garrick; and the memory of Mr. Baddeley is preserved by a sum of money which he bequeathed for the purchase of a Twelfth-cake, to be drawn for annually by the performers at Drury Lane Theatre.

to vindicate their position as "gentlemen." Let us turn from the scene of such savage deeds, and saunter idly to the "drive" along the banks of the Serpentine, or the "ride" in the Rotten Row, and gaze upon the fairest and the loveliest of our countrywomen, all emphatically declaring that the reign of Mars in these quarters has given way to that of Venus, and that their motto, re-echoed from Belgravia to Tyburnia, is "*Cedant arma togæ!*" Let us congratulate ourselves that the gallows-tree no longer stands by Tyburn Meadow, foul with the bleaching bones of highwaymen, forgers, and Romish priests. Happily a milder code of laws and a more sensible standard of honour prevails than under the Stuarts, or even under the first three of the Georges. With such thoughts in our minds, let us, gentle reader, turn our backs quietly on the gay and giddy throng who still, though in lessened numbers, are haunting those rides, or resting, as idle spectators, beneath the trees; thence let us stroll quietly and leisurely up Piccadilly, and, having dined on good substantial fare at my club near Pall Mall, wend our way back to my chambers in the Temple, where, at all events, whether you be more or less of an antiquary, you, reader, shall receive at least a hearty welcome.

RALPH DE PEYERELL.

GOVERNMENT CITY CLERKS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

THE next morning, although Maria Hooker had gone to bed perfectly well, she had a frightful hoarseness at breakfast, for which she could not account, and Grunter, for his part, had such a sore throat that he could eat nothing, and had to send a sick-note by Mr. Moss, who went citywards with his family troop without him.

During the day Grunter was in the garden, and he perceived Betty beckoning to him.

"We can't see you to-night; we've got a bad hoarseness," and Betty's head disappeared behind the wall.

Mrs. Hooker, pretending that her own room was warmer than Maria's, sent her that night to sleep there, while she herself occupied her daughter's room. Grunter felt rather pleased that Maria had caught a cold; he would thus have an unbroken night's sleep to cure his. But he was awakened from his rest about one o'clock by a continuous tapping at his window. He got up, putting his coat loosely over his shoulders, for it was cold, and opened the window.

"Is that you, my dear Maria?" he asked, looking towards his beloved's apartments.

"Yes," answered a very hoarse voice, with a shawl round its head, "yes, dear Stanley, it is I. I couldn't sleep without speaking to you. So I've been rapping for you such a time with my umbrella, which I smuggled upstairs on purpose."

"You are very kind, dear Maria. I have got a sore throat, and haven't been at the office," said Grunter, coughing.

"How sorry I am," said the hoarse voice.

"I think you had better go to bed, darling," remarked Grunter, as he felt the cold air.

"Not till I find out your plans," said the widow to herself. "My dear Stanley," the hoarse voice under the shawl began again, "mother says we shall never be married with her consent."

"Could we not marry without it?" asked Grunter.

"Yes, dear, but we should get none of the money father left."

"Perish the money!" exclaimed the shivering Grunter. "I want you, darling, I want no money; that is, I do need it most confoundedly, hang it; but never mind, Maria; in five years, by means of the annual rise, I am sure to have a hundred,"—here came a fit of coughing,—"*and then I'll marry you, and your mercenary mother,*"—cough, cough,—"*may keep her money.*"

"So that's all, the simpletons!" thought the widow, pleased that as yet, there was no danger. Re-assuming her hoarse voice, she said:—

"You are a noble-hearted gentleman, my dear Stanley." Then becoming disagreeably sensible of the cold, she resolved to end the interview.

"Good night, my darling Stanley."

"My dear Maria, would you mind,—perhaps it's rather silly, but I should so like it, it would cure my sore throat, I think,—would you mind passing the umbrella to me, and kissing one end of it, while I kiss the other?"

Grunter fancied he heard a smothered laugh; he looked up to Moss's window above, but no one was there.

"Yes, my dear Stanley, it will be delightful,—almost as good as real kissing," answered his pretended sweetheart, handing the umbrella as he desired with the point towards him. As Grunter bent lovingly towards it, the point was jerked violently into his mouth.

"Oh! oh, Maria," he spluttered, "you have hurt me!"

"My dear Stanley," said the hoarse voice, "how sorry I am, but you know I'm so awkward. Say you forgive me, do say that, or I shan't sleep."

"Yes, yes," groaned Grunter in pain, "I forgive you: you could not help it. Good night, darling."

"Good night, dear Stanley." The windows of the happy pair were then closed, and Mrs. Hooker went to bed chuckling, and Grunter, moaning and coughing. One of his front teeth had been pushed in, and one seriously loosened.

Life at Moss's in the evenings was anything but dull. The four younger brothers, Alexis, Rupert, &c., &c., were studious youths, fond of useful knowledge. Every week they got the current number of the *Popular Educator* by heart. They would wrangle at a table by themselves over the marks respectively gained at their competitive examinations before Her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners, and set each other knotty questions in arithmetic, which they settled noisily. The elder girls, with the love-sick Giulia at their head, would fight for turns at a rickety piano at the other end of the room, and deride each other's music. At opposite corners of the fireside old Moss and his wife coughed, and choked, and parleyed, not at all times amicably, over the red housekeeping book. Then there was always a few skirmishing junior Mosses playing and shouting in the passage, banging doors, or falling down the kitchen stairs, or bursting madly into the room, chasing one another in a very unforgiving spirit, on which their father would slap their heads with the red book, and bid them remember the principle of his life. Grunter sat with his hands in his empty pockets, wishing he had spare cash to let him lead the gay life of Ferdinand, the eldest Moss. This young man had been led astray from the love of useful knowledge, and his old delight in the *Popular Educator*, by his whiskers, which were large and curly, and the secret envy of his smooth-faced studious brothers. He was allowed to stay out till eleven, when he generally returned boasting he had been spending the evening with some West-end office fellows. He used to bemoan his fate, that compelled him to part from his genteel friends at ten precisely, so that he might catch the last Bermondsey bus, but he could not afford to leave his father's, where he and his brothers were boarded on cheaper terms than they could find among strangers. His brothers admired Ferdinand much, and agreed that he was a very fast fellow indeed. One night he came home before his appointed hour, with a cigar in his mouth, which perfumed the bread-and-cheese pleasantly, for it was supper time, and made his brothers admire him more than ever. He popped his curly head into the big sitting-room,

and beckoned his father out in a mysterious way. He then opened the little sitting-room opposite, it was also full of Mosses. He ran down into the kitchen, there also Mosses abounded. His father from the hall kept shouting at him,—“You're drunk, sir, you're drunk, or what do you mean?” Ferdinand rejoined his father, and snatching a hat from the peg, popped it on the old gentleman's head, and, still in silence, took him by the arm into the dark garden. He led him down the left-hand path: the right-hand one was next to Mrs. Hooker's. Then at length he spoke to his puzzled parent.

“I've seen the will at Doctors' Commons,” he whispered; “a West-end fellow put me up to that; and whoever marries Maria Hooker receives under the will—her father's will—three thousand four hundred and eighty-six pounds ten shillings in the old three per cents. She comes into that when she marries, and nothing is said about her mother's consent. What do you think of that, my dad?”

“You——”

“Yes, of course, why not?” returned Ferdinand, puffing his cigar complacently. And they had a long talk in the dark.

Now we understand the widow's anxiety, when she found that Grunter was a penniless government clerk, and not the son of wealthy country people, as the Mosses had boasted to her when they first caught him.

The next night Ferdinand Moss got ready to go a-courting Maria Hooker, the newly discovered heiress.

When he came down stairs the family made quite a crowd about him. His beautiful whiskers were oiled till they almost dripped; he had his Sunday suit on, and wore gloves, which is not usual in Bermondsey on a week day. He had also a white hat, and carried a silk umbrella, though he was only going next door, and his handkerchief had been generously scented by his sister Giulia. He had borrowed his father's cameo ring, and his brother Peregrine's gold studs. The discovery of Maria's fortune had been kept secret, but that he was going to visit next door with an eye to the daughter of the house could not be concealed.

“I'll allow you till twelve to-night, sir,” said his father to him proudly, and his mother wanted to kiss him, but he entreated her not to discompose his dress.

“That's left for Maria to do!” cried the pert Giulia.

Where was Grunter all this time? He was up-stairs in his bedroom, where he had fastened one end of a piece of string to the door-handle, and the other to his loose front-tooth, which, with drops of perspiration on his fore-

head, he was gradually wrenching from its socket.

The Mosses lined the hall two deep as Ferdinand went out, and gave him a cheer. They did not shut the street-door after him, but held it a little ajar, and listened as he rapped and rang so boldly at Mrs. Hooker's, and perfumed the evening air with his whiskers. The girls heard some one speaking to him, but not what was said.

"Shut the door," said Giulia; "we'll sit up for him, and hear——"

She had no time to say more. The door was violently pushed open, out of the hands of her sisters, and she herself bumped on one side by her distracted brother, Ferdinand. He ran up-stairs three steps at a time, and dropped his hat and umbrella upon their heads as he went. Without a word to anybody, he tore into his bed-room, and, locking the door, began pulling off his fine clothes in a passion. The dismayed family crowded up-stairs after him; his father and mother rapping at his door, and beseeching him to let them in, and say what had happened.

"Maria Hooker has refused my dear boy's hand," whispered his mother nervously to old Moss, who was hammering at the door. "I am sure she has. Oh! I hope he won't think of razors!" she added apprehensively. At that moment Ferdinand was actually before his looking-glass, with his razor in one hand, and his nose in the other.

"I wonder," he was saying to himself, "I wonder if I were to cut a piece out of the middle, whether it would heal again nicely."

"Ferdinand, I command you," cried his father angrily, "tell me what Mrs. Hooker said to you."

"I'll tell all of you," replied the young man, laying the razor down, resolving to ask a doctor if the experiment he thought of might be successfully carried out. "I'll tell every one of you," shouted the excited Ferdinand to his family on the stairs outside; "she said we were a lot of greasy Jews, and told me not to show my hook nose at her door again!"

So began and ended his courtship of Maria Hooker.

Three or four years rolled slowly away, and one fine summer morning Grunter found himself promoted. 105*l* per annum in five years! Such a piece of luck had not been known to take place for centuries—not since the reign of Edward the Confessor. It had occurred in this way: several senior clerks having been made redundant in another department, the Board sent them into Grunter's department, over the heads of him and his fellow juniors,

and to keep them decently quiet promoted a few of them.

Grunter's first thought, indeed all his thoughts, that memorable day, were of Maria. He had kept at Moss's, enduring them and their ways, for the sake of being near her. In spite of the vigilance of the widow, they met often in some of the out-of-the-way streets of Bermondsey, where they used to have quiet walks up one side and down the other. They had signals too, that baffled the widow, and puzzled the Mosses, who thought that Mrs. Hooker must have taken it into her head to hang up all her pictures in her parlour, and also upon that side of the house adjoining theirs.

One night, about a week after his promotion, Grunter asked Ferdinand for a loan of money. He wanted three pounds ten, but concluding that that particular sum might raise suspicions, he begged for four pounds until pay day. Young Moss was in funds, he had gone into the Derby Sweepstake at his office, against his father's wishes, and had won the first horse. He was a good-natured fellow, and willingly lent the newly-promoted Grunter the four pounds, taking his I O U for four pounds ten, to be paid in four weeks. Two days afterwards Grunter alleged he had some private business of an important character to get through, and Ferdinand also kindly lent him his Sunday suit, with one of his best shirts. Peregrine lent his gold studs, and on the morning he set forth upon this secret expedition; with the exception of the whiskers, he looked almost as fine as Ferdinand when he went a-courting. Old Moss had told him that for the future he ought to pay five shillings extra per week, which should include his washing, and Grunter had not objected. So on this particular morning, being quite pleased with their lodger, the Mosses chaffed him in their delicate way upon this mysterious business of his.

Grunter emerged into the Borough High Street by St. George's Church, and at the corner he met his faithful Maria, dressed very smartly indeed.

"Oh! Stanley," she said, as she took his arm, "I am afraid mamma is running after me."

"Nonsense, darling," replied Grunter, as he stopped a Kennington omnibus. They got in, and arrived at the gate a little after ten. Grunter and Maria hurried into Kennington Church. There was already a wedding-party assembled at the altar, with a crowd of bridesmaids and friends, and our couple felt very lonely, as the pew-opener showed them into the vestry to await their turn.

A sound of voices, low and happy, and the bridal party entered the vestry.

The bride, with a scream, threw herself into the arms of Grunter. It was his sister, from the potteries.

The pottery man, after all, had proved honourable, but would not invite Grunter to the wedding, nor allow him to be informed of it beforehand, because on one occasion Grunter had suspected him of visiting his sister with unworthy motives, and had carried his suspicions so far as to knock him down. But now his sister made him shake hands with the pottery man, her husband, who was a very handsome young fellow indeed, and supplied half the world with earthenware, or would have done it, if he had received orders. Grunter then introduced his bashful Maria, and showed his licence; and Maria produced her grandmother's wedding ring, which she had had since a child. His sister's party pitied the lonely ones, and went to the altar with them, and bridesmaids and bridegrooms did duty over again. Then they all went off to breakfast at the pottery man's aunt's, who lived in Dorset Square.

The noise, and fun, and laughter, of this double wedding party were at their height, when Mrs. Hooker, in her old black cap, with the old black beads, and without bonnet or shawl, rushed into the breakfast-room, followed by a policeman.

"Maria! Maria!" she screamed, and the clatter of knives and glasses ceased suddenly, and a surprised silence ensued. Grunter tried to introduce her formally to his sister, and his brother-in-law, but the widow would not hear him.

"You villain!" she cried, clutching at his neckcloth, or rather Ferdinand Moss's Sunday tie.

"He is not a villain, mother," replied Maria, "he is my husband, my dear husband."

"Bravo!" shouted the company.

"And what have you done about my dear daughter's money?" demanded Mrs. Hooker, with her hand still on the necktie, "have you settled it upon herself?"

"I know nothing about any money she may be entitled to," replied Grunter. "I married her for herself."

"Bravo!" shouted the wedding guests again.

"And I tell you what, my dear Mrs. Hooker," Grunter continued proudly, "on condition you forgive us, and take us both back again, we will never ask you to give an account of Mr. Hooker's money as long as you live."

So it all ended happily. The pottery man and his wife went to Paris, and Grunter and Maria contented themselves with a couple of days at Gravesend, the widow cheerfully paying the cost. Grunter settled with the Mosses, and left them forgiving him in a tone of voice as if they were cursing him from top to toe.

On the morning of his return to his office Grunter was ten minutes late, and the official in charge of the appearance sheet being a friend of Mr. Moss, fined him half-a-crown,—he who, until that day, the last of his honeymoon, had ever been conspicuous in elbowing his way among the busy Billingsgate porters, in Lower Thames Street, at ten o'clock in the morning.

N. EARLE.

BATH.

FEW districts in England so abound in relics of the highest antiquity as does that which surrounds Bath. Bath itself is so old that there exists no historical evidence as to the date when it was founded. In the days of the Romans it had already attained considerable size and importance, as is manifested by the remains of the old Roman walls, and costly public buildings, &c., which have been discovered. The numerous traces of Roman villas which occur in the neighbourhood, also indicate that Bath was then one of the most populous centres in the island. But even before the Romans had settled themselves in the West of England, the Somerset and Wiltshire country would seem to have been the stronghold of a powerful Celtic race, if one may judge by the numerous tumuli, earthworks, stone-circles, and traces of towns which still exist. Referring the reader to the Rev. Mr. Scarth's recently published book on *Aquæ Solis* for an account of Roman Bath, we propose devoting a few words to the older antiquities, chiefly with reference to their bearing on the question as to the existence of a pre-Roman Bath. We shall not endeavour to rehabilitate Bath with Bladud and his pigs, who are said to have flourished in the time of the Prophet Elijah. They have presided over Bath from the time of Geoffrey of Monmouth, but we prefer the indirect but less explicit information afforded by names, places, and probabilities, which will lead us, if not back to Elijah, to a town and a people of a highly respectable antiquity.*

* The reader who wishes a more precise date will find it in an inscription, which may be seen under the figure of Bladud, which even now adorns the King's Bath, the most famous of all the "baths of Bath," and which runs thus:—"Bladud, son of Lud Hudibras, eighth King of the Britons, from Brute, a great philosopher and mathematician, bred at Athens, and recorded the first discoverer and founder of these baths, eight hundred and sixty-three years before

According to history the Romans first became acquainted with the West of England in or about the year 45 A.D., when a detachment of the second legion was established at Bath. Claudius, the commander of the legionary forces in Britain, accompanied this detachment. During his short stay he appears to have vigorously followed the Roman principle of never allowing soldiers to be idle, and when peace deprived them of military work, employing them in the construction of important public works. The soldiers of the second legion must have worked well and steadily, for we learn that in the four or five years which preceded A.D. 51, when Ostorius Scapula succeeded Claudius as commander, they had surrounded Bath with massive stone-built walls, formed the Via Badonica, which was the first road made by the Romans in England, constructed the Roman, now called the Kingston, Baths, and probably other works. If Bath was not founded by the Romans, an honour which they are not known to have claimed, they at least made extensive alterations in, and large additions to, the city. Curiously enough, the remains of the works mentioned, show that the level of the city was then twenty feet lower than it is now. This twenty feet of mould, &c., is a rough gauge of the lapse of time, much in the same way as is the size of the heap in the case of the running hour sand-glass; but the former is more expressive in its indications. Thus in 1755 the Duke of Kingston purposed erecting some dwelling-houses on a portion of the old Bath Abbey estate, a short distance from the west end of the Abbey itself. In sinking for the foundations several stone coffins and Saxon coins were found, and a few feet beneath these extensive remains of a large Roman bath, and the hot spring which fed it. This is the Kingston Bath. Nobody seemed to have been aware of the existence of the Roman bath, nor that the earth which had hidden it had been used as a place of interment by the Saxons.

Remains of other buildings have been found at about the same level, which may consequently be as old. Some of these belonged to a temple dedicated to Minerva. For a long period nothing was positively known of the former existence of this temple; the belief itself simply resting on tradition. The earliest allusion to the temple may possibly be that which occurs in the legend of King Bladud, who is said to have founded the temple. This legend exists in two forms; part of one of

them is given by Geoffrey of Monmouth. No reliance can be placed on that author's statement respecting the temple, seeing that it is a simple translation from Solinus, who lived about the second century of the Christian era. Solinus, then, is the earliest reliable author on the subject, but he omits all allusion to Bladud. From him we gather that a constant fire was kept up in the temple, which was fed with a material that did not burn to ashes, but became converted into hard balls of stone, from which some antiquarians have inferred that coal was used. Assuming the inference to be a correct one, this is the earliest notice we have seen of the use of coal in Britain. It is possible the Romans were acquainted with coal, as we know they worked some of the lead mines of the West of England, and they may have executed some of the old surface coal workings, remains of which are still extant. At Newbury, about ten miles from Bath, the coal seams are visible just below the surface soil. Whittaker, however, says that the coal came from Newton St. Loe, which is three miles from Bath. The inference receives further support from other facts. On the floors of the Roman baths at Lanchester, coal and coal cinders have been found; and cinders have also been turned up within the walls of Magna in Northumberland. According to Pennant, coal was known to the ancient Britons in Wales. However this may be, here we have mention of a temple, the remains of which were not discovered until 1796, when the foundations for the Pump Room were sunk. At a depth many feet below the level of the modern city, the workmen came upon fragments of skulls, horns, and a number of stones, which latter have been ascertained to belong to the traditional temple of Minerva. Numerous relics of this building have been dug up at various times, consisting of portions of the tympanum, cornices, columns, altars, and monuments. In the collection of the Bath Literary Institution there are five altars, of which two are dedicated to the goddess *Sul Minerva*, two to the goddess *Sul*, and one to the *Sulevæ*; there also may be seen a sepulchral tablet erected by Calpurnia to her husband, Calpurnius, priest of the goddess *Sul*, which was found in Bath, as also were the altars. The name *Sul* is spelt *svl* on all the sculptures. Little or nothing is known respecting this goddess *Sul*, whose name doubtless gave rise to the Roman name of Bath, namely, *Aquæ Solis*. Although apparently identified with *Sol*, yet it seems more probable that *Sul* was a British, not a Roman, deity, although she may have had some of the attributes assigned to the *Minerva* and *Apollo* of the

Romans. We imagine, therefore, that the correct name of the city is Aquæ Sulis. The name is preserved in Solsbury, a hill close to Bath, on which are the remains of a British camp. The ordnance map spells it Salisbury, and Mr. C. E. Davis, the architect to Bath, Sulisbury. It has been thought that Sul was the Sun god or goddess of the Belgæ, and that Stonehenge may have been one of her temples. Silbury Hill and Sulhampton, near Avebury and Silchester, possibly have some connection with Sul.

The Rev. G. N. Wright, in his *Historic Guide to Bath* (1864), states that as there is no British word like Sul, the Belgæ probably imported it from some foreign country. He therefore suggests a Scandinavian origin, as we find that in the mythology of the north Mundilfari (mover of the earth's axis) had two beautiful children (Sool and Maan). Mundilfari having offended the gods, they took his children from him, and made Sool drive the Sun's and Maan the Moon's chariot of light. The connection between the Scandinavian Sool and the British Sul is thus made out by the Rev. G. N. Wright. The Scandinavians and Germans had a common origin; the various Germanic tribes gradually travelled westward, transporting with them their national traditions, mythology, &c. The Belgæ, being Germanic, transplanted some of these traditions, &c., to Britain, and may there have introduced the worship of Sul.

We venture, however, to suggest a different hypothesis, with the view of directing enquiry along another channel, as appearing to lead to the more probable source. Much of the strength of the argument in favour of the Germanic origin rests on the assumption that there are no British words like Sul, and that the Belgæ of Somersetshire were a Germanic tribe. In both Cornish and Welsh a word like Sul occurs. In Welsh the sun is called *Haul*, while Sunday is named *Dydd Sul*, which is surprisingly like the Cornish *Sol-athyth*, a word meaning "some time ago," according to Norris (*Sketch of a Cornish Grammar*, 1859), and not Sunday, as one would be inclined to suppose. The word is compounded of two: *sol* and *thyth*; the latter we know means "day," but we are not aware what *sol* means when separate. In the last days of the Cornish dialect, when it was very corrupted, the word for Sunday was *Dizyl*, which in pronunciation is very analogous to the Welsh. There is a scarce relative pronoun spelt *Sul* or *Suel* in Cornish, which fact, however, does not help us.

The Belgæ, as a British nation, are first mentioned by Ptolemy, the Egyptian, who

wrote about the beginning of the second century, A.D. The limits he assigns to their territory makes it to correspond with Wiltshire, together with parts of the counties of Hants and Somerset. The Belgæ to which Julius Cæsar referred occupied Kent and Sussex. There is nothing to show that the Belgæ of the S.E. and the Belgæ of the S.W. of England were the same people; indeed many things seem to show that the former were Germanic while the latter were Celtic. Ptolemy wrote later than Cæsar, but his information seems to belong to an earlier time (and to have been derived through a different channel) than Cæsar's. That channel was probably Phœnician, but it would be out of place to adduce the reasons for thinking so here; some of them will be found under the headings *Belgæ* and *Britannice Insule* in Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*. Granting that the Belgæ of Wilts were Celtic, we should look to other than Scandinavian lands for traces of the goddess Sul. If the name is not British or Celtic, it must belong to the language of some nation that has had communication with the Belgæ. The only nation we know of at all likely to have done so, are the Phœnicians, who, it is generally believed, were in the constant habit of trading with Western Britain. On such an hypothesis we should find traces of Sul in those lands with which the Phœnicians traded, or on which they landed their ships or made settlements. Tracking the path then to North Africa by the seaboard we cross the channel from Cornwall to Brittany, and there find Sulis as the ancient name of Baud, a small, insignificant town, in which four or five important roads converge. We believe there is a defaced statue there said to have represented a deity that formerly had a temple in the place. The town is situated in the midst of a district which abounds in the so-called Druidic structures more than any other part of France; a district too which contains the famous circle of Carnac. The country is eminently Celtic, and it contains many examples of the same class of names as we meet with in Cornwall. In Finisterre, for instance, we still find numbers of places whose names begin with the syllables, Pen, Lan, Tre. A few miles from Baud, the ancient Sulis, there flows a river Aven; can this be an accidental coincidence with the Aquæ Sulis on the Avon? It rather suggests an identity of interest and speech between nations who have formerly lived in the two districts. Indeed the earliest historical information we have of Britain tends to confirm this. The reason why Cæsar made his first invasion of this country was, as he himself states, because the Veneti (that is, the dwellers

near Vannes in Brittany) were helped by Britons from England; from the same authority we learn that the Veneti traded with England, being in possession of a considerable fleet. Doubtless there was constant intercourse between the natives of Brittany and Cornwall long before the time of Cæsar.

Pursuing our track further, we come upon a place formerly called *Suel*, but now we believe called *Castello de Fuengirola*. It is situated on the South Coast of Spain, about midway between Gibraltar and Malaga. This part of Spain was formerly peopled by the Celtiberians. The Phœnicians cannot but have landed occasionally in this locality. On the opposite extremity of Africa, and along its west side, occur such names as *Soloeis* and *Solis Mons*, which suggests the possibility of a connection with *Sul*. So far the evidence does not take the possible knowledge of *Sul* beyond the Celts. The connection of these names with the Phœnicians is only problematical, and, we confess, wants further support. In the parts of North Africa known to have been colonized by the Phœnicians, there are no names connected with *Sul*, unless it lurks in a disguised form in *Sullecti* and *Sullucæ*, near *Hippo Regius*. These few details, we think, warrant the suggestion of a Celtic or Phœnician origin of the goddess *Sul* of Bath. An examination of the bony remains of the people buried under the tumuli scattered so plentifully over Wilts and the surrounding counties, and a comparison of them with other peoples, would seem to render it very probable that the west of Britain was very early populated by a race which had arrived there from Spain, after having traversed along the western shores of France. This question would take too long to discuss here; but we will just quote the following passage as the general conclusion afforded by the evidence: "Altogether the doctrine of an Iberian, or Ibero-Phœnician origin of a very early, perhaps the earliest, population of at least part of Britain, though not as yet proved, derives much additional weight from the comparison here instituted of the British *dolicho-cephali* [long-headed] of the Stone period with those of the Basques."* Before leaving this subject we would notice that the *Sun* was worshipped by the Etruscans under the name of *Usil*; and also that, according to Sir John Bowring, not only are there remains of Phœnician in the Cornish tongue, but also of Cornish in the modern Phœnician language. The same authority also stated at the meeting

of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Bath, in September, 1864, that the clouted cream of Devonshire is derived from the Phœnicians.

Sul then, we conceive, was a true British goddess, worshipped by the Belgæ, and perhaps other Britains, before the arrival of the Romans. On the site of Bath, however, no remains of any importance have been found of greater antiquity than the Roman. If there was a pre-Roman city, either it was destroyed or else it did not exist on precisely the same site as the modern city. Certain facts seem to favour the truth of the latter assumption. In the earliest mention of Bath, viz. that made by Ptolemy, we learn that the Belgæ had three towns, whose sites corresponded with Winchester, Ilchester, and Bath. The last place is mentioned under the name *Ūdara Depudā*, and is said to be the chief town of the Belgæ.

The Bath of the present day is remarkable for its situation, being dropped, so to speak, into a kind of basin, through which the Avon threads its way. On the summits of the hills which environ the town on its south and east sides, there yet remain bits of a raised earth-work, known as the *Wanslyke*, which can be traced crowning the summits of the hills confining the river from Portishead on the Bristol Channel, through Somersetshire and Wiltshire into Hants; the more western portion of the *Wanslyke* runs along the hills on the left bank of the river, while the eastern end caps the hills on the right bank. It is believed that this bulwark formed the boundary of the territory of the Belgæ, and such a supposition, it will be noticed, quite harmonises with the limits assigned to this people by Ptolemy. The *Wanslyke* is dotted with British fortifications; thus British camp-remains occur at *Maes Knowl*, *Stantonbury*, and *English Combe*, all of which places are between Portishead and Bath. About half a mile to the south of Bath, on *Hampton Down*, there is a large British camp on the *Wanslyke*, now called *Hampton Fort*. As far as we know, this is the largest fort on the *Wanslyke*, and when seen, strongly suggests the idea of being the site of a town, rather than a mere camp, from its compactness, regularity of form, and large area. Within the actual fortifications the total area is thirty acres, but outside these there are marks of enclosures, some of which extend a considerable distance down the slope of the hill towards Bath. As Bath itself is clearly outside the *Wanslyke*, it seems not improbable (if we admit that Ptolemy's information was obtained indirectly from British sources, and consequently, somewhat old) that *Hampton Fort*

* "On the Two Principal Forms of Ancient British and Gaulish Skulls." By Dr. Thurnam. "Memoirs of Anthropological Society." London. Vol. I., p. 166.

was the chief town of the Belgæ referred to by him ; this would render his statement clear, whereas, as it stands, it is generally assumed that he has misplaced Bath. If we could ascertain the system of the pre-Roman roads it would throw considerable light on the question. Many archaeologists admit that the Roman Fosseway was previously a British road. The Romans altered and mended it. At present it enters Somersetshire six miles from Bath, at the three shire-stones at Colerne ; it afterwards passes over Banagh Down, diverges just before it reaches Bath-easton, and joins the Via Badonica. The Roman road then traverses Bath, and crosses the Wansdyke at Burnt House Gate, a short distance out of the city. On looking at a map showing the road, one circumstance is remarkable. All the great Roman and British roads were or are noted for the directness of their course, their undeviating straightness. This feature characterises the Fosseway as a whole ; but near Bath the Roman road makes a remarkable bend. If the road continued in its normal direction it would, instead of turning off just before Bathford, go straight to that point, there cross the river, pass through the fort on Hampton Down, and unite with the Fosseway again at the Burnt House Gate. This does not look like a fortunate coincidence ; it seems to indicate that the original course of the Fosseway was through Hampton Fort, and that the Romans altered it to suit the position of the Bath in the Valley. Possibly traces of the old British road across Hampton Down may yet be discovered by the antiquarian.

The commonly accepted meaning of Wansdyke, namely, Woden's dyke, may perhaps be considered an objection to some of the above views. In the days of the Saxons it was called Wodensdyke. If this was its original name, and if the Belgæ constructed it before the Christian era, it would imply a Germanic origin for the Belgæ or the people who did construct it. We rather think Woden's dyke was a Saxon misnomer ; that the Celtic people of the district named it Avonsdyke in consequence of its geographical position, and that this word has been corrupted to Wansdyke. The dyke may have had a distinctive name given to it in consequence of the existence of an older dyke. We would suggest, although the suggestion is a wild one, the possibility of the *Old Ditch* of Wiltshire having been the northern boundary of the Belgæ or some Celtic tribe who pushed their conquests farther north, built a new dyke, and to distinguish it from the old one, named it the Avon's dyke. It is certainly surprising that so large a number of British forts and camps should exist in the

space between these two lines of entrenchments. The old ditch runs nearly parallel to the Wansdyke, and a few miles to the south of it. A. R.

THE PALMER'S TALE.

FAR in the purple time, e'er pain
Had yet commenced her ancient reign—
That time which never comes again—

I met a Palmer on the way,
"Oh, wretched youth, in evil day
I find thee," cried that pilgrim grey.

"Thy love is dead : upon her lie
The snowy cerements, round her cry
The weeping crowd ; I saw her die.

"A thousand knights without compare,
A thousand maidens call her fair,
A thousand lilies deck her hair.

"Her golden hair with halo crown'd —"
I heard, and fell upon the ground,
And saw no sight and heard no sound.

Then, where she lay, I came and cried,
"Oh ! dearest gear, here let me bide,
Here sleep for ever by thy side."

A voice came from the little hill
Of earth, "O love, be constant still,
Such is the pleasure of my will.

"Go, gather glory in the right :
A soul that dwells in love and light
Shall watch thee in the darkest night ;

"And like a bird upon her nest
Shall brood above thee in thy rest,
And at the last shall make thee blest." M.

MILDRED GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

"AND if they order you to give me up, Mildred, what will you do ?"

The scene was a cosy and rather handsome room in an English country house. The walls were lined with books, and a table littered with dictionaries and grammars stood in a recess between the two bow-windows. Outside were to be seen the gay tints of a pleasant flower-garden, and the bright spring sunshine, streaming into the room, lighted up even the heavy damask window-curtains and the dark leather arm-chair drawn up to the hearth. In this chair sat a tall spare man of about twenty-seven, whose closely shaven and rather thin face wore a somewhat stern look, belied by a pleasant voice, and a kindly, genial smile. A pair of thinly mounted short-sighted spectacles made him look older than he really was, but behind them twinkled a pair of remarkably handsome gray eyes. A girl of seventeen was standing on the rug before the fire, her bright hair tumbled rather untidily about her face, and the little fingers, somewhat daubed with

ink, held a German grammar, as if she had come to ask her master's help in the matter of the half-written exercise lying on the table.

Every one who visited the Royal Academy in 1862 remembers Mr. Millais' beautiful "Trust me." Mildred Grant might have

been taken for the girl in that picture; she was so like her as to render further description unnecessary.

"And if they order you to give me up, Mildred, what will you do?"

He asked the question, but he probably



needed no answer, and Mildred gave none, except such as might be conveyed in a shy look from under her eyelids, but she came close up to the big chair, and, standing by the side of it, laid her hand on the arm. A larger hand covered it instantly, and Mr. Reeve looked up into her eyes.

"And so you really think you have courage to hold out? Four years, Mildred; it is a long time. Poor child, you will have a good deal to go through, but how to help it—I never felt so inclined to grumble at my position."

"Really?" she questioned with a gleam

of a smile, then, changing her tone, "But don't you think there is a *little* chance of their consenting now?"

"Dearest childie, no! When you say that sort of thing it almost makes me feel as if I had taken a wrong advantage of your ignorance of the world. No, Milly, if you ever belong to me, it can only be when you are twenty-one, and your own mistress, and in all the time till then I shall never be allowed to see you. Heigh-ho! But still," he added, as if talking to himself, "it wouldn't be right, it wouldn't be honourable, to keep them in ignorance. No, it must be told to-night, *coute que coute*."

He lapsed into silence, but presently began again. Mildred had left her position by his chair, and seated herself on a footstool before the fire.

"People would say I was talking nonsense, but really I don't think it will be such a very bad thing for you after all. I know you love me, and I don't believe you ever *could* love any one else so well." Her lips formed "never," but the sound was scarcely audible. "And you see, poor as I am, I believe I shall always be able to maintain myself by teaching or writing. Perhaps I could get on the staff of one of the newspapers, and you will have money enough to make you rich under any circumstances."

Mildred veered round upon her footstool, and put her two hands clasped together upon his knee.

"I don't believe you care for me a bit, or you wouldn't say such unkind things on purpose to vex me. Such nonsense, too," she went on, with the pretty pettishness of a child, and indeed, she looked little more; "as if when we—I mean some day—everything I have won't be yours, your very own, and not mine at all. And I'm so proud sometimes when I think it will make a difference to you. And I want you to do me a great *great* favour. You won't like it, I know, but you must promise not to scold me just this once," and she looked up at him with pleading eyes.

He did not seem much inclined to be angry.

"What is it, Milly?"

"But promise me you'll do it?"

"That's what you used to ask when you were a little bit of a child, but I must hear what this wonderful favour is first. I don't altogether trust you in those sort of things."

"Well, but you must do it. Why don't you say it for me? It is so hard to get out, and you know what I mean."

She hid her face in the hands that were still on his knee and went on.

"I mean if—if you have to leave Chaley,

you may be a long time before you get work that will suit you, and I've more money than I know what to do with, even now, and if you would only take a little—only a little—and spend it for me, it would make me so very, *very* happy." And, on the verge of crying, she put on his knee a little purse, netted with bright silk and beads, in which lay bank-notes to the amount of 100*l*. He opened it and looked at them with a moved expression. For a second he did not speak, then he took them out, and tucked them into her hand, shutting it tightly in his own.

"Milly, I cannot do it," he said; "my darling, I'll keep the purse as long as I live, but you must not ask the other. I could not speak openly and fairly to your guardian if I had touched it.—Mildred, I cannot."

She said no more, but rose, and stood looking at the fire with a sorrowful face. Presently he roused himself, and, looking at his watch, said:—

"Put away your books, childie, and we will have a last walk together; they need not grudge us that, at all events."

She obeyed in silence, and methodically tidied the room.

"Come here, Mildred," he said, when she had done, and putting his arm round her, he whispered: "You must not take it to heart that I could not do what you asked me. When you think it over you will see I was right, but there is one bit of gold you *may* give me, and here it is," he added, gently touching her bright hair. Now go and get ready. God bless you, darling," and he bent down and kissed her lips.

The next day the story had been told, and had met with the reception Mr. Reeve expected. That he, gentleman born and bred though he was, should have ventured to make love to Mildred Grant, the half-sister of the boy to whom he was tutor, was a crime of such magnitude as never to have been imagined or provided against by her mother, Mrs. Carlton. No words could express her indignation and dismay, and few were wasted in the attempt. Mildred had pleaded a headache and gone to bed immediately after dinner, and on the news of Mr. Reeve's presumption being communicated to Mrs. Carlton, that lady felt herself so totally incapable of doing justice to her feelings, that she spared her daughter for that night an interview which Mildred had exceedingly dreaded. But Mr. Carlton, Mildred's step-father and guardian, was a sensible man, and withal a gentleman, and although he disliked the idea of the marriage as much as his wife could do, yet he did not refuse to meet Mr. Reeve upon equal terms, and was willing

to waive the breach of confidence on which his wife insisted so strongly, in consideration of their own imprudence in having allowed Mildred to be so much with her brother's tutor. But he represented frankly to Mr. Reeve that if he remained in the house long enough to see Mrs. Carlton again he would not be safe from insult, and appealed to him as a man of honour—insisting at the same time on the fact of Mildred's being a great heiress—to give his promise not to attempt to see or communicate in any way with her until she should be of age. Appealed to in this way Mr. Reeve felt that he could not do otherwise than assent. Perhaps he had had some faint hope of an opposition violent and unreasonable enough to justify him in refusing all terms; as it was, however, he gave the required promise with a heavy heart, subjoining to it the words "after to-morrow," though he scarcely hoped to be allowed to take leave of Mildred.

The dog-cart was at the door at six o'clock next morning to convey him to the station, and he was passing through the hall, when a soft whisper reached him through the green-baize door of the schoolroom, "Mr. Reeve!" He turned back, and Mildred slipped into his hand a bit of that gold. He took her in his arms for a moment and kissed her, as he did so she whispered, "In four years." "In four years, my darling, on your birthday, you shall hear from me. God bless and keep you," and he was gone before she had time to answer. How Mildred loved that man!

In spite of what he had said, when Edward Reeve reached London it was to prepare for a sharp struggle with poverty. During the few years that had elapsed since he left the university, he had been charged with the maintenance of his mother and in part with that of his sister, and although he had been recently relieved of that burden by the death of the one and the marriage of the other, yet he had very little cash wherewith to fill Mildred's purse. He arrived at the King's Cross station at noon, thoroughly tired, for he had been up nearly all night. The first thing he did after securing a very small lodging (oh, Mildred, if you could have seen it!) was to go to bed, and to sleep, and when he awoke, to his great astonishment it was six o'clock, P.M. His landlady, having satisfied herself by various peeps, that he had not disgraced her lodgings by hiring them for suicidal purposes, had prepared some mutton-chops, to which he sat down with a good appetite. Afterwards he opened his desk and looked over a manuscript volume hidden there; no, he would not take another situation as tutor, he would give lessons if he could find pupils, and, if necessary, he would dine upon

bread and cheese, but he would devote himself to his literary work, and strive to earn for himself a name that even Mildred's friends should not be ashamed to have her bear. He lighted his pipe upon this determination, and actually awoke faithful to it the next morning, a great thing to say for any human resolution.

Four years had nearly passed. It was October, and the following Christmas eve would be Mildred's twenty-first birthday. Mr. Reeve sat by the fire in the identical lodging he had taken on first arriving in London. As he expected, he had seen nothing of the Carlton family. They did not come to town, and he was debarred by his promise from seeking intercourse with Mildred. Now and then he had read Miss Grant's name as having been present at such and such a county ball or archery meeting, and his trust in her was so implicit that these announcements simply interested him without costing him a pang. Considering Mildred's youth such confidence may seem strange, but Edward Reeve was so little used to the ways of the world and the ways of women, as to be still, in such matters, as unsophisticated as a boy. He had grown sparer and graver in these years. How hard had been his struggle with poverty he alone knew, but he had fought bravely, and his luck seemed now just on the turn. In the first place the book was actually published, and, although as yet it had met with no special welcome from the public, it had been very favourably reviewed by several leading periodicals. One of these critiques he was now about, pipe in mouth, to read. He felt very proud and glad, and as he took the paper in his hand he fancied how Mildred might be reading it, with tears of pleasure in her bright eyes, perhaps at that very time. He toyed for a minute or two with his impatience, glancing up and down the paper; suddenly he changed colour, a marriage announcement caught his eye:—

On the 15th inst., at the Parish Church, Chaley Bridge, Yorkshire, Sir Edward Lifford, Bart., to Mildred, only daughter of the late Richard Grant, Esq., of Chaley Hall.

A mist passed across Edward Reeve's sight, his face was very white, and he sat quite motionless. Presently he quietly laid aside the paper, and shielded his eyes with his hand; a low "God help me!" escaped from his lips, had it been a shriek it would not have told more plainly of acute pain. He sat so, in thought or prayer, or perhaps only in suffering, for about half an hour, then he rose and fetched his desk. He took out first a little paper packet, opened it, and let Mildred's bright hair curl round his finger. If he had

put his thoughts into words he would have said that she who had been the star of his life was indeed too bright for him, that it was perhaps well for her that she had been untrue. He raised the hair for an instant to his lips, and then dropped it gently into the fire, where the flames sprang up crackling to meet it, next he burnt the few scraps he had of her writing, and lastly opened his blotting-book and wrote as follows :—

DEAR SIR,—I have reconsidered my decision, and if you will allow me to change my mind, I shall be happy to accompany your son to Pau for the winter, and prepare him for Oxford. I can be ready to start any day next week that may suit you.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

EDWARD REEVE.

The note was finished and Edward Reeve went out and posted it. Returning, he smoked for an hour or two so energetically that the room was in a cloud, and then he went to bed, and drew the clothes over his head, and cried like a child.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, Mr. Reeve, I've found out who those people are, and what's more, I've seen them."

The speaker, a lad of seventeen, with a frank English face, a delicate skin, now suffused with colour, and curly hair, met and joined his tutor, Edward Reeve, as he turned into the Place Royal, Pau, on his way to the Hôtel de France. They did not live there, but came every day from their lodgings to dine at the table-d'hôte for the sake of sociability. Gilbert Blake's curiosity had been aroused by a telegram received by Monsieur Gardère, ordering rooms for an English family who would arrive at Pau in the afternoon, and, lacking any other object for a walk, he had strolled through the park to the station to meet the only train from Paris, and as it seems, had had his curiosity gratified by a sight of the party.

"They're bride and bridegroom honeymooning, Mr. Reeve—the courier told me. At least not quite honeymooning, I suppose, for the mother's with them, and I heard something about a step-father coming."

"You'll want a dozen mothers-in-law to look after you and your wife when your time comes for honeymooning, if you go on as you are doing now," said Mr. Reeve jokingly; "as I live, I believe you've been playing at Quille in your great-coat."

"No, I haven't," laughed the boy; "but I'll tell you what I did do. I meant to have come back in the 'bus, but it was full, so I ran all the way and got here in time to see them get out. The bride was so pretty, and they are not going to stay, so it was my only way to make sure of having another look at her, but I've not had time to cool yet."

"The most idiotic proceeding," began Mr. Reeve, looking at the boy's crimson forehead; then checking himself as if he thought he was lecturing, he added, "better not do it again, Gilbert; if you are so imprudent you will do away with all the good of Pau, and you are so well now."

Gilbert might perhaps have blushed, but that he could not grow redder than he already was; instead, he tried to change the subject. "The bride really is a stunner. Such eyes, and such hair. Her mother, if she is her mother, is quite a young woman, not above forty, I should think. I didn't hear her name, the courier only said, 'Sir Edward and Lady Lifford.'"

"Sir who?" Mr. Reeve turned to him with awakened interest.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you, they're Sir Edward and Lady Lifford on their wedding tour. He is to dine at the table-d'hôte to-night, the ladies said they would not come down."

Mr. Reeve turned away. He felt sick at heart. Why should they, of all people in the world, have crossed his path? Mildred—he thought bitterly—had driven him out of England, and now she must needs pursue him here. Before he had recovered himself the table-d'hôte bell rang, and he turned in with Gilbert and took his place at dinner. His neighbour at table, a good-humoured Frenchman with whom he had struck up an intimacy, found his efforts at conversation responded to very feebly on this evening, and soon noticed that his companion's eyes were fixed on a tall, rather heavy-looking Englishman of about sixty-five who sat opposite, making poor work of the thin soup and greasy fish placed before him. Edward Reeve knew the faces at table well enough to be sure who the stranger must be. *That* Mildred's husband! To think of her, in her bright youth and beauty, sacrificed to a man old enough to be her grandfather! To think of her consenting to such a sacrifice on the very eve of liberty! Edward Reeve recollected bitterly all her loving words to him. When he burnt her hair he had made a fond foolish excuse to himself for not destroying the little purse, by saying that he had promised her to keep it always, but now he thought he would burn it as soon as he reached his room.

What had it been but the frail token of a fickle love? Lady Lifford might be drinking her tea up-stairs, but Mildred—his Mildred—with her pure love and child-like faith, could never exist again, if indeed she ever had existed except in his own fancy.

When dinner was over, Sir Edward rose, and coming round to Gilbert, touched him on the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, but I fancy you are a son of my old friend, Gilbert Blake. Do you know if your father was at Christchurch in '20 and '21?"

Gilbert coloured and answered, and the next moment he had accepted Sir Edward's invitation to spend the evening in his rooms. Almost before Mr. Reeve had caught the purport of the conversation, he found himself included in the invitation; which, however, he declined, pleading a bad headache, and walked home to his rooms chafing inwardly. A headache! The Liffords were only passing through Pan, and that headache should last until they were fairly gone; he could not, no and he would not, meet Lady Lifford. He tried, with indifferent success, to devote himself to his books till Gilbert came home, and then refrained from all questions as to how the evening had been spent. It was rather a relief that Gilbert seemed disposed to be a good deal less communicative than usual. He volunteered no account of his visit, and few words were exchanged before the two gentlemen parted for the night.

Next morning, as Mr. Reeve was sitting doggedly down to his books immediately after breakfast—Gilbert's studies did not begin till later in the day—a little pink note was put into his hand. The contents were as follows:—

Hôtel de France, Tuesday.

DEAR MR. REEVE,—If you can spare the time it would be very kind of you to call here to-day between 11 and 1 o'clock. I have several things to say to you, and greatly wish to see you.

Yours very truly,

MILDRED LIFFORD.

Edward Reeve groaned in spirit. Was it not enough for Mildred to have wasted the best years of his life, that she must persecute him so? Or was she in trouble, and had some shadow of her old trust made her send for him in her distress? It did not signify, in either case he must obey her summons, for he could not confess himself too weak to bear to see her.

At half-past eleven he presented himself at the door of the Hôtel de France, and asked for

Lady Lifford. Miladi was at home, Monsieur would find her apartment *au premier*, if he would give himself the trouble to walk up-stairs. The apartment door was opened by an English lady's-maid, who showed him into the sitting-room, and departed without announcing him, closing the door softly behind her.

On a low chair before the fire sat Mildred, reading. She had not heard him enter, and for a second he watched her in silence. The firelight was gleaming on hair as bright and luxuriant as ever, but he could see that the hand held up to shade her face had grown white and thin, the face too was paler than it used to be, and he fancied that the lines of the mouth had a look of sadness that they were strangers to on that day four years ago—remembered, ah, how vividly—when she had sat at his feet in the schoolroom at Chaley Hall.

Awkwardly enough he advanced towards the fireplace, but at the first step Mildred looked up, and the old beautiful eyes met his. She coloured violently as she rose from her seat, held out her hand, and tried to speak, but the effort was too great, she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

A great lump stuck in Edward Reeve's throat as he stood looking at her, quite unmanned, and with all his sternness melted. "Tell me anything you like," he said, gently; "don't grieve so, I did not come here to blame you."

But Mildred did not hear, she was struggling with her sobs. "I beg your pardon," she managed at last to gasp out. "It is so foolish, but I have been ill, and—and unhappy." All at once she turned so pale that he thought she was going to faint. Instinctively he put out his arm to support her, perhaps she mistook the gesture, she turned towards him, gave one look up to the familiar face with its expression of unchanged tenderness, and burst out crying again with her head on his breast.

For once in Edward Reeve's life he lost all power of self-control. Away went every thought of what was due to her and to himself, away went prudence—swallowed up in his great love and grief for her. "Mildred, Mildred," he cried with an exceeding bitter cry, and clasping her to his heart, he showered down kisses upon her hair. For one instant he held her in that position, the next the door opened, and Sir Edward Lifford walked innocently into the room.

Mr. Reeve released Mildred. The moment of passion had passed, and shame overcame him at the sight of the man he had wronged. But he must shield Mildred if he could, so he

advanced towards Sir Edward, a certain dignity of manner concealing his real feelings.

"I dare not ask your forgiveness," he said, "you can hardly think my conduct more reprehensible than I see it to have been. I have been culpably forgetful of my duty, and I am deeply sensible of it. All I can venture to ask you, Sir Edward, is to let your just anger fall upon me, and not upon your wife."

"Upon my wife?" repeated Sir Edward, opening his honest eyes very wide at this grandiloquent speech, and looking curiously peaceable. "What in the world has Lady Lifford to do with it? Do you suppose, young man, that I make her responsible for the freaks and follies of any young lady she has the charge of?"

Unbounded astonishment took possession of Mr. Reeve's face, he looked at Mildred, almost doubting his own sense of hearing.

"Is not she—do you mean—is not this Lady Lifford?" he stammered at last, in dire confusion.

"No! here is Lady Lifford, if you please," said a cheery voice, and a blooming woman, fat, fair, and forty, with the rosiest cheeks and the merriest smile, walked into the room.

"Mr. Reeve, what have you been saying to distress Miss Grant so?"

"My dear, perhaps you may be able to understand what Mr. Reeve means, be hanged if I can," said Sir Edward, and sat himself down stolidly upon an ottoman.

But Edward Reeve had turned to Mildred, and drawn her again into his arms before them all. "My darling, tell me only one thing," he whispered, "do you belong to me still?"

And Lady Lifford laid hands on Sir Edward and conveyed him and herself out of the room, and left the lovers together.

"And so you forgive me my little plot, do you, Mr. Reeve?" laughed Lady Lifford, about an hour later, when they were all seated at luncheon. Mr. Reeve was beaming. His eyes were glittering through his spectacles with their old twinkle, and the excitement had wrought up his spirits to a most unwonted pitch.

"I am ready to forgive your ladyship anything," he replied, "but I confess a great deal that has happened is beyond my comprehension."

"Your wits are wool-gathering, I am afraid; but here comes your pupil to look after his tutor. Perhaps he may be able to enlighten you."

Gilbert's handsome face showed itself at the door. With laughing eyes and outstretched hands he walked up to his tutor.

"May I congratulate you, Mr. Reeve? I was not far wrong, was I, in telling Lady Lifford that I thought you were still wearing the willow for a young lady you had been engaged to (that's why he tyrannised over me so)," he added, in a comic aside to Lady Lifford.

"Wrong, no! but how in the world did you know anything about it?"

"Sir, you have a sister, I have a mother, they know each other," said Gilbert, dramatically.

"Come, come," said Lady Lifford, "you talk as if I had had nothing to do with it. I am not going to let you carry off all the credit of this happy dénouement."

"No," said Gilbert, folding his hands resignedly; "I knew no names, and little thought, in the innocence of my heart, when I came up last night with Sir Edward, that I was being led into a plot which would end in my being left tutorless, and probably plucked."

"Be quiet, sir, and let me tell my story to Mr. Reeve," said Lady Lifford, good-humouredly; "I had no idea of taking my niece abroad to try what change of climate would do for her without knowing what the complaint was that came upon her so queerly last Christmas-day. So by degrees I persuaded her to confide in me, and I have been on the look-out for you since. When I heard what Gilbert

(Mr. Blake, I beg your pardon, I knew your father so well in old days), what Gilbert told me, I put two and two together, and it flashed upon me all at once that it was my marriage you had heard of and mistaken for Mildred's. My poor brother had quarrelled with me years ago about money matters, and his wife never forgave me till the other day, so it was no wonder you had never heard at Chaley Bridge of a Mildred Grant of the last generation, and I thought that you might not know that the Grants had been Richards always from father to son. Gilbert confided to me that he had taken Mildred for me at the station, and described her to you accordingly. So you see it was irresistible to write you a note just a little more intimate than I should naturally have sent, and to take care that Mildred should be in the drawing-room to receive you. Gilbert was a good boy and held his tongue, and you and Mildred proved yourselves quite equal to the situation."

Lady Lifford made a curtsy to her niece; who, between her smiles, and her tears, and her blushes, looked a very charming picture of confusion.

"Haw, haw!" Sir Edward's loud laugh rang through the group, it is doubtful whether he had previously had a clear idea of what was going on. "Best joke I ever heard, thought

I was going to call him out for kissing my wife, eh?"

"Allow me to kiss her hand, this time in your presence, Sir Edward," said Mr. Reeve, with unprecedented gallantry, and suiting the action to the word. He retained her hands in his after raising his head, as he said, "My dear Lady Lifford, you have been a sort of Providence to us both, I don't know how I shall ever thank you, but it will take a long time, and—it's surely not true that you are going to leave Pau to-morrow?"

"Not we," rejoined Lady Lifford, with a merry laugh; "Providence will not desert you so soon as all that. We are only abroad for pleasure, Sir Edward says he likes Pau, and I intend to stay for the wedding."

WINIFRED ROBINSON.

A CHAPTER ON HORSE SHOWS.

WITHIN the last few years there has been a mania for shows; we have had dog shows, donkey shows, baby shows, and last, not least, horse shows. There can be no doubt that such shows are highly beneficial, as they tend to improve the breed of at least the canine, asinine, and equine race, a consummation devoutly to be wished for, more especially in the last-mentioned case. For the last five-and-thirty years the exportation of horses from England into France, Russia, America, and Germany has been great; and in the year 1830, 522 horses were sent from this country into France. During that year Baron Biel, who was one of the great supporters of the turf in Germany, and one of the largest public breeders, purchased upwards of thirty thorough-bred English mares of the best blood, in addition to the well-known horse the General, once so much talked of at Newmarket, whose stock was very fine. On behalf of the Swedish Government, Colonel Liljestolpe and Mr. Beyer also that year purchased some of the stoutest and soundest of our horses; Count Woronzow also increased his Russian stud by importations from England, an example followed by the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg, who, from the high price he gave, and the blood he selected, soon established the finest stud on the Continent. John Avery, Esq., of Hickeysford, Virginia, who was the purchaser of Godolphin and many valuable mares, had the misfortune to have them all killed on their passage to America. Among others who were the first to improve their breed of horses, may be mentioned Baron Hertefeldt, Baron Lowenberg, and Count Sezechinze. Since that year the annual exportation has not only increased wonderfully, but the prices given by foreigners

for English horses and mares appear to be almost fabulous, and it is therefore high time that our countrymen should, in a national point of view, come forward and preserve a breed of racehorses, hunters, hacks, carriage, and cavalry horses that once defied the world.

One of the most important advantages connected with horse shows is, that it puts every breeder upon his mettle to procure the very best blood, and if he has failed to attend to this most important point, the error is discovered when he finds his animals pass unnoticed without prize or recommendation. It often happens that men consider, because they have been led to give large prices, that their horses are the "wonder of wonders," as a Yorkshireman named one of his roadsters; and it is only by competition that the conceit can be taken out of these moneyed men. Upon the subject of price very little substantial information is to be derived; for even if one horse formed a criterion for the value of another, still the circumstances under which they are sold are so very different, that the better horse is oftentimes obtained for the smaller price. Neither does one description of horse form any guide in the purchase of another; no one in buying a racehorse would reason as to his price by analogy to what he paid for a roadster; nor, again, will the price of the cart-horse be any guide in purchasing a hunter; therefore, independently of the circumstances attending each sale, each class of horses must have a separate scale of prices. The value of a racehorse has never been defined; we read of noblemen and gentlemen of the present day giving fifteen hundred guineas for yearlings, and nine or ten thousand for three years old; hunters, too, vary much in price, depending upon the whim of the purchaser, the independence of the seller, and the character of the horse. No one will suppose that the celebrated buggy horse, Coventry, for which, if we mistake not, Lord Ongley gave a thousand guineas, was intrinsically worth that sum; for whatever might be his symmetry, his action could not bear anything like a relative proportion to the price; and if a buggy horse can be purchased for forty pounds which can trot twelve or fourteen miles an hour in harness, what more could Coventry do, even if the owner had given ten thousand guineas for him? As Hudibras well said:—

The value of a thing

Is just what it will bring;

and to ascertain the real value of a horse, be he hunter, hack, or for harness, is to inquire, not what the dealers sell him for, but what they will give for him when offered to them for sale. This is the *audi alteram partem* of which we hear so much in the course of our

progress through the world ; and it is not until a man has both bought and sold horses that he gets both his eyes open, and is able to form that calm unbiassed judgment which is so essential in all transactions where self-interests are concerned. He then finds that it is not because he gave a fancy price that he is to be equally fortunate, as the original seller, in obtaining a purchaser on similar terms ; but he finds that if he wants to dispose of his horse, he must look to its actual value, and that, though he may buy at his own price, he cannot sell at his own as well. Hunters are perhaps more subject to variation in price than any other breed of horses, except racehorses ; but here as much, if not more, depends upon the character of the owner than on the animal. A good rider will purchase a young, raw horse, with the capabilities of making a hunter, for forty or fifty pounds ; and having passed him through the different stages of his education, will sell him to an inferior horseman for three times that sum, who, on again offering him for sale, will seldom have the good fortune to receive what he gave. Doubtless he may be lucky enough to do so, but this will mostly be found to be the exception, and not the general rule. That good horses will always command good prices is a very hackneyed truism ; but what one man thinks a very good one, another man may think a very bad one ; and there is not one among us who has not got, or has not had, the "best horse in England," in his own opinion. The test of all this can be proved at the Horse Show, where the judges, selected from the most honourable and impartial of our sportsmen, figuratively, if not literally, "put the saddle on the right horse." Form and action are the first things to be looked at in the noble animal, and Virgil's description of a colt of superior breed may not be out of place :

*Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
Altius ingreditur et mollia crura reponit,
Primum et ire viam et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti :
Nec vanos horret strepitus.*

The above description shows that the Mantuan poet thoroughly understood his subject. Many horsemen, indeed, feel to their cost, the want of the "altius ingreditur" and the "mollia crura;" and in the absence of those essential qualities, no horse can carry his burthen pleasantly, give satisfaction to his rider, or gain a prize at a horse show. A well-proportioned horse consists in the body and limbs forming a perfect square, but with this proportion, he may be either a short-backed horse or a long one. The cause of

this difference lies in the position of the shoulders, and the length of the hip to the croup bone. Thus, if the shoulders are upright and the croup short, the back will consequently be long. On the contrary, if the shoulders lie backward, and the hip be far advanced towards the ribs (commonly called ribbed home), the back will be short, and this latter proportion is undoubtedly the most useful. The most beautiful heads are distinguished by bold and prominent eyes, flat and broad forehead, straight nose, wide, capacious, and flexible nostrils, thin lips and deep mouth ; and an animal with the above qualities is seldom a bad one, as they may generally be considered as a pretty sure index of superior bodily powers. Lofty withers, with shoulders lying back, is the form more frequently sought after than met, and no animal with perpendicular shoulder blades will ever be favourably noticed at a horse show. The ribs should be round and capacious, and the back should sink by a gentle declivity from the withers ; the hips should be low, and pretty close to the ribs, while the thighs should be broad and muscular, the hocks broad and flat, the legs, below the hock, should be broad also, the tail should issue high from the croup, rather descending at the point. When viewed in front, the legs should be perfectly straight, the toes turning neither inwards nor outwards. It would be entering too much into the veterinary art were we to furnish our readers with the anatomy of that most important part of the animal, the foot, which, though originally perfect, is often rendered imperfect by the want of skill of the blacksmith, who, by bidding defiance to nature, counteracts her operations, theories and practices of his own, founded on blindness and conceit. The more we examine the horse's foot, the more we are surprised at the wonderful arrangements and adaptation of every part to the office it has to perform, and the more we lament the ignorance of the numskulls who profess to shoe horses upon improved principles, which principles involve a contest of art against nature.

We now turn to the support that has been given towards the improvement of the breed of horses in this country by bygone monarchs.

To King John we are indebted for the introduction of one hundred selected Flemish stallions, which mainly contributed to the foundation of our splendid draught horses ; Edward II. and Edward III. did all in their power to improve English horses for war and agriculture. Henry VIII. prohibited the exportation of English stallions, and also caused an Act to be passed, affixing a certain standard

of height for every stud horse, below which none could be kept.

During the reigns of James and Charles I., great attention was paid to the improvement of our horses, but the melancholy events of the civil wars diverted the attention of the people from such a subject. With the Restoration things brightened, and Charles II. became a more determined friend to the improvement of the breed, than any of his predecessors. He dispatched his Master of the Horse to the Levant to purchase the best horses of the Barb and Turk breeds, and in this he was spiritedly emulated by the noblemen and others attached to his Court. In the death of Charles the lovers of sport experienced a severe loss, for neither the bigoted James, nor the restless and active William III. turned their attention practically to it: hence the improvement in the breed of horses was at a stand still. Towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne commenced a new era in the breeding of horses, by the importation of the celebrated Darley Arabian. For a century previous, most of the countries of the East had been ransacked for the finest animals that were to be met with; nor had the stud of Arabia been altogether neglected, for James I. had imported one, for which he gave five hundred guineas, at that time a most extravagant price. The speculation, however, did not succeed; indeed the merits of the breed were not fairly tried; for the Duke of Newcastle, who was then considered the best judge of horseflesh in the kingdom, was loud in his censure of the king's importation, which consequently fell into neglect, nor have we any account whatever of his produce. This failure discouraged any further attempts in the same quarter, until Mr. Darley, thinking that the experiment had not been sufficiently tried, ventured on another attempt, which proved eminently successful. He had, in the first instance, much prejudice to contend with, but no sooner were the stock of his Arabian generally known, than his fame was at once established, and mares flocked in to him from all quarters. It would occupy too much space to notice the various importations which shortly afterwards took place from Arabia, and the celebrity of the various horses; but it is sufficient to remark, that this cross produced an animal infinitely superior in form, speed and stoutness, to anything which had before appeared in England; and there are none of the thoroughbred horses of the present day which have not more or less of Arabian blood, whilst, by a judicious admixture, horses of every other description have been improved, and many of our stoutest breeds, and best adapted to hard work, may boast a remote

descent from the coursers of Arabia. The collective term whereby the Arabs designate horses in general is Khayl. They distribute them commonly into five great races, all originally from Nejed, and they have been studious, from time immemorial, to preserve with religious care the purity of the races. The physical qualities which the Arabs prize most are found in the laconic verse of Horace,

Pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.

Of the different breeds, the races of Nejed are commonly regarded as the noblest; those of the Hejjaz as the handsomest; those of Yemen as the most durable; those of Syria as the richest in colour; those of Mesopotamia as the most quiet; those of Egypt as the swiftest; those of Barbary as the most prolific, and those of Persia and Kurdistan as the most warlike, all of which qualities many of our horses descended from Arabian blood possess, and of a few of which it can be said, in the words of the high-flown Persian poet, Ghefoori, that "like the earth itself, always well poised in his motions, not less rapid than the torrent which has forced its bounds, he equals fire in ardour and wind in swiftness; and is so full of mettle, that quicksilver appears to flow in his veins."

To return to royal patrons of the stud. Little or nothing was done during the reigns of the first, second, and third Georges; but in that of George IV. considerable improvements were made. It, however, remained until that bright era, which dawned when our most gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria, came to the throne, to introduce that which had long been desired, namely, Exhibitions of Horses. Within the last fourteen or fifteen years exhibitions have been held at Oxford, Cambridge, Liverpool, Derby, Bristol, Southampton, Shrewsbury, York, Northampton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Norwich, Exeter, Windsor, Lewes, Gloucester, Lincoln, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Salisbury, Chester, and London—every one contributing, and the last one most of all, to the improvement of the breed of horses. During six years at Gloucester, Lincoln, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Salisbury, and Chester, not less than 946 horses were exhibited, independent of numerous ponies, roadsters, coach horses, hunting stallions, harness and pony mares and foals, Clydsdale mares and foals. At the late show at Islington, it has been stated by some clever statistician that there were as many fine horses shown as there are days in the year, and as many ponies as there are weeks. Whether such is the case we know not; suffice it to say, that a more splendid exhibition never was witnessed. What could be a grander

sight than to see Caractacus (winner of the Derby in 1862), Diophantus, and Scottish Chief (we adopt the phraseology of the ring), who were placed first, second, and third for the thorough-bred stallion stakes. All we trust is, that these handsome and powerful horses will remain in the land of their birth, Old England.

We now turn to the hunters' prize, carried off by Lord Spencer's "Brown Stout." The altered character of fox hounds, and the racing speed at which they go in most of the "shires," compel men to ride a very different class of horse to what they did at the commencement of the present century; for while stoutness is still required, blood has become essential. In some old-fashioned slow hunting country, the half-bred animal may get along tolerably well, especially in an enclosed country, if he is a good fencer; but for Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, and the Vale of Berkeley, the hunter now must be nearly or quite thorough-bred. "Brown Stout," to whom the first prize was allotted, would, with a good pilot, be a difficult horse to beat across a hunting country.

The prize for horses best calculated to be the sires of roadsters and coaching stock was awarded to a strong and beautiful animal called "Quicksilver." A good roadster is more difficult to breed than a hunter: he must be perfect in all that relates to fine action, temper, symmetry, and size. He must be of an average height, not too high nor too low, and avoiding what is termed "daisy cutting" and high knee pounding action; must be able to go smoothly along at a ten mile an hour pace; and such an animal "Quicksilver" is likely to get. The coach horse of 1865 is as unlike that of 1825 as the brilliancy of gas is to the dull rays of the bygone oil lamp, the Arrow cutter to a Dutch galliot, or Adeline Patti's splendid voice to a street-barrow tone. And as three hundred guineas is now a low figure for a pair of fine steppers, it requires a first-rate sire, as "Quicksilver" will no doubt prove, to keep up the breed of "park carriage horses."

Among the ponies were some very clever specimens of those animals peculiar to our mountain and lowland uncultivated ranges, where the rough grasses furnish excellent provender for this hardy race. The original pony of this country has been much improved; the natives of the New Forest in Hampshire, that scene of a monarch's rapacity, plunder, and devastation, were improved by the presence of "Old Marske" amongst them; the Exmoor pony by an infusion of thoroughbred blood; the Welsh pony by being crossed of the Nor-

wegian race. Dartmoor ponies have almost given way to Dartmoor sheep, the flesh of which is highly prized in the metropolis. The Highland pony still retains its hardy constitution, and the Shetland pony remains a beautiful and diminutive specimen of that race so celebrated in the Northern isles.

There were some very clever cobs and gallo-ways at the Islington Show. The cob is a very difficult animal to breed, as it should combine steadiness and good action with strength and robustness; and the mention of this compact animal reminds one of a circumstance that occurred some years ago. An elderly country gentleman, belonging, as a matter of course, to Boodle's Club, was very desirous of obtaining a perfect cob, and applied to a celebrated London dealer to procure him one. In a few days a letter arrived saying that one of the most perfect animals ever foaled was to be seen at the horse-dealer's yard. The old gentleman made the best of his way there, and was shown this prodigy of nature, as he was described to be.

"Look at his form, sir."

"Rather heavy about the shoulder."

"And his temper."

"I should say rather skittish," responded the rural gentleman.

"Skittish!" echoed the dealer. "He's admirable in his manners; and as for being quiet, why the Bishop of Romford could ride him, and probably will, if you decline him."

Although the country gentleman had never heard that the town famed as the birthplace of Francis Quarles, and now celebrated for its brewery, had been the seat of episcopal jurisdiction, so many new colonial sees had been formed, that he quietly took for granted the statement, and at once deprived, as he thought, the bishop of his equine treasure. Hence the name of "The Bishop of Romford's Cob," which was given by Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley to one of his race horses.

The Galloways at Islington were admirably suited for field, road, park, or ladies' phaetons. They were deep in their shoulders, with light necks, small heads, and magnificent eyes, such as Byron loved to describe in his Eastern heroines. We now approach the racing trotters, who figured in single harness, and wonderfully well did they perform their tasks; they would have won the heart of many a Yankee sportsman at Charleston races. Much attention was paid to a pair of Turkish Arab horses imported from Russia, colour iron grey, with manes of a darker tint. These gentle, graceful, and beautiful animals were greatly admired by many of the fair sex, who pronounced them to be "darlings," and who sighed to sit be-

hind them in a light open phaeton in Hyde Park. Probably they will be seen there next season, as they are for sale, the price being 250*l*. It would occupy too much space to speak in detail of the various classes of horses exhibited, but we can fearlessly assert, that almost every one possessed some merit, and that the unsuccessful candidates need not be ashamed if they did not carry off the honors of the day. Indeed, to them we would say, in the words of Mr. Jonas, than whom a more zealous friend to agriculture, and every thing appertaining to it, never existed, "I feel that I may congratulate the promoters of the exhibition on the great improvement which has taken place in the exhibition of our domestic animals since the first show of this society; and if it were not considered out of place, I would beg of those gentlemen who are unsuccessful exhibitors, not to complain of the judges' decision, but carefully to examine (and this too divested, if possible, of all prejudice) the prize animal in the different classes by which their own animals have been defeated, and by a careful comparison of each they will be able to discover the faults, imperfections, and malformations of their own, and will return home fully determined to rectify errors, and thus accomplish one of the great aims of the society, viz., the improvement of the breeds of our domestic animals." Although the above sensible advice was applied to breeders of cattle, sheep, and pigs, it will be equally applicable to those who breed horses. In treating of the breeding of horses in a national point of view, we have not referred to the great difficulty that has existed of late in procuring horses for her Majesty's regiments of cavalry and artillery. It has been suggested, and we think very wisely, that establishments should be formed in England for the purpose of breeding such horses. The horses might be divided into three or four classes, artillery horses, heavy cavalry horses, intermediate cavalry between heavy and light, and horses for lancer and hussar regiments. One great advantage would be, that a better class of horse could be bred than bought for the money now allowed; in addition to which the horses could be broken in before they were assigned to regiments by lots. The system has been carried on in India, and in foreign countries, and there seems no good reason why it should not be attempted in the United Kingdom. The horse-shows would tend very much towards assisting such an establishment, as many would be ambitious to have their thorough-bred stock purchased by Government. It is, at all events, worth the consideration of the authorities at the Horse Guards. Hitherto our cavalry has

been all that could be required; but it will not do to allow the breed of horses to degenerate, and the evil complained of ought not to be allowed to go too far.

In conclusion, let us strongly recommend the public to support the horse and dog shows. We are decided advocates of manly exercises and sports, not merely because history informs us that they were encouraged and practised by the most refined and virtuous people of ages long since gone by, but from a just sense of their importance in the formation of our own national character. Not only were the wisest and best men of antiquity the promoters of them, but among competitors in the exercise of them are to be found the most refined scholars as well as the strictest moralists that adorned the age in which they lived. Sports, indeed, formed part of their national solemnities; and the authority of all antiquity convinces us, that the energies of countries flourished whilst they flourished, and decayed as they died away. Whether, then, we regard the interest which attaches to a fine collection of horses, or the purposes served by it, in bringing together specimens of the best breed, required to support our national character, we may safely assert, that the Exhibition at Islington has been a perfect success. The judges, selected for their thorough knowledge of horse-flesh, and not for their rank, devoted much of their time to their duties, and acquitted themselves most satisfactorily. Nor must we omit to make mention of the courtesy, zeal, and indefatigable industry of the Secretary and Manager, Mr. Sidney. The whole arrangement redounded much to this gentleman's credit.

WILLIAM P. LENNON.

ANA.

A DELINQUENT NOBLEMAN. — The recent scandals which have arisen in connection with the names of certain gentlemen and a certain person in high place, fall far short of the case of an Irish peer about eighty years ago. It appears that in the year 1784 the then Viscount Strangford was suspended from voting in the Irish House of Peers in consequence of taking a bribe of 20,000*l*. in the chancery suit of Rochfort v. Ely, the bribe being given by Lord Ely in consideration of having granted to him a decree whereby the Castle Hume Estate, a property of large value, was conveyed to Lord Ely, instead of to the rightful owner, Mr. Gustavus Hume Rochfort, M. P., grandson of Sir Gustavus Hume, the last baronet. Lord Strangford was never subsequently restored to his seat or privileges in the Irish House of Lords.

SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE.—It is no new thing to say that twins have been known to be actuated by the same impulses, tastes, and desires, but it is a rare thing to hear this averred on oath. A case of the kind, however, occurred in a French Court of Justice quite recently. Four children, Arthur Persico, aged eleven, Prosper Marteau, aged thirteen, and two twin brothers, aged eleven years and six months, were placed before the magistrate for stealing sundry articles from the stalls on which they were exhibited. Their parents, as is customary in France, were summoned before the tribunal, as civilly responsible. The whole of them confessed to their offences, and their parents, all of them honest workpeople, begged the magistrate to give them up to them, and not to send them to a house of correction. The mother of the twins made the following curious statement concerning them: "My two children are twins, and, strange to say, whatever one does the other does also; they have the same tastes, the same habits, the same thoughts, good or bad; they are not vicious, but when one runs away from home, the other follows him. Since last January, we have kept them shut up indoors like slaves to keep them from running about the streets, and getting into mischief. My husband had decided on sending them to sea, for we had found out that they had robbed us of some small coins which happened to be left about, but we had no idea that they had committed thefts out of doors. We sent them to the national schools, but we know now they have not been there for several months; a boy named Persico corrupted one of them, and the other followed, as a matter of course." "You say," said the magistrate, "that your children are twins, and have the same character and the same tastes?" "Yes, sir; and there is a singular resemblance in their actions, thoughts, and desires. Thus when one drinks, the other, who may be in another room, drinks also. Under the same conditions, if one puts a finger in his mouth, the other does likewise. If at any time one should happen to run away from his home there is no difficulty in finding him, for their father has only to take hold of the other, and he will lead him direct to the place where the runaway may then chance to be."

LAURETTA.

A TALE OF THE MOSELLE.

I.

"THIRST of glory, lust of pleasure, greed of broad lands battle-won,
Mortal sin in mitred churchman Mother Church doth name, my son;"

Holding up the cross-bound image of the King whose crown is brier,
Mildly chid Archbishop Baldwin thus his old Cistercian friar.
Down Moselle to Roman Coblenz wandering from Roman Trier,
Filled his name the mouths of braggarts, thrilled the bated breath of fear;
Princely was his hand in largess, heavy was his arm to smite,
And his will was leaded iron, like the mace he bore in fight.

II.

Sword to churchman's grip forbidden, he could wield the trusty mace,
Through the crashing helm and vizor crushing in the foe-man's face;
Ease he loved, yet gay diversion, when his sterner wars were o'er:
Deftly he could plunge the lance-head in the brain of charging boar.
Through the huge woods of Hunsrückén roamed at large the stately game:
Safe the red deer roved and joustéd, till the rev'rend huntsman came;
Safe the men-at-arms that fenced him, ere he bade to cross the line,
Fattened on the burgher's larder, kissed his maids, and drank his wine.

III.

Red with corn the lands of Spontheim laughed above the rugged dell
Through vine-vested slopes of Trarbach opening out to fair Moselle,
Laughing corn-fields, housed by mourners, for the Count of Spontheim slept,
And in Starkenburg's high stronghold ill at ease his widow wept.
"Thirst of glory, lust of pleasure, greed of broad lands battle-won,
Mortal sin in mitred churchman Mother Church doth name, my son;
Covet not the lands of Spontheim, nor provoke High Heaven to ire,"
Thus rebuk'd Archbishop Baldwin still his old Cistercian friar.

IV.

Where the wild ridge of Hunsrückén slopes away to uplain plain,
Rose a lonely hunting-castle, watching Spontheim's rich demesne:
Thence, in moonless nights of winter, told in bands of twelve or ten,
Lifting, sacking, haling, burning, prowled abroad th' Archbishop's men;
Vext in soul, the widow'd Countess sent complaint to distant Trèves,
Stoutly swore the proud Archbishop, disavow'd his lawless knaves:
"Sith the Countess needs protection, let her cede that border field,
Doing to the See due homage, so the Church will be her shield."

V.

"Thou beware the doom of Eli, judge unjust and wanton priest!"
Spake once more in tears and trembling, and the white confessor ceased.

Young and flushed with fortune's favour, famed in
gallantries and war,
Little reck'd that haughty churchman, Rome was
kind, and Rome was far.

Baldwin knew the right of might, he laughed at
woman's tears or smiles ;
But his wild heart had no plummet for the depth of
woman's wiles.



VI.

When his answer came, the Countess quickly dried her
tears of rage,
Lulled his self-esteem with proffers of submission,
softly sage.
Calmly shone the vernal weather, all was peace and all
was well,
When a gilded barge came floating down the mazes of
Moselle ;

Softly moved the sweeps to music, dashing silver from
the glass,
Softly shut in silken curtains Baldwin's baldachin did
pass :
Turning with the bending river—misty land the
distance fills—
Through the constant vine-slopes ever, and the changing
folds of hills ;

Till the ramparts of Berncastel, blushing in the evening light ;
 Open'd to receive their liege-lord, deigning there to pass the night,
 All again betimes were stirring, for the goal was far Colbentz,
 Where should come on high state-matters down the Rhine the Prince of Mentz.
 On and on they move by Trarbach—fell great shadows from the rock
 Where the river-mist was dunnest—all at once there came a shock :
 Sudden stopt the barge of Baldwin, grinding on some hindrance dark,—
 T'was a stout chain-cable stretching just below the water-mark.
 While the crew were lost in wonder, and their lord still soundly snored,
 Boats came swiftly from the ambush, leapt a vizor'd crowd on board.
 Ere his hand could snatch the dagger, fast they bound his arms and eyes ;
 Up a pathway steep and stony seemed he mounting to the skies.

VII.

All in vain he stormed and threatened, mute the captors were as death,
 O'er a drawbridge next they dragged him, through a gateway, scant of breath ;
 Then a winding stair confused him, then a door behind him ground.
 On a settle then they placed him, and he saw with eyes unbound :
 'Twas a hall with arms and armour, and with antler'd trophies stored,
 In the midst a costly service graced, with wines and meat, the board.
 At the board two seats were standing,—one for him, and one—for whom ?
 Vainly call'd Archbishop Baldwin, all was silent as the tomb ;
 But he thought from out the arras stole a breath of soft perfume.
 Stamp'd and swore the stalwart captive, "Women now make sport of men,
 Spontheim's wild cat, Witch of Endor, has entrapp'd me in her den ;
 Up that curs'd Jacob's ladder shame it was my weight to drag,
 Though I've never seen, I'll wager 'tis a most uncommonly hag."

VIII.

Then stopt in an old pursuivant, vanished all those captors mute,
 Rang a laugh behind the arras like the tinkling of a lute ;
 Next a hand a curtain lifted with fair fingers tapering small,
 Next, a nape of hair peer'd over, golden in a golden caul ;
 Then a face, brimful of laughter hard repressed, turned sudden round,
 "Saints and angels shield us," muttered Baldwin, rooted to the ground.
 On that dream of beauty glided, "See, my lord, your ready seat !
 Spontheim welcomes, and your handmaid begs a grace before the meat."
 Have ye seen the tamed lion crouching at his keeper's feet ?

So arch Countess and Archbishop trysted many a summer day,
 He the lion, she the keeper, lost in converse grave and gay.
 So they rode and hawk'd together, with two mounted grooms to see
 That he 'scaped not ; but he 'scaped not, for he cared not to be free.

IX.

"Lady ! heart and soul I love thee. Lady ! give one glimpse of hope.
 With rich presents, warm petitions, I will storm my lord the Pope ;
 I will live a plain lay baron, change the crozier for a sword ;
 Ask and thou shalt have : thy Baldwin ne'er forgot his knightly word."
 "Trier is rich, some marks of silver would redeem my mortgag'd land."
 "Lady, thine are all my coffers, I but ask thy heart and hand."
 Still with hopes and fears she plied him, fanned and chill'd his doting flame,
 Till were signed and sealed the parchments, and the lordly ransom came.
 "I have done thy bidding, lady, let me claim my lips' reward,"
 Started back Lauretta, "Softly, t'was no bargain, good my lord.
 Gold redeems the noble captive, ransom buys not love nor me ;
 Thou hast paid, Archbishop Baldwin : I'm content, and thou art free."

X.

Bound and blindfold down the winding stair they dragg'd him, vizor'd men,
 Down that curs'd Jacob's ladder to the river-brink again ;
 By the landing where he left it waited Baldwin's pleasure-boat,
 Then they cheered and set him, bursting with his lonely wrath, afloat.
 Him departed, fair Lauretta to her limbs the weeds restored,
 Weeping long arrears of grief out in the chamber of her lord.

XI.

Watching quaintly-gabled Traben, built from Baldwin's ransom gold,
 Perched on high, like eagle's eyrie, rose a second, stronger hold :
 'Twas yeleft the lady's castle, Trier's revenge defying well ;
 And by Traben, like a padlock, forts arose to shut Moselle.
 Woman's wit, by beauty aided, thus repose and treasure won ;
 Penance soothed the Holy Father for the trick she played his son.
 Long to lads that dress the vineyards silver-bodkin'd girls shall tell
 How the lady of that castle, frowning over fair Moselle,
 With her chains across the current, and her hair of burnished waves,
 Body and soul enthrall'd the lion, Bishop Baldwin of Trèves.

G. C. SWAYNE.

"M. M."

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER I.

THE first link in the extraordinary chain of events which I am about to lay before the reader is a seemingly slight one. It consists in the fact that on the 15th of April, 1862, my watch was five minutes fast.

A man's faith in his own watch is generally implicit. Mine was so on the occasion in question. I felt convinced that I had barely time to catch the 7 p. m. down train from Waterloo.

From this conviction (which was erroneous) two circumstances resulted. Firstly, in making arrangements for my journey, I hurried and over-heated myself. Secondly, upon reaching the platform of the terminus, I plunged into the first compartment of the first carriage I came to. Upon these two circumstances the entire sequel of my story hangs.

A clear five minutes to spare after all. So I now learned by a sidelong glance at the

station clock. I felt annoyed at having been unnecessarily discomposd.

On settling myself in the carriage, I naturally looked round it at the persons who were to be my travelling companions. I immediately recognised amongst them, and exchanged a few friendly remarks with, Mr. Godfrey Durand, an old acquaintance of mine. This gentleman was a retired merchant, and a director of some important public companies, amongst them, I may mention, of the Methuselah Life Assurance Office.

My companions were four in number, while the compartment offered accommodation for six persons. There was still, therefore, a vacant seat,—that opposite to me. I congratulated myself upon the vacancy, feeling, in my over-heated condition, inclined for space and air.

I was not destined, however, to travel without a *ris-à-vis*. At the last moment, hurrying footsteps sounded upon the platform, and

a railway official, discovering simultaneously the extremity of the approaching passenger, and the vacant seat which he could most readily gain, threw open the door of our compartment.

The train had begun to move, when a slenderly built youth, of prepossessing aspect, hastily seated himself opposite me. His face was one of no ordinary interest. The slightly aquiline nose, delicate nostril, and short upper lip, gave it a distinguished appearance. The eyes were bright with spirit and intelligence. But the whole countenance wore, as it struck me, an expression of mingled sadness and agitation, which hardly appeared to be natural to it.

Being unemployed, I fell to scanning the face before me : an offence against politeness, which the reader may be inclined to excuse, when he learns that I am an artist, and that I take, therefore, a professional interest in the human countenance.

It became evident, however, that my gazes—which had perhaps been more continuous than I was aware—were causing my companion embarrassment. Upon discovering this, I immediately withdrew them from his face. In these days of general self-possession, shyness forcibly appeals to one's consideration and respect. In order to set my sensitive fellow-traveller completely at his ease, I drew a magazine from my bag, and occupied myself with reading.

The first place at which we stopped was Kingston, where Mr. Durand resided. Upon taking leave of me he referred to a pleasant passage in our past intercourse, and good-humouredly begged that I would let him know if at any time he could serve me.

My own journey was to be a long one—such, at least, I designed that it should be. I was travelling (as I supposed) to a remote Hampshire village to paint a portrait. It seemed too that the youth opposite me had no immediate intention of leaving the train, for he now threw a handkerchief over his face, and composed himself to sleep.

Within the next half-hour two more stoppages occurred, which left my *vis-à-vis* and myself the only occupants of our compartment. So long as we remained in the stations my companion seemed strangely uneasy, and his wary, eager eye watched every passer,—for the handkerchief over his face was, as I discovered, so disposed, that he could see out from beneath it. I soon found, indeed, that he was not really inclined to sleep. I took his behaviour, therefore, to indicate a disinclination to hold any communication with me.

I had been favourably impressed by his appearance, and should not have objected to a

little friendly intercourse. Noting his manner, however, I determined not to break the silence which had prevailed between us up to the present time. As dusk deepened, moreover, I began to feel drowsy, and presently the motion of the carriage lulled me into profound sleep.

When I awoke it was night. The lamp burning overhead revealed to me the figure of the youth in much such a posture as I had last seen it. But as I began to look about me an indescribable consciousness visited me that the stranger had been intently watching me while I slept, having hastily replaced the handkerchief over his face upon making the discovery that I was again awake.

But my attention was now drawn away from my companion to myself. I felt chilly and unwell. I had slept for some time with the night air streaming in upon me ; and this exposure supervening upon the unusual warmth which I had contracted in my hurry to reach the terminus, had, as it seemed, given me cold. Nevertheless, I hoped that my present unpleasant sensations might pass off. I closed the carriage window, and tried to sleep again.

But I soon discovered that I was really ill. An unnatural and distressing shivering seized me, and this, in conjunction with the severe pains which darted about my limbs, seemed to indicate an approaching attack of fever. Time only increased these symptoms ; and ere long it became plain to me that I was not in a state to travel to my original destination that night. The family which I had been intending to visit professionally were strangers to me. I could not proceed to their house with the prospect of an illness before me.

I now found myself in a dilemma. The same condition which rendered me incapable of proceeding to my intended destination, also prevented me from returning to London. I was too ill, as each minute increasingly convinced me, to protract my journey in any direction. There was no help for it : I must get out so soon as the train should stop, and seek rest and medical advice forthwith.

Scarcely had I arrived at this conclusion, when, to my comfort and relief, I heard the break-whistle, and discovered that the train was stopping. On consulting my Bradshaw and my watch, I found that we must be approaching a place called Ruston.

Of this village I knew nothing, except what I could gather from the time-table. From the circumstance that few trains stopped at its station, I judged that it was small and unimportant ; but my increasingly uneasy sensations convinced me that I must not risk an attempt to reach any more considerable place.

Amidst much bodily discomfort, therefore, I presently stepped out upon the platform of the Ruston station.

There was now before me the difficult task of finding respectable quarters in a small place entirely unknown to me. While cogitating as to whom I had better apply to for information respecting the accommodation afforded in the village, I heard a slight noise behind me, and discovered that the young gentleman who had been my fellow-traveller from London had left the carriage after me, and in doing so had slipped and fallen upon the platform. A porter and myself simultaneously hastened to offer assistance and inquire if he was hurt. He replied to our inquiries by quickly rising on his feet, and acknowledged our kindly intentions by silent bows.

This little accident led to the following conversation.

"Our wordless journey," I remarked to the young man, "has brought us then at last to the same place."

The youth again bowed, and looked confused.

"For my part," I continued, "I left London with quite a different destination in view from this."

"Did you?" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of voice somewhat peculiar, and with an expression upon his face of mingled interest and surprise.

"Yes, indeed," I answered, "I intended to travel much further; but an unexpected attack of indisposition detains me here. I fear a serious illness is in store for me. If you know the place, perhaps you can direct me to some decent inn where I may get a bed."

"I am grieved to say I cannot help you," said the youth blushing. "I, too, am as much a stranger here as you appear to be. Trying circumstances have suddenly brought me, as well as yourself, to the place."

"Well," I replied, "I can only wish you and myself too a successful issue to our journey. If unpleasant occurrences have brought us both to the village, let us hope that some counterbalancing pleasure may arise to us both before we leave the neighbourhood."

The youth brightened strangely at this suggestion; but he made no answer.

"Present appearances are against me," I added, "but the Fates may favour both of us yet."

Upon this we parted. I must own that I saw the boy turn away from me with regret. Notwithstanding my extreme bodily discomfort, I could not but feel that this strange youth had excited a strong interest in my

mind. As he disappeared in the darkness I laboured, in spite of the growing confusion of my brain, to account for the fact. Surely I had never seen him before?

The answer readily appended itself to the question. And the answer was a negative.

The village upon which I had lighted proved to be an unfavourable one for a man in my condition. Ruston was a full mile away from the station which bore its name, and the nearest inn was situated half-way on the road towards the village. There was, moreover, no conveyance to be obtained.

I tramped wearily along in the direction of the inn, a porter from the station—the same who had witnessed the youth's accidental fall—wheeling my luggage on a truck behind me. Happening presently to glance back towards him, I observed through the hazy darkness of the cloudy spring night, the figure, unmistakable, though remote, of my late fellow-traveller. Had I been in a condition to reflect on the subject, it might have struck me as strange that he was now considerably behind me, whereas he had quitted the station at least a quarter-of-an-hour before I did. However, in my present state of body I could not reason on the matter.

At length I arrived at my destination. Although the accommodation I required was evidently not often demanded at the little inn,—which was, in fact, nothing more than a roadside public-house,—I eventually found myself in a clean and fairly comfortable bedroom, and made the discovery that the landlady was a civil and obliging person. I soon stretched my aching limbs upon the little bed allotted to my use, yielding myself wholly to the relief which a reclining posture afforded me, and shrinking entirely from the consideration of the question as to what would become of me on the morrow.

The night which I now spent was the most extraordinary one I have ever experienced. The fever from which I was suffering produced the strangest confusion of ideas. The bed, soon disordered by my restless movements, seemed to become a portion of myself. My late fellow-traveller visited me in a hundred perplexing shapes; and as daylight began to peer into the room, I found myself engaged in a puzzled endeavour to paint the portrait of the window, which had assumed a vague human personality.

CHAPTER II.

It cannot be said that I awoke at all on the morning after my arrival at the inn. I can dimly recollect being visited by the landlady, and making the attempt to explain to her that

I needed immediate medical assistance. I can recall also, indistinctly, the first visit of the doctor, whose name, as I afterwards learnt, was Miles, and who came from the neighbouring town of Woolbridge. I remember, too, that to this gentleman I was indebted for writing a letter to the family which had expected me on the previous evening, explaining to them the cause of my inability to keep my appointment. But beyond the semi-consciousness which these faint memories imply, the next day brought me no knowledge of external facts. I lay in a state of helpless stupor till evening, when there followed a recurrence of the previous night's delirium.

When the next morning came, something like my ordinary consciousness returned to me. I now discovered that I was waited on by a person whom I had not previously noticed. Some other novelties with regard to my surroundings also caught my attention for the first time. A tone of neatness and comfort pervaded my chamber which had not pervaded it when first I became its occupant. A small bright fire burned upon the hearth, which, in conjunction with a window half opened to the sweet April air, kept the room in a state of perfect ventilation. The light was pleasantly reduced by means of a green blind carefully put up over the white one. Upon a table at my side were many delicacies, including fruits, wine, and jelly. The angel of mercy who had wrought this amelioration in my circumstances naturally excited my close attention.

She was a respectable-looking woman, in middle life, with a comely, honest face, iron-grey hair, and a mesmeric manner. Her clothing, which was of a soothing neutral tint, combined with her general maternal rotundity of figure, gave her the soft comfortable aspect of a Dorking hen that is full of a new parental interest.

It was impossible to resist the insinuating, yet authoritative, manner of this person. No sooner did she discover that I was awake, than she came to me and administered wine. I did not venture to remonstrate, although in the disordered state of my palate the liquid which I imbibed seemed to share all the offensive pungency of hartshorn or naphtha. From the nature of this and other remedies employed I gathered that my malady must be low fever.

It was some time before I spoke to my attendant. At length, however, my reticence yielded to curiosity, and I addressed her.

"My good woman," I said, "answer me a serious question or two. Have you dropped from the clouds? Has some pitying divinity descried my helpless condition, and sent you to my rescue?"

"Sure enough, sir," she answered, "the right person has sent the right person to the right place. But now, don't talk and disturb yourself."

"My excellent nurse," I replied (by a great effort screwing up my courage to momentary opposition), "for a few seconds I must and will talk. I discover that I am under great obligations; I see round me numberless proofs of thoughtfulness and attention. You or others shall be handsomely requited for this. Do you understand? For the present, please to take the purse which is in the breast-pocket of my coat, and repay yourself—or those other persons to whom I am indebted—every farthing that has been disbursed for my benefit."

She smiled, but, seeing me determined, obeyed. She opened the purse hesitatingly, and at last apologetically drew out a sovereign, which she said she would hand to the landlady for my expenses. I knew that this was only done to pacify me, and that the sum was quite inadequate to pay the debts which I must have incurred. I could not believe either that the rough countrywoman down-stairs had been the caterer for the delicate provisions at my side. But I was too weak to prolong anything like a discussion, and contented myself with remarking that so soon as I should recover, I would see justice done to every one.

The woman was about to close the purse, when I saw her face light up with a sudden surprise, or pleasure, or perhaps both. What could she have seen in my *porte-monnaie* to astonish or please her?

I soon remembered the only article contained in it besides money. But I could not at first account for the effect which the sight of this article had produced upon the observer. However, remembering that weakness of the female mind, curiosity, I presently came to attribute the nurse's manifest gratification to satisfied inquisitiveness. She believed, no doubt, that she had made a discovery respecting me.

Perhaps she had.

I did not experience a shadow of annoyance at this. On the contrary, I felt a curious lazy inclination to feed the good woman's innocent failing. Amidst my weakness and depression, too, I was sadly in want of some amusement or, at least, occupation. For these reasons it must have been, I suppose, that I now went on to relate to my strange nurse a story which I had never told to any one else.

"Ah! my good woman," I began in bantering tone, "so you have discovered my secret. Perhaps you would like to hear the history of the relic which you have just seen?"

"No sir," she answered, promptly. "You

must be quiet, and not worry yourself with talkin'."

I was silent. "Let me see," I said to myself, "whether the determination to impose this invalid discipline will not yield directly to the greater force of feminine curiosity."

As a matter of course, it did. Upon a perfectly transparent pretext I was presently permitted to tell my tale.

Accordingly I began it in a slow invalid voice.

"You saw in my purse," I said, "a small paper packet, did you not?"

"Quite by accident, sir."

"By accident, of course, but now I will tell you the history of the packet on purpose. Upon that packet, then, you discovered the initials 'M. M.', and inside it you guessed there was a lock of hair, did you not? So there is. And you thought to yourself, 'The black man is in love; and these are the initials and the hair of the young lady.' Confess now, were not those your thoughts?"

"Perhaps something like them, sir," said the nurse, evidently looking eagerly for the sequel.

I proceeded. "I will not say, my good woman, that you were entirely wrong. Listen. Six years ago, when I was twenty-six years old, I visited a sick sister at the seaside. Returning from a solitary walk on the last morning of my stay, I heard cries of distress, and discovered at a distance a girl of about fifteen, who, in the midst of an early ramble, had been cut off from her homeward path by the advancing tide. Standing upon a ridge of rocks over which the rising waters were fast creeping, she looked round her in dismay and despair.

"I lost no time in hastening to the poor child's rescue. I could swim and had no fear. I brought the girl ashore undrowned and but little wetted.

"She thanked me with a warmth and delicacy which surprised me. She told me with tears in her eyes that she had no near and dear relatives who would make me the returns of gratitude which I deserved. Her parents, she said, were dead; her guardians were but little known to her, and the people with whom she lived did not love her.

"The child had scarcely left off speaking when she produced from her pocket a lady's companion; drew from the case a pair of scissors; snipped off one of her dark brown curls; wrapped it in paper; wrote upon it the initials you have just seen, and then, kissing my hand, left me with these words: 'I shall always pray that some day or other I may have an opportunity of serving you.'

"There was nothing of coquettishness about the manner in which all this was done. The girl's behaviour simply showed strong appreciation of the service rendered, and of the kindly words which I had addressed to her. It seemed clear from her whole bearing that she was little accustomed to receive kindness or attention.

"But now," I concluded, "a disappointment awaits you, my good nurse. The little romance ended where it began. Since the morning when I saved the child from drowning I have neither seen nor heard anything more of 'M. M.'"

"But you would like to see her, wouldn't you, sir?"

The question was put with a remarkable eagerness. I answered in these words:—

"She was certainly the dearest little lassie I have ever yet come across."

After this small bit of pleasantry had ended, I fell back into the weary silence peculiar to illness. Presently, however, I slept,—a sleep natural and refreshing,—and awoke at last feeling better.

When I opened my eyes, my mysterious attendant was busily engaged with writing materials, which, I noticed, she set aside as I began to stir.

I now ventured a question or two again, begging to be informed to what circumstances I owed her advent and all its attendant comforts. The idea that I was under unknown obligations troubled me.

"There now, be quiet," answered the woman, with that soothing decisiveness which I felt myself powerless to resist. "You're not under 'obligations' to any one, least of all to me. I've got my reward *in coming*. Now lie quiet, and don't tire yourself with talkin'."

I obeyed; I had no strength to disobey. But I said mentally, "To understand this woman is altogether beyond the power of my intellect. 'She's got her reward,' indeed! Such disinterestedness is alarming. I can only hope that a solution of the mysteries amongst which fate has thrown me may at some future day be vouchsafed. For the present, it seems, I must be content to wonder and submit."

The noise of wheels presently aroused me, and I saw the nurse move to the window. "The doctor's carriage," she said, as she looked out. A minute afterwards I heard a step upon the stairs.

The door opened. I noticed at once that the person who entered was not the medical man who had visited me before. True, I had been in some mental confusion at the time of Dr. Miles's call; but his person had impressed

itself upon my memory with sufficient distinctness to prevent my mistaking for him the individual who now came to my bedside.

The stranger was a tall man. A man with a large face, large eyes, and large whiskers ; with a great nose, and long white teeth.

"A little surprised at the sight of a new doctor?" he said to the nurse, with a short laugh, as he placed a chair for himself beside my bed. "Natural. Perfectly natural. Dr. Miles, however, is suddenly called away from home, and I have undertaken to see some of his cases for him to-day. Well, and how is our patient this morning?" he continued, feeling my pulse.

"I believe I am better, sir," I answered.

"I think you are," rejoined the doctor, as his eye followed the small hand of his watch round its circle. "Yes, from what I have heard of the case, decidedly. But we must keep him up, nurse ; we must keep him up. Dr. Miles left instructions about that, I'm sure. Soup, arrowroot, sherry, brandy. Something every two hours at least. He can't *enjoy* anything with that tongue of his. But he must swallow all he can. As physis ; yes. Keep him up, keep him up."

I did not like this new doctor. I felt a strange sulkiness and reticence creeping over me as he sat by, an unaccountable impatience of the man's look, and voice, and presence.

I promised nevertheless to follow his instructions, as it became a hapless patient to do. I hoped that I should now be left in quietude. No such thing: the learned gentleman appeared inclined to stay and to be chatty.

"Very awkward," he said, "to be taken ill on a journey. Well indeed that it is no worse. Can you account for your attack? Contagion perhaps: with whom did you travel?"

I had imagined that the species of fever under which I was labouring was not contagious. However, the learned doctor of course knew more about it than I did. I described my fellow-passengers, but added that for my part I attributed my illness to the draught in the midst of which I had slept after being overheated.

My medical attendant continued nevertheless to question me about my journey and my companions. The interrogations which he addressed to me struck me as bearing but remotely upon the fact which he professed to be desirous of elucidating, namely, the origin of my disorder. But I answered them, up to a certain point, with readiness and candour.

The conversation turned at last upon the youth who had travelled with me to the

Ruston station,—whom I had incidentally mentioned. In this personage my doctor appeared to take some interest.

But here my inclination to give my interrogator direct answers forsook me. I cannot say why this was the case. Perhaps I insensibly resented the cross-questioning to which I was subjected. Certain it is, at any rate, that a sudden reserve almost locked my lips.

At this point I happened to glance at the nurse. Her appearance and manner surprised and alarmed me. She had turned deadly pale.

She seemed anxious at the same time to conceal her agitation. She averted her face from me, moved to the window, and addressed an ordinary remark to the doctor.

To this he did not reply. At the moment his eye met mine. I cannot say what he saw in my face ; but I know what I thought of him at the time. An utterly unaccountable conviction filled my mind that he was a villain.

Unaccountable indeed. I had no reason whatever for indulging so uncharitable an opinion of the doctor's character, and I endeavoured to rid myself of it. I was about to thank him for his visit, and to inquire as to the probable duration of my illness, when, with an expression on his face of mingled annoyance and disappointment, he hastily arose and left the room. The nurse followed him ; begging me to try to compose myself for sleep, she took her shawl and bonnet from a cupboard, and hastened downstairs.

The manifest excitement and agitation of her face puzzled and disturbed me. I listened to the carriage as it drove off ; and, since my nurse did not return, I came to the conclusion that it had carried her away as well as the doctor. New mysteries ! What could it all mean ? What people had I come amongst ? Above all, what connecting link could possibly bind together my attentive good-tempered nurse and this bombastic offensive doctor, the very sight of whose face suggested the idea of a second William Palmer ? To these questions my intelligence supplied no answers.

For some solution, however, of the nurse's late discomposure, I felt that I might confidently look upon her return to my room. But no such solution was forthcoming. When, after a long sleep into which I had fallen, I was again sensible of her presence, her manner and appearance were so perfectly composed, that, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to question her as to a mere change of countenance which, I reflected, might have resulted from circumstances wholly unconnected with myself. Nor could I muster courage to put

into words my suspicious feelings with regard to the doctor. And the nurse herself volunteered no explanations on either subject.

A VIRTUOUS COLONY.

CHAPTER I.

STRANGE as it may appear, there actually exists a colony in the world in which flagrant violations of the Ten Commandments are unknown, the taste of intoxicating liquors a mystery, except to those few who may have had the misfortune to be ill, and the performance of Christian doctrines in their fullest extent a matter of daily practice. That such a people should be regarded with peculiar interest by all in this kingdom, from the noblest lady in it downwards, who know of their existence, is perfectly natural.

At this period of the year it has been the custom to insert among the estimates submitted to Parliament a small charge on account of the schoolmaster of the Pitcairn Islanders; but this, if not already discontinued, will be in the course of a year or two; further than this, the islanders are no burden to us; they want no troops to defend them, for they have no enemies, and are not likely to have any. The origin of this interesting people will be known to those who have read the narrative of the "Mutiny of the Bounty," written by Captain Bligh, an *ex parte* statement which leaves much to be said on the other side, part of which is told by Captain Beechey, Mr. W. Brodie, and others; and their present condition may be gathered from papers presented to Parliament by order of Her Majesty.

As it is probable that but comparatively few people now are aware of the circumstances which led to the foundation of this colony, a short statement will be necessary before we proceed to give an account of their present condition. It was in 1786 that the *Bounty* was dispatched to the Society Islands, for the purpose of procuring a supply of plants of the bread fruit tree to convey to the West Indies. The plants were duly obtained and shipped, and Captain Bligh quitted the island, doubtless without a suspicion that anything would happen to interfere with his voyage to the port for which he was bound; in this, however, he was mistaken; the greater part of the crew, led by one of the officers named Christian, rose in arms, and put him into a boat with his supporters, and turned them adrift with a quantity of provisions. With the narrative of the sufferings these underwent we have here nothing to do: it will be sufficient to say that they eventually reached a Dutch settlement in safety, and from thence England. The mutineers, having now possession of the

ship, sailed for Toubouai, where they met with a hostile reception from the natives, and, therefore, returned to the same island from which they had sailed under Captain Bligh. Another attempt was made to land at Toubouai, which was successful; but quarrels among them were so frequent that they at last decided on returning to Otaheite (Tahiti), where sixteen of them left the ship, and were eventually taken prisoners by the *Pandora*, a vessel sent out by the Admiralty for the express purpose of capturing them.

But for Christian it is not improbable that they would all have remained at Tahiti until the arrival of the *Pandora*, when they would have been captured, and the colony of Pitcairn's Island would never have been founded. Christian saw the peril of remaining there, and proposed that all should come on board, and that they should set sail again for some island where there was no probability of their being discovered. He had read Carteret's account of Pitcairn's Island, which happened to be on board the *Bounty*, and it occurred to him that this was exactly the place suited for them. He could not, however, prevail on more than about one-third to follow his fortunes; whereupon they agreed to a division of the contents of the ship, after which Christian set sail with his eight companions and their wives, and six Tahitian men and three women, wives of three of the Tahitians.

Whatever vices the Europeans originally had—and there is no reason to suppose they differed from the generality of sailors—must have been greatly aggravated by the free lives they had been living. As is usually the case when white men have to deal with a different race, the Tahitians were oppressed by their European companions, who treated them as slaves, and did not act kindly towards them even as such. The treatment they were subjected to they bore with the patience which is one of the characteristics of their race, until one of the Englishmen, named Williams, lost his wife, when he took possession of the wife of one of the Tahitians. This was the last straw, and the Tahitian and his countrymen entered into a conspiracy to kill all the Englishmen. Fortunately for the latter, the women were very much attached to them, and the wife of the Tahitian who had been violently divorced from him, and to whom the project of murdering them had been confided, no doubt on the supposition that she preferred her former husband to her new one, took the opportunity when the wives of two of the Englishmen could hear her, to reveal the project in a kind of song, which the latter at once communicated to their husbands. Chris-

tian, on hearing this, took his gun, and went to the hut where the Tahitians were assembled. What passed between them is not known, but he aimed his gun at one of them, and pulled the trigger, but it missed fire, and two of the Tahitians escaped into the bush, one of whom was Talalo, the man who had been deprived of his wife. Happening to see her one day when none of the Europeans were near, he persuaded her to go with him into the bush, where they were afterwards joined by one of their countrymen. After consulting together, Christian sent one of the Tahitians who remained with them to the bush with three puddings, one of which contained poison. The name of this native was Manale, and, having found his countrymen and the woman, he gave them the puddings, that containing the poison he gave to the woman's husband, but he, either from suspicion, or some peculiarity in the taste, refused to eat it, and instead, ate a portion of that sent to his wife; whereupon Manale induced him to go with him to a place where he said he had left his wife. Not suspecting his countryman would be guilty of such cruel treachery as he proved himself capable of, he set out for the spot, followed closely by Manale, who on the way drew out a pistol he had concealed beneath his dress, and aimed it at the back of Talalo's head, but it would not go off, and the latter, hearing the click of the trigger, turned sharply round, and caught sight of the weapon. He ran away, but his assassin overtook him, and a struggle ensued, during which Talalo called upon his wife to kill him, but she, instead of assisting him, joined Manale in the attack, and the two together murdered her husband, and then returned to the society of the Europeans; the woman resuming her cohabitation with Williams. Manale, either actuated by fear of the Englishmen, or by a strong liking for them, had the cruelty to start with one of his countrymen to the bush in search of the other Tahitian, and having found him they pretended to sympathise with him, and having thus gained his confidence, they took an opportunity, when he was least suspicious of foul play, to murder him also; and, having accomplished this, they again returned to the Europeans. There may be some excuse for the latter with which we are not acquainted; at all events they lived together peaceably after this, always, however, compelling the Tahitians to work for them, and continuing to treat them with exceeding cruelty; even going so far as to wound them, and to put salt into the wounds to increase the pain. Such brutality as this met with its due punishment ultimately. Two of the Tahitians took pos-

session of two of the muskets and a supply of ammunition, and ran away into the bush, where they made such use of them that they became fair marksmen. One of the Englishmen, named Young, who lived away from the others on the verge of the bush, kept on fair terms with the fugitives, and they used to come down and work for him. Adams said subsequently, that he had a suspicion that Young inspired the Tahitians with a desire to kill all the Englishmen except himself. To effect this, now that they had firearms, and knew how to use them, was not a difficult task, especially as the Englishmen lived very widely apart for the sake of convenience. Williams and Christian were the first to receive the punishment of their cruelty. The latter, on being shot, called out as loudly as he was able, and was heard by M'Coy and Mills, who were working at no great distance; but the latter, in reply to the expression of M'Coy's opinion that it was the cry of a wounded man, said it was no such thing, but that it was Christian's wife calling her husband. After having murdered Williams and Christian, two of the murderers hid themselves, while the third went to where Mills was at work and asked him to let Manale go with him to bring in a pig he had shot, to which Mills consented. As soon as he had got Manale into the bush, the other two who were concealed joined them, and together they consulted as to the best method of disposing of M'Coy and Mills; and at Manale's suggestion the three went to M'Coy's house, and Manale himself returned to M'Coy and told him that his countrymen in the bush were plundering his house, upon which M'Coy ran home to protect his property, and as soon as he showed himself at the entrance, the concealed murderers came out and fired at him, but only succeeded in wounding him, upon which Manale laid hold of him, but the Englishman shook him off and made his escape, calling to Mills as he ran that the Tahitians were murdering the English, which Mills, who had the fullest confidence in the attachment of Manale, would not believe, forgetting, seemingly, that the man who had treacherously murdered two of his own countrymen would require little inducement to kill his white oppressors. M'Coy next ran to Christian's hut to tell him of what had happened, and found that he was already dead. He next went to Quintal and told him, and the two fled together into the bush; Quintal, before going, telling his wife to let the other Englishmen know of the crimes that had been perpetrated. She called out to Adams, and asked him how it was he was going on quietly with his work while such

bloody work was going on, apparently supposing that he knew what had taken place, but he not understanding her, and she not waiting to be questioned, Adams went on with his work. Meanwhile, the murderers had made their way to Martin's hut, and asked him if he knew what they were doing, and he answering, No, they said they had been shooting dogs, and aimed their guns at him and shot him, but without killing him, upon which he ran into his hut, they following him, and taking up one of the hammers he had brought with him from the Bounty, they beat his head to pieces. They next murdered Brown, and Adams, hearing the firing, went to see what was going on, and he also was set upon by the natives and wounded. After a struggle with his assailants he got away, but was overtaken by them, and induced to return with them to Young's house. Here they left him and went off in search of M'Coy and Quintal, whom they found and attempted to kill, but failed in doing so, and the two Englishmen fled into another part of the bush. Here they seem to have been allowed to remain unmolested for a time. Manale, inspired by jealousy at the sight of attentions paid by Lemua to Young's wife, tried to shoot him, but only wounded him, and Lemua asked her to bring him a musket to shoot Manale, but the latter, having re-loaded his musket, shot Lemua and killed him. Manale was then threatened with death by his two surviving countrymen, but succeeding in getting away into the bush, where he joined M'Coy and Quintal, and proposed that they should assist him in killing his countrymen, to which they consented, but when they came in sight of the men they suspected treachery, and instead of helping Manale, they ran away; the latter, however, again made his escape, and rejoined them in the bush; but they took away his gun and shot him with it; so that he died a similarly violent death to that he had inflicted on so many others. It could hardly have been with the intention of avenging his death that the men he had tried to kill sought them out in the bush and tried to kill them, but they made the attempt, and failed; and it was ultimately arranged with the two fugitives that the remaining two natives should be put to death. The manner in which this was effected was in keeping with the murders previously perpetrated. By connivance with the widow of one of the Englishmen who had been murdered, and who was induced to form a connection with one of the two Tahitians, she, as soon as he was asleep, gave a signal, and Young's wife, on hearing it, crept into the hut armed with an axe, with which she

made a blow at the head of the Tahitian, inflicting a frightful gash, but failed to kill him, upon which she struck him a second blow, and smote him dead; at the same time she called upon her husband to shoot the other Tahitian, which he did; and then cut off their hands and sent them to M'Coy and Quintal as a proof that they had nothing more to fear.

After this peace and quietness reigned in the island for a considerable time, and might have continued but for the evil knowledge which one of them possessed that enabled him to distil spirits from a root used for the purpose by the natives of the islands in those seas. With this discovery came many other vices, for they drank it to excess. One account says that it was Young who distilled the spirits, he having learned the art while living in the West Indies; but the journal of the islanders attributes the discovery to M'Coy, and this is most probably correct, especially as he is said to have been at one time employed in a Scotch distillery. The consequences of this discovery were fatal to the preservation of cordiality among them. Rendered furious by the quantity of the fiery liquid they drank, M'Coy and Quintal wandered about the island for days together; until the former tied a stone round his neck, and threw himself from the top of the rocks in a fit of delirium tremens; and the latter, having lost his wife by a similar fate (though in her case it occurred accidentally, while searching for birds' eggs), made demands which Adams and Young refused to comply with, whereupon he made repeated attempts to murder them; until at last they were compelled to put him to death. The death of Young shortly afterwards left Adams the only man on the island.

CHAPTER II.

HITHERTO, this narrative has been one of vice, cruelty, and bloodshed; we have now to relate one of the most extraordinary and probably unparalleled changes that has ever occurred in the history of any community. Having neither example nor precept to restrain them, the descendants of the Englishmen and the Tahitians had freely indulged their passions; but when Young and Adams were left alone of all the Europeans who had landed on the island, they began to think seriously of the religious truths they had been taught in their youth. The tradition among the islanders is that the change was produced in Adams by a dream he had, that the angel Gabriel appeared to him, and warned him of the consequences of his wickedness. Whatever may have been the cause, the change did take place, and the desire of Adams to reform, not

only his own life, but the lives of others, was earnestly seconded by Young during the remainder of his life, which was but short. The whole work of reformation was thus thrown on Adams. The only books he had were a Bible and a Prayer Book, and with the aid of these he taught the whole of the inhabitants of the island to read, and more docile and apt scholars no man could desire. He instituted religious worship morning and evening, prescribed two fast days a week, which were religiously observed by the islanders, notwithstanding they continued their labour on those days. In a short time the conduct of the entire community had changed, and without a single exception they practised the most rigid interpretation of Christian doctrines, even to the extent of having the whole of their property in common.

Pitcairn's Island has a rock-bound coast, and there is only one place where a landing can be effected, and this not without difficulty. This difficulty of access, together with the fact of it being out of the ordinary track of vessels in those seas was, no doubt, the reason why it remained unvisited for so many years. From the time the mutineers landed on the island until 1808, only one vessel touched there, without, however, discovering that it was inhabited. In the year just mentioned, an American ship, commanded by Captain Folger, touched at the island, and he, on reaching Valparaiso, told Sir Sidney Smith of the existence of one of the mutineers and of the descendants of others on Pitcairn's Island. An account of the circumstance was forwarded to the Admiralty, but the official desire for vengeance had died away, and no notice was taken of it. In 1814, when the Essex, American war-vessel, was doing among our whalers what the Alabama has lately been doing among Federal cruisers, the Briton and Tagus were sent to capture her. The captain in the course of his cruise coming upon an island not laid down in the charts, was greatly puzzled as to what island this could be, and was still more astonished when a boat pulled off from it and came alongside, and a voice called out from the boat in excellent English for permission to come on board. Permission being given, the speaker scrambled on deck in an instant, and in answer to questions put to him announced himself as the son of Fletcher Christian, and that his name was Thursday October Christian; so named from his having been born on a Thursday in October, and being the first child born on the island. Sir S. Staines bears witness to the admirable moral character of the community, in his Report concerning

them to Admiral Dixon. A great deal of interest was excited among the higher classes in England by this Report, but the sources of publicity were then so few that the interest resting on a narrow basis, nothing was done for the islanders, and their existence was probably forgotten by all but a few naval men.

The well-remembered Captain Beechey was the next who visited them, and his account is not less enthusiastic than the preceding. Directly they arrived off the entrance to the harbour, a boat put off with Adams and several of the islanders. They were received with great kindness, and they reciprocated this in the best way they were able. Captain Beechey says they treated Adams with the greatest respect and affection, "that they were virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable beyond the bounds of prudence; patterns of parental and conjugal affection; and to have no vices." Five years later, that is to say in 1830, the late Lord Waldegrave, then commanding the Seringapatam, touched at the island, and he also bears witness to their guileless character and their excellent moral qualities. This visit was followed by others, and the Reports sent home to the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, which had now more leisure to attend to them than when we were waging the great wars on the Continent, created an interest concerning them which was not suffered to die out. The Queen, with that active benevolence which has distinguished her whole life, took a particularly lively interest in their welfare, and it was doubtless by her desire that implements and clothing and sundry animals, &c., were sent out to them. As they increased in number beyond the capability of the island to maintain them, a proposition was made to them to remove to Tahiti. Here they were kindly received, but the manners of the Tahitians were so repugnant to their ideas of morality that they were shocked and disgusted; and they were made so wretched thereby that they petitioned to be removed from that country, which was done. As Norfolk Island was now vacant, the convicts having been taken away, and the necessity for more space being now greater than ever, Her Majesty suggested that no better location could be found for the Pitcairn Islanders, and they were accordingly removed thither. Of the fitness of this island for such a colony there could hardly be two opinions; the convicts had been employed during their stay there in making roads, building houses, and doing sundry other things calculated to fit it as a place of habitation for a people whom it was determined to keep separate from the rest of mankind.

Sir W. Denison, then Governor of New South Wales, in his Report concerning them dated Oct. 28, 1857, says that he embarked in the *Iris*, and sailed for Norfolk Island; that on his arrival he found them greatly in need of flour or biscuit, and that but for his timely visit they would have had nothing to subsist upon for some months but meat and potatoes; he, therefore, continued his voyage to New Zealand to procure for them a supply of necessaries, and to make arrangements with a merchant there for sending them supplies of what they required, and receiving consignments of such articles as the islanders might have for sale. A merchant was soon found to undertake the business; and he at once sent a small schooner freighted with the articles required, bringing back wool, tallow, and hides, sufficient to pay for them. Sir W. Denison then returned to the island, where he called a meeting of the inhabitants, and read his commission to them, which he caused, together with the instructions issued for his guidance, to be entered in the book containing the laws of the settlement. Many of these laws he found were inapplicable to their present condition, and he therefore revised them; making, however, as few alterations as possible. The entire code contains only thirty-nine Regulations, and is unique for its simplicity. The principal Regulations may be embodied in a very few words. The island is included in the government of New South Wales, and in the absence of the governor, the government is vested in a chief magistrate and two councillors elected annually by the inhabitants, all of whom who have attained twenty-five years of age, and can read and write, are entitled to vote. The election is presided over by the chaplain, who is not himself eligible for the post. Any change in the Regulations which the chief magistrate may think desirable he may, with the consent of one of the councillors, submit to a public meeting, of which he must give fourteen days' notice. If the majority of votes is in favour of his proposition, it may be acted upon at once, but the whole account of the proceedings must be forwarded to the Governor of New South Wales, who has the power of annulling the Regulation if he thinks fit. The duty of the chief magistrate is to decide in all matters of dispute, and to endeavour to bring about an understanding between the parties,—in fact, to act as arbitrator between them; in the event of his being unsuccessful, he calls in the assistance of the two councillors, and the decision of the three is final in all matters where the value of the property in dispute does not exceed fifty shillings, and in cases of common

assault, which they may punish by a fine, not exceeding ten shillings. In more serious cases, where the parties object to the decision of the magistrates, a jury of seven elders settles the matter, and there is no appeal from their decision, except in cases involving loss of life and limb, which are referred to the governor for his decision. Education is compulsory; the inhabitants must send their children to school from the time they are six years old until they are fourteen, and except in cases of sickness, the absence of a scholar is punished by a fine of sixpence a-day, unless the absence is authorised by the chaplain. The charge for the education of each scholar is ten shillings a-year. It is satisfactory to find that the attendance is cheerfully given, and most of them continue to attend after they have reached the prescribed age. In 1862, there were sixty-six children attending the school, of whom six could read fluently; do fractions, decimals, and other rules; parse readily, write from dictation, &c. Three others could read equally well; work compound rules and fractions; write from dictation; parse and learn geography; and the remainder were coming on very satisfactorily.

No beer, wine, or spirits of any kind is allowed to be landed on the island, and if any such be brought there by vessels touching at the island, they are immediately wasted, and the person in whose possession they are found is fined forty shillings. Any person using profane language is liable to a fine not exceeding forty shillings, nor less than five. Where the offender is under fifteen years of age, the parents or guardians must pay the fine. Such is the full summary of perhaps the simplest code in existence.

A fuller account of the condition of the islanders is given by Sir W. Denison, in a subsequent despatch. The Pitcairn Islanders had increased to 194 when they were removed to Norfolk Island, and to 212 at the time when he visited them, 111 of whom were females. On landing at the island they were supplied with provisions, sufficient, as was supposed, to meet their wants until they had been able to cultivate their land. They were also well-supplied with sheep, cattle, horses, pigs and poultry, as well as tools. There were a water-mill and a windmill, boats and fishing tackle, carts, drays, and, in fact, nearly all that a colonist could desire to have. Such an almost superabundance of good things had rather a prejudicial effect than otherwise; the cattle and sheep increased and multiplied, thus rendering steady labour to a great extent unnecessary. Moreover, they were, as a matter of course, wholly ignorant of mechanical arts,

and had nobody to teach them ; so that if a plough got out of order, an axle-tree broke, or the machinery of the mill got out of gear, they were forced to leave it alone. Indeed, there was not a man among them who had ever seen a plough before, nor one who had the necessary knowledge required for keeping the mill going or repairing the tools. Those who supplied the island so liberally seem to have forgotten this, or else they supposed that at the sight of the tools the knowledge of how to use them would spring up spontaneously. The consequences which followed from this oversight may easily be imagined, and the remedy which Sir W. Denison proposed to meet them was to abolish community of land, &c., and allot a certain proportion of the goods in the island to each family according to its number. To admit any settler on the island is understood to be contrary to the wishes of the Queen, but the governor could not see how they were to learn if they had no instructors ; he, therefore, proposed that a schoolmaster should be appointed, who should possess general information of all kinds, and to whom the care of the stores might be entrusted. Also a man, such as there are many to be found in villages in this country, who should be a carpenter, smith, and wheelwright in one ; a mason and plasterer ; a shoemaker and superior agricultural labourer. To pay the expenses of sending these men out he proposed that the balance of the subscriptions which had been raised on account of the islanders in England should be applied to that purpose.

The soil of the island is wonderful for its richness, and the climate of the island seems adapted to the growth of most plants ; coffee thrives, and so do oranges and all plants of the same class, guavas also, and peaches, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes, &c. The fishing is good, and this is a great benefit. Nor have they confined themselves to mere coast fishing ; thirty of them have united in the purchase of whale boats and all the necessary gear, and so energetic and successful were they at the very commencement of their undertaking, that they made as much oil from the whales they killed as realised 500*l.*, and enabled them to double the extent of their operations. They have also opened up new sources of wealth, and are not only prosperous now, but have the prospect of becoming far more so. It is but doing bare justice to Mr. Rossiter, the schoolmaster, to say that much of this is owing to his exertions and example. He is not only a zealous teacher, but he is likewise a good practical farmer, and cultivates his own land, and thus teaches them the art

of cultivating in the best possible way. Sir John Young, therefore, recommended that some portion of his salary should continue to be paid by the home government, and that the remainder should be made up by the islanders. The islanders were also exceedingly fortunate in their chaplain, and the great good they have derived from his instructions makes it appear almost providential that he should have been inspired with the idea of going to Pitcairn's Island. His early life was spent in the Navy, and he was serving under Lord Cochrane in the service of the Chilian government when he performed the famous feat of capturing the *Esmeralda*. After that government dismissed all foreigners from its service, he set sail with a single companion for Pitcairn's Island ; and being a man of some education, he was cheerfully accepted as their religious instructor by the inhabitants, only one incident having occurred to obstruct his usefulness, and this was the appearance of an adventurer, named Hill, who by false representations, managed to acquire some influence over the simple-minded islanders.

The principal portion of the public revenue is derived from the sale of the wool of a large flock of sheep, but there is no doubt that before long the islanders will be able to make such additions to the public funds from their private resources as to relieve us from the necessity of continuing to contribute even the small sum of 300*l.* required for the payment of Mr. Rossiter.

With one extract on the State and Prospects of the colony, derived from Sir J. Young's Despatch, we shall conclude our account of this most interesting little community. He says : "On the whole, I am clearly of opinion that as large a measure of success has attended the removal of the Pitcairn Islanders to Norfolk Island as could well have been expected. The people are not much given to steady and continuous labour ; but on the other hand it must be recollected the climate indisposes to exertion, and they have not the stimulus of want to prompt them to toil, nor the demands of a market to awaken their cravings for gain. The few acres they cultivate supply them abundantly with sweet and other potatoes, and leave a large surplus for sale to whalers. (They grow a great many vegetables beside these.) They have more milk than they can drink ; the sea teems with fish, which they catch in large quantities with exceeding facility : sheep are not dear, and cattle and swine are only too numerous. Articles for which the people may fairly hope to find a market they are by no means remiss in providing. Their attention is now turning to

the culture of arrowroot, a marketable commodity, and they have this year succeeded in growing a large quantity of bananas. The mill for grinding grain was almost useless, not being required to grind twenty bushels in a year; they have added to it, at their own cost, saws and machinery for sawing boards and shingles, which they expect to export with profit; they have engaged with activity and success in fishing for whales, and have bought and paid for seven whale boats entirely out of their own resources. These are encouraging symptoms, and legitimate channels which the people have discovered for themselves, and in which their industry will probably continue to flow, as falling in with their bent and aptitudes. If an opening such as I have described can be made in the reef at a moderate outlay, and a shelter provided for small trading vessels, they will call frequently on their passage elsewhere, and the island will soon have ample means of communication with Sydney and Auckland. Its capabilities will be rapidly developed, and as rapidly enrich the inhabitants. As it is, the people live in security and abundance, are decently clad, attend Divine worship regularly, and are free from all those foul practices and baneful superstitions which render the occupants of too many of the lovely islands in the Pacific licentious and unhappy. Within the shores of many a secluded group every evil passion has grown up unchecked, and runs riot in unheard-of abominations. Amongst those miserable tribes the belief in witchcraft alone leads to innumerable atrocities, and darkens almost every day of their lives with gloom and terror. From this and the kindred wretchedness, the community of Norfolk Island is happily exempt; they owe this priceless exemption to the lessons of Christianity and the various benevolent aids they have received from England. As so much has been done to guard them from mischief, and as what has been done has not been labour in vain, but, on the contrary, an effective and highly beneficial effort, I trust that the measure of support which I advocate will not be withheld, and that the schoolmaster's salary will be continued for some years longer, until a generation shall have grown up under proper tuition, and the community be trained and able, as it were, to stand alone, and provide for its own civilised maintenance."

THE LEGENDS OF "ST. LEONARD'S FORESTE."

"ALTHOUGH the country round about," says Andrew Borge, "was replenished with nythynghales, they will never sing within the precincts of the foreste, as divers keepers and other credible parsons dyd show me."

"The nythynghales were said to have disturbed a hermit who had fixed his cell in the forest: he bestowed a curse upon them in return for their songs, and from that time they were unable to pass the boundaries."

"A greater wonder still was the strange monstrous serpent, or dragon, lately discovered, and yet living to the great annoyance, and divers slaughterers both of men and cattle, in St. Leonard's Foreste, August, 1611."

Its history must have been developed from an earlier legend which asserts that,

"St. Leonard himself fought with a mighty worm in the foreste: the strife was renewed at many different places, and wherever the saint's blood fell to the ground patches of lilies of the valley sprang up."

These flowers still abound here.

A gloomier piece of folk-lore declares that a headless phantom springs up behind the traveller on horseback through the forest by night, and cannot be dislodged until the boundaries are passed.—See "Murray's Handbook to Kent and Sussex," *Route XXIII.*, page 347.

The rest of the substance of the ballad is presumed.—

PART I. THE SAINT AND THE WORM.

No fairer trees in Sussex wolds
Than those St. Leonard's Forest holds,
There tower the pines and beeches tall
For mast at sea or beam in hall.

The good St. Leonard, patron saint
Of Hastings Haven, lived intent
On saving men by land and sea,
But "chiefly those from Normaudie."

For when the wild and darksome night
Gave token dire of wrecks ere light,
The brethren would repair to pray
For Norman bark till break of day.

And all night through the cloister bell
Would peal, perchance that they might tell
How far ashore, how far at sea,
The storm-tost mariners might be.

By land he fought a dangerous worm
Of monstrous size, who for the term
Of countless years consumed the land
With cries and fears on every hand.

Full oft within the dreary wood
He'd slay both man and beast for food,
For human flesh or oxen meat
(No matter which) to him were sweet.

Folks say that in the dreadful fight
He poured his blood, but at the sight
Sweet lilies sprang from out the stain,
Which since have bloomed and bloomed again.

Tho' he be dead and passed away,
And worsted worm hath lost his sway,
One legend more I've yet to tell,
That of the Holy Hermit's Cell.

PART II. THE HERMIT'S CURSE.

The dews are fallen on moor and hill,
The labour's done, and the land is still;
The fawn's in covert, the fox in close,
The beagle feeds with the hound morose."

* "His chapel both here and at Hastings were in the direct routes of passengers to Normandy."—MURRAY

Only the sound of the distant sea,
As a far-off voice in a dream might be,
Mingles its tale with the woodland tones
As the sea-waves wash o'er the tidal stones.

The monk has finished his prayers and hymns,
The monk is resting his weary limbs.
"So sweet," cried he, "is my hermit life,
Removed from care and removed from strife !



"Yet one thing troubles my virtuous cell,
That song by night in this holy dell,
For why, when a monk kneels down to pray,
Should a nightingale trill in that horrible way ?"

'Tis said our monk in an early day
Had loved and courted a "layde gaie,"
Maid, wife, or widow, I dare not tell.
His love not wise, "he had loved too well."

His skulls, his bones, and I know not what,
Are oft in nightingale's song forgot ;
No more a monk with a shaven crown,
He's courtly knight upon Castel down.

And "she," no longer a cloistered nun,
But 'mong the fairest the fairest one,—
Not sleeping cold in the mouldered aisle,
But waking love with her winsome smile !

For thoughts like these at the evening tide
Our monk had martyred his fleshly pride,
By scourge and penance of painful kind,
Till cries were heard on the midnight wind.

On this fair eve he had hopped to spy
Two fond young lovers go wandering by,
Truants they were from the neighbouring town,
Who kept their tryst when the sun went down.

They passed the monk and they passed the cell,
And they sat them close to the hermit's well,
Cooing and courting as ringdoves may,
But not perhaps in a monkish way.

Now whether it were the imperfect light,
Or vigil and fast had impaired his sight,
In these young lovers he seemed to see
Himself (that knight) and that "fayre ladye."

"Avant, thou vision ! be gone, be gone !
Ye perjured two on the Holy Stone ;
Is it for this I have fixed my cell
In holy wood where the saint's blood fell,—

"Forsook the ways and the haunts of men
To see such sights in a holy glen ?"
Thus cried the monk with an awful oath,
Then crossed himself as he cursed them both.

He cursed the nightingale's beak and claw,
He cursed their nest, their food, their maw,
Much in the style of a papal curse,
Which if you have read, you'll read no worse.

Then hushed the song in the brackenbough,
While dripped the well on the stone below ;
The lightning flashed, and the rain came down
And fizzed, 'tis said, on the old man's crown.

The morning came with the morning bell,
But yet no hermit had left his cell,
At early dawn in the morning air
No monk was met on his way to prayer.

Later at night, the brethren say,
"We'll seek our brother before we pray."
And moonlit shine o'er the woodland spread,
And led the way to the lonely dead !

Some say St. Leonard himself had stole
To the hermit's cell and released his soul ;
Enough, no mortal his limbs had drest,
Nor crossed his palms on his virtuous breast.

And whether that knight, or that "fayre ladye,"
Or the monk himself, or whoever it be,
The woodland through at the evening tide
A headless horseman is seen to ride :

A gaunt-like form in the fearful glade
Fraying the fawn in her fawn-grown shade ;
He rides for aye, but the nightingale's lay
From that faire Foreste hath died away !

THE ENGLISH OF THE SCOTCH.

THE Scotch, we are aware, claim to teach us Saxons how to talk English ; just as, in turn, the Irish contend that they beat the Scotch by their still finer use of our tongue. We are ourselves a mere Sassenach body, and do not at all intend to argue the point ; the Scots and the Hibernians may quarrel between themselves on subtle distinctions of the English language. Dublin has some warrant, we admit, for claiming to furnish the only correct metropolitan accent, and Edinburgh, again, can give reasons for authority in settling true British emphasis in the matter of broad o's and a's. So far from disputing with either of them, and especially with the logical northerners, we readily allow that there are differences in their English and ours. This admission the cannie people will easily enough make out to be full proof of their case, and solely with the view of increasing their triumphs, we will give a few examples. A Scotch newspaper entirely devoted to advertisements regularly reaches the present writer, and in occasionally glancing over it, although it purports to be printed in the Southron tongue, he ever and again stumbles upon phrases which puzzle his ignorance considerably. He may not be wholly unacquainted with them, but they have the same embarrassing strangeness which an old friend of his once had, when, on the occasion of certain festivities, he made a sudden appearance in kilt and plaid. For instance, the first time our eye lighted on this announcement : "The under-mentioned subjects are intended to be exposed for sale," the time and place being duly specified, our ideas at once became anatomical ; and with a misgiving that it was not quite legal, we read on, fearfully expecting a catalogue of bodies of deceased persons offered in the interests of science to surgeons and medical students. It was a relief in one sense, but a puzzle in another, to find that the "subjects" were villas, houses, mansions,—what blundering English auctioneers would have described as "tenements," "hereditaments," or by that fine old phrase, which everybody so clearly understands, "messuages."

Another slight perplexity presented itself in pursuing the notifications, on finding it stated that many of the residences had "policies" attached to them. A fresh instance of Scotch prudence, we said to ourselves ; the proprietors take out assurances against fire, and offer the policies with the buildings ; but on seeing it asserted that, in one instance, the "policy" was stated to be three acres in extent, we began to suspect that it was not a

document. Further research led to the discovery that "policy" is Scotch-English for "appurtenances." The mere English reader, following up the advertisement, will not unlikely next widen his eyes over the additional statement that alterations may be made in the premises without interfering with "the amenity" of the policies. To understand this he must amend his simplicity by collating other such passages as these: "The villa is a desirable residence owing to its amenity, it being sheltered from the easterly winds," &c. Being "pleasantly situated," is our imperfect Saxon approach to it. We may here mention that there would appear to be a much greater variety of kinds of premises in Scotland than we are accustomed to in England. It is almost bewildering, in glancing over the columns, to read of "sunk flats," "area flats," "second and third half flats," "northern halves," and "southern halves;" in addition to which, there are "main-door houses," and "self-contained houses." But grounds at present unoccupied by buildings are described in a sufficiently mystifying manner. In some cases we are informed that lands are "held blench of the Crown," and at other times "blench of a superior;" then a few lands, it is a pleasure to find, are held "partly free and partly blench;" while, now and again, it is vaguely stated that "the teinds are valued and nearly exhausted." One does not quite know whether this is an advantage or otherwise, not being precisely aware what a "teind" may be; an English reader cannot pretend to say whether it may turn out a mortgage or a mine. Further, instead of its being announced that the queer dwellings, or the strange land, will be offered, as is usual with us, for sale at public auction, it is somewhat unsettling to find that the property will "be exposed" for sale "by public roup." At our first meeting with that phrase, we felt a little ignorant alarm lest a "roup" meant something akin to a riot; and the other phraseology carried with it an equivocal sound, that about "exposing" estates for sale; but the advertisers indicated no embarrassment on their side, for they occasionally stipulate that it shall be open to "the exposers" to do such and such things. One or two other variations of auctioneering phraseology may be given. What with us is the "reserved bid," is, in Scotland, the "upset price;" instead of the abbreviation "inst." in describing the month present, the Scotch say "current;" and the old familiar phrase in reference to quantities, as four acres and three roods, "be the same more or less," with them becomes four acres and three roods, "or thereby."

Occasionally, the advertisements of residences to let have a severely scientific air, suggesting that, across the Tweed, house-agents recreate themselves with studies in natural philosophy; for instance, it will be stated that the house is supplied with water "by gravitation," as well as by "a stream running through the grounds." Englishmen would avoid such mansions, fearing they must have been constructed on the principles of a private Polytechnic Institution. At times this class of announcement mysteriously intimates that a house could be easily got ready, and let for "Whitsunday first;" and it is not seldom stated that "the entry of an incoming tenant at this season will be advantageous and convenient." We can only hope so. Then, intimation is often publicly given, in reference to entailed estates, that certain persons wish to "uplift" moneys for their own behoof, which starts the idea that they must be contemplating serious sums to require such excessively muscular phraseology. Another class of advertisements, on first reading, suggests a combative spirit, incongruous with the Christian ministry, and appears to offer a not very cheering glimpse of the mode of conducting ecclesiastical arrangements in that intensely theological land. Numbers of reverend gentlemen, whose names are openly given, and their churches specifically indicated, are described as having "raised" each a summons of "augmentation, modification, and locality" of his stipend against the "patrons, titulars, and tacksmen of the teinds, inheritors, life-renters, and all others." Whatever *does* it mean? It sounds awful; we only trust it is not the means by which the ministers have ordinarily to get their salaries. W. C.

ONLY FOR ONE WEEK.

"HERE we are, snowed up," said I to Constance Hedley, who had been staying with us at our quiet parsonage-house, since the beginning of December. I had known her ever since her widowhood, which dated back some five years before the time of which I am speaking, and both my husband and myself felt a great regard for her. She was much admired, only twenty-nine years of age, and fond of gaiety. Contrary to our usual habits, which were somewhat secluded, we had given different entertainments to enliven her visit, and on the evening before,—which was New Year's Eve,—we had taken her to a ball at the house of some friends in the neighbourhood. She was unusually silent the next morning, and I fancied that she was overtired with dancing, or that the weather had affected her spirits, for the snow which had commenced falling the

day before had not ceased, and the sky was the colour of lead. We had every prospect of being kept prisoners to the house for a time, which, as we were five miles from a railway-station, and had finished all the sensation novels sent us from Mudie's a fortnight before, was by no means an agreeable one.

"You doubtless imagine that the dreariness of the weather has given me the blues," remarked my friend; "nothing of the kind; I assure you that if I am a little bit thoughtful this morning, it is quite from another cause. Last night, a gentleman asked me a question which took me back seven years into the past, for just so many winters have gone by since the same question was put to me on the same night of the year. I have often been on the point of relating to you an adventure which happened to me when I was a girl, but of which I have as yet never spoken to any one out of my own family. I will no longer be reserved on this subject with so true and valued a friend as yourself. But, before I tell you what the question asked was, I must give you some uninteresting preliminaries."

I made up a blazing fire, before which we drew our easy chairs; and Constance began her story. I never could listen long to anything, however interesting, in an uncomfortable position, and should have been a very restless being, had I lived in those days when all the seats were uneasy—though the Yankees may keep their horrid rocking chairs to themselves as far as I am concerned, for the swaying caused by the slightest movement, reminds me always of being on board ship, which I detest, even when the sea is as calm as possible. Here is my friend's tale in her own words:—

When I was just twenty-two, I went with my parents to a fancy-ball, on New Year's Eve, at Lady L's. I had many partners, and danced half the night, when soon after supper a friend of my father's introduced a gentleman to me whose name I could not distinctly hear, in the confusion of voices around me, and the striking up of the band for the next dance. Hurriedly engaging my hand for the next quadrille, my prospective partner disappeared in the throng. I had time to see that he was about twenty-two or three years of age, wore a plain domino, and that the look of anxiety which sat upon his features was strange in so young a face. Nevertheless, I had forgotten his existence by the time he came to remind me of my promise. He led me to my place and we commenced dancing without his once addressing me. At the end of the first figure, I turned to reply to some

remark I fancied that he had at last ventured to make, when I met his perplexed-looking gaze, and perceived that he was talking to himself, for he said,

"Yes, it may do: tall, the same name, too," then suddenly to me, "Pray, Miss Fortescue, do you consider yourself tall? What may be your height?"

Not a little surprised at this brusque manner of opening a conversation, and thinking I would answer him some way in his own style, I replied, "It may be seven feet, but is not."

"But scarcely under five feet eight inches," he resumed; "have you any relations in Canada?"

I answered in the affirmative, and though with a haughty tone, yet I must have looked amused, for he presently added,

"I see that you are more diverted than offended by the extreme audacity of my mode of addressing you, which perhaps strikes you as less eccentric, in the midst of this motley crowd, than it otherwise might; but I assure you that I have no wish to appear original or impertinent; I am actuated by very different motives. Before entering this ball-room I received a letter containing intelligence of a most perplexing and annoying nature, and which has thrown me into a state of the greatest anxiety. I am placed in a position of some difficulty, and without assistance from you, I feel I can scarcely extricate myself. However mad you may and must think me to be, with this in view I venture to beg your permission to ask you two more questions. They will no doubt strike you as odd ones for a perfect stranger to make. But you have the option of choosing to listen to them or not."

By this time our quadrille had come to an end, and leading me to where my mother was sitting, my partner said,

"Make your decision, and tell me of it when you valse with me, as I trust you will when the next dance is over."

I agreed to this, and he left me. When he came to claim my hand as the first notes of the *deux temps* struck up, my curiosity urged me to grant his request, and he put question the first to me, after the first round.

"Your Christian name?"

"Constance."

"How fortunate," exclaimed my partner.

Number two, after the second round.

"What fortune, if any, may you possess?"

Answer, "Only a thousand pounds."

"Lucky again," muttered he. "One more question, the last and most important one, I will, if you allow me, make to you in a letter of explanation, which having read, I trust you

will not be so cruel as to refuse your aid. May I write to you or not?"

This was not to be answered at once or without consideration.

"I do not press you now, but hope to have your favourable answer to my earnest request when you leave the cloak-room," said he, returning me to my mother's side.

What an odd circumstance! Did ever a girl have such a strange partner? I thought of little else but him and his funny questions for the rest of the night. The more I thought about it, the more reluctant I felt to refuse his explanations; and before the time for our departure arrived, I had resolved to accept his proposal of writing to me. He might say what he chose, but I was a free agent still, and would take care not to commit myself to anything. I could tell my parents about it all at some future time, but there could be no harm in receiving a letter. I had made up my mind that, having heard so much, I would know more; and when, on leaving the cloak-room, I encountered my hero of the night, I acceded to his urgent request, then hastily repeated.

"I return to London in a day or two," said he, "and you shall receive a letter before I start."

I can scarcely describe how strangely I felt all the next day. I could hardly believe that I had not been dreaming—that there was no reality in the affair. At all events, my partner must have been playing me a practical joke. I should, of course, get no letter. But I should have felt disappointed if none had arrived, and I passed that and the next day in a state of feverish expectancy. At last the looked-for epistle came, and tearing it open, I read the explanation, which ran thus:—

"Dear Miss Fortescue,—I feel very grateful to you for allowing me to make a full explanation of what must appear to you to have been my extraordinary behaviour to you on the night of the ball, and if, after the perusal of this letter, you will consent to give me your assistance, my gratitude will be boundless; for indeed you will help me out of a great difficulty, one through which my happiness might be shipwrecked, unless I can manage to evade it. I must tell you all, from the beginning, before I can expect you to judge of the case. When I was about fifteen years old, my father, who was then my only surviving parent, died, leaving me to the care and guardianship of his half-brother, who was twelve years his junior, then just twenty-eight years of age. My father's marriage had been an unhappy one, and his dying request to my uncle was, that he would use his utmost en-

deavours to prevent me from contracting an early marriage, in order that my judgment and taste should be so far matured as to render an imprudent choice least probable. True to the promises thus exacted, my uncle, as I grew older, used every means in his power to exclude me from female society, keeping as vigilant a watch over me as was consistent with the exercise of the duties which his profession involved. His regiment was ordered to India, when I had completed my twenty-first year. Before his departure, he made arrangements with a friend of his who was on the point of sailing in his yacht for the Atlantic, that I should accompany him. This plan pleased me, as offering an opportunity of gratifying my long-cherished wish to see the world and something of life, for I had till then a limited experience, my University career having been a short and studious one, my uncle having prohibited travel in the vacations, which I usually had spent with him in some quiet place. It was with delight, that I heard we were bound for America, and that we should probably visit Canada, where the gentleman whom I was to accompany had a bachelor brother residing. In his last interview with me, before starting, my uncle talked to me long and seriously as to my future, and upon the importance of my exercising the greatest discretion in the choice of a wife, should I at any time be matrimonially disposed. He reminded me that my fortune had been placed by my father at his disposal for me, until I should reach my twenty-fifth year. After that time he should cease to exercise his right to influence my actions, but that until then he would in no case consent to my marriage, or, indeed, to any engagement of the kind, unless he should himself be perfectly satisfied with the lady—who must possess no less than three requirements of his own making—namely, That she should be tall, that her name should be Constance, and that she should possess, at least, one thousand pounds. To these he annexed a condition which bound me to wait to engage myself until he should see her, and be enabled thus to form his own judgment. I had not as yet dreamed of marrying at all, and troubled myself very little about the promises which I readily made to what I considered my uncle's eccentric exactions. Nor did I think then that he seriously intended to stand to them; but fancied he was jesting in a grave kind of way as he often did in conversation with me. After a delightful voyage we reached the new world, and soon arrived at Toronto, our destination. I was most kindly welcomed by my friend's brother, who, though a single man, was of a very

sociable disposition, and had a large acquaintance. The brothers were not so vigilant over me as my uncle might have wished, in their kind-hearted zeal to interest and amuse me, and I had plenty of opportunities of becoming acquainted with the fair sex. Amongst the many charming girls whom I met in society, Miss Fortescue attracted me the most, and after repeated meetings, I felt that I was falling desperately in love with her. She did not discourage me, and we were not long in establishing a mutual understanding. I did not mention to Mary, for that was my lady love's name, anything about my uncle's strange conditions, but simply told her that I must gain his consent to our engagement, and that I should not be free to marry her until I had attained my twenty-fifth year; but secretly I began to think of my promises with some degree of anxiety. I discovered that Mary's second name was Constance, to my surprise and intense relief. She was more than commonly tall, certainly; but the third requirement, the one thousand pounds, was wanting! It was such a piece of good luck about her name and her height, but particularly the former, that the importance of the money difficulty did not weigh with me much. As for that, some godmother, or distant relation, might leave her something, and a number of contingencies might happen to help us in this particular; so I wrote to my uncle to tell him that I had chosen a dear, fascinating girl, whom he could not fail to approve of, that she possessed the requirements which he deemed necessary, and I felt certain of his consent to my engaging myself, as soon as he should be able to make her acquaintance. My Constance, I told him, was all he could desire. I never said a word about the fortune. In reply, my uncle told me that he was surprised at my having so soon found a young lady who answered so completely to his pattern, for he had imagined it would be more difficult for me to meet his requisitions in these particulars. However, he would not withhold his consent to my engagement, if he found that she fulfilled his conditions in every sense, and if she should please him, on his becoming personally acquainted with her; which he said he trusted to have the opportunity of being in three months' time, when he should be home in England on leave; but that I should incur his serious displeasure if I committed myself to any sort of engagement before he should have seen and passed his verdict on the object of my choice. He had heard from me that I should return to England in the yacht early in the next month, and that Constance would follow me almost immediately with some friends, having accepted an invita-

tion to visit some relations in the north of Devon. The people with whom Constance (for I now always called her by her second name) was to travel were obliged to postpone their going to England, much to my vexation, and I was a little anxious at leaving her, surrounded as she was with admirers, whom her beauty and love of admiration and attention attracted. I comforted myself, however, with thinking, that though I must now go, without being able to bind her by promise to me, yet it would not be for long. She would probably be with me in a couple of months' time again, and when once my uncle had seen her, I was certain he would allow us to be engaged, for I felt that he would no more be able to resist her powers of charming than myself, and in spite of her having no money, for was not my own fortune, which was considerable, enough? He was a rich man himself, and would no doubt help us, for he had always been most kind and generous to me. I arrived in England a fortnight ago, and remained in London till within the last few days. I came to look up a college friend in this neighbourhood, and was induced by him to accept Lady L.'s invitation to the ball. Just before leaving my friend's house with him that evening, a letter was put into my hands. On opening it I found it was from my uncle, and dated from Paris. He told me that his return had been hurried by circumstances which took him to France. His business would be settled in a few days, and on leaving the Continent he should make some visits amongst his friends in England, and should afterwards present himself at my lodgings in town, when he expected me to conduct him to the place where Constance was staying, and that he should have just one week in which to make her acquaintance before he must leave Europe again for a lengthened period. He promised, however, to write and inform me of the exact time when I might expect him, mentioning three weeks as probably the outside time before we should meet. Here was a fix for me to be in. What should I do? If I wrote to beg Constance to hurry her departure, even if she would undertake the voyage alone, there would be no time for her to make her preparations and to sail, so as to reach England before my uncle should have left it. I was in a sad dilemma, and wanted to rush back to London by the next train, to consult a friend in whom I had confided in my affairs, and whose advice I valued; but Monckton, my college friend, persuaded me to accompany him still to the ball. 'You can think the matter over, old fellow,' said he, 'as well there as anywhere else, and there is not time for you to catch the London train

now.' I chanced to see you when the night was half over, and being struck with your resemblance to Constance, begged to be introduced to you by the gentleman with whom you were speaking, of whom Monckton knew something. I did so also partly to acquiesce in his wish that I should dance, as he said my not doing so looked so remarkable, and Lady L. had asked him 'if his friend never danced.' On learning your name, it all at once occurred to me that Constance had once told me that she had an uncle and aunt living in the north of England. It struck me, too, that it was just possible that you might be a cousin of hers—hence my second question to you whilst dancing the quadrille together—my ideas were in such a desperate state of confusion at the time that I hardly comprehended how excessively impertinent you must have thought me, when I asked you the other questions. Your replies put the idea into my head which induced me to beg you to let me write and explain myself, and now I come to the disclosure of the design by which I hope, with your assistance, to obviate the difficulty of my position. Knowing my uncle's resolute purpose when he has made up his mind to anything, I felt sure that he would keep his word, and that unless he could see Constance and be able to judge of her himself, there would be no hope of his consent to an engagement, and if we waited until he should again have an opportunity of so doing, we should have to remain as we were until I am twenty-five. I would keep constant to the end of time itself, but I do not feel quite so sure about my love, surrounded as she is by admirers, as I said before. Ah! if she should forget me! No, it is better to secure her at all risks. Let me implore you to help me—you can if you will—you have the same names, are her cousin, I am almost sure. If you would consider my petition, oh! how happy you would make me; you would relieve me from a tremendous load of anxiety. If you are her cousin, you cannot fail to know her near relatives who live in Devonshire. Cannot you pay them a visit in about three weeks' time, and confer the immense favour upon me—of consenting to personate my Mary Constance for the week which my uncle proposes to pass in her company? I will let you know, in case you afford me this happiness, the exact day when I shall have to conduct my uncle to visit the Fortescues for this purpose. I shall await your decision anxiously, and shall fear the worst until I hear."

So ended Henry Ashford's letter, for by this name he signed himself. What a strange request! It was, however, quite true that he

was half-engaged to my cousin, for I had heard in a letter from Canada about a month before that she was likely to be engaged to a Mr. Ashford, a young man of good prospects. What should I do—what did I do? I did what many a girl who loved excitement and a little adventure, placed in such peculiar circumstances, might have done. I consented to lend my aid in this romantic affair, which, anyhow, was at all events a family one. I received a grateful answer from Henry, and wrote to my cousins who lived near Bideford to accept the oft-repeated invitation they had given me to visit them, fixing the time in accordance with the plan in which I was engaged. So there I was, betrothed, as it were, but without a lover, or prospect of marriage. Was ever a girl so curiously placed before? Nothing served to remind me of my unprecedented predicament, till the arrival of a locket, with Mr. Ashford's photograph in it. The day after the fancy-ball I met in society a gentleman, whose manners and conversation were very pleasing to me. I had frequent opportunities of seeing him, for he visited at our house, after a while, constantly. I was flattered by his attentions, and he appeared to take an increasing interest in me. Our pursuits were the same; he would sing to my accompaniment, criticise my drawings, and lend me some of his own, which had real merit, to copy. He would read aloud my favourite poems to my mother and myself, and things were becoming serious. My parents, hardly knowing whether his attentions should be encouraged or not, on so short an acquaintance, were not sorry to know that they would soon necessarily be put a stop to by my departure for my proposed visit to my relations. He was reading the "Palace of Art" to me the afternoon following that on which I had let out that I was going away; my mother had been called out of the room; when he made me a declaration of his love. I hardly can describe what I felt, when he did so, and begged me to tell him if he might hope. He would not have intruded his feelings upon me so soon, had he not known of my intended absence; but he could not bear the suspense he must endure, he said, if I went away without his assuring me of his attachment. I had seen so much of him in the three pleasant weeks that I had known him, and had liked him so much, and felt such a happy fluttering at my heart when he told me of his own feelings, that I began to understand a little the joy of being loved, which is impossible unless to one who can love in return, though I could not at the moment analyse my sensations. I told him that I had known him for too short a

time to encourage him to hope, but that I was grateful for his interest in me. What could I say more? However it might be, another time, I could not engage myself until the extraordinary farce had ended, in which I was to take so prominent a part. In the momentary embarrassment the occasion caused, I inadvertently dropped the locket which was fastened to the chain of my watch, and usually lay concealed in my dress, for I had been playing with the chain, and had accidentally drawn out this token of Henry's. He stooped to pick it up, and must have seen the portrait on one side of it, for turning pale, he returned it to me with the remark, "I fear I have no chance. This is a sign, doubtless, that I am doomed to disappointment," and seizing my hand, he pressed it convulsively, and looking at me with an expression of pain and regret that I shall never forget, he suddenly quitted the room. I knew that I loved him after he was gone, when I felt the sorrow which the fear of never perhaps seeing him again caused me. I would have given much to recall those five or six minutes which had given me so much pleasure, yet had perhaps robbed me of a greater joy. Ah! why had I not told him all? It was always better and wiser to be perfectly open in these kinds of affairs, particularly where the heart was engaged, as mine was. Had I been so, how much suffering would have been spared me. But it was of no use to wish that I had acted differently, and the next day was the one fixed on for my journey. I must go on with this miserable business—there was no drawing back now, for the day subsequent to my arrival at my cousins' house would be that of my introduction to Henry's uncle. I must keep up my courage, for there was much to be done. I wished heartily that I had never undertaken what had probably lost me a true heart. In gratifying the whim of the moment, I had shipwrecked my life's happiness. I arrived at Whitechley Manor in a very worn-out state, having scarcely slept the night before; and my nerves were fearfully strained. It appears Henry had let Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue into the secret, and they, though evidently not approving of the deceit about to be practised, had, out of commiseration to him, not seriously opposed it, thinking also that his uncle's conditions and exactions were very absurd. I received great kindness from them both, and they did all they could to cheer my spirits, fearing I was overcome with the fatigue of the lengthened railroad travelling I had endured. They little knew what a heavy grief was knocking at my brain and heart—how I hated myself for what I had promised to do. Another sleepless night—a

headache in the morning, and I was in the drawing-room with my cousins when the hour of trial arrived. The carriage had been sent to the station to meet the gentlemen, and I heard the grating of the gravel on the drive up to the house under its wheels, an opening and shutting of doors, and the visitors were announced. I had been standing at the piano, tossing over some music, when they entered, and I did not turn round. By this time my head was swimming from the tension of my over-wrought feeling, and my agitation was extreme—a step towards me. Mr. Ashford's voice.

"Constance—allow me—my uncle."

I experienced a rushing sensation in my ears. I turned—some one stood before me—some one was holding my hands—a face bent over them—and then—all was blank—for I had fainted. When I recovered, I was lying on a sofa, and my cousins were bending over me.

"Thank Heaven that you have opened your eyes again at last," said Ellen Fortescue. "Henry's uncle knows all—we will leave you to make your peace with him for helping to deceive him, and to play a practical joke on so good a man."

They left me, and some one from the other end of the room advanced, and said,

"My poor child, your troubles are ended. My nephew has confessed all to me. I must, however, exact one penance before I can forgive you your part in the duplicity." Then, changing his voice to its natural tone,

"Instead of being engaged to the nephew for one week, you must consent to belong to the uncle for life."

The voice thrilled every chord of my being. I turned to look at Henry's uncle, and was clasped to the breast of the man I loved.

"I am so thankful to that rascal, Henry," exclaimed he, "that he chose Mary Constance instead of Constance Mary. When I saw that you wore his portrait in your bosom, I felt there was no hope for me, though I was ignorant at the time that his true love's surname, which he had never mentioned, happened to be the same as yours, or that you were related. I have, in the moment of happiness he conferred on me by disclosing that your promise to him only bound you for one week, forgiven him fully, and granted all he wishes of me."

Henry, it appears, had been struck with remorse when he saw how seriously I was affected by the complications he had brought upon me, and being of a generous, impulsive nature, had at once made a clean breast of it to his uncle. Of course, I need not tell you added my friend, that Colonel Hedley and I were married at once, and that I accompanied

him to India. Henry married his Mary as soon as she arrived, which was before we started, and the thousand pounds, which was wanting to complete his bride's requirements, was presented her by my husband, in the shape of a set of diamonds. He made only one condition now, and that was that Henry should call her by her first name, and leave Constance to him. I was reminded last evening of this strange incident by an old gentleman, who had not seen me since I was a very young girl, remarking to me how tall I had grown, and inquiring what my height really is. I thought then, as I often do, of my strange partner, and my relations to him for one week.

MARGARET SWAYNE.

JOAN OF ARC.

SECTION I.

It will surprise most English readers to learn, that there has been any doubt cast of late years upon "the three most elementary points" in the history of the Maid of Orleans. The copious Jeanne d'Arc literature produced in France during the last fifteen years, has hitherto found no echo on this side of the Channel. The occasion of this recrudescence of interest in her history on the part of the French public, is to be found in the new light thrown upon the subject by the literal republication (1845-9) by the Society de l'Histoire de France of the condemning and revising suits, which her career gave rise to. The editor, M. Jules Quicherat, added to his work extracts from the contemporary or nearly contemporary chronicles, and a great number of miscellaneous documents. His labours have been rewarded by the subsequent issue of a plentiful crop of new "Lives" of the heroine, and of pamphlets on controverted or obscure points, to which the names of some of the first historians and antiquarians of France are attached. If the British public have hitherto remained too indifferent to the progress of the salutary Jeanne d'Arc epidemic in France, the present summer, which witnesses the completion of fifty years of peace between the "natural enemies" of yore, offers a golden opportunity for partially repairing our omission.

SECTION II. WAS JOAN OF ARC A LORRAINER?

Between the ancient Duchy of Bar and the Duchy of Lorraine, and following the course of the Meuse, there jutted up in the fourteenth and subsequent centuries a tongue of land belonging to the province of Champagne, and, like the rest of Champagne, under the immediate sovereignty of the Crown of France. Lorraine on the other hand was a fief of the German Empire, while Bar was divided into

two parts as to suzerainty; namely, into Barrois Mouvant, or owing allegiance to the Crown of France, and Barrois Non-mouvant, owing allegiance to the German Empire or Lorraine. In a word, the Duchy of Bar was the barrier between the two sovereignties of France and the German Empire.

In this tongue of Champenese territory, so *enclavé* between Lorraine and Bar, Vaucouleurs was the chief and only walled town. Greux was the largest village, and upon Greux depended, in an ecclesiastical point of view, the whole, and in a political point of view, one half of Domremi, the native village of Joan of Arc. During the misfortunes of Charles VII., then termed by the victorious and derisive English, "the little King of Bourges," this little *enclave* was the only portion of Champagne which remained faithful to the French or royal cause. In the time when Joan was growing up, Robert de Baudricourt, Knight, upheld the king's cause in Vaucouleurs, and it was to him Joan turned her gaze when the sense of her military mission overpowered her. Speaking of the inhabitants of this tongue of Champenese territory, M. Michelet exclaims, "Those poor Borderers had the honour of being immediate subjects of the king; that is to say, that substantially they belonged to no one, were backed and cared for by no one, and had no Lord, no protector but God!"

The discussion about the nationality and native province of Joan of Arc arose in this wise:—

At the Scientific Congress, held at Nancy, the capital of the ancient Duchy of Lorraine, in September, 1850, a Lorraine member, in an essay on the Philosophy of the History of Lorraine, claimed the Pucelle as a Lorrainer, and added, "evidently this type of character belonged to the country between the Rhine and the Meuse, such a woman could not be born elsewhere; and it belonged to our province to furnish her."* Such an assertion was not likely to go unchallenged by Champagne and the rest of France. French historians had always claimed Joan of Arc as a Champenese, and, therefore, a French woman. If she was a Lorrainer, she was a foreigner in France. France then owed her regeneration to an adopted *citoyenne*. The glove thus thrown down by Lorraine to France was picked up by

* M. Michelet had just written "Joan, doubtless, took after her father; she had not the Lorraine roughness, but rather the Champenese affability—naïveté mingled with good sense and acuteness, as you find it in Joinville." Joan's father was a native of Ceffonds, in Champagne, and her mother of Vouthon—a village which was like Domremi, half Champenese and half Barrese. The Sire de Joinville was a Champenese, who accompanied St. Louis to the East, and wrote some very valuable Memoires of his time.

M. Athanase Renard, of the department of Haute-Marne, and of the province of Champagne, who published in the following year his "*Souvenirs du Bassigny Champenois—Jeanne d'Arc et Domremi.*" This treatise was replied to, in 1852, on the part of Lorraine, by M. Henri Lepage, the Archivist of the department of the Meurthe, in a pamphlet entitled, "Is Joan Darc (sic) a Lorrainer?" which provoked in the same year from M. Renard a rejoinder entitled, "Was Joan of Arc French?" The controversy was brought before the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres in 1853, and was thenceforth participated in by MM. Vallet de Viriville, Quicherat, Wallon, and others. It was reopened in 1855 by M. Lepage in a second dissertation, bearing the same title as his first, but differing from the former to some extent in its standpoint, and replied to in the same year by M. Renard. In 1856, there was a final exchange of shots between the aforesaid champions of Lorraine-Bar and Champagne.

The argument in favour of Lorraine was based on the now thoroughly-established and on all sides admitted fact, that the village and territory of Domremi was divided into two parts, of which one was politically a part of Greux, in the provosty of Andelot and the province of Champagne, and the other in the provosty of Gondrecourt and that portion of the Duchy of Bar for which the Duke of Bar did homage to the Crown of France. It was then contended, but not conclusively proved, that the house in which Joan was born was situate in the Barrese portion of Domremi, and that as a Barrese, she was also a Lorrainer. This last startling proposition was sought to be proved by the fact that a marriage contract was entered into in 1420 between the young Duke René of Bar and the heiress of Duke Charles of Lorraine, which led to the union of the two duchies under the dominion of Duke René (better known in history as René d'Anjou, King of Sicily) on the death of Duke Charles II. of Lorraine, in January, 1431, that is to say, a few months before the execution of Joan. It was triumphantly demurred to this, that if Joan was Barrese, she could not be of Lorraine, for the union of the two duchies was not a merger of Bar in Lorraine any more than the union of Scotland and England was a merger of Scotland in England. The Dukes of Lorraine were also styled Dukes of Bar until the annexation of Lorraine to France in 1766, and *quid* Dukes of Bar continued to do homage for a portion of Bar to the Kings of France. M. Lepage admitted the force of this argument, and in his second pamphlet shifted his ground, and simply con-

tended that the Pucelle was of Bar, and not of Champagne. Notwithstanding this admission, his original theory has found a new champion in M. Villiaumez, one of the many recent biographers of the heroine.

This phase of the controversy brought out the fact that the chroniclers, biographers, and poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were diametrically at variance with each other, and often with themselves, on the subject of Joan's nationality. M. Renard makes fun of the geographical errors of most of these authorities, who too often confound Lorraine, Bar, and Champagne; and one of them, Philip of Bergamo, reaches the climax of absurdity by stating (in 1497) that Joan was "*virgo Gallica, natione Lothoringensis,*" a French maiden, of Lorraine nationality. The reason of this confusion is natural. It lay in the peculiar position of the *enclave* of Champagne, the union in the lifetime of Joan of the duchies of Bar and Lorraine, the cession by the King of France, in 1571, of the greater portion of the Champenese section of Domremi to the Duke of Lorraine and Bar, and, last but not least, the prophecy, widely credited in the time of Joan, that France was to be saved by a virgin who should come from "the Marches of Lorraine." Joan did in fact come from a village which was within such a short distance from the frontier of Lorraine, that it is not to be wondered at that the contemporary chroniclers found it easy to adapt the event to the prophecy.

SECTION III. IF JOAN WAS BARRESE, WAS SHE ALSO FRENCH?

This, at first sight, seems a rather silly question to debate; but M. Athanase Renard, the Champenese champion, contended, if Joan was a subject of the Duke of Bar, she was a mere "adventurer," a female Don Quixote, a rebel to her lawful lord (who sided with the English) and who had no right to call Charles VII. "her king," nor to allow "her hair to stand on end when she saw French blood flowing." M. Renard takes high "moral" ground on this point, and insists that it be envisaged from a moral (*quære* legitimist) point of view. To this objection M. Lepage, I think, makes a complete reply, challenging both the facts and the moral and political deductions of M. Renard.

In the first place, says the champion of Bar, it mattered not what the policy of the Lord of Bar might have been for the moment, the sentiment of the *people* of Bar had always been, and was still, Armagnac, and French, and anti-Burgundian, and anti-English. Secondly, that Joan, though a Barrese, was

justified in regarding Charles VII. as "her king." Joan, moreover, was a great stickler for the royal prerogative, and was probably far too high-flying a Royalist to suit the notions of the great vassals of the Crown. This was evident from her reply to the ambassadors of the Duke of Brittany, who sent to ask her if she came to aid the King in God's name. "In that case, my liege Lord, the Duke of Brittany, is disposed to aid the King," Joan replied, "that the liege Lord was *the King* and not *the Duke*, and that the latter ought not to have delayed so long in succouring him." All her language and her acts show that she regarded the King and not Duke René, to whom she never alluded, as her liege lord. Again, the policy of the Dukes of Bar had always been Royalist. M. Henri Martin, in the last edition of his life of Joan of Arc, says, "Since the commencement of the civil war which had preceded the English invasion, the Dukes of Lorraine and Bar had supported two opposing parties; the Lorrainers had been Burgundians, then adherents of Henry VI. of England and France; the Barrese had been Orleanists, and afterwards Dauphinists." In 1412, the year after Joan's birth, there was war between the Dukes of Bar and Lorraine. In 1415, when Joan was fourteen years of age, Edward III., the Duke of Bar, was killed at Agincourt, on the French side. Since 1420, the epoch of the marriage contract of Duke René, then only in his twelfth year, with the heiress of Lorraine, until the spring of 1429, the Cardinal-Regent of Bar had maintained his neutrality between the Anglo-Burgundians and the French. M. Michelet, in his "Histoire de France," explains the motives which led the Cardinal for a moment to adhere to the English side.

"When the defence of Orleans seemed to be desperate (May, 1429) the old Cardinal of Bar hastened to treat with Bedford in the name of his nephew, René of Anjou, for fear, on the one hand, lest the latter should lose the succession of Lorraine, and, on the other, leaving it open to René to disavow his act, if the affairs of Charles, king of France, should take another turn."

The "Biographie Universelle," in the article "René d'Anjou," shows us with what electric effect the first success of Joan acted upon the young duke:—"In 1429, this prince was occupied in the blockade of the town of Metz, then besieged by the Duke of Lorraine, about the time when Orleans had just been delivered. René, whose family connection with his brother-in-law, King Charles VII., and whose personal *penchant* for France, had been obliged to yield to the imperious law

of policy which imposed neutrality upon him, could not resist the impulse which attracted him to the French army, and he hastened to rejoin it in the plains of Champagne, where his two brothers, Louis III. and Charles of Anjou, had preceded him. One may say that René quitted the siege of Metz by stealth, and, in spite of the exhortations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Cardinal of Bar, who were both too experienced politicians not to foresee the evils which would accrue to both their states if the English and Burgundians were jointly to declare war against them, René came over to Charles VII. on July 16, 1429, the eve of the day when that monarch was consecrated in the ancient Basilica of St. Denis. He afterwards accompanied his brother-in-law, the King, through all that memorable campaign, which was nothing but a series of conquests and triumphs. He dared to struggle, although scarcely twenty-one years of age, against the advice of La Tremouille, and pronounced more than once in favour of the opinions of Joan of Arc, Dunois, &c., for the most energetic and wisest policy. He formed close connections at that time with all the great captains of the French army, Potou, La Hire, the Duke of Bourbon, &c., but most particularly so with Arnaud de Brabazan, with whom he went beneath the walls of Paris, after having distinguished himself at the head of his own troops by the capture of Chappes, in Champagne, the victory of Croizette, near Chalons-sur-Marne, &c. The death of the virtuous Cardinal of Bar, which happened in 1430, compelled René to quit the King of France, under whose flags he had first won glory, and he went to Bar-le-Duc, where he honoured the memory of his uncle by a magnificent funeral."

In all this it seems as if René acted rather as the subject of Joan than as her liege lord. If he was, legally, entitled to the honour of regarding her as his subject, morally, he was a vassal of Joan's. Joan was too great a character to be bound down by the pedantic limit of feudal prerogative and feudal law. If she was, legally, a Barrese, morally, she was a Frenchwoman; and therefore I contend, in opposition to the champion of Champagne, that the circumstance of her acting not as a provincial, but as a patriot, far from derogating from the grandeur of her character, only enhances it. Considering her, for the sake of argument only, in the light of a Barrese, she yet, in declaring for Charles, only acted in accordance with the popular sentiment of her townsmen and of Bar generally, and also with the traditional policy of the lords of Bar.

SECTION IV.—WAS THE PUCELLE CHAMPENESE, OR BARRESE?

The question, and a difficult one it is, remains; was Joan a native of Bar or of Champagne? On which side of the dividing line did the house of Joan's parents stand?

The site of the house is known beyond cavil. The house itself was falling into ruins about 1480, when Louis XI., King of France, who venerated the memory of the Pucelle, had it rebuilt on the same plan, but with more solid materials, using, however, such parts of the old materials as were of service.*

Neither are we entirely destitute of evidence as to what the boundary line between the two portions of Domremi was at or about the time of which we are speaking. In 1459, the King's tax-collector imposed a special subvention upon the inhabitants of Domremi, without distinction, for the payment and lodging of some soldiery. A portion of the villagers claimed exemption therefrom, on the ground that they were subjects of the Duke of Bar. The case came on for hearing before a royal tribunal, namely, the *Elus* of Langres; the King's attorney argued, that all the inhabitants of Domremi had always been taxable by the King, but the judgment of the Royal Court was in favour of the villagers who lived on the Neufchâteau or south side of a little stream, "across which is a great flat stone," who were declared to be not liable to the tax as belonging to the *Custlery of Gondrecourt in Bar*, while those who were on the *Greux side* of the said stream were liable to the King's tax as being in the *election of Langres, a district of Champagne*. The stream is that of the "Three Fountains," and subsists to this day, still dividing Domremi into two nearly equal parts. A map of Domremi made by the engineer employed by the Department of the Vosges, shows that in 1820, the site of Joan's paternal house abutted on this stream, that, if the stream held the course in 1420 that it held in 1820, Joan's native house was positively the first house on the Champenese side of the stream. To this it is replied and admitted, that the course of the stream has been altered more than once in the lapse of time, and, therefore, the argument drawn from the plan of 1820 is not decisive in favour of the claims of Champagne.

The Champenese draw another argument from the house. It is the fact that it was rebuilt in 1481, at Louis XI.'s expense, and that over the door there is a monumental stone, whereon are the royal arms of France and of the family of Arc, and the inscription "Vive

le roy Loys." There is no sign on the house relating in the least to Bar. The only reply that is made to this argument is, that the owner of the site and house in 1481 was Claude Dulys, the son of John Dulys, the brother of the Pucelle,* whose family having been ennobled by the Kings of France, and allowed to assume the fleurs-de-lys on their escutcheon, would naturally be inclined to cry "*Vive le roi*," even upon the soil of the then Duke of Lorraine and Bar.

The evidence of contemporaries is conflicting and often wanting in precision.

1. Perceval de Boulainvilliers, Chamberlain of Charles VII. of France, wrote to the Duke of Milan a letter about Joan, dated June 21, 1429; that is to say, a few weeks after the deliverance of Orleans. His letter gives accurate details of Joan's parentage and the political situation of Champagne. He says that "she was born in a little village called Domremi, in the bailiwick of Bassigny, *within the limits of the Kingdom of France, near Lorraine, on the river Meuse*." There is no mention here of Bar, although he alludes to Vaucouleurs as being part of Champagne.

2. Perceval de Cagny, a chronicler of the Duke of Alençon's, who wrote in 1436, says that the Pucelle came from the marches "of Lorraine and Bar." He is silent about Champagne, and his description is ambiguous.

3. John Chartier, a royal chronicler, who wrote in 1449, says with equal ambiguity, that she came "from near Vaucouleurs, in the marches of Barrois." But Vaucouleurs was not in Barrois, but in Champagne.

4. The "Chronicle of the Pucelle," written by an anonymous author, places Domremi "near the Barrois," and makes it dependent on the administrative district (election) of Langres. This is an accurate description of the Champenese portion of Domremi.

5. Another chronicler of the Alençon family wrote in 1473, that Joan was a native of Domremi, "*in the duchy of Bar, three short leagues from Vaucouleurs*." This again is an accurate description of the Barrese half of Domremi.

6. There is an account of the royal treasury, dated April 21, 1429, which certifies to the payment of one hundred pounds to John of Metz, Joan's squire, who accompanied her from Vaucouleurs to the king, for the expenses of himself and company "who had lately come to the King from the territory of Bar." Her brother Peter was of this company.

* This house was purchased by the Department of the Vosges, in 1820, and is held as a public heirloom.

* Two of Joan's brothers assumed the name Du Lys after their ennoblement.

The family tradition is represented by Charles du Lis, a descendant of Peter of Arc, one of Joan's brothers. He wrote, in 1612, that Joan was born "in Domremi, in the parish of Greux, in France, on the Champagne frontier, within the jurisdiction of the provostry of Andelot," a purely Champenese jurisdiction, "the bailiwick of Chaumont in Bassigny, the election of Langres," also purely Champenese, "and the diocese of Toul." This is a precise and legal description of the Champenese portion of Domremi.

Her language at the trial, and the language of the indictment drawn up against her by her enemies, is entirely favourable to the Champenese theory. She calls Charles VII. her king, and never mentions the Duke of Bar. She says "she was born in Domremi, which forms one village with Greux, where the principal church is." Now Greux, I repeat, was exclusively Champenese. The Barrese, however, elude the force of this language by saying that Joan had in her mind the parochial division, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, of her village, and it is not denied that in spiritual things the whole of Domremi was dependent on Greux. There is, however, no word to indicate that in temporal matters she considered herself to be a native of Bar. The indictment drawn up by the Bishop of Beauvais against Joan, on materials furnished by a commission of inquiry into her history, taken in Domremi and the neighbourhood, declares that she was "a native of Greux, and reared in the village of Domremi, on the river Meuse, in the diocese of Toul, in the bailiwick of Chaumont in Bassigny, and the provostry of Montcelere and Andelot." The language of the indictment harmonises with that of Joan concerning her connection with Greux, and makes Domremi dependent on the Champenese provostry of Montcelere and Andelot, which was true of the Champenese part of that village, whereas the Barrese part of the same was dependent on the Barrese provostry of Gondrecourt. Throughout the whole trial neither the prosecutors nor the victim make any account of Bar or its Duke.

Another proof in favour of the Champenese side of the question is, that Charles VII. issued letters patent, exempting from taxation the inhabitants of Domremi and Greux, without exception, as being the birthplace of Joan who had conferred such services upon the Crown. If Joan's family had been subjects of the Duke of Bar, the exemption would have been null as regards them, for all subjects of the Duke of Bar were, *ipso facto*, free from royal taxation, and the desire of the

king to confer a benefit upon Joan's family would have failed of effect. To this the only reply given is, that the Crown was very "invasive" of the rights of its vassals, and that these letters patent are an instance where it exceeded its jurisdiction. The probability is, that the French government was not aware of the exact extent of its rights, or that the Barrese element of the village, never amounting to more than thirty-five houses, had been so reduced by the burning and sacking of the Anglo-Burgundians and the other miseries of war, that the principle, *de minimis non curat lex*, was applicable to it.

It is beyond question, that a devotedly royalist and French spirit animated the whole of the inhabitants of Domremi, with the exception of one man, whose sympathies were with the Anglo-Burgundians, and towards him Joan admits, on her trial, that she had cherished as a girl a strong feeling of aversion. On the same occasion she testifies, that the children of Domremi had often fought with the children of Maxey-sur-Meuse, a Lorraine village in the vicinity of Domremi, the Domremians taking the Armagnac, and the boys of Maxey the Burgundian side. And Domremi was considered as a royalist village by the English and Burgundians, who sacked it, and once in Joan's time burnt down the church. Whenever a band of these troopers menaced the village, the villagers withdrew in a body, with their chattels, to an islet formed by the Meuse, where there was a strong castle belonging to a nobleman of Bar, and within the limits of the duchy; and on the occasion of the general sacking and burning down of the church, *all* the inhabitants (*omnes habitatores*) were obliged to flee to Neufchâteau, in the duchy of Lorraine, driving their flocks before them. Thus, neither Joan nor her prosecutors, neither Charles VII. nor the Anglo-Burgundian captains, recognised any difference between the two portions of Domremi, both being treated as royalist territory. It was only in 1459, when peace had been restored, that a portion of the inhabitants of that village availed themselves of their legal position to escape from an extraordinary subvention for the payment of the King's troops. During the troublous times of the hundred years' war, this technicality was not thought of, either by the inhabitants themselves, or by the government of Bar. M. Renard's summing up on this point seems to me to be judicious:—"The Champenese portion of Domremi was bounded towards Bar by the stream of the Three Fountains, a stream which you may put your legs across; but whether it was that there were not many habitations be-

yond this boundary, or whether the French element remained predominant in the mind of the population, the facts resulting from the two suits, the exemption from imposts granted to the inhabitants by Charles VII., authorise us to declare, that the Barre element was not at all reckoned therein at the time of Joan; that the people of Domremi considered themselves as French, and that they were so in fact, living, acting and being governed as such."

It seems to me that the evidence preponderates much in favour of the theory, that the Pucelle was by birth a Champenese, and not a Barrese; but whatever shade of doubt may for ever rest over this point, it is clear as the sun at noon day that she, and her family, and her neighbours, were all French to the backbone, at a time when the rest of Champagne was recreant to the Gallic cause, and when the government of Bar preserved a cautious neutrality between the contending parties, and a neutrality which would have become a policy of alliance, offensive and defensive, but for the heroism of the Maid of Domremi. The question, therefore, on which side of the boundary line between Bar and Champagne her father's house stood, is of no moral or political importance whatever.

SECTION V.—OF THE SURNAME OF THE PUCELLE.

A practice has lately arisen in France, and been countenanced by MM. Michelet, Henri Martin, Vallet de Viriville and Villiaumez*, of writing the surname of the Pucelle thus, "Darc." If the form "Darc" be more accurate than that of "d'Arc," English writers should conform to the new fashion, and write Joan Darc instead of Joan of Arc. The inaugurator of the new fashion was M. Vallet de Viriville, who published, in 1839, a memoir upon this subject, which was followed, in 1850, by his "Nouvelles Recherches sur la Famille et sur le Nom de Jeanne Darc," a pamphlet of marvellous industry, expended on a narrow issue. The fact is the apostrophe only came into use in French writing at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and therefore in the records of the two suits and in the books of those authors who used the surname of the Pucelle, it is written Darc, or sometimes Dark, Dare, Darre, Dart, and Taré. This "barbarisation" of the family name of the Pucelle drew from M. Athanase Renard a pamphlet (published in 1854) in which he gives conclusive reasons against the antique innovation. "Upon the

same principle that you would write Darc," he argues, "you ought to write Dharcourt, Darinagnac, le roi Dangleterre, un trait darc, &c. What right then have you to alter the orthography of 'Jehanne' into the modern prename 'Jeanne,' or 'Lôys' into 'Louis?'" To this argument the reply of M. Villiaumez is, "But when the compound name was written in Latin, the preposition 'de' was used, as in the case of the name 'd'Estivet,' which was written 'de Estiveto' in the Latin versions of the suit. If the name had been d'Arc and not Darc, the Latin editors of the records would have written 'de Arco,' and not as they did, 'Darc.'" This is, surely, not very cogent.

The supporters of the form "d'Arc" insist that a name ought to have some meaning. "Darc" has none at all in French, but "d'Arc" is a name of locality, and indicates that one of Joan's paternal ancestors came from the little town of Arc in Champagne; and this is an answer to an argument of M. Villiaumez's that as Joan's father was not noble he could not have borne a seigneurial name. The name "d'Arc" was only one of those plebeian names of locality which peasants own as well as peers.

M. Renard advances another proof in favour of the established usage. It is that Peter of Arc, a younger brother of the Pucelle's, never adopted the *fleurs-de-lys*, and the coat of arms granted by Charles VII. when the family was ennobled, but preferred to adopt or to retain a *bow (arc)* and arrows, which proves that he looked upon his name as being "of Arc" and not "Darc." Charles du Lis, in a memorial to the French Government, in 1613, states that Peter of Arc only retained a crest which had previously been adopted by his ancestors, and M. de Viriville admits the possibility of this, and candidly volunteers this explanation of the fact which militates against his theory. "In the fourteenth century families or individuals, more or less considerable (but not noble), such as the Darc family may have been at that epoch, made use for their signatures or seals, upon votive windows, sepulchral plates or slabs and elsewhere, personal and distinct marks or emblems. These insignia were exactly after the pattern of coats of arms, excepting, however, the helmet or crest and its hatchments. For the latter was an essentially military symbol, and formed the characteristic complement of the true coat of arms, of the heraldic and noble coat of arms. The statement of Charles du Lis has in it, therefore, nothing inadmissible in itself; but he does not cite any monument, any proof, in support of his *dictum*. Herein

* M. Lepage, in his first two pamphlets, used "Darc;" in his latest he confesses to a change of opinion, and writes "d'Arc." MM. Quicherat, Wallon, Desjardins, and Lafontaine, as well as M. Renard, hold to the recognised form.

appears to me to be the weak and suspicious point of his affirmation." It was, however, not contested by the government, and letters patent were issued in 1612, "giving legal force to a blazoury *d'Arc* or *à l'Arc*, which is said to have existed in the fourteenth century, in the family of the Pucelle."

On the whole, I think the neologists have not made out a case for an alteration of the long established usage, and that we may continue to denominate the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc.

SECTION VI. ON THE MISSION OF JOAN OF ARC.

M. Jules Quicherat, who has done more than any other living man to rub the accumulated dust of centuries from off the statue of the Pucelle as it existed in the minds of men, declares, in his "*Aperçus nouveaux sur l'Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc*" (1850), that the Pucelle's mission did not succeed (*aurait été manquée*). This opinion, coming from such an authoritative source, has not been well received in France, and has provoked replies from all sides. M. Quicherat founds his argument upon the deposition of the Duke of Alençon, which was to this effect: "She said she was commissioned to accomplish four things; to put the English to flight, to have the King crowned at Rheims, to deliver the Duke of Orleans* out of the enemy's hands, and to raise the siege of Orleans." M. Quicherat observes (1), that she did not drive the English entirely out of France; (2), that she did not deliver the Duke of Orleans. Therefore she failed to accomplish her mission. Upon the first point, it is only necessary to observe, that the Duke of Alençon does not say that Joan represented herself to be destined to effect the entire expulsion of the English in her own lifetime, and therefore *cadit questio*. On the second point, the Duke of Alençon is at variance with all the other witnesses, who testify that at Domremi, at Vaucouleurs, at Chinon, and at the inquiry at Poitiers, her language was invariable, "that she was sent to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct the King to Rheims." On her trial, she says that the English will lose everything in France "before the lapse of seven years," but she herself had from the first told the King and his Council, "I shall not last much over a year, so make the most of me." This is consistent with the theory that she regarded the definite expulsion of the English as a *consequence* of her mission, without, however, it being part of that mission to accomplish that expulsion in person.

It is patent to every student of Joan's career that her ideas, after she had begun to

play a great part on the world's stage, expanded beyond the well-defined limits in which they were confined while she was a discredited villager in Domremi and Vaucouleurs. Not only did she subsequently meditate an invasion of England, if the English had refused to exchange the Duke, but she threatened the Hussites that when she had done with the English she would march against them; and, looking to still more remote eventualities, she desired to turn the united arms of Christendom against the Turks, then menacing Europe, and, doubtless, reserved a place for herself in that contemplated crusade. But these were only afterthoughts and additions to her earliest and most solemnly cherished plans. They serve to prove that this severely-trying, yet wonderfully self-poised, girl was not always quite at one with herself; for instance, on her trial she gave herself three years in which to accomplish the deliverance of the Duke; whereas she had been wont to say that she would not last much above a year. How and when it was that she conceived the idea of delivering the Duke is happily suggested by M. Renard in his pamphlet on the Mission of Joan of Arc, published in 1856:—

It is well known that Joan passed some days at Chinon, both before and after her presentation to the King; and that on the day following that presentation, the Duke of Alençon left St. Florent to see her, and that she gave him a most cordial reception. "Right welcome," she said; "the more princes of the blood royal there are, the better." It is from this moment that her close relations with the Duke of Alençon commenced. *Now the Duke had married the daughter of the Duke of Orleans.*

M. Renard then quotes from the Chronicle of Perceval de Cagny, who was master of the Duke of Alençon's household:—

And just after her arrival at Chinon, she went to see the Duchess of Alençon, at the Abbey of St. Florent, near Saumur, where she was residing. God knows the joyous greeting the mother of the Duke of Alençon, himself, and the said daughter of the Duke of Orleans, his wife, gave her during the three or four days she was at the said place. And ever after that she made herself more at home, and was more confidential to the Duke of Alençon than to any one else, and always, when speaking of him, called him her *beau duc*, and not otherwise.

It is during this trip and close intimacy with the Alençon family that, M. Renard suggests, Joan began to revolve plans for the deliverance of the Duke of Orleans and the invasion of England. But these schemes of invading England, exterminating the Hussites, and stemming the torrent of Ottoman conquest, were adjuncts and afterthoughts, and formed no part of her original and solemnly-cherished purposes, which alone deserve the name of a "mission."

* Since Agincourt the Duke of Orleans had been captive in England.

"M. M."

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER III.

Nothing occurred for many days to disturb the sluggish current of my life at the roadside inn. After the first two nights I no longer suffered from delirium, and each morning found me better. Dr. Miles resumed his attendance on the day after the stranger's visit, and I could not of course question him as to the gentleman who had taken his place. But he occasionally alluded to him; and since he never spoke in other than favourable terms of the person to whom I had taken such a dislike, I concluded that that dislike had merely been the offspring of mental confusion induced by physical disease.

I had no reason for wishing to make a move until I was decidedly convalescent. My Hampshire engagement had been indefinitely postponed. The people at my bachelor London quarters were used to lengthy disappearances, and would not wonder at my absence. My relatives—none of whom resided in the

metropolis—were ignorant of my illness, and, therefore, not anxious on my account. Under these circumstances I submitted to the restrictions imposed by my nurse with exemplary patience, and remained under her guardianship for three weeks.

But by the end of this time I had so far recovered that I resolved now to terminate my sojourn at Ruston. The London exhibitions were, as I knew, all open; and I felt an exhibitor's anxiety to hear what public opinion had to say respecting them, as well as a wish to meet many artistic friends whom they were certain to have attracted to town. After having twice accomplished a short walk, I told my nurse (who still remained at the inn and overwhelmed me with attentions) that I was now so much better that I had determined to return to London on the following day. I accompanied this announcement with a request that she would tell me distinctly the extent of my obligations; and with many hearty acknow-

ledgments of her kindness, I begged her to relate to me the circumstances which had introduced to my sick-chamber so attentive and efficient a nurse.

From this it will be seen that I still remained in ignorance as to the origin of the timely help which had been afforded me in my extremity. I had, it is true, questioned both the landlord and landlady of the inn with respect to my attendant. But they only knew her as the wife of a respectable farm-bailiff living in Ruston, and had imagined all along that she must be known to me, so confident and determined had been her manner when first she came to nurse me. I was therefore as much in the dark as ever with regard to the cause of her arrival.

The good woman appeared sorry at the prospect of my departure. She would now venture to ask me, she said, a single favour: would I defer my London journey for a day longer, and take a shorter one in her company to a neighbouring village? If I would do so, she added, she would the better be able to make clear to me the cause of her advent to the Queen's Arms.

To a person who had shown me so much attention as she had done I could not refuse so simple a request. Besides, my curiosity prompted me to agree to her plan. Of course I assented.

Accordingly the next morning I seated myself in a brougham, which, to my surprise, I found had been ordered for my journey. The nurse now took up her station beside the driver, and instructed him as to the road he was to follow.

I sat enjoying the beautiful country with all the keen relish of a convalescent. But my mind was as much puzzled as my senses were pleased. The uncertainty as to where I was going oppressed me; and my situation struck me as being ludicrous and annoying.

After we had travelled a distance, perhaps of five miles, a church spire came in view, surrounded by yellow-washed cottages, which nestled close about the old building like chicks about their mother. A few minutes more, and the carriage drew up before an unpretending but comfortable little house.

At the door of this house my good nurse confronted me.

"I'm taking a liberty, sir," she said, "to ask you to come inside my sister's humble little place. But if you *will* do me the kindness, I'll take it as a great favour. The truth is," she continued, as she entered the outer door and turned the handle of an inner one opening from the passage to a sitting-room, "there is a lady in here,—one, sir, that I

believe you'll like to see—who wants to ask you to do her a service."

"In Heaven's name, who can it be?" I asked, puzzled and excited.

At this moment the nurse opened the door, on the handle of which her fingers rested, replying as she did so:—

"I'll tell you who, sir,—'M. M.'"

The surprise which now seized me can scarcely be described.

Before me, dressed in graceful morning attire, her bright young face covered with blushes, stood a tall, lovely, queen-like girl, the same, as a little consideration of the countenance convinced me, that I had seen and rescued six years before. But this was not all. A single glance at those aristocratic aquiline features, at the dark-brown hair cropped short like a boy's, at the bright intelligent eyes, had served to identify in my mind the beautiful maiden before me with the fascinating youth in whose company I had travelled three weeks ago.

Had it not been for the pleasure which mingled with my astonishment, I believe that in the weak state of my body, I should now have fainted from the shock of my surprise. As it was, the effect of that shock was lost in gratification at the warm, womanly greeting vouchsafed me. The beautiful girl before me took my hand with a charming simplicity and heartiness, expressed great pleasure at my recovery, and at thus meeting again with her old friend and preserver, and finally begged me to listen to a story with which she said she would be rude enough to tease me.

I seated myself; my admiration and pleasure could only find expression in silent obedience.

The young lady, having requested the nurse to take a chair, thus began her tale:—

"I feel, sir," she said blushing, while her gentle eyes sparkled and threatened to overflow, "that I owe you many apologies for summoning you here to-day,—for your visit is, I must confess, of my own causing. But the kindness you showed me six years ago is indelibly impressed on my memory, and I have thought that I might venture to appeal to that kindness once more."

I stammered out the assurance that I would serve her with the greatest delight to the utmost of my power, deprecating the too warm terms in which she alluded to my conduct on the occasion of our first meeting.

"You are very good," she said quietly. "It was not so much the rescue of my poor life which called forth my gratitude to you, as the kind and sympathising words which accompanied the deed—words which I almost

lived upon afterwards, so rarely did any tones of genuine kindness reach my ears."

I wondered what man would *not* have spoken tenderly to a pretty girl under circumstances like those referred to.

"But now," continued the young lady earnestly, "let me tell you my present dilemma, and once more appeal to your kindness.

"I mentioned to you six years ago that my parents were dead, and that my guardians were but little known to me. My father (I must trouble you with a few family circumstances) was twice married. I was the only child of the first marriage. When I had reached my tenth year, that is, five years after the death of my own mother, my father married for the second time,—a young wife to whom he was much attached, but who survived her union with him only a few months. Heartbroken at this new loss, he soon followed his young bride to the grave. He was a wealthy man, and left the bulk of his fortune to me, appointing guardians from amongst his friends,—two men of business, who have doubtless managed my pecuniary affairs well, but who have taken but little personal interest in my welfare.

"These gentlemen were well content that an aunt of my father's second wife should have the charge of me. When you saved me from drowning, I had resided for more than four years in the house of this lady,—Mrs. Benjamin Browning, a widow without children of her own, but who had adopted from his childhood a favourite nephew.

"I now come to the painful part of my story. Mrs. Browning did not love me. Whatever her motive for keeping me with her, that motive was certainly not affection. Her nephew Philip grew up. Impetuous and headstrong he had always been, and these characteristics grew with his growth. I was some five years younger than he. You guess what followed. He made love to me, and his aunt favoured the suit. I was young, weak, perhaps vain. I listened to his flattery, believed in his protestations, and consented to marry him.

"That was a year ago. But I had not long given the promise, when I made some dreadful discoveries as to the character of my affianced husband. I accidentally learnt that he was deeply in debt; and each day brought to my ears whispers of his profligacy and worthlessness. I now realised that I had never loved him. Worse still, I became convinced that he had never really loved me, and that his wish to marry me had arisen from his desire to benefit by my fortune.

"I grew more and more miserable. This was soon detected, and all means were taken

by the nephew and aunt to revive the affection which I was supposed once to have entertained. But in vain. I was accordingly placed under a system of close espionage. Every effort was made to prevent me from communicating with my guardians. Every doubt which I ventured to express as to the future was ridiculed and silenced.

"The wedding-day was approaching; but I felt that I would rather die than marry Philip Browning. A desperate situation, I thought, justified a desperate remedy. I resolved to fly.

"But where could I go? There was only one person in the world to whom I could escape. This was my dear old nurse here, the gentle, affectionate attendant of my early childhood, the faithful servant and friend of my own loved mother. With her I decided I must take shelter.

"I scarcely know how I accomplished my flight. The close watching to which I was subjected rendered extraordinary stratagem needful for the accomplishment of my object. You know the disguise which I finally adopted. I need not detail the circumstances which led me to employ it. It caused me much distress to do so; but without it I could never have effected my purpose.

"Let me now relate the events which have caused me the pleasure of a reintroduction to you, my kind friend and deliverer. Scarcely had I seated myself in the railway-carriage on the occasion of my flight, when I discovered with mingled pleasure and embarrassment *who* was opposite me. At the time I dreaded detection above all things; and I noticed therefore with dismay that you were closely watching my face. I soon satisfied myself, however, that the completeness of my disguise had prevented you from recognising me. I was glad to escape further probability of such a recognition by avoiding conversation and by feigning sleep. The latter expedient I resorted to with the greater readiness because of the stations at which the train stopped. I thought it possible that the Brownings had already guessed the route of my flight, and telegraphed in pursuit. Every stoppage filled me with apprehension on this account.

"I was astonished to see you leave the train at Ruston. I began to wonder whether Providence designed a renewing of our acquaintance. At the moment I was indulging this thought my accident occurred, and you spoke to me, presently mentioning your indisposition. I now saw from your face that you were indeed seriously unwell, and I thought that perhaps the time—long prayed for—had arrived when it might be in my power to render you some small service.

"When you left the station, I followed, and noted the place of your refuge. I immediately afterwards inquired for and sought the house of my nurse, who lives, as you know perhaps, at Ruston. She received me most affectionately; but insisted upon my leaving her home immediately for this cottage,—her sister's,—believing that the Brownings would surmise the quarter to which I had fled, and would follow me. We fortunately fell in with a conveyance coming this way, and by midnight I was quietly established here.

"But now I could not forget that my kind friend was probably in sad need of an efficient nurse, and when morning came I got my good Esther here to undertake a mission of inquiry to the Queens Arms. She found you suffering from fever, and accordingly (as I had requested her to do if it seemed needful) stayed to nurse you."

"Then it is to *you*, my dear lady," I interrupted, "that I am indebted——"

"Hush! No trifling attentions which my gratitude has showed you are worthy to be named,—and dear old Esther's was a labour of love to *me*. But now, my kind friend," continued the sweet girl, "supposing I were to ask you to add to my obligations to you? I have not a near relative living, and my position is, as you see, very painful. Will you help me? When I first came here it was with the intention of writing to my guardians myself. But at Esther's suggestion,—made by letter from your sick-room, when she had learned that you remembered and still felt kindly towards me,—I have ventured to defer my communication, intending to ask you to undertake it for me. Will you do this? I have no other friend in the world whom I could ask to perform such a service. It needs a man's clear head and guarded expressions to do justice to my sad story. Everything, depend upon it, has been misrepresented to my guardians since my flight; and even I, under pressure, have heretofore written to them words which I did not mean. Tell them all, I pray you. Beg them to shelter me. They ought to; for by my father's will I am under their care till I am five-and-twenty. I dread more than I can tell you Philip Browning's angry disappointment; so violent, so ungoverned is his temper. Beg them to send me anywhere where I can be safe from him!"

At this point the poor girl could restrain her feelings no longer. She burst into uncontrolled weeping. The nurse rose and did her best to soothe her, while I, for my part, gave her earnest and repeated promises of my good offices.

As soon as the young lady became calmer,

I inquired the names of her guardians. The first gentleman she mentioned, with whom, of the two, as she informed me, she had more frequently held communication, I did not know at all. The name of the second caused me to start with astonishment.

Godfrey Durand.

"Why! my dear young lady," I exclaimed, "this gentleman is not only well known to me, but on the occasion of our journey the other day he was in the carriage with us. You heard a gentleman on taking leave of me express a kind desire to serve me, did you not?"

"I did indeed. I had never seen him, so by me he was of course unrecognised. Was that then really my guardian, Mr. Godfrey Durand, a retired merchant of Kingston?"

"It was. He is a man to whom I can appeal with confidence in the present case. This is fortunate. I will attend to the matter forthwith."

I was eager to enter upon my mission, and did not now prolong my stay. As I took leave of the young lady, I reminded her of my words at the railway station, and assured her that the journey to Ruston had, at any rate, been productive of happiness to *me*.

She coloured in reply. I raised her pretty hand to my lips. Begging her to be under no apprehension; and promising another visit in a day or two, I went out to the carriage.

CHAPTER IV.

ON my way out, the nurse stopped me.

"A few words with you, sir," she said, "before you go."

She took me up a path in the garden out of sight of the window of the room which we had just left, and began:—

"My dear young lady mustn't know it, sir, but I'll tell you. That worthless young man, Mr. Browning, has been down here, looking after her."

"You don't say so?"

"He has indeed. And you'll be more taken aback still, sir, when I tell you that you've seen him."

"Good Heavens!"

"That second doctor who came to you, as he pretended in Dr. Miles's place, was no doctor at all. He was Mr. Philip Browning."

"What astounding effrontery!" I exclaimed.

"This is how it was, sir, as far as I can make the story out," continued the nurse: "The man must first have found out the poor child's disguise, that's certain. Then he knew I lived at Ruston, and no wonder he guessed that she had come to me.

"When he reached the Ruston station,

most likely he questioned the people there first about me. But the porters and that set mostly come from Woolbridge. As likely as not, not one of them knows my name. Browning must then have inquired directly about the 'young gentleman' he was after; and it must have come out during his inquiries that the 'young gentleman's' travelling companion was lyin' sick at the Queen's Arms."

At this point of the story my own recollections aided me in verifying the good woman's surmises. The porter who had witnessed the "young gentleman's" fall at the station, and who, from this circumstance, would be likely especially to remember his arrival, had probably overheard the conversation which proved that we had travelled together, and had certainly learnt my ultimate retreat by taking my luggage to the inn. Supposing Browning to have questioned this man, my connection in his mind with the *déguisée* whom he sought was easily to be understood.

"So," continued the nurse, "this serpent of a fellow hit upon a plan for gettin' into your room, sir, on purpose to learn from you what he could about my poor darlin'. He found out about your doctor, and his time for comin' round; went and hired a carriage, and visited you himself, as though in Dr. Miles's place. I saw through him when he began to ask you about the 'young gentleman.' Then the truth struck me all of a heap: for once, many years before, when he was a boy, I had seen him at my mistress's house.

"When I knew who he was, and what he was drivin' at, thinks I, Mr. Philip Brownin', I'll be level with you yet. My old man at home was lyin' poorly. So I thought I could find a way of bringin' the fellow straight to my house at once, to show him that there was nobody hidin' there. Well, sir, when he left your room disappointed, the first thing I did was to hurry after him, and to tell him I wanted to speak to him. I knew he'd be all attention when I told him my name, so I gave him that at once. How his great eyes sparkled when he heard it! No doubt he thought he'd got hold of just what he wanted. 'Sir,' says I, 'I was goin' to ask Dr. Miles this mornin', if he'd look round and see my old man: he's very bad.'—'I'll drive straight to your house,' he answered, 'and if it's not a long way off, perhaps you'll not mind leavin' your charge for a short time, and comin' with me to show me where you live.'—'No, sir,' says I, 'as it's my husband, I'll leave the gentleman a bit. He won't hurt, for I hope he's goin' to sleep.'

"So we two went. He thought he was

goin' to catch his runaway easy now, so he asked me no questions. But when he got to the house, he inquired for the poor child plainly; and when he found that he could learn nothin' of her, he grew savage, threw off his doctorin', and burst out at me like a madman.

"But I was ready for him. We'd kept my young lady's comin' a dead secret from my husband, ill in bed as he was (not badly ill mind, but laid up with rheumatism for the time). Says I to the man, 'Well, sir,' I says, 'don't you believe a word of what I tell you, but go up to my husband. Ask him whether such a thing ever happened as for a young lady to come here dressed up in man's clothes.'

"So up he went. I listened. My poor husband answered as innocent as a new-born babe. At last, down comes the fellow cursin' and swearin', jumps into the carriage and drives off. And I don't believe but what he thought he'd been on a wrong scent altogether."

It was clear from this narration that Browning had designed to come stealthily upon his poor young *fiancée*, that he might induce her, by cajolery or intimidation, to return to his home. I need scarcely say that I fully justified Esther's harmless deceit, and rejoiced with her at its success.

One or two further explanations she gave me before I left. She told me how she had withheld from me the discovery which she had made relative to my *second doctor*, lest my health should suffer from the shock of the revelation. She could not, indeed, as she reminded me, have explained the mystery of that visit without making known to me also the situation of her "young lady," a disclosure for which, as she judged, the proper season had not then arrived. She went on to state that she had prevented Dr. Miles from coming up to me on the day of Browning's impudent visit, in order that my ignorance might not be disturbed; and had, moreover, taken the old doctor into her confidence on the subject of that visit,—a circumstance which I saw accounted for his having spoken to me of his "substitute" in such terms as to disarm my suspicions of the intruder. She told me finally that her "young lady," on first despatching her to my assistance, had begged her to find out, if possible, whether I remembered the little girl whom I had once saved from drowning, and reminded me how completely my narration of the story had answered the inquiry.

I now hastened back to the Queen's Arms, and shortly afterwards took train for Kingston. Mr. Durand was not at home, and his servants told me that, if my business was urgent, I had

better proceed to the Methuselah Life Office in London, where he was attending the weekly Board meeting.

To this place therefore I now went. As I entered the office it struck me that there were symptoms of excitement amongst the clerks. They were not seated singly at the desks, but stood talking in eager, noisy groups.

The directors, I was told, were dispersing. I waited for a few minutes, and was then shown into the board-room, where Mr. Durand remained alone. As briefly and as clearly as possible, I told him his ward's story, and preferred her urgent request. Since the tale seemed to throw blame upon the guardians, I felt some delicacy in relating it, and apologised for what might, as I saw, appear to be an intrusion on my part, adding that I had been encouraged to undertake the mission upon which I was now engaged by a remembrance of the kind terms in which Mr. Durand had expressed himself towards me when we parted three weeks before.

One essentially comic difficulty had beset me in making this address. I had been entirely ignorant of the name of the lady whose cause I was pleading. Amidst the eagerness and agitation which had possessed me prior to my departure from the cottage, I had omitted to inquire respecting it.

I managed, however, not to betray my ignorance; and so soon as Mr. Durand began to speak, I learnt to connect the initials "M. M." with a name which, having once heard, I was not likely to forget,—the name Margaret Monsarrat.

Having heard me to the end of my story with patient courtesy, Mr. Durand admitted frankly that amidst the multitude of public and private duties which had called for his attention, scarcely less since his nominal retirement from business than before it, he had somewhat overlooked his young ward's claims upon his personal care.

"You will be surprised to hear," he now began, "that circumstances have just come under the notice of this board which not only corroborate your statements as to young Browning's character, but which declare him to be a villain of the deepest dye."

I listened in eager astonishment. Mr. Durand proceeded:—

"Mrs. Browning, the aunt of the man recently engaged to my poor young ward, has long been assured in this office for a considerable sum. Her income, it appears, was derived from a life interest in certain property which, in the event of her death without children of her own, was to leave her branch of the family. She therefore kept up the

policy, that her favourite nephew, whom she had provided for in her lifetime, might inherit something from her at her decease.

"There seems to be no doubt that he has requited her affectionate self-denial by poisoning her. The police are making inquiries, and from the evidence collected it appears to be certain that a week ago Philip Browning administered to his aunt some subtle vegetable poison, in consequence of which she died. He had, as I am told, formerly studied medicine; and he doubtless brought his medical knowledge to the assistance of his crime.

"The motive to that crime is only too apparent. The villain was in inextricable pecuniary difficulties. From your story, and from facts which I have learnt from other sources, I gather that up to a recent date he hoped to retrieve his position by marrying my ward, whose fortune is handsome. It is true he would have been unable to lay his hands upon that fortune itself, or any part of it; but the annual income arising therefrom, would probably have enabled him to make arrangements with his more pressing creditors.

"But this plan was frustrated by Margaret Monsarrat's spirited escape, at which I rejoice more than I can tell you. The crime I have mentioned was, it would seem, conceived and executed as a last resource. Had that crime never come to light, Browning would have derived from this office some four thousand pounds. Meanwhile, however, his guilt has been discovered, and his daring project has broken down. He has, I am told, left the country. But if he is caught, he will assuredly not escape the gallows."

The horror at Browning's crime, and the delight at Miss Monsarrat's escape, which now took possession of my mind, may more easily be conceived in the imagination of the reader, than described by my pen. Mr. Durand presently left me for the residence of his co-guardian, and promised immediately to communicate with his ward. He kept this promise; and a few days afterwards appeared at the cottage, whence he took the now contented and grateful girl back with him to his own house.

For a long time Margaret Monsarrat was kept in ignorance of the terrible occurrences in her late home. The escape and subsequent death of the poisoner, and the consequent avoidance of a trial, prevented the necessity for her enlightenment. Under the persuasion that Browning had left the country from pecuniary causes, she lived happily with Mr. Durand's family for many months.

Meanwhile she and myself had come to an important understanding. On the occasion of my promised return to the cottage, I addressed

to her a serious question, which she answered to my entire satisfaction.

The ultimate result of this interchange of ideas may be gathered from the statement that the following year disturbed the alliteration of my heroine's name; rudely substituting an entire novelty for the final letter of the initials "M. M." EDWARD WHITAKER.

TOM DOGGET,

HIS COAT AND BADGE.

LITTLE did we dream that we should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon "the silver-streaming Thames" as the loss of its royal barges and floating baths; its fish, save now and then a stray sturgeon; its troops of anglers; its watermen and wherries by thousands; its gilded flotilla flaunting up to Westminster and back again, and its bargemen in their picturesque old costumes; the lord mayor in the gale of his glory, with his rustling forest of silk and gold; the Stationers calling upon the Archbishop with their almshouses, repaid with spiced wine and ale, and sack-cups. To all these things, or most of them, old Father Thames, as he majestically sits frowning in stone at Somerset House, may say or sing

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.

Meanwhile the river itself has been in a bad way, through "the fat and sillage of the great city of London," which it has taken many tons of deodorization to cure. But amidst all these disasters there is some salvage in boat-rowing, which our forefathers seem to have cherished from the early time when they carried their wicker and leather boats at their backs; when it was thought by no means derogatory for a nobleman of the highest rank to row or steer a boat with dexterity and judgment: and when King Edgar was rowed along the Dee by eight kings, himself, the ninth, sitting at the stern of the barge and holding the helm. To the boat-quintain and tilting succeeded rowing-matches; and from our early theatres being situated upon the river-banks, the play-goer commonly went by water. About two centuries ago, the river had its own laureate, John Taylor, "the water-poet," whose heart and soul were in the stream when he sung—

But, noble Thames, whilst I can hold a pen,
I will divulge thy glory unto men:
Thou, in the morning, when my coin is scant,
Before the evening doth supply my want.

Charles Knight has gracefully said, "Taylor knew Ben Jonson; and the water-poet probably had the good fortune to ferry Shakespeare from Whitehall to Paris Garden."

Early in the last century, a rich old actor, in loyalty and gratitude to his sovereign and his craft, gave annually a prize to the Thames watermen, who were then associated, as we have seen, with the players. This public benefactor was Thomas Dogget, "a Whig up to head and ears," who, in demonstration of his attachment to the House of Hanover, on the first anniversary of the accession of King George I., gave a waterman's orange-coloured coat, with a silver badge of the Hanoverian Horse, to be rowed for on August 1st, by six young watermen whose apprenticeship of the Thames had expired the year before; and from that date to the present year, or nearly a century and a half, the 1st of August has been a red-letter day on the Thames.

Dogget, "a little, lively, spract man," was born in Carey Street, Dublin, it is believed, in 1670. He began his career as an actor at the Dublin Theatre; thence he strolled into the provinces, came to England, and rose to be manager of a company, each member of which wore a brocaded waistcoat and kept his own horse on which he rode from town to town. Dogget made his first bow in London at Bartholomew Fair, a fact which Mr. Morley overlooked in compiling his history of the fair, but which Dr. Rimbault has contributed in the following bill:—

At PARKER AND DOGGET'S BOOTH, near Hosier Lane End, during the time of BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, will be presented a *New Droll*, called *FRYAR BACON*, on the *COUNTRY JUSTICE*; with the *Humours of Tollfree*, the Miller, and his son Ralph; acted by Mr. Dogget. With variety of scenes, machinery, songs, and dances. *Vient Rex*, 1691.

According to Downes, the prompter, Dogget "wore a farce in his face;" and in the year following his appearance at Bartholomew Fair, he made a great hit as Solon, in D'Urfey's comedy of the "Marriage-Hater Matched." Dogget was celebrated for his dancing. Tony Aston tells us that "he danced the Cheshire Round as well as the famous Captain George, and with more nature and nimbleness." There is an engraved portrait of him, the only one known, in the act of dancing this famous round; there is likewise in the Garrick Club collection an original portrait of Dogget.

Colley Cibber describes Dogget as a most original actor: he borrowed from none, though he was imitated by many. He was, in stage phrase, an *excellent dresser*; the least article of whatever habit he wore seemed in some degree to speak and mark the different humour he represented. He could be extremely ridiculous without stepping into the least impropriety, and knew exactly when and where to stop the current of his jokes. He could,

with great exactness, painted his face to resemble any age, from manhood to extreme senility, which led Sir Godfrey Kneller to say that Dogget excelled him in his own art ; for he could only copy nature from the original before him, while the actor could vary them at pleasure and yet always preserve a true resemblance.

Dogget wrote one comedy, "The Country Wake," 1696, 4to, in which he played the leading character ; and Steele, in the *Spectator*, No. 502, pays this high tribute to the excellence of the performance : "There is something so miraculously pleasant in Dogget's acting the awkward triumph and comic sorrow of *Heb*, in different circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted." And from the *Spectator*, No. 446, by Addison, we gather that Dogget excelled in grave or elderly men, knights and baronets, country squires, and justices of the quorum. Congreve was a great admirer of Dogget, and wrote for him the characters of *Fondlewife* in the "Old Bachelor," and *Ben the Sailor* in "Love for Love ;" the latter the earliest humorous and natural personation of the English sailor on our stage.

In 1711, Dogget became joint patentee with Cibber, Collier, and Wilks, in the management of Drury Lane Theatre. Collier retired, and in 1712 Booth joined the management, contrary to the wish of Dogget, who, it was said, being *dogged*, retired, and accepted 1600*l.* for his share ; a piece of jugglery principally effected by a very curious letter written by Booth to Coke, the Vice-Chamberlain.

Dogget grew rich, and became a member of the Fishmongers' Company. He died September 22, 1721, at Eltham, in Kent, where his remains are interred. He had continued to give the coat-and-badge prize yearly ; and he bequeathed a sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated to the same purpose annually for ever on August 1 ; and with the minute attention to costume which distinguished him as an actor, as well as in political principle, he directed that the colour of the coat should be *orange*, and the White Horse of Hanover badge should be adhered to. The Fishmongers' Company have very properly taken charge of the bequest. They view the boats to be rowed a short time previous to August 1st, when they hold a Court to start the watermen ; and the Coat and Badge are presented to the winner after a banquet given at Fishmongers' Hall in the evening. The Company have also added four money-prizes.

Thus has our old comedian had his memory

kept green by the annual rowing for the Coat and Badge ; the Hanoverian succession may have been commemorated by observances more pretentious than the river prize, but certainly not with more sincerity. In the waterside parishes, the name of Dogget became a sort of household word ; and some fifteen years after the player's decease, there was written upon a window-pane in a house at Lambeth, the following lines :—

Tom Dogget, the greatest sly droll in his parts,
In acting was certain a master of arts ;
A monument left,—no herald is fuller,—
His praise is sung yearly by many a sculler.
Ten thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long,
Tom Dogget will still be the theme of their song ;
When old Noll, with great Louis and Bourbon are forgot,
And when numberless kings in oblivion shall rot.

To have his praises traced with a diamond, and his memory embalmed in the humour of the *Spectator*, and drunk, like a pearl, in the loving-cup of the Fishmongers' Company, are no mean tributes to the worth and excellence of honest Thomas Dogget. JOHN TIMES.

INVALIDS' AND CHILDREN'S DINNER TABLES.

PASSING, a short time since, through a bye-street, leading from Burton Crescent to Euston Square, my attention was attracted by the following inscription on a white blind in the window of one of the houses : "The Invalids' Dinner Table."

"The Invalids' Dinner Table ! Just the sort of thing we want," thought I to myself. "We have plenty of Hospitals—hospitals general and special ; hospitals for the sick, the halt, and the maimed ; hospitals for fever and for small-pox ; hospitals for scrofula and consumption ; hospitals for cancer and tumours ; hospitals for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind ; hospitals for children, and incurables ; hospitals, in a word, for every disease and ailment that flesh is heir to, but—the Invalids' Dinner Table ; it is something novel, it is something to be inquired into."

So opening the door of this humble institution—for it is at present very unostentatious, doing good by stealth—I entered a cheerful-looking room, and found there a pleasant, matronly kind of woman, who proved to be the housekeeper or superintendent, and a gentleman, the originator, not, indeed, of the idea of an Invalids' Dinner Table, but of this special establishment in the St. Pancras locality. The object of my intrusion was soon made known, and with all expedition and courtesy the information I sought was placed at my disposal. This information is of so truly useful and benevolent a character that

I cannot refrain from circulating it for the benefit of that large portion of the philanthropic public which loves to do works of charity, and of that still larger section which would do the works of charity, but know not how to set about the heavenly task.

The idea, then—the Invalids' Dinner Table. Perhaps, it is not every one who is acquainted with the fact that when a sick person is admitted into an hospital, he does not remain there till he is fit for work again. Technically, he is cured; the progress of the malady he has been afflicted with is arrested and perhaps the root of the disease destroyed; he is virtually restored to a sound state, and may safely be discharged. But, consider for a moment what an interval there is between the *cure* and the *perfect cure*. The physician's draughts may be flung to the dogs; pill, bolus, and plaisters may be relegated to the apothecaries; and the long array of labelled bottles be sent to the rag and bone shop,—still, strength, the strength of permanent health, has to be recovered, and how can that be but by a generous course of living, by taking an abundance of nourishing food, by recruiting the vital forces, and by getting and keeping up the stamina of the body. But, how is a poor man to do this? Debilitated by a long course of illness and a plentiful drenching of medicine, he is incapable of toil. Look at him as he descends the hospital steps, thin, pale, and tottering, his white hand resting for support on the shoulder of his wife, who affectionately welcomes him back again to their bare and needy home! What power of labour is there in him, and what kind of dietary can he expect his scanty larder to furnish him? The fresh air faintly revives the colour on his cheek, and his dull eyes brighten up in the open sunshine—a convalescent, he *really* does return from that *Maison-Dieu* into which he was carried helpless and in the grasp of death; but work?—no, not for many a day, perhaps not for many a week.

Some may blame the hospital authorities, and stigmatise their conduct in thus early discharging their sick as cruel. It is not so, however. It would be cruel to others to longer retain a patient removed from possible danger. With all our hospital accommodation, there are thousands of distressing cases daily waiting for admission, cases imperative in their extremity, and as soon as a sick man or woman is sufficiently restored, he is discharged, and his bed filled by one, in this sad and unenviable category, more worthy to occupy it.

However, if the hospitals cannot do more, individual charity, well-directed and organised, may; it can come to the rescue at this point, and save from a slow and tedious recovery the

poor patient just dismissed from the doctor's hands; it can take him up and restore him rapidly to active health, and thus confer a large blessing upon his dependent family. It is in pursuance of this benevolent object that the Invalids' Dinner Table has been established. There are, we believe, four institutions of the kind in London:—one in Lisson Grove, near the Edgware Road, opened in November, 1859; another in Upper Ebury Street, Pimlico, opened in May, 1861; a third near Moscow Road, Baywater, inaugurated in October of the same year; and the one that attracted my notice, in Woburn Buildings, founded by Mr. Hicks, of Endsleigh Street, in October, 1862.

The amount of good which this kind of charity is effecting is best evidenced by the number of dinners distributed. Here is something material, tangible, palpable to go by; there can here be no fraud or illusion. Good food consumed is good food put to a good account. The Lisson Grove establishment in the first two years of its existence satisfied the hungry cravings of over five thousand sick persons. This, which is the parent institution, owes its origin to a lady who, having been prostrated by a severe illness, was drawn by her own weakness and suffering to think, what must be the weakness and suffering of those who have no delicate and nutritious food supplied to them when convalescent. Sympathising with their pain and anguish, she made a vow that if God granted her a happy issue out of her present affliction, she would institute an "Invalids' Dinner Table," where those just discharged from the hospital, or languishing on a bed of sickness, might procure a good and ample meal. The lady recovered, and her grateful vow has not only been paid to the letter and in the spirit, thus benefiting her own immediate district; but her example has stimulated the active philanthropy of others, who have nobly followed in her wake, and striven to relieve the fainting misery of their pale and sickly poorer fellow-creatures.

We believe that since Mr. Hicks established the "Dinner Table in Woburn Buildings," upwards of 12,000 invalids have been relieved. But, perhaps, it will be just as well to enter a little more explicitly into the object, plan, and working of this valuable institution. The objects of the charity are: First, to help working men and working women to help themselves; secondly, to do this *only* when they are unable to work, through recent sickness; and thirdly, to give that which will enable them to regain their strength and return to their occupations. The means adopted are: First, to give them a good dinner daily for a week

or two, of the best food procurable ; secondly, to relieve none but those recommended by Subscribers or a Society ; and thirdly, to distribute the dinner tickets to Hospitals, Dispensaries, and to those who can recommend cases from personal knowledge. Annual subscribers of one guinea receive a kind of cheque-book containing forty dinner tickets. These tickets the invalid has to bring properly filled up with the subscriber's name, as well as his own name, address, occupation, and illness, to the matron, not later than nine in the morning. This time-regulation is, of course, necessary, in order that the matron may know how many she will have to provide for. At half-past 12 o'clock grace is said and dinner served. The dinner consists of nice wholesome bread, hot meat (either beef or mutton), of the very best quality, vegetables and porter, the latter

supplied direct from the brewers, an eminent firm, who, in consideration that it is intended for a charity, sell it to the institution at trade price. The whole of the money contributed, in the shape either of donations or subscriptions, is expended in food, without any deduction for rent or management.

The forty tickets are of three colours—white, green, and red—and carry a three-fold privilege. The white tickets are for dinners at the table in Woburn Buildings ; the green tickets for those, and only for those, who are too ill to attend at table ; and the red tickets for small “creature comforts,” as essential as solid food to an invalid, such as beef-tea, brandy, wine, &c.

Let us now do a little sum in arithmetic to show that the subscriber has his guinea's worth for his guinea. The little book he



See page 170.

receives contains, as we have said, forty tickets ; they are thus classified :—

	£	s.	d.
20 for dinners at the table, of the value of $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ each, equal to .	0	10	10
15 for dinners to be taken home .	0	8	$1\frac{1}{2}$
5 for medical comforts to the value of $6d.$		2	6
	£1	1	$5\frac{1}{2}$

So that, in fact, the subscribers get by $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ more than they bargained for. This difference falls, we believe, upon the gentleman whose benevolence has led him to become their almoner.

There still remain the rent and general management expenses to be defrayed ; and this brings us to one of the most important features of the institution. The dinners are not absolutely gratuitous to the invalid. Each has

to pay twopence when he leaves the ticket in the morning, and this is his or her contribution towards this excellent institution. The fund thus raised goes towards the payment of the landlord's quarterly claims, the salary of the matron, the wages of her assistants, and other incidental and unavoidable outgoings. Nor is the imposition of this small sum, apparently a hardship to the sick poor, without its beneficial effects. It relieves the charity from the character of being altogether eleemosynary ; it tests the disposition and respectability of the recipient, and gives a piquant zest to the meal, for the respectable and independent poor feel a pleasure in contributing, however humbly, towards the dinner they are eating. It is only the worthless and the idle who would like to be dependent upon the unrequited alms of another.

One or two points may further be noticed

à propos of this institution. The proprietors require the help of large numbers to make it do its work efficiently. As the expenses are nearly the same for cooking for thirty as for ten, there is naturally a reduction in the cost of each dinner in proportion to the numbers supplied. Its motto, therefore, is, or might be, "The more the merrier." To the clergy and the district visitor the "Invalids' Dinner Table" may be rendered an extremely valuable aid, inasmuch as it enables them to relieve at an inconsiderable cost the physical necessities of their weak and sickly parishioners; and, indeed, its benefits have already been acknowledged by eleven hard-working and sympathising metropolitan incumbents. In order, however, that full benefit may be derived from the system, those who take a practical interest in its operations should bear in mind, that three or four consecutive dinners is of far more value than a few isolated ones. A dinner now and then is not conducive to the rapid recovery of the invalid; what he requires is to be fed up for a week or so. Such are the dictates of common sense, such is the experience of the active promoters of this institution.

I cannot close without one more remark in reference to the Woburn Buildings establishment. Mr. Hicks does not confine his charity to those immediately discharged from the hospital. He has put this question to himself—What is an invalid? And he is convinced that the half-starved, those debilitated in health and strength by a long course of low living, are entitled to come under that category, and I was pleased to find that a large number of this pitiable class has been relieved by his bounty. Is not prevention better than cure? Here, then, this institution, which may in one sense be regarded as the *succursale* of the hospital, may in another sense be regarded as a kind enemy, for it defrauds it of victims.

In connection with the "Invalids' Dinner Table," Mr. Hicks has established that which appeals to every mother's heart—the Poor Sick Child's Dinner Table. Every one has heard of Victor Hugo's large-hearted philanthropy, and how for years past he has dined, daily at his residence in Jersey, a number of poor children. So admirable and Christian a design could not but be imitated. Charity is the greatest imitator in the world. Invent an original system of relieving suffering humanity, and hundreds will be ready to borrow the patent idea from you, and perhaps improve upon it. This has been the case with the scheme of the author of "Les Misérables." There is another Child's Dinner Table spread in Clare Market, at which the guests are poor sick

children, to whom a nourishing meal now and then is of the utmost use in restoring and preserving health. Our illustration represents the dining-room and table at the time the children are seated and busy with their knives and forks. It is, indeed, a beautiful sight. There they are, from all ages nearly; from the tiny toddler who can scarcely cut up her own meat, to the ready little maid who could, if necessary, wait as well as be waited on. These are all tended to by the kindly matron and her assistants, and by kind-hearted ladies who take a deep interest in these tender infants, and endeavour always to be present at their magnificent banquet. Every care, too, has been taken to render the room in which they dine light and cheerful. The walls are hung with coloured engravings; vases of flowers adorn the table and shelves; a large glass case forming an aquarium and fernery stands at the upper end by the window, whilst a powerful musical box discourses sweet music during the dinner.

I have not space to enlarge upon the details and working of this department; I may, however, observe that it differs in one or two very important particulars from the "Invalids' Dinner Table." The children provided with tickets only contribute one penny towards the expenses instead of twopence, and their dinners cost 4d. instead of 6d. each. *Voilà* the bill of fare.

	s.	d.
Bread and potatoes	0	1
Meat	0	3
	<hr/>	
	0	4

Mr. Hicks, as the children do not have beer, indulges them with a small dessert, and this liberality is amply rewarded by the smiles of delight which always accompany the presentation of a slice of cake or a handfull of fruit. Those who love children, those who are shocked at the forlorn sight of the swarms of neglected, ragged, half-starved, sickly-looking groups which infest our streets, will do well to visit Woburn Buildings—the dinners are at present twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays at noon—and see these favoured ones ranged before the tables neat and orderly, for they must be made neat before they come, and must behave themselves orderly when there. They will perceive that a double good is effected. Not only are their physical wants attended to; they undergo a quiet discipline and acquire habits that cannot but tend to soften and humanise them, who would otherwise be, indeed, the outcasts of society.

HAROLD KING.

NATURE'S MARVELS.

THE EYE, WHAT IS IT?

Who is there that has not felt the irresistible power of those numberless bright eyes that charm us at every step of our pilgrimage? Who, that cannot recognise in them the beam of pleasure, the glance of pity, the sympathetic tear? Yet, inquire concerning the mechanism by which those outward signs of the tenderest feelings are produced, and we will venture to say that the great majority will be puzzled to reply.

We will, then, briefly consider the anatomical arrangement of the human eye, and in our progress we shall have occasion to refer to the structures which we find to exist in the lower forms of animal life, in order to show the marks of design which are so manifestly exhibited in every case.

The eye may be considered as a most delicately and perfectly constructed optical instrument, possessing within itself the power of adaptation to foci of almost every length. It essentially consists of an outer case sufficiently hard to resist moderate pressure, of certain lenses by which the rays of light are collected and brought to a focus; and of a nervous expansion to receive those rays of light and to convey the impression produced by outward objects to the brain.

Now let us consider by what arrangement all these purposes are served. The outer coat is composed of a dense fibrous substance sufficiently hard to bear some amount of pressure without collapsing or altering in shape; it is globular in form, being deficient just in front to the extent of leaving a round orifice for the admission of light. The free margin of this orifice, or "window," has a groove in it exactly resembling that portion of a watch into which the glass fits. Precisely in the same manner as the glass is fitted into a watch, so is a beautifully transparent membrane of about the same thickness and nearly the same shape let into and fixed in the outer coat of the eyeball. This transparent membrane (called the "cornea" from its horny structure) may be considered as the *window* through which light is admitted into the dark chamber of the eye. This completes the globe of the eye as far as the exterior is concerned.

We are all of us aware that optical instruments derive their power from certain glasses, or "lenses," so arranged as to bring to a "focus," or point, various rays of light—to condense them as it were.

It would be out of place here to go deeply into the science of optics; nevertheless it will be necessary to understand by what means,

and on what principle, these rays of light are brought under our control.

If we were to push our walking-stick into a clear pond of water it would immediately appear to our view as if it were bent, and following the distorted line of the stick we should find some difficulty at first in touching an object at the bottom. This arises from the fact of the water being heavier, or *denser*, than the air; and it is an established law in optics that the rays of light passing from a *rarer* through a *denser* medium are refracted, and always converge towards the central axis, and *vice versa*.

In the manufacture of compound microscopes, which most resemble the structure of the eye, great care is requisite in order that the glasses used should so refract the rays of light without splitting up or refracting the rays of colour, which would give to the object viewed prismatic tints. In order to obviate this difficulty the glasses used are not only made of different shapes (concerning which it would be foreign to our purpose here to consider), but also of different *densities*, the glass of one density counteracting to a degree the effect of the density of another glass. And upon the due application of this principle consists the great improvement made of late in the better class instruments.

With this brief explanation we must now return to the consideration of the adaptation of this principle in the structure of the eye. How do we find the analogues of the glasses of an artificial optical instrument arranged in the natural one? First, then, we observe in front of this outer case of the eye a lens of the form of a watch-glass—concavo-convex—of dense structure, although so transparent; immediately behind this, a little clear fluid, filling up the space between the lens just described and the one we shall next consider. This fluid, small as it is in amount, doubtless performs its part in modifying the refraction just caused by the "cornea." Behind this, again, we discover a beautiful crystalline lens, somewhat the shape of a "burning-glass" (*i.e.*, bi-convex), so situated as to be exactly in the centre of vision or axis of the eye. If we proceed still deeper from before backwards, we observe a sac, or bag, so delicate in structure as to be almost invisible, filled with fluid called the "vitreous humour." This sac, or bag, is strengthened by numerous extremely delicate portions of membrane, stretched from side to side in various directions, which assist it to maintain its shape, at the same time their remarkable tenuity prevents any alteration in the direction of the rays of light in their transit through them. This "vitreous

humour," however, being of different density to the other lenses, induces still an alteration in the course of the rays, which are then brought to a focus at the back of the chamber of the eye, where the image of the object or objects looked at is accurately depicted. Thus far the eye as an *optical instrument* is complete. The next question arises, How is the image of the object thus depicted conveyed to the *mind* of the beholder? Without going into the minutiae of the arrangement, &c., of the nervous system, it will be sufficient for our purpose to know that nearly in the centre of the posterior part of the eyeball, but rather to the inner side, a large nerve enters called the "optic nerve." This nerve, after perforating the "case" of the eyeball spreads itself out into a very delicate nervous membrane, called the retina, which almost entirely lines the interior of the globe. The function or office of this nerve is to receive and convey to the brain, and through it to the mind, the impressions of all objects which may be reflected upon it.

We shall have observed, in order that the impression of any object or objects should reach this nervous expansion, the rays of light have necessarily passed through the various lenses and fluids already explained, and it is by virtue of their refractive power that we are enabled to receive the impressions of not only the whole of one object but also of very many at one time; as, for example, in looking at a crowd or a landscape. If, however, no other provision were made, the power of sight would be materially interfered with, in consequence of the great and often sudden alterations in the amount or intensity of light. To obviate this difficulty, a layer of dark granular matter, called pigment, is placed at the back of this nervous membrane (or "retina"), which has the power of absorbing all the superabundant light, and thereby preventing the sight from being dazzled, as it otherwise necessarily would be.

We see sometimes a painful instance of the absence of this pigment layer in a race of people called Albinos, which unquestionably proves its great use. It may not be generally known that these people have very imperfect vision in bright daylight, and that they can always see best and with the greatest comfort to themselves in twilight, when the necessity for this pigment is lessened.

In certain classes of animals, in addition to this pigment, there is a bright coating of metallic lustre which acts as a reflector, which enables them to see with greater ease in the dusk. It is to them what artificial light is to us. The cat is a very good example of this arrangement, and for obvious purposes. Al-

most all animals, however, have it more or less. It is called the "tapetum."

We have now considered how the superabundant rays of light are absorbed and destroyed after their entrance into the eye. We will now proceed to examine by what arrangement superabundant light is prevented from entering the chamber of the organ. Every one knows what is meant by the "pupil." It is that dark spot in the very centre of the coloured portion of the eye through which light passes into the chamber. Surrounding this pupil is a very delicate and beautiful muscular curtain, called the Iris, differently coloured in different persons, which has the power of enlarging or contracting the pupil as the nature of circumstances requires. When the light is very strong, it can contract the pupil or opening into the eye to a mere speck; and when the light is dim the orifice is widely extended. This is easily demonstrable. If we take a candle and gradually move it towards the eye we shall observe the pupil as gradually lessen; and on withdrawing the light, the pupil will as gradually dilate. By this mechanism, then, the eye is preserved from the ill effects of the admission of too many rays at one time.

Here we have an optical instrument admirably adapted to the purposes it is intended to serve; but as we have to look at objects at numberless and very various distances from us, it becomes obviously necessary that we should have the means of altering the focus to meet our requirements. We know that in using a telescope it is necessary to alter the relative positions of the different lenses in accordance with the distance we wish to see, as well as to suit our own sight. If we further examine our own organ of vision we shall find an arrangement by which these indications are admirably and accurately carried out. Just behind the little curtain which surrounds the pupil, and around the margin of the "crystalline lens" already described, we observe numberless minute "processes" which are believed to have the power of retracting the lens when required, and thereby altering the focus of the eye, as we alter the focus of the telescope. Complete as this apparatus appears, we must not forget that if there were no muscular arrangement by which the axis could be turned in various directions, it would lose much of its value. We therefore find six muscles so placed as to be able to turn it in every direction.

Although this power of motion is common to that large division of the animal kingdom called the "vertebrata," still it exists in different degrees according to their necessities,

some being almost or quite stationary, as in fish ; while in others the eyes are prominent and capable of considerable mobility, as in the chameleon. In the insect tribe we observe a totally different arrangement. Their eyes are incapable of movement of any kind. To obviate the difficulty that would otherwise arise from this fact, the eye is formed, not of a series of lenses depending the one upon the other, as in man, but of a great number of simple lenses so arranged as to receive the rays of light (and therefore the images of things around) from almost every direction, while they themselves are immovable. If we examine the eye of a fly, for example, we shall observe that it forms the segment of a sphere projecting from each side of the head. If we pursue the examination further with the aid of a microscope, we shall find that the surface is mapped out, as it were, into countless numbers of separate lenses arranged side by side like the cells of a honey-comb. These lenses, somewhat conical in shape, converge towards the centre of the spherical segment.

It has been computed that the eyes of some of the butterfly tribe number from 10,000 to 40,000 : of these hexagonal facets Hooke counted 7000 in the eye of the house fly. What, therefore, is lost by want of mobility is gained by extension of power.

Our limited space does not permit us to dwell upon the differences found in the various divisions of the animal kingdom, or something interesting might be said of each ; thus birds and fish each possess an arrangement adapted to their necessities. We must, however, hasten back to the completion of the subject we are more particularly engaged in, viz., the human eye. We left it as a complete instrument, capable of adapting its focus to any reasonable distance, and of moving in almost every direction. We will now consider its means of preservation. In the first place it is embedded in a hard, bony socket projecting beyond it, which would shield it from direct violence.

There are two other indications, viz., to shade it from any sudden or too powerful light, and to prevent the accumulation of dust which would otherwise take place on its surface.

In order to accomplish these, we find, first, the *eyelashes*, to which the particles of dust adhere in preference to passing into the eye. They act, indeed, as sentinels, warning the eye of the approach of danger. Secondly, we have a curtain, formed by the eyelids, which closes or opens at pleasure, and which at the same time wipes over the surface of the eye. Notwithstanding, however, this arrangement of eyelashes and eyelids, there are certain

small particles of dust which will penetrate to the surface, and when there, if no other security existed, they would, with the friction of the eyelid, soon render the delicate mucous membrane covering the eye sore and painful. Let us examine, then, what a beautiful little apparatus exists with a view to avert this distress. Immediately above the outer angle of the eye, and covered in by the upper eyelid, we find a small reservoir, always filling and always full. This reservoir contains and secretes the tears, and from it there are several little tubes opening upon the inner surface of the eyelid. From this reservoir and through these tubes there is a constant flow of tears, which, gliding over the surface in front of the eye, keeps it not only constantly moist, but washes off all the little particles of dust which find their way there. These tears, after flowing over the eye, are conducted by a small groove formed on the border of the eyelids to the inner angle of the eye, where a canal exists, through which they pass into the nose. In the ordinary way, the flow of tears is very small ; but if any irritating substance penetrates to the surface of the eye, the flow is increased in order to wash it off. It is difficult physiologically to explain the cause of the flow of tears as exhibited in mental emotion, except as the result of nervous sympathy.

We have now concluded our task, and we doubt not that we shall meet with general acquiescence in the assertion, that there is probably no study more demonstrative of the omniscient design of the Creator than that of the human eye.

H. COOPER ROSE, M.D.

WOLVES IN FRANCE.

A FRENCH gentleman, to whom I was lately introduced at an evening party, related to me an adventure which he had met with in the early part of January, 1865, whilst travelling, and also a story associated with it.

I shall feel highly honoured if madame will take interest in anything that may have befallen my humble self. So to begin with the adventure (commenced Monsieur le Capitaine), I must first tell you, that I had been invited to visit some friends of mine who are residing in the south of France, in the department of Arriège, on the Spanish frontier. My friend Monsieur de la Tour owns a very pretty chateau situated on the borders of an extensive forest, and not far from the town of F——. I had never been so far south, and it was a pleasure to me to be carried into scenery which was quite new to me, and to traverse a country with whose

characteristics I was unfamiliar. Advancing towards the place of my destination, the aspect of the district in its immediate vicinity became exceedingly grand,—a broken, undulating, yet richly cultivated plain, backed by a sombre forest of pine wood, and the Pyrenees rising beyond like giant phantoms in the clear

frosty winter sky. I must explain that I had missed the train from S——, and was obliged to take the diligence to F——, which happened to be just starting when I arrived. Not much caring to be shut up with a couple of combative, snuff-taking, greasy graziers inside, and wishing to look about me on the journey,



See page 18.

I mounted by the side of Monsieur le Conducteur. Assisting him to move a sack before I could get sitting room, I remarked to him that it was very heavy.

"Yes, monsieur," said he, "it is full of stones, and farther on you will see why I encumber myself with what must appear to you to be such unnecessary lumber."

Leaving me to ruminate over his disclosure, he remained for awhile silent. On reaching the boundary of the forest, through part of which our road lay, he began to look about him cautiously on all sides; and as we were advancing towards a point where the way was rendered very dark and gloomy by the density of the wood, he opened the

bag of stones, and selecting some large ones, cried :

"There—there are our friends," pointing to a rising knoll on our left, over which a pack of wolves were hurrying down upon us ; "we must give the rascals a welcome."

So saying, he began pelting the hungry looking beasts, who, though thus deterred from attacking the horses, yet surrounded our vehicle, and escorted us for some distance on our journey. At length we got clear of them, and were able to breathe our frightened animals.

"Does this sort of thing often occur ?"

"I have travelled these roads now for twenty years," answered the conducteur, "and I never saw more than a stray wolf or so, in cold weather, until this winter ; but this is the third time, during the present season, that I have been favoured by the company of the brutes in numbers."

We entered the town just in time to see the pale sun set behind the thick screen of pine forest, at its farther end ; the contrast, formed by the deep neutral tint of the distant foliage, against the positive light and colour of the sky, was strikingly fine, and worthy the pencil of your Monsieur Turner, madame. I could not procure any means of conveyance to the Chateau des Bois, my friend's abode ; the landlord of l'Etoile told me that his carriage which had been sent for me had returned home, after finding that I did not arrive by the last train which stopped at F—— for the day. Thinking it would be tiresome to spend a long evening at that dull luminary alone, and without books, and finding on inquiry that the distance was inconsiderable, I determined to find my way on foot, taking with me one of the inn servants as guide. The man was provided, I saw, with a lanthorn and a stout big stick, and was accompanied by an immense dog. We walked on in silence for some time, till leaving the streets we gained the open country, when, the increasing gloom and loneliness of our path, now leading through a wood, inducing a greater desire for sociability, we walked closer together and began to converse. My guide had lighted his lanthorn, and called his dog nearer to his side.

"That is a fine wolf-hound," said I.

"Yes, but he is more than that to me, monsieur."

"How," exclaimed I.

"If monsieur will care to listen, I will explain why I set so high a value on the good creature," answered the man, fondling the rough head of his canine companion. "If it had not been for this dog, monsieur,— but I will tell you the whole story from the begin-

ning, and then you will fully understand why Rollo is so precious to me and to my family."

And now for the story, madame.

"You must know, monsieur," began my guide, "that I lived with my wife and our two children in a cottage not far from the great forest, on a piece of waste ground somewhere about half way between the town and a little village called Verney, yonder to the right, a lonely situation, but convenient for my occupation of tree-felling and wood-cutting. Well, I was out at work on the day when what I am going to relate took place. My wife, however, told me all about it in the evening when I went home—what am I saying ? home, I had none—when, after seeking her long, I found her in the house of one of my neighbours and friends in Verney. No, when after my day's toil I returned to the spot where our cottage had stood, and where I expected, as usual, to see my wife come to the door to meet me, giving me a glimpse of the bright cheery fire as she opened it to let me in, all was gone, and in place of all that should have comforted me, my wife's warm greeting and the glad voices of the little ones welcoming my approach, I found a desolate hearth—a ruin. I had not been gone long that morning, my wife afterwards told me, when, having laid the baby, a boy of a year old, in his little cot to sleep, she went out into the back part of the house to look for our eldest child, Marie, a little girl of three years of age. On returning to the kitchen, she saw the door, which opened on a bit of garden ground, and which she supposes could not have been securely fastened, burst open, and a large wolf rush in. She, having always heard that these animals are easily frightened away by fire, immediately plucking a flaming brand from the hearth, ran with it towards the beast, but too late to prevent his reaching the cradle, from which he seized our poor little sleeping Jacques, and flew with him out, and off into the wood in no time. My poor trembling wife instantly followed, calling loudly to our dog, who, bounding to her side, and at once comprehending the situation, made quickly off in pursuit of the wolf. The dear child must have proved too heavy for the thief running rapidly, as he was, to escape from Rollo, for he soon dropped him to my wife's great relief and joy. Rollo came up with, and after a sharp struggle killed the wolf. My wife, as soon as she summoned up courage to look at the little one, picked him up all bleeding and screaming, as he was, but thank God, not seriously injured. She was soon joined by some people who had been at work in a field near, and was receiving their congratulations on

Jacques' narrow escape, when the attention of the whole party was aroused by the loud and pitiful whining and howling of our dog Rollo, as if he were in great distress. Turning quickly towards the cottage behind her, from whence these unusual sounds were proceeding, my wife, to her unspeakable horror, perceived that our dwelling was on fire, and that the forked flames were reaching high above the lofty trees standing around it. Almost fainting with alarm, for she recollected that little Marie had been at play in the washhouse, when she had herself rushed out of the kitchen to follow the wolf, she gave the baby to one of the by-standers, and assisted by one of the women, made as much haste as her trembling limbs would allow her to reach the cottage. She could not get far into the house the front way, for she was driven back nearly suffocated by the flames; but she had entered far enough to hear the frantic piercing shrieks of poor Marie, calling to her mother, and to Rollo to come and help her. She was evidently still in the washhouse leading from the kitchen where my wife had left her. Staggering round to the back of the cottage, my wife sought to get entrance that way—the flames and smoke which were pouring from the windows blinded her, so that she could not find the door. A crash! Good heavens! had the whole building fallen in? and was all hope of rescue at an end? This portentous sound was followed by exulting barks from Rollo. It was then nothing so dreadful that had happened—no, he had himself, by repeatedly springing against it burst open the door, and was dragging out the terrified little girl by her skirts. She was not in the least burnt, but the fright she had scarcely yet recovered from. My wife remembers in her first alarm at seeing the wolf run out with the baby, that she had dropped the burning log of wood upon the kitchen floor, which being a boarded one, must have ignited at once, and in consequence the cottage itself, which was roofed with thatch, must have been shortly in flames. Nothing could be done to save any portion of our furniture, and before night our home was in ashes."

"And where are you living now," I inquired.

"Ah, monsieur, the neighbours are very good to us; they, some of them, took my wife and children at once away with them to their homes, and have supplied them with shelter and food ever since. When I found them the evening of the accident, they were as tenderly nursed and cared for as could be. My wife was ill for a great many days, but now she and the little ones are all right again. The land-

lord of l'Etoile has given me employment for the present, until the new cottage is finished, which the villagers are building for me, and which was begun a day or two after this terrible misfortune had befallen us. The neighbouring gentry have raised a subscription for me and my family, and I thank God for the kind friends I have got to help me in my need, and of whom, perhaps, I should never have known but for this calamity. So you see, monsieur, bad as it has been to bear, it has brought its consolation with it, as many a trouble does. Your friend, Monsieur de la Tour, who is as generous as he is rich, has given a large sum. Here we are at the gates of his chateau; good-night, monsieur, and may God bless you."

Slipping some loose silver into the poor fellow's hand, I received from him a fervent pressure in token of his gratitude for my freely-given sympathy—and he was gone. Whilst visiting my friends, I took the very first opportunity which offered itself for a wolf-hunt, and I assure you, madame, that it was with the greatest satisfaction that I fired my first bullet into the cranium of one of these dreaded marauders, who are now becoming a pest to the inhabitants of the Spanish frontier.

So ends M. le Capitaine's story. As I have several small children, and no large dog, I am thankful that I do not happen to live near a forest in the department of Arriège.

MARGARET SWAYNE

SCIENCE HOLIDAY-MAKING.

WITH the approach of summer, learned societies that explore the outside world awake from their torpor. May is famous for the busy hum of the religious meetings at Exeter Hall; but archaeology, geology, and science in general, as represented by the British Association, send forth their enthusiastic swarms of votaries in late summer and autumn. Indeed, one great charm these and kindred sciences possess for a nation so devoted as we are to expeditions in sunshine and fresh air, is the close relation they all bear to nature. During winter, then, men of science, "apis Matine more modoque," construct symmetrical theories and write elaborate papers, but with July and fine weather they long to try their wings again beyond the seclusion of home. Therefore, excursions to different places of interest form part of the attractions the learned societies hold out to their friends. The annual expedition, when wife and sisters can join us, and friend meets friend in new scenes full of special interest to

our pet science, has become an entirely novel feature of English domestic life. Let us briefly consider some of the incidents these excursions usually exhibit, and touch upon the pleasures to which they give rise.

In many localities flourishes a Naturalists' Field Club. At stated times and places, the members assemble,—a motley collection; Piscator, with net and pannier; Auceps, with fowling-piece and arsenical soap. Elderly gentlemen, I notice, affect shooting-coats, and are armed with geological hammers; the younger men are generally minute philosophers, and carry wide-mouthed bottles for diatoms. Botanical boxes, and all the paraphernalia requisite for entomology, find favour mainly amongst the ladies. And now they start by rail or steamer for "the meet." Oh, for Leech's pencil to depict the scientific matrons searching for "common objects of the sea-shore," or the attitude of young Dewlap, who is escorting Flora Davenport! See, she has found some dingy-coloured treasure of an orchis, and don't you hear him reproducing Milton's compliment to Eve, "herself the fairest flower?" "Talking of Milton's Mary Powell," says a fair and learned botanist to another languishing swain, "she affirmed that surely Eve named the flowers, if Adam did the animals; but do you think she would recognise her favourites as *Platanthera chlorantha* or *Sisyrinchium anceps*?" Whereupon the lover begins to wonder whether such as prodigy should be wooed by the artificial system of Linnaeus, or the natural arrangement of Jussieu. Being rather bashful at the best of times, this does not tend to clear his perceptions, when the critical moment arrives in which he has long settled with himself he will declare his feelings. Such an excursion is one of the best schools for flirting we know of. Studious youths, reserved men, and other "tiresome creatures," who can never be brought to see the necessity of amusing the ladies, should be sent to one of these field-club excursions. If they are not then equal to the occasion, and rise superior to their ordinary stupidity, the case may be given up as hopeless. While Blanche and Ernest are looking for ferns (to get these in perfection it is well known you must penetrate to very retired places), or Adolphus and Carry are hunting butterflies (the pursuit of science brings their hands very close occasionally), we must not forget the staid members. There they are talking about erosion and metamorphism,—

Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte.

"Mark the angle of incidence here, Felspar!"

"What do you make of these unconformable strata? I always thought Sir Roderick wrong in laying these down as conglomerates," &c. &c.

From which it seems that if the young like these excursions for love-making, their elders deem them useful for riding their scientific hobbies.

These motives may advantageously be studied at the meeting of the British Association. A locality full of natural attractions has first to be found. If eligible widows and rich old maids abound, so much the better. Your philosopher likes to combine love-making with lectures. We have always thought a Financial and Matrimonial Section would be the most popular of the many departments of modern science at such a gathering. You would listen in company with an elderly but well-weighted heiress to comparisons in Section A of Goethe's Natural Affinities with Darwin's doctrine of Selection. In the proposed Financial Section (B), the respective advantages of Consols or Indian Five per Cents. would be dispassionately balanced; then you start with your fair fellow-student to visit some celebrated tin mine, you pluck up heart of grace, propose, and—*voilà tout*!

It is not every one, however, who is sufficiently bold to join a Naturalists' Club, or who enjoys enough leisure to attend the meeting of the British Association. For ordinary mortals, ambitious of scientific renown, an admirable expedient is provided in most counties by archaeology. It is hard if you do not dabble in some province of national antiquities, Church architecture, Roman weapons, flint celts, &c., sufficiently deep to warrant your joining the County Architectural Society, which embraces these and a multitude of kindred subjects. Its annual excursion looks up everything that is old, of course including amongst its attractions "the old old story" itself. In past days the antiquarian was an unsocial animal. He brooded over a miscellaneous heap of "auld nick nackets" in a dark study; armour, ballads, Babylonian bricks, spurs, books, and bookbinding, and book-catalogues, were the friends amongst whom he spent his days. Antiquarianism was an individual phrenzy. You could not well be an antiquary without being eccentric, and doing nothing else but devoting yourself to archaeology. Now clergymen, bankers, country gentlemen, farmers, ladies, stockbrokers, every one may put on the archaeological mania during a week of summer, as an excuse for joining the Association's trip, and then quietly return to ordinary avocations,

like the lycanthropi of the middle ages, after they had divested themselves of their wandering instincts. What would Oldys, Ashmole, or Monkbarns have thought of antiquarianism of this sort, which is wooed so capriciously for a week in the year? Without doubt, they would have preferred their own view of the science as a bosom-friend who spent her whole time at your side. Certainly their lucubrations do not suffer, albeit somewhat dry occasionally, when compared with the flashy, picturesque papers of the modern "reports."

We ask your company, gentle reader, on one of these archaeological excursions; and see, here is the ticket which gives you right to mount one of these motley vehicles drawn up at the inn door. The little country town is frightened out of its propriety by the invasion of architectural votaries. The church bells are ringing merrily, and a few dingy flags with appropriate devices—"Speed the Plough," "Welcome!" "Odd Fellows' Lodge," and so on—wave listlessly in the fresh morning air. To be sure the ringers have no lucid ideas what "them strange passons be after;" but it does not flutter the banners the least in the world, as they are used indiscriminately at elections, school-feasts, and club-gatherings. Everybody is bustling to the carriages, so we had better secure our seats on the top of an omnibus. The three little dogs that invariably haunt the market-place bark, the small boys cheer, the few effectives that can be mustered at 9-30 a.m. from the local rifle corps present arms, as the secretary, a tall clergyman in a wide-a-wake, blows his horn for the signal to start. We move slowly off in a long broken line, headed by a venerable postchaise, perhaps carrying the bishop of the diocese, and a few country gentlemen; then a crowd of nondescript chaises; the omnibuses taken from the railroad station for the day succeed; then a few private phaetons and dog-carts, then a break occasioned by a butcher's boy who will drive through the procession. Finally, the rear is brought up by the "Quicksilver" four-horse coach, now served by two unhappy-looking nags. It is the last survivor of coaching days, and barring an occasional picnic, has not left the dusty shed where it forms a pleasant roosting-place for the innkeeper's chickens, since the day it was taken off the road, and the "Weller" of the period, sadly hanging up his whip on the tap-room wall for ever, uttered his belief over a glass of cold without—"Tommy, my boy, these here railroads 'll soon bowl us out; but fill up, man, and never kick over the traces!"

And now with the trot which Irish post-boys keep for the avenue, we dash into the first

village on our route, say Grassington. All dismount from the crazy omnibuses opposite the grey old church. Its tower seems rocking as the four countrymen ring us in so merrily. Some go round and gaze at gargoyles and buttresses, others pass inside and scrutinise its fine Norman font and the lovely colours of the old stained glass in the west window. But two out of the ten minutes allowed here have passed, so the secretary mounts the reading-desk (a goodly three-decker, restoration not having penetrated here), and guided by a few memoranda in his hand briefly points out the salient features of interest. "Built originally by De Grassois, a companion of the Conqueror—desecrated by Cromwell—a fine specimen of early Norman; notice the splay of the chancel arch, the voussoirs of the nave arcade, the tympanum of the north porch. Carving very fine. South aisle good specimen of church-warden's Gothic; pews, of the true sheepfold order. Remember the noble brooch spire as you leave the churchyard. There is a sun-dial over the porch carved by the judicious Hooker. Outside are a Roman coffin and three Saxon door nails, found in digging a well for the rectory." Then the murmurs of the visitors strangely disturb the quiet old building for a few minutes more, till the clerical flegman outside blows his corneopan. "Time up!" "To your carriages, O archeologists!" adds another parson; and all of us, ladies included (I have hitherto forgotten them, but of course they mustered in force), rush to the vehicles. A brief pause, a good deal of joking, as F—— of Wokesburne, a stout parson, contrives to mount to the knifeboard, and we are off again.

Now we leave the dusty high road (the "Ermine Street" of the Romans), and roll over the turf of some cool green lane, the dog-roses flaunting overhead and a rich flower-mosaic studding the banks on either side. The lazy kine stare at our cavalcade with large eyes; we leave the amazed gipsies smothered in a cloud of dust. This is one of the greatest pleasures of the trip, the drive with cares unloosed through a district hitherto unknown to us. How eagerly we scan the crops and compare them with those in our neighbourhood, in which, if we be parsons, we possess a certain ulterior interest with regard to tithes! The potatoes in this cottager's plot are inferior, we gladly notice, to those in our own glebe. What quantities of bees they keep here! How largely the sulphur butterfly predominates, our friend the entomologist is thinking; while botanists are in raptures with a clover-field so intensely crimson, that they declare it must be sown with the *Trifolium incarnatum*, a variety never seen

in their own parishes. Such chat brings us to the next village, Quarmsby we will say. The parson has drawn up his head class in the Sunday-school along the churchyard front in our honour, and they exhibit that invariable characteristic of boors to perfection, it is impossible to get them to stand in an even rank. A few banners are held up by the biggest, and all round from the dingy cottage-doors you hear the women addressing each other in no low tones — "Here be the gen'llmen!" "Mercy on us, Anna Matilda!—mind them bairns!" "There's Robert Henry a-tumbling into the town's dyke!" However, we scramble down and enter the sacred precincts. Once more its different features are concisely explained. Maybe a curious iron framework on a pillar opposite the pulpit is pointed out as all that remains of the hour-glass, once as indispensable a part of church furniture as a soft pulpit-cushion was only ten years ago. The secretary tells how it was set running at the commencement of the discourse, and warned the preacher in a manner (he adds with professional delight) that might prove salutary in many cases at present, when he had run to the length of his tether. With that a clerical wag gets up and says, "Yes, my Lord Bishop, and sometimes when he had warmed to his subject the parson would set the sand running again, and say 'let's have another glass, boys.'" Very probably his lordship looks grave at such a sally inside a church, although the younger clergy indulge in a little ill-timed hilarity, and the perpetrator of the joke, determined not to be put down, laughs loudly at his own wit, as is the way with disconcerted jokers.

Once more the horn is blown, and all get *en route* as merrily as possible. Long were it to tell the amusing miseries of the road; how one antediluvian chaise fairly broke down in a country lane where there was no chance of succouring the body of divinity with which it was so well weighted—how a Sawney of a driver, who was probably a potboy metamorphosed for the day, suffered all the vehicles of the party to pass him, and thereby incurred the wrath of a well-known architect forming one of his freight—how another wonderful carriage, like an Australian settler's hut mounted on wheels, fairly lost its way, and landed its perspiring passengers in a large pasture full of thistles and irate oxen, with an especial aversion to archeologists as being a body very little less blue than butchers. These and such like mischances are all pleasant topics for chatting over at the lunch. About half-past one the hungry excursionists are seasonably timed to arrive at Tissington, the

finely-timbered park of Sir Theodore Buttress, sheriff of the county, and a mainstay of the society. He welcomes all his brother archaeologists to an *al fresco* dinner, and a grateful halt of an hour is made to survey some of Vandyke and Lely's best productions, which hang in the state rooms of the old hall, intermixed with engravings by Vertue and Houbraken, so dear to connoisseurs; and to do justice to the cold chickens and champagne. Of course, during the intellectual feast, a good many critics, according to the old rule, suggest "this might be better grouped," and praise Tintoretto. It has also a good effect, I notice, to be well up in Ruskin.

You pluck a twig of syringa to remind you of Tissington, and once more the cavalcade proceeds, homeward this time, by a new series of churches. We need not follow their footsteps very closely. The clerical joker waxes more bold than ever after lunch, and perpetrates witticisms which may well be guessed at from this sample. An allusion is made to the office of dog-whipper in a church. Hazardous theories are broached about his duties; one thinks it was an office held conjointly with that of sexton, and so on; our friend at once informs us—"Oh, don't you know? He had to keep the church terriers!"

In the evening a *conversazione* is usually held in the town hall, say, the walls being hung with rubbings of brasses, New Zealand boomerangs, and that inevitable "walking-stick made out of a shark's back-bone," which always does duty at such museums. This gives the spacious apartment a professional look. Ladies, children, and clergymen muster in great force. A good deal of coffee is drunk, and then (Sir Blois Byzantine being in the chair), the society proceeds to business. Papers are read; and as dry subjects handled accurately would be somewhat like caviare to the general, they are treated in two styles. The one is the light and jocular vein; the other (and more imposing manner in judicious hands) is the picturesque method. This latter describes in grandiloquent language the march of the Roundheads to Naseby, or the wooden tower William the Norman erected in the isle of Ely to overawe Hereward; it is *du rigueur* that a good sunset should be introduced, if accompanied with a quotation from Tennyson all the better. A sentimental touch is sure to win applause; the "blue expanse" of ocean, the "flowery banks of spring," or the local antiquities are necessary ingredients. After much cheering, a paper is read modelled on the former type. The composer, maybe, is dressed to give it due effect; a dry old professor, in black silk stockings and shoes, or a

well-known humourist of the country gentleman genus. He is sure, as he speaks of woman's education after the Restoration, to quote Goldsmith on the model young lady of a previous generation—"She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity she generally improved good humour by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen; and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. From thence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweethearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling for kisses," &c., &c. If he can relate a scandalous story of Queen Elizabeth—how Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, was once found on his knees before her—we are certain to hear of it. If not, a skit at the present amplitude of ladies' skirts compared with the loose, hanging gowns on the abbesses' brasses which figure round the walls, is sure to be a telling point.

The paper over, a Scotchman, a crotchety lawyer, or some one of equally accurate mind, will rise as a matter of course to propose a vote of thanks, but really to criticise his friend's facts, and question his application of them. Thence arises a dire contest. Not the battle of the frogs and mice, the books, or the guns, was more fierce in its day. The subject, we will say, is Queen Eleanor's crosses. The writer of the paper having compiled it largely in his library (and forgotten his authorities), smiles with benign superiority on B. who would throw doubt on them, because, irrespective of any authority, he has a pet theory on the point, which he is not backward at enunciating. C. rather makes light of both the previous speakers, and begs to suggest what Britton, or Pugin, or Scott told him as his own opinion. A. angrily rejoins; and B. then makes common cause with him against C. At length the secretary, a man of great tact, ventures to conciliate all parties by a joke. B. may be right, and C. is welcome to his view, and there is no need why any of the learned members need dissent from D.'s statement. If he might be permitted to question the accuracy of any of his friend A.'s declarations, his humble opinion was that the four groats' worth of barley A. mentioned as being used for the queen's unbalment, were more likely provided for the *bier*! Archaeologists must be more than mortal to fight after oil is thus gently cast on their troubled waters. The fray most likely ends by D. whispering to C. that A. thought himself a big gun, but he made a great noise with very little powder. *Tantum animis cælestibus ire?*

If such meetings are no real gain to archaeology, they bring people together in the country who would very seldom meet except for their pet science. New and pleasant acquaintances too are sure to be made. Country parsons, eminently a stay-at-home class, are induced by them to see a little of the world outside their own parishes; and the benefits resulting when they return are so numerous that, were I Sir G. Grey, I should advise her Majesty to issue a canon specially ordering all country vicars or rectors to leave home for two months at least every summer, and forbidding them to act as "guinea-pigs" during the term of these letters dismissory being in force. How much would their congregations appreciate their ministrations when they came home! Having suffered at other men's hands, they would be merciful to their own flocks. Parsons are but human, and much as they rebuke us for criticising their sermons when we leave church, we may hazard a shrewd guess that few things please them better than to listen to a brother's sermon and talk it over afterwards with a friend.

Again, the farmer or country gentleman who has diligently worked out the programme of such an excursion as we have fancied, must be unobservant indeed, if he does not find the key for several puzzles that all the social science of his neighbourhood could not decipher. The condition of labourers' cottages, the habits and wages of the rural poor, roads, crops, plantations—all his theories on these points are liable to be advantageously disturbed by his trip to a strange district, and the contact of finer intellects on his "homely wits." We are all of us apt to grow into the semblance of the tailors of Tooley Street, if we vegetate too long at home; and may beneficially oxygenate our notions at times by climbing over the hills that enclose our little Sleepy Hollow. What time more pleasant to do so than when the herds wade through herbage sprinkled with yellow, like the sands of Pactolus, or when the rich breadths of corn wave impatient for the reapers? Wisely, therefore, do our great societies generally choose the summer months for their expeditions. The expenses of such an excursion as we have sketched may be put down roughly at a sovereign per day, and few will be inclined to grudge the money when art and science, conversation and sightseeing, instruction and amusement, go amicably hand in hand through a pretty country, smiling with fruit and sunshine.

Old things and new are seldom seen in closer juxtaposition than when our scientific inquirers visit some celebrated battle-field—say Bosworth or Edgehill. The gaily-coloured dresses

of the ladies, and the wideawakes of their husbands, have taken the place of squadrons glittering with steel and crested helmets. The voice of the lecturer resounds where once rose the clang of the conflict and the shouts of internecine war. Amongst the many reflections that crowd the mind at such a spectacle, not the least grateful is the remembrance that Science has her triumphs as well as war. In the heated factory or the solitary study, she wins her victories; mental wear and tear and assiduous toil meanwhile carry off too many victims. Gladly, therefore, do we welcome the approach of a holiday such as we have described for busy thinkers and active workers. While we have cast a transient glance on their recreation, no word has been uttered to convey any imputation of its usefulness. After labour rest, is an aphorism that few real labourers ever find true in this world. Who shall quarrel with those who bring their favourite studies with them even to their diversions?

M. G. W.

SUMMER.

The blooming grace of Nature's youth has fled
With April's fitful moods, with laughing May;
More splendid blazes morn; dew's softer sped,
Eve's sweetest kisses fall on slumbering day;
I hail them as sure signs that Summer's queen
Hath fixed her gorgeous court in our fair land,
Mother of plenteous peace! in emerald sheen
Round every village see her handmaids stand!

Where shall I seek thee? In what lonely grove
Tracking the beck's curves to their bubbling head,
Sweet, may I woo thee, trembling leaves above
And many a star-flower gleaming by thy bed?
Or strayest thou by yon purple hills? or where
The sleepy wavelets lap their pebbly brink,
The wild rose streaming from thy rippled hair
On sands where not thy lightest footfalls sink?

Erewhile, inconstant lover, would I roam
By Como's sunny lake, round Arno's pride;
Snatching a transient joy by Tiber's foam,
Or wand'ring careless by the Rhine's steep side;
But wiser grown, and haply sick of change,
I love to linger out each sunny hour
In English fields, with Summer's pomp to range
At will, to chase her flight from bower to bower!

Rare glimpses catch I of her beauteous form.
Sometimes she floats full-breasted down the stream;
Sometimes I near her, and her breath so warm
Beats on my eager face; but, like a dream,
The vision fades; and then I slumberous sail,
Lured by the moonlight, o'er some fairy sea,
Urging my shallop through the envious veil
That shrouds thy presence, smiling queen, from me!

Put all in vain; I never held my quest,
Nor slept content 'neath heaven's bluest dome;
At length kind fate in pity sent me rest,
Sent truest solace in an English home.
Wouldst see my pleasure? Leave then wrinkled care,
And banish passion with the worldly train
That ardent follows after wealth, and share
My joys where Summer high-enthroned doth reign!

A sea of meadow green-waved to its rim

Of white hedgeroses—flecked with speedwells blue,
And golden clusters where its blossoms swim

Before the light breeze searching through and
through

To sweep off fragrance for yon lonely grange

That sleeps in sunshine 'neath its murmurous limes:

Here Summer soothes my soul! nor deem it strange

That e'en my love here blossoms into rhymes!

Morn wakes my cawing rooks, the blackbird trills

His airy strains from yonder ancient oak;

The noontide hours an insect-humming thrills,

With eve the patient steers bring back the yoke:

Here I beguile the day with thought and books,

My children happy in their own wild glee;

And shall I guess their faithful mother's looks?

She's silent—thankful that such joys should be.

And when night's crescent floats through perfumed
skies,

And round their elms the nightjars noiseless flit,

When every homely sound dies out, we rise

Once more to meet the world, in mood more fit

To cope with meanness, hate its petty views,

Our high ideal bear through blame or praise,

And worship Duty where our vows she'll choose—

Thus let me profit by sweet Summer days!

W.

A DAY AT HAROLD'S TOMB.

ON the iron road which carries us along the Great Eastern Railway up from Cambridge, when we come within some twelve or fourteen miles of London, we see on our left a dull and heavy church tower, of somewhat larger dimensions than are commonly found in country parish churches. The tower is a good mile from our route, but it is surrounded by the red roofs of a small country town, evidently not built yesterday. That town is Waltham Abbey,—so called to distinguish it from its neighbour, Waltham Cross,—and that venerable tower belongs to "the old Abbey Church," which marks the traditional resting-place of the last of our Saxon kings. Let us make a *détour* of a few hours, and go on our way to the busy city in the evening with some pleasant reminiscences of the old place to carry back with us to our homes.

The road from the railway station to the Abbey is by no means attractive. It is as straight as an arrow, and is little more than a raised causeway between low-lying green meadows, with a deep ditch on either side. The river Lea, which we cross—the Lea of quaint old Isaac Walton—here separates into a variety of streams, and we pass no less than four bridges before we find ourselves at the end of a narrow street, with gabled tenements on either side, and close under the shadow of the tower which has been our beacon.

The place is evidently one of considerable antiquity, as is shown by the variety of pro-

jecting gables, and the quaint carved figures which still stand in bold relief at the corner of more than one of its streets, like those with which one meets at Ipswich, Saffron-Walden, and many other towns of the eastern counties.

The local guide books tell us that Waltham was a place of note before the Norman Conquest. The Abbey, it is said, was founded by Tovi, the stallare, or standard-bearer, to Canute, who built on the skirts of the forest a hunting-seat, near which he formed a village, erecting some tenements for his "villains," and placing in them "threescore-and-six dwellers." The next thing, in all probability, was to build a chapel or church for their use, with six canons to act as chaplains. The village was called Waltham, from the Saxon words *weald*-ham, the dwelling on the weald or forest: and the parish derived its second name of "Holy Cross" from a cross, with a figure of the Saviour upon it, which was said to have been found at Montacute, and to have been brought miraculously to the place. In the hands of the priests of Waltham, this cross is said to have shown very miraculous powers; and among the wonders told of it is the fact—if it be one—that Harold, the son of Earl Godwin of Kent, was cured of the palsy in consequence of a visit to it; whereupon, as in duty bound, he rebuilt the church, doubled the number of its canons, settled on them ample estates, and founded hard by a school of religious and useful learning.*

Farmert† gives a somewhat different account of the foundation of the Abbey. He says:—

"Tovi, the original founder of Waltham Abbey, had a son named Athelstan, who proved a prodigal, and quickly spent all the goods and great estates which his father had got together; so that by some transaction this place returned to the crown. . . . Edward the Confessor then bestowed Waltham, with the lands thereabouts, on Harold, his brother-in-law, who was then only an earl and son to Earl Godwin, who immediately built and endowed there a monastery.' It is further stated by this author that each of the canons had one manor appropriated for his support, and that the dean had six; making in all seventeen. From the charter of confirmation granted by Edward the Confessor, it appears that Harold endowed his new foundation with the manors of Passefeld, Wedla or Walde, Upminster, Wahlfara or Wallfare, Tippedene, Alwartune, Wudeforde, Lambehyth, Nasingam, Brikendune, Meluhlo, Alrichsey, Wormelei, Nethleswelle or Neteswell, Hicche, Lunkintone, and West-waltham. 'All these manors the king granted

them with sac, soc, tol, and team, &c., free from all gelds and payments, in the most full and ample manner, as appears by the charter among the records of the tower.'"

It is the received account, that Harold was killed at the battle of Hastings, and that his corpse was carried from the field and buried at Waltham Abbey, and his tomb was shown for many centuries as marking the resting-place of the last of our Saxon kings, though Giraldus Cambrensis among old historians, and Sir F. Palgrave among modern writers, relate a tradition that Harold escaped alive from the field of Hastings, and lived in religious seclusion at Chester. The latter author considers that the tomb at Waltham was nothing more than a cenotaph, though it bore on it the inscription, "Hic jacet Harold infelix," words which certainly seem to assert a positive fact; and Fuller, in his "Church History," gives a circumstantial account of the opening of the monument towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, when a skeleton was discovered inside it. Farmer's History, already quoted, contains a copperplate engraving of a mask sculptured in grey marble, which he says was one of the ornaments of the tomb, and was then in his own possession.

It might easily be supposed that William owed little kindness and showed little favour to the religious house which owned his vanquished rival for its founder. He accordingly laid heavy hands upon the Church of Holy Cross, robbing it of vestments, plate, and jewels, though, somehow or other, he left the monks in possession of their manors and other estates; and in subsequent reigns their properties in the neighbourhood appear to have increased, for Matilda, the first wife of Henry I., bestowed on the convent the abbey mill, which still stands close to the gateway shown in our illustration, and was, at that time, a valuable gift; while the same king's second wife, Adeliza of Lorraine, bestowed on it all the tithes of Waltham, including not only those of her tenants, but of her own demesne lands.

Henry II. did not find that the monks of Waltham turned to good account the gifts so generously bestowed on them; but, on the contrary, as we find recorded in his charter, he was obliged to dissolve the foundation, and to scatter the dean and eleven canons to the wind, "on account of the lewdness and debauchery of their lives." The last dean was Guido Rufus, who, having previously been suspended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, resigned his deanery in 1177 to the king. The story is thus told by a local antiquary:—

* Dugdale's "Monasticon," Vol. vi., p. 1, p. 56;
; "History of Waltham," p. 13.

This preliminary proceeding having taken place, the king visited Waltham on the eve of Pentecost, when Walter, Bishop of Rochester, on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Gilbert, Bishop of London, John, Bishop of Norwich, and Hugh, Bishop of Durham, assembling by precept from the King and mandate of the Pope (Alexander III.), the said archbishop consenting, sixteen regular canons of the Order of St. Augustine, namely, six of Cirencester, six of Osney, and four of Chich, were inducted into the church, and Walter de Gaunt, a canon of Osney, was constituted the first abbot of the new foundation. The church was at the same time declared exempt from episcopal jurisdiction; and Pope Lucius III. subsequently by his bull confirmed to this monastery the exemption from all episcopal jurisdiction.* The church thus settled was dedicated first to the Holy Cross, and afterwards to St. Lawrence.

Henry II. not only confirmed to the newly-founded canons the lands which they had held by gift from Harold, but added to them other possessions in the neighbourhood, including the manors of Epping and Siwardston, or Sewardstone; adding to his charter, by way of preamble, the remarkable expression that it was "fit that Christ, his spouse, should have a new dowry." The convent was further enriched by a charter from Richard I., confirming all former grants, and also bestowing on the canons the entire manor of Waltham, with "the great wood and park called 'Harold's Park,'" the market of Waltham, and most of the village of Nasing—460 acres in all—on the easy terms of the monks paying 60*l.* into his royal exchequer in lieu of all services. Other pious persons, in the course of the same reign, gave broad lands to the monks "*pro salute animarum suarum*;" and Henry III., who frequently took up his residence at the abbey, requited the hospitality of the canons by giving to them the right of holding a fair annually for seven days. He also augmented their revenues with many rich and costly gifts, and from his date the Abbey gradually became so distinguished by royal and noble benefactors as to rank with the most wealthy institutions in the kingdom. Henry resided here, it is said, in order to save the expense of keeping a court; and in 1242, according to Matthew Paris, the church was re-dedicated, though he does not enlighten us as to the occasion on which this ceremony was performed. Most probably it was on the occasion of the addition of new buildings on the south side of the old Norman church, including what now is called "our Lady's Chapel."

"When Simon de Seham was abbot, in the

30th Henry III. (1245), a dispute arose between the abbot and the townsmen of Waltham about the common land. 'The men of Waltham,' says Farmer, 'came into the marsh, which the abbot and his convent formerly enjoyed as several to themselves, and killed four mares, worth forty shillings sterling at least, and drove away all the rest: the abbot was politically pleased for the present not to take notice thereof. The next year the same men of Waltham went to the abbot the Tuesday before Easter, in the name of the whole village, and demanded of him to remove his mares and colts out of the marsh. This the abbot refused to do, adding, that if his bailiffs had placed his cattle otherwise than they ought, they might do well to have it amended, and yet so as to defer the matter till the Tuesday after Easter. On that Tuesday, Richard, brother to the king, Duke of Cornwall, came to Waltham, at which time both the men and the women of the town repaired to the gate of the abbey to receive the abbot's final answer.'

"He put them off with the information, that he was preparing for a journey into Lincolnshire, to meet the justices itinerant, and said that he would settle the affair at his return. Not satisfied, they went into the pasture, and in driving out the abbot's mares and colts, drowned three worth twenty shillings, spoiled ten more to the value of ten marks, and beat the keepers, who resisted them, even to the shedding of blood. Fearing, however, that they should be prosecuted, on the return of the abbot, they desired a 'love day,' and offered to pay damages for the injury committed; but, instead of doing so, they went to London and accused the abbot to the king of having wrongfully taken away their common land, and bringing up new customs, adding that he would 'eat them up to the bone.' The abbot then excommunicated the men of Waltham; and they impleaded him at common law for appropriating their common land to himself. They were unsuccessful, and after a long suit in the King's Bench, were glad to confess that they had done wrong, and they were amerced twenty marks, which the abbot remitted; and, on their submission, he *assoyled* them from the excommunication.*

"Not long afterwards, the same abbot was engaged in a lawsuit with Peter, Duke of Savoy, the king's uncle, lord of the manor of Cheshunt, about boundaries. The contest concerned the property of some meadow land between two branches of the river Lea; one asserting that the eastern stream, and the

* At the same time, anno 1191, the use of the *pontificals*, namely, the mitre, crozier, ring, &c., were granted to the abbot. Henry the Second's charter thus defines the ancient liberties of Waltham Church: "*Scilicet fuit regulis expella ex primitiva sui fundacione nulli Archiepiscopo vel Episcopo, sed tantum ecclesie Romanæ et Regie dispositioni subiecta.*" Waltham is still exempt from the archdeacon's visitation.

* "History of Waltham," pp. 71, 72.

other that the western stream was the main current of the river, dividing the counties of Herts and Essex. An agreement at length was made between Abbot Simon and Duke Peter; but the dispute about the land was often revived afterwards, and was undecided when the last abbot resigned the convent to Henry VIII.* During these unpleasant alterations the monks were charged by their enemies with resorting for consolation to the holy sisters in the nunnery at Cheshunt."†

Stow, in an account of Wat Tyler's rebellion, says that King Richard II. was "now at London, now at Waltham," so that it is clear that more than one king made the abbey a place of residence.

We read but little more of Waltham Abbey until we come to the reign of Henry VIII., when it accidentally became the scene of a conversation, the results of which have ultimately changed the whole course of ecclesiastical affairs in England, by bringing about an event on which the Reformation mainly hinged. It was here that Thomas Craumer, then a plain Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, happened to be resident, on account of the plague, as tutor to the sons of Mr. Cressy, whose wife was the future archbishop's relation, when he was accidentally introduced to Fox and Gardiner, just at the time when the propriety of King Henry's divorce was being canvassed in privileged and "well-informed circles." We allude to the occasion when, in reply to Fox and Gardiner, he said that, instead of waiting month after month and year after year, to

learn the Pope's will, it would be better to have the moot-point, about a man's marriage with his brother's widow, referred to the Universities and learned divines of this and other nations. When Fox reported this speech to the king, the latter said, with an oath, that the Cambridge fellow "had the sow by the right ear." And so it proved in the end.

But this good service did not save the abbey from the king's commissioners. In 1539, its gross income, according to Speed, was 1079*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*, while the clear income is reckoned by Dugdale at 900*l.* And so the fiat went forth. The canons were forced to quit their comfortable nests, and their broad acres and manors were seized by the king and his ministers. The last of a long line of two-and-thirty abbots was Robert Fuller. He was afterwards chosen prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, which he held in *commendam*, and which he was also obliged to surrender to the king in 1540. Abbot Fuller may fairly be reckoned among the literati of his monastery; and from his "History," written in a folio volume of 460 pages, his namesake Fuller, who was curate of Waltham in the time of the Commonwealth, compiled almost all the particulars of the account of Waltham Abbey, which he appended as a supplement to his "Church History of Britain," published in 1656.

By Edward VI. the conventual estate was granted to Sir Anthony Denny, whose grandson, Sir Edward Denny, the second owner, was raised by Charles I. to the earldom of Norwich. From him it passed, by the marriage of his daughter and heir, to the celebrated James Hay, Earl of Carlisle; and from the Hays it came into the possession of the Wakes, whose head and representative, the present Sir Hereward Wake, is now Lord of the Manor of Waltham Abbey. His grandfather, the late Sir Charles Wake, was an extensive contributor to the funds raised about ten years ago for beautifying and restoring the noble church, and the east window of painted glass was his donation.

"Though the buildings of Waltham Abbey were once so extensive as to include a space of many acres, scarcely any part remains but the nave of the Abbey Church, now the parochial church; an attached chapel on the south side, called the Lady Chapel, now a school-room and vestry; some ruinous walls, a small bridge and gateway, near the Abbey mills, and a dark vaulted structure of two divisions connected with the convent garden, and which adjoined the Abbey House, inhabited by the Dennys.*

* Farmer relates the following pleasant anecdote of this monarch; but the abbot who enjoyed the benefit of his prescribed regimen is not named:—

"Having disguised himself in the dress of one of his guards, he contrived to visit, about dinner time, the Abbey of Waltham, where he was immediately invited to the abbot's table; a sirloin of beef being set before him, he played so good a part, that the abbot exclaimed, 'Well fare thy heart, and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master; I would give a hundred pounds could I feed so heartily on beef as thou dost, but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken.' The king pledged him in return, and having dined heartily, and thanked him for his good cheer, he departed. A few days after, the abbot was sent for to London, and lodged in the Tower, where he was kept a close prisoner, and, for some time, fed upon bread and water. At length, a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which he fed as heartily as one of his own ploughmen. In the midst of his meal, the king burst into the room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds, which the abbot gave with no small pleasure, and on being released returned to his monastery with a heart and pocket much lighter than when he left it a few days before."

† A ludicrous sample of these tales may be seen in Fuller's "Church History." This author relates that Sir Henry Colt, of Nether Hall, who was a great favourite with Henry VIII. for his merry conceits, went late one night to Waltham Abbey, where being informed by his spies that some of the monks were indulging in female converse at Cheshunt Sunney, he determined to intercept their return. With this intent, he had a buck stall pitched in the narrowest part of the meadow, or marsh, which they had to cross in their way home, and the monks getting into it in the dark, were inclosed by his servants. The next morning Sir Henry presented them to the king, who, heartily laughing, declared that "he had often seen sweeter, but never fatter venison!"

* Not any remains exist of the Abbey House (which is reported to have been a very extensive building), except,

"Originally, the Abbey Church was a very magnificent building, and its curious remains must be regarded as the earliest undoubted specimen of the Norman style of architecture now existing in England. Though erected by Earl Harold, in the Anglo-Saxon period, it cannot be justly referred to any other style than that which the Normans permanently introduced after the Conquest. The great intercourse between the two countries, which King Edward the Confessor so particularly encouraged previously to that era, and the

preference which he gave to Norman customs and Norman artificers, will readily account for this church being constructed from Norman designs. Edward himself caused the Abbey Church of Westminster to be rebuilt on similar principles; and in respect to the Monastery at Waltham, that monarch, as appears from his charter, dated in 1062, may be almost regarded as its coeval founder with Earl Harold.

"Sufficient is known of this structure, to state that its original form was that of a cross, and that a square tower, which 'contained a



Ancient Gateway, Waltham Abbey.

ring of five great tuneable bells,' arose from the intersection of the nave and transept; the two great western supporters of which are connected with and partly wrought into the present east end.*

"The Lady Chapel (now used as a School-

room), which is probably of Henry III.'s time, is supported by graduated buttresses, ornamented with elegantly-formed niches. Beneath it is a crypt (now a charnel house), 'the fairest,' says Fuller, 'that ever I saw;'* the roof of which is sustained by groined

perhaps, the vaulted structure mentioned above; and of a large mansion which was erected upon its site, nothing is left but a plastered wall. In the convent garden, which is now tenanted by a market gardener, is an aged *tulip-tree*, reported to be the largest in England; this tree, when we last saw it, was very full in flower.

* Some part of the tower fell from mere decay; the remainder was purposely destroyed, as we gather from the following entry in the churchwardens' accounts: "Anno 1536. *Impensis*. For coles to undermine a piece of the steeple which stood after the first fall, 2s."

* The crypt was used as a place of worship, and it had its regular priest and other attendants; the reading-desk was covered with plates of silver. In the Churchwardens' Accounts, mention is made of six annual *Obits*, to defray the expenses of which various lands were bequeathed, and a stock of eighteen cows was let out to farm for 18s. The sum allotted for each *Obit* was thus expended:—To the parish priest, 4d.; to our Lady's priest, 3d.; to the charnel priest, 3d.; to the two clerks, 4d.; to the children (choristers), 3d.; to the sexton, 2d.; to the bellman 2d.; for two tapers, 2d.; for oblation, 2d., &c.

arches. The super-structure, or school-room, has been so much modernised, that scarcely a vestige of its ancient character remains. In the contiguous burial ground is a very fine widely-spreading elm, the trunk of which, at several feet above the earth, is seventeen feet and a-half in circumference."

The present tower stands at the west end of what is now the parish church, but was formerly the nave. It is a heavy and uninteresting structure, and was built by the parishioners in the reign of Philip and Mary, out of "their stock in the church box."*

It appears from Fuller that the bells out of the old tower were hung for some years in a temporary frame of timber which stood at the south-east corner of the churchyard, and remained there till the tower was finished, when, the funds falling short, the good people of Waltham resolved to sell their bells to raise money,—like some "Vandals" of more recent times at Sandwich, in Kent,—so that Waltham, 'which formerly had steeple-less bells, had now a bell-less steeple.' It would be unfair to suppress the fact, that in the very dark days which mark the beginning of the present century, the inhabitants of Waltham did their best to atone for the faults of their forefathers by hanging a new peal of bells in the tower.

"Some idea of the former extent of this church may be conceived from stating, that the ancient tomb, considered to be King Harold's, was situated about forty yards from the present termination of the building; in the eastern part of the original choir. This tomb is described as 'plain,' in form, but of a rich grey marble; 'having sculptured on it 'a sort of cross fleury, much descanted on by art.' Fuller says, that it was supported by 'pillarets,' one pedestal of which was 'in his own possession.' In Queen Elizabeth's reign, a gardener, in the service of Sir Edward Denny, discovered, in digging, a large stone coffin, inclosing a corpse, supposed to be that of King Harold: but the remains, on touching, mouldered into dust. Near the same spot, about seventy years ago, a second coffin was found, containing an entire skeleton inclosed in lead.

Near the Abbey Mill, which is still occupied for grinding corn, is a wide space of ground, surrounded by small dwellings, called the Bramblings, but formerly Rome-land, which is conjectured to have been so called from its rents being in former times appropriated to the use of the Holy See. On this spot King Henry VIII. is reported to have had a small pleasure-house, which he frequently occupied on his visits to Waltham. The statute fair is still held on this piece of land.

The gateway and bridge shown in the illustration above stand a little to the north of the Abbey, close above the Abbey Mill. The gateway is of stone; but it has been repaired from time to time with bricks of various sizes and hues, which lend it a great variety of colour, and render it a great favourite for the water-colour painter. It consists of two pointed arches, one larger than the other. The outer mouldings of the larger arch rest on corbels, formed by two demi-angels supporting shields, on which were engraved the royal arms of the time of Edward III., viz., France and England, quarterly.

The various streams of the river Lea in this neighbourhood are said by tradition to flow in the very same channels which were cut by the great Alfred, when he turned aside the course of the stream, and left the Danish fleet aground.

The interior of the church is certainly striking for its massiveness rather than its beauty. Passing under the western tower, we enter the church through a very handsome pointed arch, adorned with floriated, crocketed, and finialed work, and through a porch or vestibule with a handsome groined roof, both probably of the reign of Henry III.

The first two and most westerly arches of the nave are pointed; but they probably were made to supersede the semicircular Norman originals, six in number, which divide the main body of the church from its side aisles. The columns vary from each other both in diameter and in ornamentation. They are thus described:—"Spiral grooves (deeply cut), proceeding from the base to the capital, diversify two of these columns; and two others are surrounded by indented zig-zags, in successive rows;—thus assuming a strict similarity of character with the great columns of the nave in Durham Cathedral. Another tier of large arches, springing from very short columns and pilasters, surmounts the former arches, on each side; except at the west end, where, as before stated, two of the lower ones have been altered into the high-pointed form, and carried up to the string-course of the triforium, or clerestory,

* This "stock" was an aggregate from various sources, as the sale of stone, lead, and timber from the monastic buildings; but it was chiefly obtained by the sale of the goods of a brotherhood belonging to this church, consisting of three priests, three choristers, and two sextons, which was not dissolved until Edward the Sixth's reign. Two hundred and seventy-one ounces of plate, the property of this fraternity (which had been saved from confiscation on account of the avowed intention of the parish to erect the above tower), were sold for 67*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.* At the same time many rich dresses were disposed of, including a cape of cloth of gold to Sir Edward Denny for 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and two altar cloths of velvet and silk, value 2*l.* It is not improbable but that the brotherhood thus disposed was that of an Hospital, which had been originally founded within the precincts of the monastery by the Abbot and Convent of Waltham, about the year 1218.

which contains the principal windows that give light to the nave. These are each fronted by a central and two smaller arches, between which and the windows there is a narrow passage extending along the sides. Most of the mouldings are of the zig-zag form, but there are some distinct variations of character.* The length of the church is 106 feet; its breadth, including the aisles, is about 53 feet.

We have already said that Harold's tomb stood several yards beyond the east end of the present church, and that its site is *sub Dio*, and that his bones, if they be there, now lie *sub Jove frigido*. But besides the founder Harold, many eminent persons, in the good old palmy days of its glories, found their last resting place within these monastic walls. "Hugh Nevil, Protho-forester of England, who died 'full of years,' A.D. 1222, according to Matthew Paris, was buried here 'under a noble engraven marble sepulchre; 'not the least remnant of which is now known to exist. His son also, John Nevil, the successor to his revenues and offices; and Robert Passelw, archdeacon of Lewes, a despised and discarded minion of Henry III., who died at his house at Waltham, in the year 1252, were also among the number of those interred here. Near the altar rails is a defaced grey slab, which is indented with a mitred figure; this, with two or three brass plates of Queen Elizabeth's time, are the oldest memorials which now remain."

As may be easily imagined, the Dennies did not hold the fair abbey lands and monastic buildings of Waltham without leaving their dust behind them in its aisles. Thus, if we search the parish registers, we find that "Edward Denny, first and only Earl of Norwich" (of that creation), was buried in this church in December, 1630. And near the east end of the south aisle is a mural monument in memory of Sir Edward Denny, Knt.,—"Son of y^e Right Honourable S^r Anthony Denny, Counsellor of Estate and Executor to King Henry 8, and of Joane Champernōn, his wife,—and his Lady who was the daughter of Pierce Edgecombe, Esq., of Mount Edgecombe, and 'svntime Maide of Honor to Queene Elizabeth,'—and who, 'ovt of meane Fortvnes bvt no meane affection, prodvced this Monvment.' Sir Edward was one of the Counsel of Munster, in Ireland, and governor of Kerry and Desmond. He died on the 12th of February, 1599, aged 52 years, and is represented in plate armour, lying on his side:

his head is partly supported by his helmet, and partly by his left hand, the elbow resting upon a cushion; his right hand, being brought across the body, rests upon his sword. His Lady has a ruff and close boddice; and kneeling in front are their ten children, viz., four boys and six girls. The inscription states, that 'this Worthy Knight, cvt off like a pleasvnt frvite before perfect ripeness,'—was 'religiovs, wise, jvst, right valiant, most active, learnings frinde, prides foe, kindly lovinge, and mvch beloved;' and that 'he was honored wth y^e dignitie of knighthood, by dve deserte, in y^e Field.' Over the tomb are the family arms (with quarterings), viz., Gu. a saltire Arg. between twelve Crosses patée Or."

The cost of the restorations recently effected in the old abbey church of Waltham has exceeded 5000*l.*; but the church is now no longer the dreary and dilapidated building that we remember it some ten or fifteen years ago. The Lady Chapel has been thrown open into the body of the church; the hideous old deal pens called pews have been replaced by oaken benches all looking eastward; the windows are being gradually filled with painted glass; and we only wish that the really fine effect of the interior had not been marred by a perfectly flat and horizontal ceiling, the dark colours of which only serve to add a sense of weight and oppression, where all should be light and graceful.

RALPH DE PEVERELL.

"A GRAVE DISTURBANCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I am sorry to disturb Mr. Arnold's theory with respect to the "grave disturbance" at Barbados. I was there in 1856, and dined with one of the gentlemen present at the last opening of the vault, and I remember distinctly being informed that a simple precaution was taken when the vault was closed, which effectually disposes of the idea that any external cause disturbed the coffins. The floor of the vault was covered with fine sand, which was found dry and unmarked in any way whatever, except by the moving of the coffins themselves. The general idea was, that the gases generated in the coffins were the "moving cause;" it certainly could not have been water, as Mr. Arnold ingeniously conjectures. Mr. Arnold is quite mistaken in supposing that any of the coffins were found the wrong side up.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. MILNER, Chaplain R.N.

H.M.S. "Hector," at sea, 13th July, 1865

* There is a ground plan, a perspective view, and a longitudinal section, of the interior of Waltham Church, in Britton's "Architectural Antiquities," vol. iii.

THE MATTERHORN.



SCULPTURE

THE same telegram which told us that the mountain, whose proud summit had so long defied the assaults of the best Alpine climbers, had at length been vanquished, brought us the melancholy news of the fatal termination of the expedition. Four out of the seven who accomplished the ascent perished by fall-

ing over a precipice on their return. Three of them were Englishmen, one a member of the Alpine Club from its foundation, well known for his frequent victories over the mountain summits, among the first of which was an ascent (together with a party of English travellers) of Mont Blanc from St. Gervais,

without guides. Few members of the club could be more lamented than he is, for his genial, kindly disposition endeared him to all who knew him. The fourth, Michel Croz, of La Tour near Chamonix, was one of the best guides in the Alps. Taciturn and almost sullen when off his work, he became cheerful when on the mountain side, and his spirits seemed positively to rise as the difficulties of the excursion increased. No man surpassed him in his knowledge of the Alps; together with the Oberland and the Pennine chain, he was thoroughly acquainted with the little known Graians, Tarentaise, Maurienne, Cottians, and Dauphiné: besides this, his power of grasping rapidly the topography of a strange district, and his great personal strength, made him an invaluable companion.

Before endeavouring to explain the manner in which the accident happened, we will say a few words on the general form of the Matterhorn, which is perhaps the most remarkable peak in the Alps.

It may be roughly described as an irregular five-sided pyramid, crowned by a block like an oblong ridge-roof cottage. It stands at an angle in the line of the watershed of the Pennine Alps, and is the sixth summit in Europe, being 14,705 feet above the sea. On the west it is buttressed by a huge ridge, which joins it, like a curtain wall between two towers, to the peak of the Dent d'Hérens (13,714 ft.); on the north it overhangs the Zmutt glacier, and the valley of Zermatt (Nicolai Thal); on the south the head of the Val Tournanche; on the east is the great plateau, from ten to eleven thousand feet in height, connecting it with the Breithorn and the rest of the Monte Rosa range. Of the five edges, or *arêtes*, as they are technically called, of the pyramid, one falls rapidly down to the ridge running towards the Dent d'Hérens; the next (going northward) soon terminates in tremendous precipices over the Zmutt glacier; the end of the third is the Hörnli, a well-known excursion for visitors from Zermatt; the fourth comes down to the plateau in the direction of the St. Théodule Pass; and the fifth, the least defined, is an offshoot from the first, a little below the foot of the great house-like block, and falls down towards the Val Tournanche. Nos. 1. and IV. may be considered as the lines of the watershed, and, together with V., are visible from near Breuil, a village in the last-named valley.

Ridge No. 1. is the only one which seems to offer a road to the summit, and has hitherto been the route followed almost universally in the different assaults which have been made upon the mountain. In fact, we know of

only one exception, when an attempt was made in January, 1862, by Mr. T. Kennedy, who thought that No. III., when covered by snow, might be practicable. He was, however, foiled by the severity of the weather and the shortness of the days. The first serious attack upon the mountain was made by Professor Tyndall and Mr. V. Hawkins, in 1860, and an account of it is given by the former in "Vacation Tourists" for that year, a work from which we have had Messrs. Longman's permission to borrow Mr. E. W. Cooke's beautiful engraving of "this paragon of mountains as to form," with which this article is illustrated. They started from Breuil, and after ascending to the deep notch, where the curtain wall joins the lower, attacked the first ridge. Want of time compelled them to return, we believe, even before they reached the point formed by the union of I. and V.*

Since then several attempts have been made; some by Professor Tyndall, others by Mr. Whymper, the sole survivor of this ill-fated party; but no one had succeeded in getting higher than within some seven hundred feet of the summit. Up as far as the above-named notch, there is no particular difficulty; but when once that is left and the peak itself assailed, the character of the work changes, and almost every step requires the utmost skill, nerve, and strength. Gullies, slippery with ice, have to be climbed; narrow ridges crossed; projecting pinnacles rounded; steep crags scaled; in fact, there is hardly any variety of rock-climbing which is not found here, and the danger is increased by the constant liability to showers of stones from the cliffs above.

In 1862 Mr. Whymper had a narrow escape of losing his life on the mountain. He had left a tent on a former attack just above the notch (at or near which it has been latterly usual to pass the night), and while waiting for his guides to repeat the attempt, set off one day to visit it. As he had already been six times over the ground, he went alone, intending to return before nightfall. Seduced by the beauty of the evening, he determined on sleeping in his tent, and next morning, tempted by the fine weather, he climbed

* It is no wonder, and perhaps very fortunate, that Professor Tyndall was contented with an "inspection" of the Matterhorn. "To my right," he writes in 1861, "rose the mystical pinnacle of the Matterhorn, which from a certain point here attains its maximum sharpness. It drew my eyes towards it with irresistible fascination as it shimmered in the blue atmosphere, too preoccupied with heaven to think even with contempt on the designs of a son of earth to reach its inviolate crest." In another place he says "the ascent of this mountain is not likely to be a matter of mere amusement. After climbing for some hours, my friend (Mr. Hawkins) thought it wise to halt so as to secure our retreat; for none of us knew what difficulties the descent might reveal."

on and on until he reached a point higher than had been attained before. On his return to the tent, he unfortunately left his axe there, thinking that it would not be required in the easy descent to Breuil. Unfortunately some steps, which he had cut during his ascent, along a *couloir*, or gully, filled with hard snow, had been partly melted away by the heat, and in turning an awkward corner his foot slipped and he slid rapidly downwards, vainly endeavouring to stop himself. Presently he struck against some projecting rocks, to which he endeavoured to cling, but without success; then he was hurried on, bounding from side to side of the gully, until he was again dashed against some rough rocks, at which he clutched with the energy of despair, and providentially maintaining his hold, stopped a little above the brink of an awful precipice. His head was laid open, he was bruised and cut all over, and literally covered in his own blood. Happily he had strength enough to clamber up to a place of comparative safety, when he fainted from the effects of the shock and loss of blood. After some time he recovered sufficiently to make his way back to his inn. Fortunately no ill results followed from this extraordinary escape, as he has shown by his numerous exploits in the Alps during the last three years, and his final victory over the mountain. He, however, became convinced that the difficulties of the last few hundred feet would be so great, that the apparently impracticable third *arête* was worth a trial. Accordingly, on the 13th of July last, accompanied by the Rev. C. Hudson, Lord F. Douglas, Mr. Hadow, and with Michel Croz and two of the Taugwalds as guides, he started from Zermatt with the intention of making a reconnaissance. The party passed the night on the Hörnli *arête*, near the foot of the peak: started at 3:40 a. m. next morning, and finding the ascent easier than they expected, reached the summit at 2 p. m. After passing an hour there, they commenced the descent; and while crossing a slippery slope of snow, broken here and there by rock, some two hundred feet below the summit, one of the party—either the leading guide, Croz, or Mr. Hadow, who was next to him—slipped and began to slide downwards; by this means four of the party in all, viz., the guide, and Messrs. Hadow, Douglas, and Hudson, lost their footing; the other three succeeded in securing themselves, but unhappily the rope was unable to bear the strain upon it, and snapped asunder. Consequently these four slid down to the edge of a precipice, and then fell from rock to rock, until, after a descent of nearly

four thousand feet, three of them were dashed upon the snow-field below. The body of the fourth, Lord F. Douglas, had not been found at the date of the last advices from Zermatt.

A few words may be said in conclusion upon the special dangers to which the mountaineer is exposed. These are mainly four: avalanches, snow-slopes, precipices, and concealed crevasses.

The first may be either great masses of loose snow, or showers of broken ice or stones. The former can be avoided by taking the precaution of waiting till new-fallen snow has had time to consolidate; those that fall in summer are of no great extent, and are only to be dreaded when they sweep a slope, with precipices or a broken glacier below. By one of these was caused the fatal accident on Mont Blanc in 1820, when three guides of a party were swept away and entombed in a crevasse on the Grand Plateau. The latter are always dangerous on certain mountains, especially in particular states of the weather. The worst enemy is undoubtedly a steep snow-slope. The dangers of this are two-fold. If the surface be hard, the traveller, by an unlucky accident, may slip from the steps: if unroped, he can hardly check himself; and if roped, unless the steps be large and his companions thoroughly competent mountaineers, he may drag the whole party down with him to destruction; for too often these slopes are abruptly terminated by precipitous cliffs or yawning chasms in the ice. They thus form shoots, down which the unfortunate victims are hurried to a frightful death. The other danger is even worse, because hardly any care or skill can quite avoid it. When the snow has been exposed to the sun by day and the frost by night for a considerable period of the summer, the surface is converted into hard ice: then, when a change in the weather brings a fresh fall of snow, the new layer does not "bind" with the old, but rests like a crust upon it. Then, if equilibrium be disturbed, either by a slight slip or even by the mere weight of the travellers, the mass slides off, and rushes downwards with a vicious hiss that curdles the blood of those who hear it. Few mountaineers have not had cause to hate this sound, either from the remembrance of actual peril, or from having had to abandon expeditions when, though everything else was favourable, the warning note, like the snake's rattle, showed danger near. In 1859, Mr. Tuckett and his guides had the narrowest possible escape from being borne off by one of these slips; the snow breaking away below and on each side of them, while the piece on which they stood

remained firm. In 1864, Professor Tyndall and four others were hurried down the slope of the Piz Mortaratsch, and escaped as by a miracle, stopping just before they came to some precipices. In 1860, three travellers with a guide were killed in descending from the Col du Géant to Courmayeur, mainly owing to this.* And now the list is closed with that fearful calamity which has so nearly carried off Mr. Whympcr, and has been fatal to four of his party. Mr. Whympcr himself, as we have said, and Mr. Birkbeck, were both seriously injured by slipping down hard slopes of ice.

The danger of falling while climbing on rocks is small, if the rope be used, because, though one may slip, the rest of the party is almost sure to be sufficiently well planted to hold him up; but to the solitary traveller, as has unhappily been often shown, there is often great danger, especially during a descent. Accidents from concealed crevasses ought never to happen, if the rope be sound and the traveller insist on using it as soon as the snow is reached; a precaution, however, which is strangely neglected even by the best guides. Through neglect of this, Mr. Watson perished on a glacier in the Tyrol; a Russian gentleman on the Findelen glacier near Zermatt; a pasteur was lost on the Trift glacier, near Saas; and another, last year, on the Grand Plateau of Mont Blanc; and few mountaineers cannot remember a narrow escape.

T. G. BONNEY.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIEND.

HE has added the one thing more; he has piled the last metaphorical straw upon this poetical camel's fabulous back, and I will expose him. His name is Stephen Hopkins, his residence London, his profession fluctuating, his appearance prepossessing. He is an amiable viper, who, if warmed in your bosom, will sting you in a fit of absence, or rather he resembles a petted calf, who, having grown into a bullock, gores his old playmate in the ribs out of affection. To mental awkwardness, which perhaps he cannot help, he adds a physical weakness, which he can help, for half his blunders might be avoided if he would only wear spectacles. He is the most short-sighted man I ever met

* This is the most probable account of the accident:—the travellers were descending the rocky spur on the south side of the pass. At one place this, in some seasons, is broken by a snow slope, along the crest of which the path lies. The travellers appear to have been fatigued, and the guides were improperly tied to them. Either on the ridge itself or a little below it, a slip must have been made; probably the snow gave way and the guides were unable to check the party. The writer, after seeing the spot, when the local conditions were very similar, thinks the accident would not have happened had not the travellers been exhausted and the guides improperly attached.

with, unable to distinguish a fellow-creature from a tree at twelve paces' distance, yet no one can persuade him to use anything but a single eye-glass, an useful implement enough to men who can fix it, but a vain pretence round the neck of one who, like Hopkins, has no eyebrow. To see a man perpetually endeavouring to glaze his right eye, and invariably failing, is of itself trying to a nervous organization, but I stood that. In early Eton days he came straight out of the Christopher with a flask of rum shrub, which I had fagged him to get for me, in his hand, and walking up to a passing master, offered *him* the forbidden nectar, saying, "Here you are, Stesso," taking him in his blindness for me, whereby I got flogged, and degraded to a lower form; but I forgave him. At college he made an exactly similar blunder on the occasion of the St. Januarius steeple-chases, which the authorities were making strenuous efforts to suppress, stopping the Dean, who was occupying the place I had filled the moment before on the hall steps, and offering to lay against my horse, provided I rode it myself, and the consequent investigation led to my rustication. I forgave him that too.

I lost sight of him for a short period, and prospered. I loved, my suit was acceptable, and marriage followed suit. Twenty-two is now-a-days considered an early age for a man to marry, but my first wife was considerably my senior, so that the management of our domestic affairs was not entirely confided to my inexperienced hands. Indeed, as the lady brought me a considerable fortune, her friends, not understanding how friendship with a lady older than oneself should ripen into love, meanly suspected me of mercenary feelings, and persuaded her to allow her property to be screwed up pretty tightly. I may mention that this arrangement was not conducive to connubial felicity; it is humiliating to have to blarney one's wife whenever one wants a hundred pounds or so. However, she was generous enough during the first few months of our marriage; but alas! while she was still a bride, I took her to the Easter ball at Richmond, near which place we were residing, and there I met Hopkins.

"Introduce me to some one, old fellow," said he; "I know nobody."

"With pleasure," said I, turning to where my wife sat. "Mr. Hopkins, Mrs.—"

Hopkins managed to keep his eyeglass up some three seconds longer than usual, so that he unfortunately had a good view of my wife.

"I knew *your son* at college," said he, sinking into a seat beside her.

Poor Dora never forgot that error.

"So your friends take me for your mother, do they? It is evident what you married me for," she would say when not pleased; and the money market was so tight! Well, I forgave him that too, and it was a simple matter of chance, not of design, that we did not meet again for five years. At that time I was in the ambitious stage, and desirous of having a finger in the national pie; and as Hopkins was badly off, and without occupation just then, I was glad to be able to throw the chance of earning a few guineas in his way. So I engaged him as a professional canvasser on my side, and took him down to Bufblew the same evening.

"You will only get a guinea a day," I explained to him, "but still, if you have nothing else to do just at present, that is better than nothing."

"Better than nothing, indeed!" he replied, with enthusiasm. "Why, a guinea a day is three hundred and sixty-five guineas a year!" As if it was my intention to stand for Bufblew permanently without ever getting seated!

I thought at first that I had secured an electioneering genius; all awkwardness seemed to have departed from Hopkins, and he went about arguing, cajoling, drinking, foreboding, laughing, crying, always with the right people, and so cleverly, that he had been two days at work before it occurred to him to ask me what my political views were.

"Have you seen Mrs. Tubbs yet?" I asked him one morning.

"No. Who is she?" he replied.

"The most important person in Bufblew; I have been making abject love to her ever since we came down, and I flatter myself that I have produced an impression. Still, a very little offends her, so you must be on your guard in case you meet her."

"There is a Mr. Tubbs, I suppose?"

"I presume that she does keep a voting machine, dignified by the title of husband, but he is of no consequence whatever."

In fact, the candidate who secured Mrs. Tubbs's good will was pretty sure of election; her husband was the largest miller, brewer, confectioner, and banker in that part of the world; and when Mrs. Tubbs pointed out a political path, all her subjects, from Mr. Tubbs himself to the man who fed the hopper and the clerk behind the ledger, had to follow it, or she would know the reason why. Nor was her influence confined to those who were directly dependent upon her for their daily bread, she was a large customer at the Bufblew shops, and every tradesman in the place knew that if he voted against Mrs. Tubbs's candidate, neither that imperious lady, nor any of

her numerous belongings, would ever buy anything of him again. Let the fight be anything of a close one, and Mrs. Tubbs had the borough in her pocket. But Mrs. Tubbs, though so powerful, had human weaknesses, and one of them was her love for her children; wherever she went, a whole bevy of the little things surrounded her. You can trowel the flattery on to a lady's children, when it would be ill-breeding to plaster any more upon herself, and this was a point upon which I laid great stress with Hopkins. "All is going well at present, so leave her to me if you can; but should you meet her unexpectedly, pay attention to the children," I said; and my friend promised to go all lengths, even as far as pap, if it were needful, in my cause.

There was a public promenade at Bufblew, where the militia band played on alternate afternoons to the genteelity and gentility who paraded up and down like peacocks, and where I thought it politic to appear; and so, after a hard morning's canvassing, and about two score of luncheons, I went and strolled arm-in-arm with Hopkins amidst the groups. There was an Italian boy with a very amusing and clever monkey, dressed in a pink muslin frock and velvet bodice, who seemed to be much excited by the music. The Italian's game was to pretend to lose the little creature, who was so tame and funny that many people fraternised with it, and of course gave some trifle to the owner. I amused myself with watching this little by-play, while Hopkins left me for a minute to speak to some friend, and we walked on again. Presently we came full upon a portly and voluminous dame.

"Hopkins, Hopkins!" I cried, "have you got your eyeglass fixed?"

"Yes; why?"

"This is Mrs. Tubbs."

I introduced my friend, and we hovered about the lady and her family, paying her a court which I imagine that few English women have received off the stage since the days of Elizabeth.

"Where is Emma?" said the lady, interrupting me in the middle of a somewhat high-flown compliment. "Emma! where has the child got to?"

"Here she is; come along, my little darling," cried Hopkins, who had heard the maternal voice, and remembered my injunction; and as he spoke he came up to Mrs. Tubbs, leading by the hand—the monkey!

"How dare——" Mrs. Tubbs began, but her rage was such that she could not articulate. As for ever being returned for Bufblew, I might just as well oppose Lord Palmerston for Tiverton.

Well, after a while I forgave Hopkins yet again, only as his extreme shortsightedness and obstinacy in not wearing glasses renders him as easy to cut as a boiled fowl, I could not resist the temptation of passing by on the other side whenever I met him; not, I protest, from any feeling of enmity, but merely out of precaution. I had tried the good Samaritan's system with him, it had failed, so now I pursued the Levite's; in vain. My first wife had been dead for some years: I took a second, but no one could now say that I married for money, oh, no; the Lady Augusta had a Roman nose, and protracted pedigree, but no fortune, and I promised myself that I would not play second fiddle *this* time. It was in the month of May; I stood in the exhibition room of the Royal Academy, before an historical picture, and was expounding the story of it to my lady wife and certain of her noble relations, when I was suddenly startled by a slap on the back, and the voice of Hopkins cried,—“Ah! my boy, I have not seen you for an age. Let me congratulate you, old fellow. How's the new missis?”

Lady — was so offended by this piece of vulgarity on the part of my friend, that it was months before I could restore her equanimity, and by the time I had succeeded she had established a sort of indescribable supremacy in the household (my married readers well know what I mean) which has brought it about that I *am* playing second fiddle in this domestic concert also.

Hopkins perceived that he had put his foot in it at the time, and was so distressed, and called himself such dreadful names, that I once more forgave him.

But my patience was well well-nigh spent, now it is thoroughly exhausted; Stephen Hopkins is no longer my friend, but my foe; he has caused the finger of scorn to be pointed at me throughout the county; it is his fault that at our public dinners they drink the health of honest John Bull, and couple my name with the toast! Let me explain. I am now middle-aged, I am very stout, and I reside upon an estate I have in Norfolk. Last year I sent some beasts I was very proud of to our agricultural show, where they attracted great attention, and I was engaged in pointing out their beauties to Lord Exmore and a select circle, when I received a violent poke in the ribs, and, looking round, saw my *bête noir*, Hopkins, with his useless glass dangling as usual, and his unspeculative eyes glaring in my direction, acting cicerone to a party of ladies.

“This,” said he, “is the beast that has got

the first prize,” indicating *me*, and not the animal which stood close by me. “Observe the straightness of his back, and look at the meat on his ribs. Firm, you see,” here came another terrific poke, “quite—halloa!”

For when I saw all the people about me tittering, and Lord Exmore himself hardly able to refrain from bursting right out, I lost all patience, and snatching the aggressive umbrella from Hopkins's hand, I broke it across my knee, and tossed the mangled remains away, an action which, as he really thought that he was poking the ox which he had seen before him while his eyeglass stuck, must have surprised him not a little. When he had found and applied that instrument, and so discovered what he had done, and to whom, he shouted “Kismet!” and fairly turned and fled.

But I have been the laughing-stock of Norfolk ever since, for jokes are rare in the country, and “once a butt always a butt” is the rule there; so whenever I appear at the cover side, I am asked some fifty times over how much meat I have on my ribs, whether I have been exhibiting myself lately, why I do not wear my prize medal. And at public dinners they propose the health of honest John Bull, as I said above, and shriek, and thump, and break wine-glasses, until I return thanks.

I will never forgive Stephen Hopkins, never; unless indeed he repent, and do penance, and wear spectacles.

LEWIS HOUGH.

NOTES ON AMATEUR ACTORS.

PART I.

In taking account of certain amateurs who have from time to time played at being players, —strutted and fretted upon the stage, not for dear life, but out of pure love of strutting and fretting—donned Richard's hunch or Hamlet's inky cloak, and “stormed and straddled, stamped and stared,

To show the world how Garrick did *not* act—

an old story, which narrates how Oliver Cromwell once, in his salad days, trod the boards, and split the ears of the groundlings, or struck them to the soul by the cunning of his art, may be regarded as worthy of repetition and some consideration.

In Mr. Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, “Lingua; or, the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority,” is, on the authority of Winstanley, ascribed to Anthony Brewer, an author who lived in the time of Charles I., and also produced “The Countie Girl” (1647), a comedy, and “The Love-Sick

King, an English Tragical History, with the Life and Death of Cartesmunda, the Fair Nun of Winchester" (1655). "*Lingua*," though it is described as "A Pleasant Comedie," is rather a Masque, or Morality, and represents a contention among the Senses for the possession of a crown. The play is said to have been performed at Cambridge when Oliver Cromwell, then undergraduate of Sidney College, played the part of *Tactus*, or *Touch*. This could hardly have been the first production of "*Lingua*" on the stage, however, as the play was in print at least as early as 1607, and was clearly a popular work enough, six editions of it having been published at various dates previous to 1657. Cromwell was not entered at Cambridge until 1616, when he was seventeen years of age. It may be, therefore, that his performance of *Tactus* took place, if at all, during his school-days at Huntingdon, and before he went up to the University.

Tactus is one of the chief characters in this very curious play. His dress is thus described: "A dark-coloured satin mantle over a pair of silk bases; a garland of bays mixed with white and red roses; upon a black grogam, a fault-chion, buskins, &c." In an early scene he finds the crown, which is the subject of contention among the various characters. He exclaims—

Do I not sleep and dream of this good luck, ha? . . .
No, I am awake and feel it now:
Mercury, all's mine own: here's none to cry half's
mine
Was ever man so fortunate as I!

and then proceeds, probably tearing away his garland:

Roses and bays pack hence: this crown and robe
My bows and body circles and invests;
How gallantly it fits me; sure the slave
Measured my head that wrought this coronet.
They lie that say complexions cannot change:
My blood's ennobled, and I am transformed
Unto the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Stiling me Cæsar, or great Alexander;
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment: how my pace is mended!
How princely do I speak! how sharp I threaten!
Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
And make you tremble when the lion roars,
Ye earthbred worms! &c., &c.

If Cromwell played *Tactus*, of course he spoke this speech; and, speaking it—declare the good people who delight in tracing "mighty contests" back to "trivial things," and moreover see so very much further into mile-stones than their neighbours—his soul was at once fired with a guilty ambition. He was "excited from the possession of an imaginary crown to stretch his views to that of a real one, for the accomplishment of which he was

contented to wade through seas of blood, and 'shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'" Thus occurred the original bending of the twig which was subsequently to result in the inclining of the whole tree. So runs the story—a curious one and old, difficult to trace to its source; "too vague," as a critic says of it, "to be depended upon, and too ridiculous either to establish or refute." It is very well to consider the child as the father of the man; but still it is possible to father too much upon the child. The legend is set forth here as some excuse for registering Cromwell's name in a list of amateur players of note. We turn to others whose right to be so enrolled can be more satisfactorily ascertained.

Milton wrote his "*Comus*" for an amateur performance at Ludlow Castle by the sons and daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater. The masque was founded upon a real occurrence. Travelling through Heywood Forest in Herefordshire, Lady Alice Egerton was accidentally separated from her brothers, and for a time benighted and lost. On this slight incident the poet built his beautiful "*Comus*." Appropriate music was added by Henry Lawes, who was clerk of the cheque and of the private music to King Charles I. The performance took place on Michaelmas night, 1634. Lawes assisted Lord Brackley, Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice in the representation, by appearing in the character of the attendant spirit, who appears before the brothers habited like a shepherd, and is by them called Thirsis. When, a hundred years later, "*Comus*" was produced upon the stage of Drury Lane, Lawes's music was rejected, and new accompaniments were composed for the occasion by Dr. Arne.

At Somerset House, called Denmark House in 1616, by command of James I., Anne, his Queen, and her maids of honour, were wont to keep up a continual masquerade, "appearing in various dresses, and transforming themselves," greatly to the delight of the Court; and at the Christmas revels of 1632-3, Queen Henrietta Maria took part in a masque. Unfortunate Mr. Pryne the next day published his "*Histriomastix*," with some severe remarks affecting the characters of "women actors;" and for his fanatical attempts at stage reform, and his alleged attack upon the Queen and Court, paid penalties—in the way of losing his ears.

The Banqueting House, Whitehall, was at one time the scene of a remarkable performance. Nat Lee's tragedy of "*Mithridates, King of Pontus*," was represented by "persons of the first rank;" the part of *Semandra* being sustained by no less a lady than the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen of England. Her

Royal Highness was instructed in her dramatic duties by Mr. Joseph Ashbury, prompter and manager on the occasion; an actor of distinction (famed for his *Don Quixote*), who had held the office of Master of the Revels in Ireland under five sovereigns: Charles II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, and George I., Ashbury had been educated at Eton; he carried a pair of colours in the Duke of Ormond's army; and was one of the officers who seized upon, and held Dublin Castle on behalf of Charles II. He deserved well of royalty, and was in high favour throughout his long life.

Amateur performances had become fashionable under the first two Georges, who, notwithstanding their imperfect acquaintance with the language, and their protracted absences from the country, were yet patrons of the national drama. George the Second was at Drury Lane Theatre when the despatches from his darling son, the Duke of Cumberland, brought news of the victory of Culloden. The king stood up with streaming eyes, and loudly thanked God, and announced the victory to his people. The band, by Garrick's orders, at once played "God save the King," the whole audience joining enthusiastically in the chorus. Frederick, Prince of Wales, had steadily encouraged the private performance of plays at Clifden and Leicester Houses. On the 4th of January, 1749, the children of his Royal Highness, with the aid of some of the younger members of the nobility, represented the tragedy of "Cato," before a very distinguished audience. This was at Leicester House, and the performance was under the direction of Mr. Quin, the great tragedian. Prince George was *Portius*; Prince Edward, *Juba*; Master Nugent, *Cato*; Master Montague, *Lucius*; Lord Northson, *Syphax*; Master Evelyn, *Sempronius*; Lord Milsington, *Decius*; and Master Madden, *Marcus*; while the Princess Augusta was *Marcia*, and the Princess Elizabeth, *Lucia*. Before the rising of the curtain, Prince George, then eleven years old, delivered an appropriate prologue. After the tragedy an epilogue was spoken by Prince Edward. That Mr. Quin was proud of his pupil, Prince George, we may gather from the well-known story of the actor exclaiming triumphantly, "Ah; I taught the boy to speak;" when, as George the Third, the young man was delivering his first speech from the throne.

The tragedy of "Cato" long enjoyed the admiration of the world; and, with "The Beggar's Opera," divided the favour of the drawing room players. At Westminster School a prize of a gilt Horace was at one time offered for the best Latin translation of Cato's soliloquy

in the fifth act; and Cumberland, in his Memoirs, describes an amateur performance of the tragedy at his school at Bury St. Edmund's, under the mastership of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman, a Trinity College man, who formed his scholars upon the system of Westminster. The custom of performing a play of Terence's before the Christmas holidays had been lately discontinued. Some of the boys, probably not without the connivance of the master, had therefore determined to get up a performance of "Cato" at one of the boarding-houses, and to invite the gentry of the town to be present. A full-bottomed periwig was provided for Cato; it was *de rigueur* in those days, that not only Cato, but all heroes of tragedy, should appear in full-bottomed periwigs; while female attire for *Marcia* and *Lucia* was borrowed from the servant maids of the lodging-house. The performance seems to have been singularly bad. Mr. Kinsman, the master, was so far provoked by its inferiority, as to bestow many hearty buffets upon the *Marcia* of the company, who towered above her sex in the person of a most ill-favoured and wrynecked boy. The rest of the *dramatis persone* were sentenced to the fine of an imposition. For Mr. Cumberland, who had been entrusted with the part of *Juba*, the tenth satire of Juvenal was his share of the penalty inflicted.

In the year 1751, certain eminent amateurs conceived a very ambitious project. They desired to play in a regular theatre—they were weary of the limited appliances of the eternal back drawing-room and the curtained hall. They would be content with nothing less than the hiring of Drury Lane Theatre, and the performance there of one of Shakspeare's plays. Foote is said to have suggested to Sir Francis Delaval, "that as he was fond of the stage, and a good performer, it would be turning his talents to some account to get up a creditable play with himself and his friends in the chief characters." Sir Francis jumped at the idea. That it promised to be costly in its carrying out was not the least of its recommendations to one who so dearly loved extravagant expenditure. Application was made to Garrick for the use of his theatre, "for one night only." *Roscus*, for a consideration, was nothing loth to oblige his noble and influential suitors.

The play fixed upon was "Othello;" cast in the following manner: *Othello*, Sir Francis Delaval; *Iago*, John Delaval, Esq. (afterwards Lord Delaval); *Cassio*, — Delaval, Esq.; *Brabantio* and *Iudovico*, Sim Fine, Esq.; *Roderigo*, Captain Stephen; *Desdemona*, Mrs. Quon (sister to Sir Francis, and afterwards Lady Mexborough); and *Emilia*, Mrs. Stevens.

The performance took place on the 7th of March. The theatre was closed on the previous evening for a rehearsal, and an advertisement appeared announcing the postponement of the play of "Alfred," by Thomson and Mallot, which had then been reproduced in an expensive style—"the theatre being engaged to some gentlemen and ladies for a private play."

Kirkman in his "Life of Macklin," gives a very flattering account of the Delaval performance. But then Kirkman has in quite an exaggerated measure a biographer's zeal for his subject.* Macklin had been engaged to teach and superintend the amateurs; and in their success Kirkman finds "an incontestable proof of Mr. Macklin's eminence in theatrical instruction." Horace Walpole, however, as unsympathetic and coolly critical a witness as could be called upon to give evidence, may be quoted in favour of the success of the representation. He wrote to Sir Horace Mann: "There have been two events, not political, equal to any absurdities or follies of former years." One of these had reference to the introduction into Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" of Lady Vane's "Memoirs of her own Life." "The other is a play acted by people of some fashion at Drury Lane, hired on purpose. They really acted so well that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. You would know none of their names should I tell you; but the chief were a family of Delavals, the eldest of which was married by one Foote, a player, to Lady Nassau Poulett. . . . The rage was so great to see the performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose; the footmen's gallery was strung with blue ribands. What a wise people! What an august senate! Yet my Lord Granville once told the Prince, I forget on occasion of what folly, 'Sir, indeed your Royal Highness is in the wrong to act thus; the English are a grave nation!'"

The grave nation certainly went rather mad about the Delavals' "Othello." It was said that while only a thousand spectators could possibly witness the performance, there were twenty thousand who were anxious to obtain admission into the theatre. The tickets were for no specified part of the house, but the first comers had the choice of the best places. It was this arrangement probably that drove the stars and ribands—the grandest people being the last to arrive—to the upper galleries. Of the Royal Family, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, the Princess Amelia, Prince

George, and Princess Augusta, occupied the stage-box; and the house in its every corner glittered with jewels and lace. A fine band of music was provided; the theatre was brilliantly illuminated with wax candles; new and beautiful scenery was expressly painted for the occasion; "and the dresses," says Mr. Kirkman, "were not only magnificent but well fancied and adapted to the characters. *Othello's* was a robe in the fashion of his country; *Roderigo's* an elegant modern suit; and *Cassio's* and *Iago's* very rich uniforms."

Sir Francis, in *Othello* won golden opinions. His embracing *Desdemona* on their meeting in Cyprus was said to have "set many a fair breast among the audience a palpitating." His expressions of anguish were found to be truly affecting. His bursts of vengeful passion very moving. But when in the last act he addresses *Cassio* with the words, "I do believe it—and I ask your pardon;" the manner in which he took the hand of his injured lieutenant, "had something in it so like the man of honour, and so unlike all imitation, that the audience could not be easily reconciled afterwards to the hearing it from anybody else." Mr. John Delaval, as *Iago*, "was perfectly the character that Shakspeare drew." He delighted and astonished his audience; his deportment was elegant, his eye worked as much as his tongue, and he was equally intent on his plots when engaged in the dialogue or when silent upon the stage. The younger Mr. Delaval gained great applause in *Cassio*. His drunken scene and sudden recovery of sobriety were made natural by his manner of treating them. *Desdemona's* good looks and native modesty of character, charmed the audience exceedingly. "The performers were all perfect in their parts, and what is seldom observed by the best experienced actors, they were, through the play, constant in their attention and characteristic in their manners. Their elocution was natural and easy, free from the whine, the cant, the clap trap trick, and the false consequence so often hackneyed upon the stage." Altogether, Mr. Kirkman concludes, the occasion was one of great honour to Mr. Macklin and his pupils—their triumph was in fact his.

The expenses of the entertainment, including 150*l.* paid to Mr. Garrick for the hire of the house, amounted to upwards of a thousand pounds. The streets and avenues about Drury Lane were so blockaded with coaches and chairs that many distinguished ladies and gentlemen were compelled to tramp through the mire to the theatre, affording much diversion to the mob assembled, and great benefit to the pickpockets. The crowd indeed was

* Kirkman, moreover, was reputed to be a natural son of Macklin.

so intense that the public-houses in the neighbourhood of the theatre were said to have swarmed with "stars and garters," waiting until some lull in the popular excitement should give an opportunity of reaching the doors of Drury Lane in safety.

Foote, presenting himself in the green-room after the play was concluded, was overwhelmed with reproaches. "Where had he been? Why had he not come sooner? Did he know what he had missed?—a performance such as he would never have another opportunity of seeing!" and so on. The mimic bowing humbly, signified his contrition and disappointment. Then approaching Garrick, he asked in a loud whisper, "What he *seriously* thought of it all?" Garrick, probably to flatter the patrician amateurs, affected a jealousy he was far from feeling, and answered in equally audible tones—"Think of it! Why I never suffered so much in my whole life!" "What!" cried Foote. "Ah! I see—for the author. Alas, poor Shakspeare!" The laugh was unanimous against Garrick; and even Sir Francis and his playfellows joined in it, though not unaffected by the jest. A grand ball and supper closed the entertainments of the evening.

Sir Francis Delaval ended a very irregular life in the summer of 1772. He had been dining at the house of his brother-in-law, Lord Mexborough; taking a good deal of ice after a very hearty dinner, he felt himself suddenly and painfully chilled, and called for a rummer of brandy, which he drank off at once. He was almost immediately seized with convulsions, and fell from his chair senseless. Carried to his own house, though every possible assistance was rendered, he died in a few hours. Foote was said to have been genuinely affected at the loss of his friend and boon companion. He retired to his own room and saw no company for three days. Then he inquired when the funeral would take place. "Not for a week," he was informed, "as the surgeons intended to open Sir Francis's head." "What for? What do they expect to find *there*?" cried the inveterate jester. "I'm sure I've known poor Frank these five-and-twenty years, and I never could find anything in it."

Yet, frivolous, indolent, wasteful, and dissolute as was Sir Francis, he was not deficient in either wit or learning. Though he seemed bent on being the man foremost in folly of his age, could stoop to the lowest pleasures, would do anything provided only it was eccentric and extravagant, he could be serious upon occasion; and he once replied to Lord Chatham in the House of Commons with singular point and promptitude. Mr. Pitt

had attacked certain opinions of Sir Francis, as savouring too much of "the buffoonery of the stage." Sir Francis replied that "if *once* performing a character on the stage could be imputed to him as an act of buffoonery, he must plead guilty to the charge; but this he could say in his own justification, and he wished it could equally apply to the right honourable gentleman who had spoken last, that it was the *only part* he had ever played in his life."

Not many amateur actors could hope to parallel the splendour and the glory of the Delaval performances. Their success, however unquestionable, was yet purchased at a price which few purses could afford. For some years little was heard of private performances: the amateurs seem to have been content with the fame they had acquired. Probably the death of their chief patron, the Prince of Wales, within a few days of the Delaval representation, somewhat dashed their spirits and quenched their ambition. It was not until the year 1790 that a worthy rival to Sir Francis Delaval appeared upon the scene. The madcap Earl of Barrymore was then amazing the world with his dissipation and prodigality. Amongst his other extravagances he had taken to the stage, but, unlike his prototype Sir Francis, he favoured the sock rather than the buskin—he preferred *Scrub* to *Othello*—delighted in the eccentricities of low comedy, broad farce, and burlesque. Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Strafford on the 12th of August, 1790:—"Last night the Earl of Barrymore was so humble as to perform a buffoon dance and act *Scaramouch* in a pantomime at Richmond, for the benefit of Edwin, junior, the comedian; and I, like an old fool, but calling myself a philosopher that loves to study human nature in all its disguises, went to see the performance."

A private theatre had been erected at Wargrave, his lordship's seat in Berkshire, and in the following month "The Follies of a Day," a translation of "Le Mariage de Figaro," by Beaumarchais, was performed. "His lordship in the character of the gardener," according to the newspapers, "was highly comic, and his humour was not overstrained. The whole concluded with a dance, in which was introduced a favourite *pas Russe* by Lord Barrymore and Mr. Delpini (the clown), which kept the theatre in a roar." It was soon after this the earl was inviting Mr. John Bannister, of Drury Lane, to visit Wargrave.

"DEAR BANNISTER,—The Duke of Cumberland being dead and your theatre shut on that account, will you come down for a day or two

this week? Our plays are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. You can have no excuse, my good boy: so pray let me see you. You shall have the great bed and every other necessary commodity. I daresay you are in high spirits at this national misfortune; for now it's all holiday with you. Ah! friend, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.—Ever yours sincerely,
"BARRYMORE."

Then follows a postscript—perhaps the most important part of his lordship's letter:—

"I assure you our theatre is really elegant. (Turn over, for God's sake!) We play 'Try Again' the last night of our performances: you would oblige me exceedingly if you would procure me the dress you wore, and also the Walloon uniform—which I will take great care of—of Colman."

Even more than Mr. Bannister's presence, it may be, his lordship desired Mr. Bannister's dress, and the Walloon uniform of Colman.

The theatre at Wargrave was said to have cost upwards of sixty thousand pounds, and was, of course, the most splendidly appointed private stage in the kingdom. The following plays were performed there: "The Constant Couple," "Every Man in his Humour," "The Rivals," "The Follies of a Day," "The Beaux' Stratagem," "The Battle of Hexham," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Hob in the Well," "Miss in her Teens," "The Padlock," "The Guardian," "The Apprentice," "The Mayor of Garratt," "The Poor Soldier," "The Midnight Hour," and the pantomimes of "Robinson Crusoe," "Don Juan," and "Blue Beard." The performances, however, were not wholly supported by amateurs; it became necessary to engage professional assistance to strengthen the casts of many of the plays, and several actors from the regular theatres were engaged to appear upon the Wargrave stage, among others the Palmers, the Bannisters, Incedon, Johnstone, Munden, and Moses Kean. Masquerades on a very grand scale concluded the entertainments, and it seems to have been a rule of the house that no guest of Lord Barrymore's should ever retire to rest before five in the morning. His lordship's favourite characters were *Scrub*, *Bobadil*, *Hob*, and *Gregory Gubbins*. He was reputed to be the best gentleman jockey and coachman in the country, and made large profits on the turf. At the card table he was less fortunate, though a not very creditable story is told of his winning enormous sums from Mr. Fox, on one occasion at Newmarket, when that statesman happened to wear highly polished steel buttons on his coat, which reflected, as in a glass, the cards he held in his

hand. His lordship was at one time a candidate for representing the borough of Reading in Parliament, but was defeated by a small majority after a severe contest. He was only twenty-four years of age when he met his death, in 1793, by the accidental explosion of his musket as he sat in his curriole. He was at the time engaged with a detachment of his regiment, the Berkshire Militia, in escorting a party of French prisoners from Rye to Dover. In the same year a brief memoir of his life was published by John Williams, better known under his pseudonym of Anthony Pasquin, a sufficiently scurrilous writer, who, however, had found his advantage probably in flattering the young lord, and on this occasion ventured upon a somewhat ill-directed panegyric. In Bell's "British Theatre" (1791), may be found a spirited engraving of a painting from life by De Wille, representing "The Right Hon. the Earl of Barrymore and Captain Wathen as *Scrub* and *Archer*" in Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem."

DUTTON COOK.

SIR ARTHUR YOUNG.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

I.

He bends from his horse, the pledge is tied
Round his arm by his ladye fair:—
"In the field to-day," Sir Arthur cried,
"They shall know whose badge I wear;
Ere the sun has set thou shalt see it dyed
In the richest blood that is there."

II.

A word in her ear, a wave of the hand,
And the glittering train sweeps on;
On braver knight or goodlier band
Never morning sun has shone.
And the ladye fair is left to stand
At the castle-gate alone.

III.

The day wears on, the sun grows high,
Moves onward to the west,
Through the azure arch of a summer sky
Sinks slowly to his rest,
Till stain'd with gold is the silver Wye,
And flusht each mountain crest.

IV.

With a paler face, and a tearful eye,
She stands at the gate again,
Thinking of those who fight or fly,
Of those who lose or gain,
Of those who conquer and those who die
On the far-off battle-plain.

V.

Over thicket and glade her eyeballs strain
To the path by which he had gone,
Down which, in headlong course to the plain,
A horse comes thundering on;
A coal-black steed, with flowing mane,
His horse—but it comes alone.

VI.

A riderless steed gallops up to the place,
And stands with heaving side,
And she sees, with her agonized, marble face,
Round his foam-flaked neck is tied
A delicate morsel of snowy lace,
With spots of crimson dyed.

VII.

The kerchief from his bending neck
Her icy hands untie;
A blood-stain'd scroll falls out—and quick
She reads with tearless eye :—
“MY NOSE. Send back large cotton cheek
Per bearer. Yours, A. Y.”

W. C.

THE PORTRAIT.

It was only a head, and was perhaps the smallest picture in the gallery. At first I took it for a Murillo, but learned afterwards that it was by his great master, Velasquez. It was the portrait of a lady between eighteen and twenty, surpassingly beautiful, but of a beauty essentially Spanish. The complexion, though dark, was so incomparably clear, that it charmed the eye far more than the pearl-like fairness of northern climes. The classical severity of a brow and forehead over which the hair was plainly braided, was tempered by the sweet expression hovering round the mouth. If it had not been for the deep, sad, subdued expression of the full eyes, the general expression would have been almost haughtily commanding. But those eyes, so large, so lustrous, so finely formed, so expressive of the sorrow-stricken emanations of a lofty and sensitive soul, few could gaze upon them without tears dimming their own.

The magic touches of the master's pencil had been limited to the face and the upper part of the neck. It was left to the imagination to supply the graceful form of the fair original—the bust and arms moulded on some perfect Grecian statue, and fingers like those of the vestal who stirs up the ashes of the sacred fire with a golden bodkin.

Blonde northern beauties, fair girls, and stately matrons, blue-eyed and golden-haired, hung either side of the lovely Iberian, like lilies of the field around some rare exotic; and immediately above it, attached to it by a black silk scarf, was the portrait of a cavalier-looking fellow with a courtly air, and the love-locks of Charles the First's time. The interest inspired by those eloquent eyes was heightened by this strange companionship, and a wilder tale of human passion than that which explained it seldom falls within the sober limits of truth.

When that “bright occidental star,” Queen

Elizabeth, departed this life, and James of Scotland reigned in her stead, strange tidings of matrimonial negotiations with the most ultra-Roman Catholic court in Europe disturbed the British householder. The Nonconformist preachers improved the occasion to adorn their harangues with visions of Smithfield fires re-lighted, Jesuits guiding the helm of state, and an inquisition sitting *en permanence* at Whitehall. By and by it was whispered from mouth to mouth—and this time the rumour chimed in with the popular taste—that their young Prince, disdaining Court etiquette, aspired to win his bride like some knight-errant of old. Poetry and romance still lingered on English ground. A great change was approaching, and already loomed in the distance, but as yet the Puritan element was overawed by the gallant and chivalrous spirit that Spenser had clothed in flowing numbers, and Sidney and Raleigh in deeds of heroic daring. So when the Prince of Wales sailed from England with a flowing sheet, and it was bruited abroad that he had adventured a perilous journey for the love of a lady fair, the people applauded, and, despite the drum ecclesiastic sounding through the land, drank success to the Spanish alliance.

At the time this journey to Madrid was planned, one of the most devoted and favoured adherents of the Duke of Buckingham was Sir Edward Listowel. His father had been a favourite of King James, and one of that monarch's earliest customers when he took to speculating in baronetcies. In due course of time he died, leaving vast possessions to his only son. Much to Buckingham's chagrin, the King refused to include Listowel in the personal suite of the Prince, and persisted in limiting the number to three: Sir Francis Cottington, Sir Richard Graham, and Endymion Porter. It was therefore finally arranged that Sir Edward should join them in Madrid with Lord Denby, Lord Kensington, Lord Cecil, Lord Howard, and the other young nobles who were to form the Prince's Court. These cavaliers were specially chosen for their gallant bearing and showy accomplishments; yet even among them the apt pupil of the courtly Buckingham, who had acquired both the winning manners and the views of his patron, was almost unrivalled.

In the month of July, 1623, a bull fight was held in Madrid, for the purpose of displaying the national pastime to the Prince of Wales. These spectacles were always eagerly welcomed by the fair Iberians. The galleries of the bull-ring were the arena for the display of their charins and their toilettes—better adapted to the national character than the ball-room and opera of modern times. Like

the fair dames in some tournament of old, they smiled approval upon the gallant feats of their preux chevaliers in the enclosure, and their full Cleopatra-like order of beauty, most effective when in repose, was suited to the position. The Spanish cavaliers were not sorry for an opportunity of eclipsing for the nonce their English rivals, who had attracted far too much attention. The romantic errand of the Prince had turned the heads of half the young ladies in Madrid, and his retinue fell in for no small share of his popularity. As foreigners, they were to some extent regarded as privileged persons, and held excused from many of the niceties of Spanish etiquette, so adroitly framed to throw impediments in the way of speedy acquaintance. It may easily be supposed that the Spanish Hidalgos by no means approved of these arrangements; indeed the chief enjoyment they promised to themselves in this bull-fight was that for once they would be the sole objects of attraction.

The eventful day arrived. The sun, fast sinking towards the west, shone upon the magnificent appointments of the cavaliers, superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, as one by one they entered the arena. The galleries were filled with all the beauty of Madrid. Jewels flashed, plumes waved, and bright eyes sparkled. But, alas for the cavaliers! it soon became painfully evident that the attractions of a bull-fight could not compare with the novelty of a Prince-errant, and that glances which ought to have rewarded the prowess of the champions were monopolised by the gallery assigned to the Prince and his attendants.

As for the strangers, they were warmly interested in the spectacle, and enthusiastically applauded the superb horsemanship and cool daring of the combatants. No one was more engrossed by the scene than Sir Edward Listowel, until, leaning eagerly forward to get a better view of a close encounter between the infuriated bull and one of the cavaliers, he caught a glimpse of a face partly turned towards him, so beautiful even in that crowd of lovely women, that bull, cavaliers, matadores, and everything else, were at once forgotten. The English Court in King James the First's reign was remarkable for the degree of beauty that adorned it; but Listowel felt in an instant that anything so lovely as this he had never seen. It was a young lady, between eighteen and twenty. She was speaking when he first caught sight of her. The sweet musical tone of her voice, the beauty of her lips as her words overflowed, to use Horner's metaphor, the pearl-like enclosure of her teeth, the graceful lines of her figure, resolving themselves with every moment into new and ever-charming

combinations, exceeded his wildest ideal of female loveliness. She was the original of the portrait: but then there was health as well as beauty in the cheek, and brightness and animation in the eyes instead of that deep and desolate sadness which strikes the spectator so vividly in those of the picture.

For a few moments Listowel was completely bewildered. But he was not a man to lose his self-possession for long. Habitually cold and cautious, he looked again and again to make sure that his first glance had not deceived him. He scrutinized carefully and critically the peculiar points of her national beauty, mentally reviewing at the same time the ladies of the English and French Courts most celebrated for their charms, and the more he gazed the more he found to admire. "I will wait a little while," thought he, "for an opportunity of addressing her, and if none should occur I must make one." For he it known that Listowel was not one of those lovers who are satisfied with worshipping their divinities at a distance; nor had it ever been his habit to let his admiration remain long unknown to its object. An opportunity, however, did occur, and that shortly.

The combat was progressing vigorously; the bull made a succession of splendid rushes, and the interest of the spectators was excited in a corresponding degree, when suddenly a thrill of horror appeared to seize the vast multitude, causing it to surge to and fro in wild and uncontrollable excitement. The sparkling countenance of the fair girl whose variations Sir Edward had been admiringly watching became blanched with terror, as she fell back in her seat, and covered her face with her hands. He looked up, and sprang to the edge of the gallery to ascertain the cause of the sudden excitement. The bull had cleared with a bound the palisade between the arena and the humbler portion of the spectators, who fled in all directions. But promptly to the rescue came a matadore. One moment his long knife gleamed in the air, the next, the huge animal staggered and dropped at his feet. Loud "Vivas" rent the air; the crowd, more frightened than hurt, gathered round the foam-covered carcase, and Listowel, as he returned to his seat, addressed the young lady in a few appropriate words, begging her to calm her agitation, as the danger was over and no one injured. She withdrew her hands from her eyes, and raising them to the young Englishman, whom she had observed springing forward at the first alarm, answered, "Are you certain, sir? I thought I saw the terrible animal trampling down all before him."

"Fair lady, the sport is over, as far as that

bull is concerned, and before he could do any mischief he was despatched by one of the matadores."

The conversation once begun, Listowel took good care not to suffer it to languish.

He spoke Spanish fluently. His accent, it is true, was unmistakably English, but that very circumstance, indicating that he was attached to the Prince's suite, was, as he knew full well, more likely to advance his suit with



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any lady in Madrid than if he had been a grandee of the first class. He did not yet know Olivia de la Pena, or he would have felt how little impression things of that sort made on her mind. Donna Olivia was most curious

about England and the English, their manners, and modes of thought.

"And they are all heretics?" she asked, crossing herself.

"By far the greater part," answered Sir

Edward; "but," he added, for he did not relish the tone in which she had spoken, "those distinctions are things of the past: religious animosities are forgotten; and our Prince is now come over, like some knight of old, to woo the King's sister, whilst the Pope himself is about to sanction their union."

"But still he is a heretic," persisted Donna Olivia, rather giving utterance to her own thoughts than addressing her companion.

"Sits the wind in that quarter," thought Listowel, "it is hard, but I can trim my sails to meet it. He has been educated in the reformed faith," he replied, "but one of the distinctive features of our doctrines is, that they sanction, and even encourage, inquiry. Our religion is instilled into us in youth, but if the judgement of maturer years rejects it, we never hesitate to recant our errors."

"Oh indeed!" exclaimed Olivia; and her cheek kindled, and her eyes flashed, as she turned them upon her companion with an eager, searching look.

Listowel avoided the glance, but he felt it, and thoroughly read its expression.

It was little more than a month after the scene at the bull-fight, that the light of the waning moon, as it streamed through the trellised entrance of a grotto in the palace-garden of Don Felix de la Pena, discovered a lady and a cavalier. The gentleman was speaking in low and earnest tones. The lady eagerly listened.

"Remember, Olivia," he said, "all that has happened since we met. Through you I have abandoned the faith of my ancestors, and now you would have me act in direct hostility to my Prince. Bitterly opposed as your father is known to be to this marriage, how can one of the Prince's suite demand your hand? No, my love," he continued, softening his voice as he spoke, "our union must be secret. A few months passed, and these negotiations terminated, I can call you mine in the face of the world, and carry you to England, where you will reign the queen of beauty in the court, and the mistress of my home and happiness."

"Then why not wait till then?" said Olivia, in a low and faltering voice, as if she readily anticipated the reply.

"Trifle not with me, dearest," answered he; "you know that in three days I leave Spain with despatches for the King. The Prince has chosen me to carry them to England, and I cannot explain to him the real cause of my reluctance. I must go: and how can I, without putting it beyond the power of fate to rob me of you? How can we tell

what measures your father may adopt to induce you to accept the husband he has chosen for you?"

"And do you doubt my truth," said Olivia, raising her eyes to her lover's face with a look that would have calmed the soul of Othello. But Listowel did not doubt. He had learned to know that death on the one hand, and the crown of Spain on the other, would never have tempted Olivia to break her plighted faith. Assurance on this point was not his object.

"Doubt you, dearest? no!" he answered. "But strange things are done in this country. Fathers have unlimited power, and sometimes but few scruples how they use it. Dearest, you must be mine before I leave Madrid. If not, I cannot go in peace—I cannot go at all. Yes," he passionately exclaimed, "I will forfeit everything,—duty, friends, prospects,—rather than leave you, unless you are irrevocably mine."

Five short weeks before, and Olivia had never seen Sir Edward Listowel. He was now master of her whole soul; they had met daily. The hopes he had held out of his conversion served the double purpose of a pretext for these frequent interviews, and a veil that prevented Olivia from discovering, until too late, the real state of her feelings. Long before she had gained, as she devoutly hoped, a soul for heaven, her fate was sealed. She loved with a fixed unity of feeling, an overflowing tenderness, such as only a soul like hers could feel. And if the time that had sufficed to effect all this was short, remember, gentle reader, that time must not be reckoned by numerals only. The events of a day not unfrequently change the current of a lifetime; and the feelings of years are sometimes compressed into one hour's intense sensation. Well for you if you have never known the truth of this!

The work of proselytism now went forward rapidly, and her full confession of irrepressible love was made, as she fondly believed, to a Roman Catholic. Still there were many obstacles to surmount, and, but for that mission to England, she might have lived to look back upon these moonlight interviews as a romantic episode of her girlish days. But her lover's arguments were not altogether groundless, her faith in him was implicit, her father was stern and unapproachable, and the flowers had blossomed many times over the grave of the mother who might have saved her.

They were privately married. Two days afterwards Listowel informed his bride that the journey to England was indefinitely postponed. Even the callous heart of this follower

of Buckingham was touched by the delirious joy with which she welcomed his words, and a sharp though transient pang of unavailing remorse made him almost shrink from her fond embrace.

About this time the portrait was begun. Velasquez did not know who the lady was who came secretly to sit to him, and satisfied with having to paint one of the loveliest faces that artist ever transferred to canvas, did not inquire. "It is only a head," soliloquised the great master, "but it is worthy of immortality, and it shall be the finest creation that ever passed from my pencil."

"What a radiant creature!" he exclaimed, as he stood gazing on his unfinished work one day towards the hour he expected her visit. "What a noble brow! What a glorious spirit lighting up the whole countenance! What life and brilliancy in those eyes! This must be love—and a love smiled upon by Fortune."

"The expression of the eyes was less bright to-day," thought the painter, as he contemplated the progress of the picture after the sitter was gone. "I did not much perceive it at the time, but I copied closely the expression that was there, and certainly the countenance is a little clouded. It may have been my fault: perhaps it was my eyes that were dim. At all events I will be very careful next time."

Painstaking and careful indeed he was; but the change was now beyond a doubt. It was perceptible as she sat, and still more so in the portrait.

"The character of this piece is altering visibly," thought the artist. "At one time I thought it would have been the most radiant creature my art has ever embodied; but it will not be so now. It is beautiful still, perhaps more beautiful than ever, but the expression is saddened and subdued."

And thus it was, through faithfully copying the eyes of Donna Olivia, that those of the portrait grew sadder and sadder day by day, until they wore that look of mournful desolation so conspicuous in them still. Hers was the bitterest grief of all, more bitter than the grief of the bride who has lost her love while her faith was still whole in him—in him who has passed away in the flush and the hope of youth, like an air but just begun, the chords ceasing to vibrate while their tone was sweetest. She was beginning to doubt her husband's truth and love.

Soon after their marriage he began to tire of the perpetual hypocrisy necessary to sustain her belief in his conversion. The first moment that a doubt of this crossed her mind was perhaps the bitterest in her life. It is difficult

for us to realise the exclusive spirit of Roman Catholicism, and the odium associated with the very name of heretic in the breast of a Spaniard, and above all, a Spanish lady—of that age. In Olivia's case, religion had been the only object her feelings had fed upon, until she had seen Listowel. Even the love now paramount in her heart had been entwined with religious thoughts and anxieties, and reached its climax with her lover's conversion. The revulsion of feeling was terrible, and to add to her misery she could hardly resist the conviction that he had played the hypocrite. "But no," she repeated, "he is too noble and too true to have acted thus. He *thought* he believed. He was blinded by his love for me!"

Whatever that love might have been, it soon became too apparent that it no longer exercised such an all-potent influence. He became irritable and impatient whenever she urged the subject of religion, and in his heat would sometimes say things that stabbed her to the heart. The Prince's visit was drawing to a close, and Listowel began to talk of returning with him, and to urge the necessity of deferring the announcement of their marriage for some months. Strange to say, although Donna Olivia keenly felt the insult, she did not resent it. Her once proud spirit was crushed and broken. She had staked all upon a cast, and heart, hope, and energy were lost together.

Still she could scarcely believe that her husband no longer loved her. "When I recall what he has said on this very spot, it is impossible. I have become depressed and anxious about his conversion, and so look at things in a gloomy light. Not love me! It is impossible he should not. I will come to a full understanding with him this night about this English voyage. If I do not go with him I shall never live to see him again."

There was a path arched in with trellis-work that bent beneath the clustering vine, a path that led to a grotto where a little fountain sparkled and played in the moonlight, dear to Olivia's memory, often since. She had first listened in that spot to her husband's vows of eternal love; and when wounded to the heart by his neglect, thither had she gone to recall the looks and tones of happier times, hoping against hope, striving in the recollection of the past to disbelieve the present. She was waiting for him there.

"Impossible," said he, in answer to her trembling appeal. "The negotiations with the Spanish Court wear an unfavourable aspect. The Prince sails without his bride, and it is impossible for me to acknowledge a marriage with one of the bitterest opponents

of the whole scheme. No ; stay, Olivia, until the Infanta comes to England, then avow our union, and come over in her suite to join me."

"That will never be, Edward. He is, as I said,—as I said to you the first day we met,—he is a heretic. They will never come together."

"Accursed be the word !" said Listowel, who was latterly strangely irritable whenever his wife touched upon the subject of religion. "Heretic, as you call him, the Infanta would be only too glad to keep him in her net, and Don Phillip himself would renounce the Pope and all his works to call the Prince of Wales brother."

"Be it so or not," sadly answered Olivia, "the match *will* be broken off. Edward, I must go with you. How can I bear this concealment, which even now preys upon me so heavily, when you are gone ? Do you think I could live ?"

"It is wild and wicked, Olivia," returned he, "to talk thus of the effects of a few months' separation. It is absolutely necessary that I should return alone to England, but you can follow me ere long."

"A few months ! I shall never live to see those months in Spain, Edward. Can it be true,—is it possible that you are willing to leave me, that you *wish* it ? Oh, my husband !" he exclaimed, fondly clinging to him, "say that you will take me with you !"

Listowel's reply, as he shrank from her embrace, was couched in the coldest terms. So true is it that when love has passed away, its endearments that once thrilled through the very soul become absolutely repugnant. Olivia felt the gesture even more than the words it accompanied. All the slumbering side of the heart he had trampled upon burst forth into life and vigour. The impulse was ansitory, but it impassioned her whole being at the moment, and starting to her feet, she claimed,—

"Then hear me, sir, I *will* go with you. You are so lost to all sense of honour and humanity, I will appeal to the Prince of Wales. He shall hear my story. He will tell me whether the wife of—"

"He will tell you, madam," interrupted Listowel, compressing his fury at this threat to a sneer a devil might have envied, "he will tell you that *you are not my wife* ! He will tell you that I am already married !"

For a few seconds Olivia stood speechless and motionless. Then came the terrible, resonant scream of human agony that passes human endurance, and she fell headlong to the earth. It was the last sound that ever passed her lips.

N.

GOODWOOD AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

It is not our intention to describe the "glories" of that annual gathering on the south downs in Sussex which has gained the name of the "ladies'-meeting," as they have already been chronicled by abler pens in the newspapers of the day ; our object is to give a brief description of this ancestral home of the Lennox family, interspersed with a few anecdotes of some of those who have participated in the hospitalities of the Dukes of Richmond, since the period when the races were first established in 1802. In the spring of the previous year, however, a meeting was arranged by the members of the Goodwood Hunt and the officers of the Sussex Militia, which took place on the Harroway, close to the present course. The first meeting in 1802 was held on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of April, during which the money given amounted to 313*l.*, amount of stakes 325*l.* 10*s.*, amount of matches 362*l.* 10*s.* ; total, 1001*l.* Among the matches was one for 100 guineas, between the Prince of Wales's Rebel by Trumpeter and the Duke of Richmond's Cedar, which was won by the former. In a notice of the above meeting, the sporting newspaper writer of that day, after referring to the gentlemen jockeys who rode in many races, thus refers to the Duke of Richmond :—"To the efforts of equestrian skill is to be added the princely and almost unprecedented munificence of the noble founder of Goodwood Races, in providing the newly erected stand with a collation, which might be entitled a general refrigerium, for the access was as easy as the reception was elegant and hospitable."

The Duke of Richmond here referred to was the third of the line, and came to the title and estates at the early age of fifteen. Like his predecessors, he chose the military profession, and arrived at the rank of major general. Great attention was paid to his education, and when only sixteen he set out on his travels and remained some time abroad. While on the Continent, the Duke of Richmond imbibed a taste for the fine arts, and there is but little doubt that the encouragement first afforded by him to British artists, finally led to the establishment of the present Royal Academy. In March, 1758, he opened a gallery at his house in Whitehall, in which was displayed a large collection of original plaster casts taken from the best ancient statues and busts both of Rome and Florence. Every painter, sculptor, or student was freely admitted ; and, for the further encouragement of genius, his Grace bestowed two medals annually on such as had exhibited the two best models. The Duke was a thorough reformer, and supported

annual parliaments and universal suffrage : among his intimate friends and guests were the first Duke of Newcastle, Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Norfolk, and other leading Whigs of that day. Romney, the eminent painter, constantly partook of the hospitalities of Goodwood, and has left there a memorial of his talent in a well-executed likeness of his patron, the third duke.

The fourth Duke of Richmond, who succeeded on the death of his uncle to the titles and estates in 1806, was one of the most popular men of the day ; his duel with the Duke of York, to which we shall presently allude, created a great sensation at the time. Among those who participated in his hospitalities were the late Duke of Wellington ; Lord Winchelsea, who acted as second to his Grace in the above duel ; Lords Egremont, Frederick Beauclerk, Bathurst, Apsley, Anglesey, and Gage ; Messrs. Dickins, Newnham, Burrell, General Crosbie, &c. The Duke was a first-rate cricketer, and his prowess at the old Marylebone Club was great, nor was it confined to England, for in the sister isle, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he played in many matches in Phoenix Park ; at Enghein too, within a few days of the Battle of Waterloo, where other more deadly balls flew about, the Duke was one of an eleven of guardsmen and old guardsmen ; and on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, where Wolfe fell victorious, the Duke, then Governor-General of Canada, again handled a bat, and showed how scores were won. His death by hydrophobia was deeply felt by his family and friends. I have given an account of it—not, I hope, wholly without interest—in my “Fifty Years’ Reminiscences.”

The late Duke of Wellington was a constant visitor at Goodwood during the days of the fourth and fifth Dukes of Richmond. As Sir Arthur Wellesley, the hero of a hundred battles had been secretary to the fourth Duke when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the friendship lasted until the death of the latter. The Iron Duke never forgot the family of his old ally ; he appointed the late Duke of Richmond, then Earl of March, Lords George and William Lennox, to his personal staff ; he gave the latter his cornetcy in the Blues ; he took Lord Arthur by the hand, and forwarded his interest in the early part of his military career, and eventually appointed, when commander-in-chief, the present Duke of Richmond as one of his aides-de-camp. Nothing delighted the great warrior more than passing a few days at Goodwood, either during the race week or the shooting season ; although not devoted to turf pursuits, and never laying

out a farthing on a race, his Grace seemed to take an interest in the meeting, and never failed to burst out into loud laughter when the gentlemen jockeys of his day appeared in cocked hats to ride for a stake which went by the name of the Cocked Hat Stakes. It certainly was a curious sight to behold Lord George Bentinck, Maloney, the late Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, the Berkeleys, Captain Pettat, and other amateurs decked out in racing gear, leathers, boots, and silk jackets, with a head-dress that reminded one of a chimney sweep on May-day, or Jerry of race-course notoriety.

The late Duke, justly called the Farmers’ Friend, succeeded to the title in August, 1819 ; and, following the steps of all his ducal predecessors, entered the army at the age of eighteen, serving with distinction during the Peninsular and Belgian campaigns. Of him his biographer has truly said :—

“As one of England’s worthies, he preferred to pass his days unostentatiously in benefiting his fellow men ; and though the highest political offices were within his grasp, although his name and abilities would have enabled him to figure brilliantly in the *bead roll* of our legislators, he considered that property has its duties as well as its rights, and devoted himself to a useful sphere of action, which has begun to prove itself of the greatest advantage to the community. To the great body of the public the good deeds of the Duke of Richmond are comparatively unknown. Historians are too apt to overlook the victories of peace ; they charge their palettes with the most brilliant colours to depict the exploits of great generals and conquerors, but they consider it beneath their dignity to record the services of men who effect equally important conquests over the prejudices and ignorance of the nation, or furnish an example worthy of emulation by their peers.”

Upon more than one occasion the late Duke of York was a visitor at Goodwood, but few events connected with his presence there occurred worthy of record ; his royal highness was ever extremely affable to those invited to meet him, and enjoyed the day’s sport, the dinner, and, above all, a rubber of whist, as much as anyone could enjoy such out-door and in-door amusements. During his visit in 1825 to the late Duke of Richmond, a circumstance happened which caused a little sensation at the time. One morning after breakfast the royal guest expressed a wish to see the house, and in going over it was accompanied by his host and one of his brothers. After paying every attention to the pictures in the entrance hall, the corridor, the Long hall, the

* Memoir of Fifth Duke of Richmond.

dining and waiting rooms, the party proceeded to the large library. "Fine collection of books," said the Commander-in-Chief, "beautiful ceiling—where does that door lead to?" "To my morning-room," responded the host. "Snug, very snug," continued royal York, entering the apartment; "a small armoury, and a portrait of your old Peninsula charger, Roncesvalles; swords, guns, and pistols." "An excellent ordnance map of Sussex," said the Duke of Richmond, evidently anxious that his royal highness should not devote too much of his attention to a glass case in which, among other arms, were a pair of pistols. "Duelling pistols," said the latter, "hair-triggers, I suppose, eh?" "Yes, sir," responded the owner of Goodwood, "and that is a plan of Hainaker Park, where the deer are now kept." "That was a splendid haunch yesterday," proceeded the royal visitor, again turning to the armoury, the Duke still on tenter-hooks. "And is there any history attached to those pistols?" Fortunately at this moment a servant entered to say the carriages were at the door, and put an end to the conversation; had it not been for this, the truth might have come out, that the weapons which had attracted his royal highness's attention were the identical ones used by the father of his host in his memorable duel with the Duke of York, a bullet from one of which had carried away one of the royal duellist's side curls. Not wishing to perpetuate an event which all were anxious to bury in oblivion, the Duke of Richmond shortly afterwards parted with the fatal tubes, and the circumstance connected with the Duke of York's visit had entirely escaped his memory, when one day, many years afterwards, his Grace and the same brother who had been present with him on the occasion referred to, were being shown a small armoury at Windsor Castle, which had been arranged most artistically under the immediate superintendence of the Prince Consort. "You see those pistols," said the attendant, "those were the ones used by the Duke of York in his duel with Colonel Lennox in the year 1789."

Happily those days of murderous contests, filled by a sad perversion of language, "affairs of honour," no longer exist; and Chalk Farm, Wimbledon Common, Battersea Fields, and the Royal Parks, formerly the arenas for passages at arms, the duello, and "parading friend on the daisies," with only ten or twelve paces between the muzzles of the pistols, are now devoted to more peaceful pursuits; and houses, gardens, commons for volunteer practice, walks amidst shrubs and flowers, occupy the spots desecrated by fiendish anger and unholy deeds of blood.

Goodwood derives its name from its Saxon owner, Godwineas, and was included in the survey made of the kingdom by the direction of the Norman conqueror, and appears in Domesday Book as Godinwood. It is in the manor and parish of Boxgrove. In the reign of Henry I., the Lordships of Boxgrove and Hainaker were united, and given to Robert de Haila, who had married a lady of royal blood. The joint property passed through his descendants by the female side to Sir Thomas West, Lord de la Warre, who was compelled by Henry VIII. to exchange it for the Abbey of Whewill, in Hampshire, A.D. 1540. It remained vested in the Crown until 1560, when Henry, Earl of Arundel, obtained a grant to hold it in *capite*; in 1584, John, Lord Lumley, and Jane Fitzalan, his wife, aliened it by sale to Henry Walrood, Esq. It was thus described, "Ret. Par., 26th of Elizabeth, Godinwood Manor, with its appendages, and 2 houses, 4 gardens, 2 orchards, 200 acres of park land, 10 of arable, 500 of pasture, and 300 of wood, &c., in Hamptonet." In the reign of Charles II., it was in the possession of the family of Caryll, of Hasting, as an act of attainder against John Caryll, Esquire, of Goodwood, was passed in the 26th year of his reign. About the year 1720, the estate was purchased by Charles, first Duke of Richmond, of the family of Compton, who then held the manor of the adjacent parish of East Lavant. Hainaker or Halnecke, which was built in the reign of Henry VIII., was purchased in 1765, by the third Duke of Richmond. King Edward visited the place July 27th, 1551, and in a "Legend of Halnecke," which appeared in an annual some years ago, some interesting details of the royal visit have been given; our pages, too, have contained an historical notice of Boxgrove Priory,* which stands on this property.

Every Duke of Richmond, from the first of that title, the natural son of Charles II., down to the present noble owner of Goodwood, has been a supporter of all manly sports, hunting, shooting, and racing; to the late and the present duke, however, are the "glories" of the annual race-meetings to be attributed. Established by the third duke, fostered by the fourth, and warmly patronised by the fifth and sixth, they have attained their present celebrity. What a contrast would be the meeting of 1802 and that of 1865! At the former period, provincial race-meetings were as different to what they are at present, as the drunken country squire of Fielding's time would be to the polished sportsman of our day.

* See Vol. IV., p. 410.

The annual gathering was looked forward to by every class, from the high-born aristocrat to the humblest tiller of the soil ; the owners of the mansion and park, of the homestead, of the cottage, invited their relatives and friends for the week ; while the steward, the bailiff, the huntsman, the groom, the gardener belonging to the leading noblemen and gentry of the country filled their respective residences with their kith and kin. The grand stand, generally a small wooden building with a thatched roof, was occupied by the principal families of the neighbourhood ; while the yeoman, the farmer, the labourer, the tradesman, with their buxom wives and ruddy daughters, took up their stations in every sort of vehicle or on horseback opposite the winning-post. Champagne luncheons were unknown, and the luxuries of claret cup and Wenham Lake ice were as little thought of, as a *terrine de foie gras* or a glass of Chartreuse are sought after by a boor in the jungles of Africa, or an Ojibeway Indian in the wild forests of North America. A sandwich, a crust of bread and cheese, a glass of Old October, formed the midday repast of the upper ten thousand, while their wives and daughters partook of cake, fruit, and cowslip wine. A sweepstakes of 1*l.* 1*s.* each, a silver cup, a farmer's plate, and a hunter's stakes, with perhaps a match or two, owners on, furnished sport for the two days, and as there were usually three or four heats for each race, the quantity if not the quality of the contests was as great as it is in the present day. A race ordinary, which some liberal patron of the turf furnished with venison, took place on the first day of the meeting, when a considerable quantity of strong sherry and fiery military port was "drunk on the premises," as were many of the party ; matches were made for the following day, stewards for the coming year were named, the old stewards proposed the new stewards' healths, a compliment which was reciprocated, and headache and heartburn were the natural consequences of the extraordinary orgies. A ball at the Town Hall at Chichester on the second day furnished amusement to the fairer sex, albeit many a dancing man staggered into the room from the stewards' feast so *Bacchi plenus* that he might have sang with truth a verse of a song at that time most popular—

I was drunk with my passion, so mortally drunk,
That nothing would do but a *reel*.

After an innumerable quantity of country dances, cotillons, and Sir Roger de Coverley—for quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, and galops had not been then imported—a sitting-down sup-

per was announced, where loyal and patriotic toasts, concluding with the health of the ladies, were drank in three times three, amidst the shouts and hurrahs of the somewhat vociferous gentlemen.

Such were the humours of a country race-meeting at the commencement of the present century, and which the introduction of the rail has completely altered. Now, thousands of Londoners, men from the manufacturing districts, and ladies from the metropolis and country towns, are conveyed by rail to the rural race-meetings, and all is noise, bustle, and confusion. The number of horses, the value of the prizes, are increased a hundred-fold, and the cups or pieces of plate are the finest specimens of artistic and classic art, completely throwing into the shade the old-fashioned gold tankards. What can be more exquisite than the cups furnished this year at Goodwood Races, especially the one manufactured by Hunt and Roskell, which represents an incident that occurred at Cowdray Park, within a dozen miles of Goodwood, during a visit of Queen Elizabeth to that mansion, formerly the residence of the Montagu family ? Instead of "the ghost of a luncheon," such as we have described, the entire enclosure within the rails appears like a huge table, groaning (as the newspapers say) under the weight of the delicacies of the season. Race ordinaries are quite out of fashion, and men go sober to the ball, to walk through a quadrille, whirl through a waltz, or bound through a polka. Thousands of pounds are now risked, where a guinea, a new hat, a tavern dinner, were wont to be the usual wagers at provincial meetings ; and this reminds us of a saying of an old and most respected tradesman at Chichester, who, upon our asking him whether he ever speculated at a race, replied, "I never bet more than a halfpenny bun in my life, and then I made a stipulation, that if I lost I was to have the first bite."

WILLIAM P. LENNOX.

OUR CONSECRATIONS.

FROM out each yesterday of life

All have some precious store to keep :
Some little store of golden worth,

Some treasure rescued from the deep
Of those gone hours ; ere yet the waves
Of time have closed their quiet graves.

Thrice dark of all dark days that one

Which leaves no brightness from its hours,

No nightingale to sing at eve,

No after fragrance from its flowers,

No holy dew distilled from Heaven,

To consecrate it fresh at even.

Bless'd art thou, heart that yearnest (though
The tears that dim thine eyes be vain)
To call back something from thy past,
Some yesterday to life again.
The gladder summer of our years
We consecrate by autumn tears.

Each consecrates some precious part,
Some secret store of hidden worth :
We garner each our harvest sheaves
Our golden memories of earth,
Against the winter time of need ;
That we may after come and feed.

And when the yesterdays of life
Shall all be numbered, still I deem
Each one shall have his store to keep,
His fadeless relic of earth's dream :
Some shadows softened by God's light,
Some star that made his journey bright.

ISABELLA LAW.

MONSIEUR OUFLE.

CERVANTES dealt knight-errantry its death-blow when he wrote "Don Quixote," and perhaps the Abbé Bourdelot hoped to destroy the superstition of were-wolves, when he composed the ludicrous romance of "Monsieur Oufle."

This curious book appeared at the beginning of last century, when the learned were attacking vulgar superstitions upon philosophical grounds.

The book is excessively rare, and I am indebted for my knowledge of it to "Hörst's Zaubrer Bibliothek," itself a scarce work. Hörst quotes from the Dantzig edition of 1712.

I have taken some liberties with the conclusion, as Hörst provokingly does not extract it.

It will be seen at once that the name, Oufle, is an anagram on *le fou*.

A cheerful man was M. Oufle, who loved a jovial evening with his friends, a glass of good wine, and a merry tale. A worthy man, too, was he, the most exemplary of husbands and the most indulgent of fathers,—but he had his weakness—which of us has not!—and his weakness was weakness of intellect; in short, he was a very good, a very respectable, a very kind-hearted man, but also a very silly one.

He regarded himself as a bit of a philosopher, and despised superstition, yet for all that, he was fidgeted if the salt-cellar were upset, alarmed if the knife and fork were crossed, and he would positively decline to make the thirteenth at dinner.

It was Carnival time, and M. Oufle invited all his own relations and his wife's relations to dinner. A pleasant evening they passed; they ate and they drank, and they talked and they sang,—they ate till they were more than satisfied, drank till they were very merry, talked

themselves dry, and sang themselves hoarse. Far be it from me to assert that any of the party had drunk more than he ought, but they had all grazed the line of moderation, and M. Oufle, being naturally light-headed, had become exceedingly "jelly."

When the relations withdrew, the children went to bed, Madame Oufle took her candle and departed with her lady's maid, and M. Oufle, for the sake of a little exercise, feasted up and down his chamber, whistling a plaintive melody, and whistling it out of tune.

This gentleman's eldest son, who had inherited all his father's amiable qualities, and his empty-headedness into the bargain, had slipped off from the paternal house by the back door, as soon as the guests began to leave, in a masquerading dress, and had betaken himself, after the manner of scapegraces, to a ball.

M. Oufle, having wearied of describing curves in his own room, opened the door and went up-stairs, a process attended with difficulties which would have proved insuperable but for the assistance of the banisters. Arrived on the landing, M. Oufle observed his son's door open, so he walked into the room, impelled either by curiosity or by a desire for a little more conversation.

The son was, however, at that time dancing in the ball-room of a hotel two streets off.

M. Oufle, not finding the young man, sat himself down beside the bed, and began to overhaul the various masquerading dresses which his son had left out upon his chair. There was a neat suit of green and gold, intended as a forester's dress; there was a costume of the time of François I., covered with spangles; and last, but not least, there was a bearskin suit, so contrived that the wearer of it was covered with fur from head to foot, and looked precisely like a black bear escaped from a travelling caravan. M. Oufle turned this dress over and over, and its originality attracted his interest. He thought he should like to see whether it would fit his person; he therefore arrayed himself in the habit, and found that it suited him to a T. Just then the idea entered his head that the opportunity of disabusing Madame Oufle of her superstitions had now presented itself. Madame Oufle was nearly as great a fool as her husband, and that is saying a good deal. She was infected with the vulgar belief in witchcraft and demonology, and believed implicitly that warlocks could transform themselves into wild beasts for the purpose of devouring children.

"Now," mused M. Oufle, "is a chance for me to eradicate these baneful superstitions from her mind. If she sees me in this dress,

and takes me to be a were-wolf, and when I show her the deception, she will never believe in the supernatural again."

Accordingly he walked to his wife's door and listened. The servant was still with her mistress, so M. Oufle retreated down-stairs to the dining-room, intending to wait till his good lady was alone; and that he might know when the maid was dismissed, he placed the door a-jar.

Then, taking up a book, he seated himself before the fire. The book happened to be Bodin's "*Dæmonomania*," and M. Oufle opened it at the chapter on Lycanthropy.

He read on, and the tales of were-wolves floated in strange colours through his brain, till he fell asleep with his head on the table, and the book on his lap. And as he slumbered he dreamed of sorcerers being provided by the Evil One with wolf-skins which they were condemned to wear for seven years, and of Lycaon sentenced by Jove to run about in bestial form, till a piercing shriek and a crash brought him with a start to his feet.

The lady's maid, after having pinned her mistress's back hair into a heap, and fitted over it the nightcap, had left the chamber, and had come down-stairs. As she passed the dining-room, she saw that there was still a light in it, and thinking that the candles had not been extinguished, she entered precipitately to put them out.

There in the dead of night she stood—and saw before her a monstrous black bear fast asleep before the fire, snoring loudly, with its head on the table and its snout up in the air, its hind paws upon the fender, a silk pocket-handkerchief over one knee, and a book on the lap. No wonder that she dropped her candle and screamed.

But the shriek which testified to her fear frightened M. Oufle out of the few senses he did possess. He sprang up, bewildered with his dreams, confused with the fumes of wine, and alarmed at the suddenness of his *reveil*. Opposite him was a pier-glass. He forgot entirely all the circumstances connected with the assumption of the bear-skin, and with the last impressions produced by Bodin, and by his dream, stamped upon his brain, he jumped to the conclusion that he was bewitched, and that he had been changed into a were-wolf. Full of this idea he dashed past the terror-stricken maid; and his wife, who had rushed to the landing, saw a frightful monster bounding down the stairs, uttering howls sufficiently loud to awake the dead, heard it unlock the front door and burst into the street. Thereupon, she fainted away.

M. Oufle, impelled by terror, ran along the

street yelling for assistance; he was naturally provided with a deep and sonorous bass voice, but his voice sounded hollow and fearful through his hideous vizor.

A few terrified people appeared in their night-caps at the windows, only to run back and bury themselves trembling beneath the clothes.

A watchman who had started on his rounds came upon him suddenly as he turned a corner, and dropping his lanthorn beat a precipitate retreat.

In an adjoining street lived a fair damsel of considerable personal, but superior pecuniary, attractions, who was loved to distraction by a grocer's apprentice. The young man had made the lady's acquaintance as he served the shop, and had breathed his love over the cheeses he sold. His addresses had been countenanced by the beloved one, but were discouraged by the parents, who had not permitted the devoted youth to set foot within their doors. The apprentice had no other means open to him of testifying his devotion than by hiring a band of street musicians to perform at the rate of two francs an hour, during the silent watches of the night, below the window of the adored.

On the present occasion the band was performing the "*Descent of Mars*," when a discordant howl in their ears produced a sudden pause in their music not noted in their score, and the apparition of a monstrous bear running into the midst of them upon its hind legs, with ears and stumpy tail cocked up, produced such a panic among the sons of Orpheus, that they cast their instruments from them, and took to their heels. Not so the grocer's apprentice. True love knows not fear. He flew to the door of his beloved and cast himself before it, determined to perish in her defence.

But the monster, without perceiving him, ran on repeating its dolorous howls.

The grocer's apprentice rose from the doorstep, dusted his coat, collected the scattered instruments, cast an amorous glance at the window of the adored, and retired home.

A party of students from the University were that evening going their rounds, performing feats of heroism, of which they might boast among their companions. These feats were not attended with much danger, and yet the achievement of them was an object of considerable ambition. They consisted simply in breaking lamps, and wrenching the knockers off doors.

Some people might think that the smashing of a street lamp was an operation within the scope of the most infantine abilities, and that

the wrenching of a knocker from a door was neither a hazardous, nor a very heroic, act. But these people are entirely mistaken. The police occasionally interfere and capture one of those engaged in these acts, and if captured, it costs the student several francs to bribe the officer to let him escape.

Consequently, the ringing of a street bell at midnight is regarded by University men as an achievement equal to the bravest deed of a tried general, and the breaking off of a knocker is supposed to rank very much on a level with the proudest trophy of a blood-stained field.

On the night in question four valiant collegians were engaged on the hazardous undertaking of screwing up the door of a worthy citizen, an act of consummate ingenuity and sublime originality. Suddenly a wild and unearthly yell ringing through the hushed night, broke upon their ears. Instantly the four students paused and turned pale. In another moment they saw a diabolical object moving rapidly down the street towards them. The young men shrank against the wall, each endeavouring to get behind the other, and reversing the proverb of the weakest going to the wall, for in their struggle the ablest-bodied secured that position, whilst the feeblest was the most exposed, and served as a screen to the others.

The approaching monster stood still for an instant; and they were able to observe him by the wan light of the crescent new moon, and the flickering oil lamp slung across the head of the street. A fearful object! In their terror, the screw-drivers dropped from their fingers. The noise attracted the creature's attention, and it ran up the steps towards them, articulating words in a hoarse tone, which they, in their alarm, were unable to catch. Suffice it to say that the sight of this monster coming within arm's length was too much for their courage; with a shriek they burst past it, tumbling over each other, and rolling down the doorsteps, picked themselves up again and fled, palpitating, in four separate directions, calling for the police, imploring the aid of that august body which they had so long set at defiance.

What tales they related on the following morning to all the old ladies of their acquaintance, it is not for me to record. One of the students broke his sword, and vowed that he had snapped it in his fight with the Demon, another exhibited the bruises he had received in his fall, as evidence of the desperate character of the conflict, a third wore his arm in a sling as though it had been broken in the encounter, and all agreed that the monster

had fled from them, and not they from the monster.

The police! "Oh, horrors!" thought M. Outle, "they have summoned the aid of the police. I shall be captured, be tried and sentenced, and burned at the stake as a were-wolf."

The fear of this urged him to retreat stealthily homewards, keeping as much as possible in the shadows, lest any of the agents of justice should get sight of him, and carry him away to trial. If he could but reach home, he would implore his wife to stab him with a knife between the eyes, and draw some drops of blood, a sovereign cure for lycanthropy.

But poor M. Outle's head was never very clear, and now it was in a thorough condition of bewilderment, so that he completely lost himself, and slunk about the streets in a disconsolate manner, vainly searching for his own domicile. His bewilderment became greater with every step he took; his confusion and alarm were not a little heightened by his stumbling over an elderly gentleman and leaving him apparently dead of fright on the pavement.

It did not mend matters when, hearing a *fiacre* drive by, he suddenly stepped towards it and asked the way of the driver,—for the coachman jumped off his seat in a paroxysm of terror, and the horses, equally frightened, ran away with the carriage, whilst the people inside screamed through the windows.

At last M. Outle sat down on a doorstep and gave himself up to despair. The stake was before him, and his imagination conjured up all the horrors of his position, chained about the waist and dancing in the midst of the flames.

All at once, a familiar voice smote upon his ear,—the voice of his eldest son. A ray of hope penetrated his breast. He rose from his seat and walked to meet his first-born. That young gentleman was returning from the masquerade ball at which he had been figuring. He had imbibed a considerable amount of wine before he left home, and he had absorbed a little more during the pauses in the dance. He was accordingly scarcely sober, and as he returned home, he sang or talked to himself at the top of his voice. But now he saw something which sobered him instantaneously. This was nothing else than his own masquerading habit of bear's skin, which he had left hanging over the back of his chair, walking deliberately towards him, as though the spirit of the departed Bruin had re-tenanted his forsaken skin and was coming in the dead of night to demand a reckoning with him who had dared to use it as a Carnival habit.

He stood and looked at it with pale face

and staring eyes, whilst a shudder ran through his frame.

If it had been within the limits of physical possibility, he would have sunk into his shoes. When he heard his own name articulated in hollow tones from the muzzle, he turned heel, and fled like the wind. In vain did M. Oufle call after him; the louder he called, the faster fled the youth, and the distracted father was obliged to pursue his son.

The race was run with the utmost speed by both parties. The young man was urged on by terror lest the skin should overtake him, and M. Oufle dreaded losing sight of his son, lest he should at the same time lose all chance of regaining his home.

When M. Oufle le Jeune turned his white face over his shoulders, he saw the creature gaining upon him, and heard its hollow calls. He dodged from street to street, but he invariably saw the bear-skin double the corner and rush after him, turn where he would. It was in vain for him to hope to throw it out, and at last he ran straight for his home. This he had left by the garden. It was his custom to leave the house by the back door, and clamber over the garden rails, whenever he went out on his night expeditions, and now he made for the garden, hoping to climb the rails and escape through the door and lock it before the skin could overtake him.

He reached the railings. It was a difficult and delicate matter to surmount them with time at his disposal, but now that it was to be accomplished in no time at all, it was hazardous in the extreme. M. Oufle, junior, had reached the top, and was preparing to jump down, when a furry paw grasped his ankle and held him as though in a vice, for the monster proceeded to climb the railings, holding on to his leg. The poor youth vainly endeavoured to break away, he writhed and strained to be free; holding the iron bars with his hands, he vociferated loudly for help. The creature reached the top and clasped him round the waist, whilst the hideous snout was poked close to his ear over his shoulder. Both leaped together, and were brought up with a jerk.

The rails were topped with sharp dart-heads, and one of these caught in the hide, so that M. Oufle and his son were suspended from it in mid air, the latter in the arms of his father. Both cried together for assistance; the young man louder than ever when he heard the sonorous howls of his captor in his ear.

Lights appeared in the lower apartments at the back of the house, and presently the garden door was opened by a troop of terrified male and female servants, provided with blun-

derbuses, swords and pistols. In the rear appeared Madame Oufle, half-dressed, but with her night-cap on her head.

The young man called to his mother, and the moment she saw the hope of the family dangling in the grasp of the monster, she fainted away again. There was an old man, a servant of the house, who claimed and exercised supreme authority in the household. He walked forward with a pistol in each hand; and the youth cried to him to shoot the creature which clasped him, through the head. In vain did M. Oufle shout to him to desist, his words were lost in the mask, and he would undoubtedly have received a couple of bullets through his head, had not the buttons of the dress just then given way with a burst, and slipped M. Oufle in a heap upon the ground, leaving the habit torn and dangling on the spike of the rails.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed M. Oufle, sitting up; "the spell is off me."

"My father!" cried the flower of the family.

"My husband!" ejaculated the lady, recovering from her fainting fit.

"My master!" exclaimed the grey-haired servant.

"Let us embrace all round," said M. Oufle.
S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

ST. ROCHE'S WELL.

"Who goes a short path goes the longer way;
The rougher the road the shorter, they say,
To St. Roche's Wishing Well:
Heav'n grant me the wish of my heart at last!
Long long have I waited 'neath skies o'ercast,
Lo! here the dew-laden dell!"

He draws near the fount with its silver gleam,
Fit laver to mirror young love's first dream,
In some faëry vale forlorn:
He flings in a daisy, the saint's sweet bloom,
Twinning his wish with a pray'r in the gloom
Of that darksome April morn.

"Nay, chide me not, sister," a damsel prays,
"I've sought the saint's well full many sad days,
True love will at length prevail!
Again will I lie to the Wishing Well,
Once more to St. Roche my sorrows I'll tell,
Then back with the old old tale."

She plucked the blue star-flowers lining the rim,
Gently she dropp'd them in, thinking of him
Whose love lay nearest her heart;
Then home to her duties—how long must she bear
Her lonesome life fainting under its care!—
Turn'd slowly round to depart.

Right well doth the saint help his own, I ween!
Whose step is that parting the hazel screen?
Whose arm that circles her waist?
"True wife," she hears whisper'd, all mute and pale,
One touches her lips in the sacred vale,
And her heart forebodes the rest!

"The more of life's woe, the surer the bliss,
The longer love waits, the sweeter its kiss,
When the true soul finds its mate !

Dark years, dull sorrows, for ever have fled,
This daybreak brings with it new life instead ;
Be mine ! though I come so late !"



Learn, lovelorn maids, if of me you demand
The moral of this—that in Faery Land
There's some one your life to bless :

And if you be patient, loving, and true,
Be sure that at length he will come for you—
The prince for his own princess ! G.

A DAY AT THE TUSCAN SPRINGS.

As the shadows were growing long, and the sun hiding slowly behind the still distant hills, we reached the log-house of Major ——, near a small town called Tahama, on the upper waters of the Sacramento, in California.

It was welcome and refreshing to see trees, grass, and flowers after our long tedious ride over the barren dusty plains, exposed to the seething heat of a mid-day sun. Just discernable a-head, on a gentle knoll, peeping out

from amongst the live oaks, was the square substantial log-house—our destination.

I had two companions, one a half-breed from Red River, a thorough horseman, and as able a hand with rifle and lasso as I ever met with. The other a mountain man and a free trapper, who, to use his own expression, was "squainted with every trail and stream, from the Missouri to the Yellow Stone."

We were *en route* to the Shasta Plains, for

a hunting scamper ; I had just picked up my escort at Stockton, having met them before, east of the Rockies.

As we rode up, the major was seated on a log outside his house, puffing lustily a huge cigar. He was clad in a leather hunting suit, and had on his head a wide-brimmed white sombrero, like a Chinese umbrella.

Having read my letter of introduction, with prompt hospitality he ordered our horses to be driven into his caballada, and the saddles piled up in the general sitting-room.

Supper discussed, each coiled himself in his blanket, and slept as only a hunter can sleep. A bell ringing violently at sun-up awoke the slumberers, and the kind old major insisted on our being his guests for three or four days.

Breakfast dispatched, away went my two companions to hunt for elk that abound in the tule flats near by.

"Now, cap'en," said mine host as I was debating whether it would be wiser to remain quietly at home and enjoy a thoroughly idle day, or join the hunters, "I calkilate we've got to worry out this day somehow. S'ppose we take a ride over to the Tuscan Springs. It's a mighty strange place, you bet your life ; they say it's right over the Devil's kitchen, and when he's tarnation hot, he comes up and pops out his head to get a taste of fresh air. The very water comes rising up a-biling, and the pools flash into flame like powder, if you put fire near 'um."

"Why, major," I replied, "it is the place of all others I should enjoy seeing. How far is it ?"

"Waal, it ain't over fourteen mile, but a mighty bad road at that."

"Here, Joe, saddle up, and bring round two mustangs."

The mustangs are small compact horses, seldom exceeding fourteen and a half hands in height, descended from Spanish stock, originally brought into Mexico on its conquest by the Spaniards. They run wild in large herds on the grassy prairies in California and Texas, and are just lassoed when needed. I may perhaps mention *en passant* that a lasso is from thirty to forty feet long, and made of strips of raw hide plaited together. When a mustang is to be caught, an experienced hand always keeps the herd to windward of him, and when sufficiently near, circles the lasso round his head, and with unerring certainty flings it over the neck of the horse he has selected. The end of a lasso being made fast to a ring in the saddle, as soon as the horse is captured, the rider turns his steed shortly round, and gallops off, dragging the terrified and choking animal after him. The terrible

noose becomes tighter and tighter, pressing on the windpipe, until, unable to offer further resistance, the panic-stricken beast rolls in agony, half-suffocated on the prairie. Never after this does the horse forget the lasso—the sight of it makes him tremble in every limb. I have seen the most wild and vicious horses rendered gentle and docile in a minute by simply laying the lasso on the neck behind the ears. The breaking is a very simple affair : while the animal is down the eyes are bandaged, and a powerful Spanish bit placed in the mouth. This accomplished, he is allowed to get up, and the saddle is firmly "synched." The saddle commonly used in California differs very little from those in use through Mexico. The stirrups are cut out from a block of wood, and allow only the point of the toe to be inserted ; they are set far back, and oblige the rider to stand rather than sit in the saddle. One girth only is used, styled a "synch," made of horse-hair, and extremely wide ; no buckles or stitching is used, but all is fastened with strips of raw hide. Everything being complete, the rider fixes himself firmly in the saddle, and leaning forward jerks off the blind ; it is now an open question who is to have the best of it. If the man succeeds in sitting on the mustang until he can spur him into a gallop, his wildness is soon taken out of him, and one or two more lessons complete the breaking.

Joe by this time had made his appearance with the mustangs. Mounting, away we went at a raking gallop.

I know no exercise half as exhilarating and exciting as the *lope*, a kind of long canter, the travelling pace of a mustang. There is no jarring or jolting. All one has to do is to sit firmly in the saddle ; the horse, obeying the slightest turn of the wrist or check of the rein, swings along for hours at a stretch without any show of weariness.

Having crossed the Sacramento in a scow, a kind of rough ferry-boat, our road lay over broad plains and through scattered belts of timber. The grass was completely burnt up, and the series of gravelly arroyos, in and out of which we continually plunged and scrambled, marked clearly the course of the winter streams.

The air felt hot and sultry, but fragrant with the perfume of the mountain cud-weed. Not a cloud was visible in the lurid sky, and the distant mountains, thinly dotted with timber, seemed softened and subdued as seen through the blue haze. We entered a valley leading through a pile of volcanic hills that one could easily have imagined had been once the habitat of civilised man. The wooded glades had all the appearance of lawns and parks planted with exquisite taste ; the trees,

in nothing resembling the wild growth of the forest, were grouped in every variety of graceful outline.

On either side the hills were covered with wild oat as thick as it could grow, its golden yellow tints contrasting with the dark glossy green of the cypress, the oak, and the manzanita, had an indescribably charming effect. As we advanced the valley gradually narrowed, until it became a mere canon (the Spanish for funnel) shut in by vast masses of rock that looked like heaps of slag and cinder, bare, black, and treeless. A small stream of bitter, dark, intensely salt water trickled slowly through the gorge. Following a rough kind of road that led up the base of the hills for about two miles, we entered what I imagine was the crater of an extinct volcano, nearly circular, about a mile in diameter, and shut in on every side by columnar walls of basalt. There was a weird desolation about the place that forcibly reminded me of the Wolf's Glen in Der Freischütz—a fit haunt for Zamiel. Scarce a trace of forest life was to be seen, not a tree or a flower; everything looked scorched and cinderous, like the *débris* of a terrible fire, and smelt like a lime-kiln on a summer night.

A long narrow house resembling a cattle-shed stood in the centre of this circle.

"Waal, cap'en, I guess we've made the ranche anyhow," said the major as we drew up at the door of this most uninviting-looking establishment. "A mighty tall smell of brimstone," he further added, "seems coming up from 'old hoof's' stove-pipe. Kalkilate he's doing a tailish kind of a dinner down below."

I had no time to reply, ere the host, owner, and general manager of the Tuscan Springs made his appearance.

"How's your health, doctor?" inquired the major; "I've brought up Cap'en — to have a peep at your location. He's mighty curious about these kind of diggings."

"Waal, cap'en," said the doctor in a long drawling voice, "I am glad to see you. I rather guess you don't see such nat'ral ready-made places for curin' jist every sickness in the old country as we have in California. Here, boy, put up the mustangs. And now step in and I'll tell old aunty to scramble up some eggs and bacon, and then we can take a look round the Springs."

Aunty was a quaint specimen of the feminine gender, not at all suggestive of the *gentler* sex. Her features were small, but sharply cut. She was bent naturally, but not from age, and reminded me of Hecate. One would not have felt at all astonished at seeing her mount a broomstick and start on an aerial

trip over the burnt-up rocks. But all honour to her skill as a cook, she did her fixings admirably.

During dinner, I had ample time to take stock of Doctor Ephraim Meadows. His face would have been a fortune to a painter. His forehead high but narrow, and his eyebrows thick, bushy, and overhanging; his hair would have joined his eyebrows had not a narrow line of yellow skin formed a kind of boundary-line between them. Peering out from beneath his shaggy hair were two little twinkling, restless grey eyes, more roguish than good-natured. His nose, crooked and sharp, was like the beak of a buzzard, with thin dry lips that shut in a straight line which told in pretty plain language that he could be resolute and rusty if need be. The tip of his chin bent up in an easy curve, and was covered with a yellowish beard that had been guiltless of comb or shears for many a day. His nether limbs were clad in leather never-mention-uns, kept up by a wide belt, from which dangled a six-shooter. A red shirt, with an immense collar that reached the point of the shoulders, and a dirty jean jacket, completed his costume.

Our meal over, we started out to see the wonders of the doctor's establishment.

The house or hospital, as he designated it, was a long frame building, divided into numerous small rooms, all opening out on a kind of platform that extended the entire length of the building, and sheltered overhead by a rough kind of verandah. A camp-bed, wash-basin, and stool constituted the furniture of each apartment. Four sickly-looking men were walking feebly up and down the platform. These the doctor assured me were giants now as compared to what they had been ere they stumbled on the Tuscan Springs and his water-cure. The springs are about ten in number, but not all alike. In some of them the water rises at a temperature near to boiling, and densely impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, perfectly poisoning the air with a most insufferable stench. In others again the waters bubble up tepid, but bitter and saline. From two of them that widen out into pools, gas—I imagine some compound of hydrogen—rises constantly to the surface, and when I applied a lighted match to the water, a sudden flash lighted up the pool for a second or two, and this could be repeated at intervals of three or four minutes. This gas, by a simple contrivance, is collected and conveyed into a small shanty which is dignified with the name of Steam Bath, the gas being used to heat the water from one of the springs so as to fill a small room with steam.

I thought it one of the most singular and

interesting places I had ever visited—there can be no doubt that the springs rise from the crater of an extinct volcano, and that there is some active volcanic action still going on in the depths below. Incrustations of various salts and sulphur covered the edges of the pools and the rocks over which the water runs. The water they drink has to be brought from a spring on the other side of the encircling hills.

Although at this place I observed more direct evidence of some great internal fire or subterranean laboratory, in which nature is ever transforming the elemental forms of crude matter into available materials for the supply of organic life, still through Oregon and California I have constantly come across similar sulphurous and saline eruptions, particularly soda-water springs, where the water rises up through the earth thoroughly impregnated with carbonic acid gas.

At Nappa, not far from San Francisco, native soda-water is collected and bottled at the springs for the supply of the San Francisco market. Olympian nectar was never more grateful to the thirsty gods than is this soda water to the hot, parched, and thirsty hunter.

The doctor had many strange and wild theories about these springs, and evidently entertained a lively belief in their close proximity to his Satanic majesty's kitchen.

"Cap'en," said the doctor, "I kalkilate you ain't a-goin' home without just tryin' a bath?"

I at once declined—I did not feel at all ill, and as I bathed every day, grudged the trouble of undressing. It was of no use, the major joined the doctor. Persuasion failing, mild force was hinted at if I did not comply. I was led, or rather hustled into the bathing house. In one corner of this dismal-looking shed was an immense square tray, and over it was a most suspicious-looking contrivance like the rose of a giant's watering-pot. I shuddered, for I knew I should be held in that tray, and deluged from the terrible nozzle.

My miseries commenced by my being seized on by two brawny attendants—the bathers—and literally peeled like an onion, rather than undressed. This completed, a small door that I had not noticed before was opened, and disclosed a kind of cupboard about six feet square. A flap of board was raised by an attendant and supported by a bracket—a contrivance one frequently sees in small kitchens to economise room, and drop down out of the way when done with. On this I was laid, the janitors withdrew, the door slammed, and I was alone in the dark.

A sudden noise between a hiss and a whistle enlightened me as to the fact that sundry jets of steam were turned on. The room rapidly

filled, and the perspiration soon streamed from my skin. At first I fancied it rather pleasant, a sort of lazy sleepy feeling came over me, but as this passed away, I felt faint and thirsty, and yelled to be let out. No reply.

I began to think it anything but a joke, and again shouted. Not a sound but the hissing steam. My thirst grew insupportable; it seemed as if a live crab was gnawing and rending my stomach with his claws and nippers. I made several attempts to get off the table, but wherever I put my leg the burning hot steam came like a flame against it, and there was not sufficient room to stand betwixt the table and the partition of my steam prison. I called louder and louder; my reasoning powers were growing feeble, my presence of mind was rapidly abandoning me, a thousand wild fancies passed through my brain, I had given up all hope, when I saw a gleam of light. I have a vague remembrance of being dragged out, plunged into cold water, and being savagely rubbed with a kind of hempen rasp.

As I became quite conscious of what was going on, I was partly dressed, and lying on the grass, the doctor and the major standing close by, the bathers rubbing my hands and feet, and aunty, squatted on a log, was holding a cup containing some steaming mixture.

"O doctor!" I said, as well as I could articulate, "a little more and you would have had to bury me. I was nearly gone."

"Waal, cap'en, I kind of guess you must have had a near shave for life, but it warn't ment no how. You see the major and me just strolled up to take a peep at the mustangs, and the darned brutes stampeded, breaking clean out of the corral, and went past the bath-house like mad. The boys see 'em, and hearing us a-hollering, made tracks right after 'em, and never thought about your bein' a steamin'. Old aunty, by sheer luck, heerd you a-screamin' and a-snortin', and it mighty nigh skeert the old woman to death, for she thought old hoof was a bilin' himself. Up she came a-tearing and a-shrieking that something unearthly was in the steam-room; 'thunder and grizzleys!' says the major, 'the boys have forgot the cap'en, and gone right away after the mustangs.' You'd better believe we soon had you out, and you ain't none the worse for it, thank Providence."

The combined powers of aunty's mixture and the major's whisky-flask rapidly restored me. The villainous mustangs—the cause of my danger—were caught and saddled. Danger passed is lightly thought of, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh as the major quaintly told the story to the hunters of the cap'en's bath at the Tuscan Springs.

A RESCUE.



See page 239.

THE whole sky where the sun was setting was a deep, glowing, burning red ; so hot to look at that those exposed to its dying rays when they turned their faces towards it felt as though it had lost very little of its noonday heat. That it had been intensely hot was shown by the flickering haze which hovered over the sand ; drying the nostrils and the throat, and making man and beast long for water, even though it were no better than the dregs of a tank. The effect of the heat and fatigue combined was plainly visible in the condition of a troop of cavalry who were journeying slowly along in the direction of Oudh, now easily to be seen less than two miles distant. The troopers had dismounted as well as their officers, and trudged wearily along with their horses' bridles over their arms, the poor animals hanging their heads until they nearly touched the sand. The intention had been to take up their quarters in the town, but a suitable building offering itself nearly a mile nearer to them, capable of holding the

entire troop, they took possession of it, and the officer commanding it sent several of the native followers into the town for such things as were required.

The officer who led these men was well known personally or by reputation to most men in the service at that time, on account of his personal appearance. Few men out of Patagonia but appeared short by his side, and his strength was on a par with his gigantic stature ; a remarkable proof of which was given at a tiger hunt, which were then far more common than they are now, because both jungle and tigers were to be found in places which are now dotted about with villages. On the occasion in question there was only himself and three other officers present, one of whom was a major, whose wife was more noted for her courage and proficiency in manly occupations than for beauty or accomplishments, and who had joined them on an elephant which she had frequently ridden on similar excursions. More than one tiger was alarmed by

the approach of the elephants, and stole away through the jungle before the hunters could get a shot at them, but at last one was started on the edge of an open space, and while crossing this he received one or more balls in his body. The enraged animal, thinking only of revenge, turned and rushed at the assailant nearest to him, which happened to be Mrs. Quinton, and sprang at her with such fury, that, notwithstanding the height of the elephant, he nearly reached her. The elephant screamed and tried to run away, but the beast had fastened itself upon it in such a way that it could move but slowly, and meanwhile the tiger was gradually working its way upwards by his forepaws towards the lady, who, bold and courageous, was loading her gun afresh as fast as the position in which she was obliged to hold herself permitted. It was at this juncture that Elwyn rushed at the animal, and grasping it by the back of the neck with one huge hand, with the other he seized it by the loins, and, after a short struggle, tore it from the body of the elephant, and crushed it on the ground, where he held it until his companions had nearly blown its head to pieces by two successive discharges of the guns, the muzzles of which they had placed close to its ear.

This was the man who now stood with his hands in his pockets, watching his men as they washed the dust and sweat from their horses, waiting until he should be told that the meal was ready. While he was occupied thus a young officer came towards him, and with much eagerness told him that the natives who had been sent into the town had brought back the news that a woman was to burn herself on the following morning at sunrise in honour of her husband, at a large village between four and five miles out of their line of march. Elwyn did not at first seem to pay much attention to the circumstance, but after they had finished their meal, he returned to the subject, and discussed it with more animation. There was a difference of opinion between him and his subordinate as to the right that Europeans had to interfere in such a matter, the one maintaining that it might be prevented by force, the other that this could only be done in a case where the victim was an unwilling one. It was Elwyn who held the latter opinion, though he was inclined to yield it to his brother officer's, because he had been so long in the interior that the regulation might have been made after he had left Calcutta, from which city his companion had only recently arrived. As they were to commence their march at dawn the following morning, he decided that they would pass

through the village where it was to take place, and halt there to witness the spectacle, and act as he might see fit when on the spot. On reaching the village he halted the troop on the outskirts, and entered it with his brother officer, followed by most of the natives who attended the soldiers. They found the preparations for the ceremony completed. The funeral pile on which the body of the deceased husband was lying was about four or five feet high, and held firmly together by stakes of bamboo driven into the ground. The woman who proposed to sacrifice herself was standing seventy or eighty yards distant beside the river, from which she had evidently just emerged. The priests removed the dripping robe from her body, and substituted for it one made of red silk, after which wreaths of flowers were placed round her head and neck, and a longer string was passed over her head and hung across her breast in the fashion of a scarf. In the meantime two children of the deceased were led up to the pile, one of whom took two or three spoonfuls of rice from a bowl, and put them in his dead father's mouth. Elwyn, who was usually very impassive, was by this time roused into uncommon energy; his face was flushed, and his eyes gleamed, and the woman had moved only a few paces towards the pile when he strode up to her, and looked her full in the face. Despite his gigantic appearance and uniform, she seemed not to heed him, though she was prevented from advancing by his standing right before her. She looked perfectly calm and collected, but a close inspection showed that she was under the influence of a narcotic of some kind. He addressed her in the Hindoo language, but she took no notice, and on a motion of one of the priests, she turned aside, and moved in the direction of the pile. Elwyn did not attempt to prevent her, and walked by her side, the priests walking behind and on the other side of her. On reaching the pyre Elwyn again asked her whether it was of her own free will she was about to sacrifice herself, but she was still silent. The Brahmins then asked the same question, and she bowed her head as though to indicate the affirmative, but did not speak. She made the circuit of the pile on which her husband's body was placed seven times, and then stood still while a jar of what seemed to be a thick kind of oil was poured over her head. Four men then drew near, two of them carrying long and thick bamboo poles, apparently intended to lay across her to hold her down, and prevent her from springing from amidst the flames. Several women at the same time brought pitchers of water, which they placed

beside the pile; these were intended to pour over the naked bodies of the men who were to hold down the victim, to keep them from being scorched by the heat of the fire. After the performance of a few ceremonies, the young creature, aided by the priests, one on either side, was in the act of raising her foot to ascend the pile on which the body of her husband was lying, when Elwyn, apparently unable to control himself any longer, with a movement of his arm pressed the priest nearest to him out of his way, and lifting the woman from the ground as though she were a child, he carried her to a distance from the place of her intended sacrifice, and then stood her on her feet. The Brahmins said nothing, but the spectators murmured and looked threateningly at the Englishman, but at this moment the dragoons came up at a gallop, and they drew back without attempting to offer any resistance, while their countrywoman was being seated on one of the baggage waggons. All this time she made no objection to what was being done with her, and before they had gone far she had fallen into a profound sleep. Captain Elwyn had directed one of the most intelligent of the natives to remain near her to explain to her when she woke what had happened. She had some recollection of the matter, but her great desire was to know what was going to be done with her; this the man could not tell her, nor did Elwyn himself know, though when he saw how young she was and how handsome, he was more than ever glad that he had not suffered her to be burnt. To bring this narrative within as small space as possible, I may say that eventually Captain Elwyn made her his wife by the short and simple process which was commonly used in uniting Europeans with natives of the country.

A few years after this event the late Captain, now Colonel, Elwyn was living in a house near Agra. He had had five children by his native wife, but, strange to say, shortly after the birth of one child that which had preceded it had disappeared, and no trace could be discovered of either. In vain did he take every conceivable precaution to guard it, it was sure to vanish in some mysterious way within a few weeks, so that, it may be said, he never had more than one child at a time. He was now verging on middle age, and the loss of his children, of whom he was excessively fond, had so preyed on his mind, that he looked much older than he really was. His wife had been recently confined, and in order not to lose another child, he had applied for and obtained an appointment at Calcutta, which was so lucrative that he reckoned on being able to

realise such a fortune as would enable him to return to England at the end of three or four years. His departure for Calcutta had been fixed to take place as soon as his wife was in a fit state to be moved, and all the preparations for the journey had been made. On the eve of the day which was to be his last in his present abode, he took his little girl in his arms and walked down to the bank of the river. The day had been unusually hot and sultry, and he had remained all day indoors with his little girl beside him, for he would not now allow her to be out of his sight for a single instant by night or by day. He sat down by the river, and drawing the shawl in which he had wrapped her carefully about her, he sat smoking his pipe, looking now at the never extinguished fires which were consuming dead bodies on the opposite bank of the river, and then watching the sluggish progress of a little light which indicated the passage of a corpse floating along to help make up the thousands which yearly enter the Hooghly. While his attention was thus absorbed by the thoughts which were passing through his mind, a dark object was stealthily creeping along the sandy ground. On arriving within a few yards of him it sank slowly to the ground, remained motionless for a minute or two, then crawled along on its hand and knees until it was close at his back. Elwyn was still unconscious of any person being near him, and the man at his back had risen to his knees, and had raised his hand, in which the little light that remained showed that he held a knife or dagger, and in another moment it would have descended into his chest. It was in this moment that a tiger sprang on the kneeling figure, and seized him, emitting a low and continuous growling as he pressed his teeth deeper and deeper into the intended assassin's neck. Colonel Elwyn sprang to his feet with the swiftness of lightning, and saw at a glance what was passing, and in that glance he saw by the gleaming collar round the animal's neck that it was not a wild beast, but one which a neighbour had trained from a cub, and that he had always found as tame and harmless as a dog. While he was trying to induce the animal to release his hold of the native, the owner of the beast came forward and said, "You may thank Juba, Colonel, for saving your life: for no human being could have reached you in time to do it." The Colonel briefly thanked the speaker in his cold stern manner, as though he thought but lightly of the obligation, and stooping down he recognised in the dying man a fanatic who had sat near the entrance of his house for years, to all appearance absorbed in incessant

contemplation. "Call the brute off," said he, "and give the fellow a chance of living, if it is only to tell me why he wanted to take my life." The owner of the animal with a light laugh took it by the collar and spoke to it, upon which the tiger loosed his hold, and the native fell forward on his face. The Colonel laid his little girl on the ground in order to turn the man over, when he perceived the tiger in the very act of springing towards her, and had but just time to snatch her up before the beast descended on the spot. He gave the beast such a tremendous kick in the side that it ran howling away. The owner of the tiger somewhat angrily told him that there was no occasion to be alarmed, as it would not have hurt the child, but Elwyn did not appear to be of the same opinion, and offered no apology for having struck it; but without replying he walked to his house, the horrible thought in his mind that perhaps this tiger might have deprived him of his lost children. The next morning his wife was not so well as she had been, and asked him to allow her to remain where she was for a day or two longer, and she could then travel by easy stages with the servants who were to bring the furniture and other things to Calcutta. With some reluctance her husband consented to this arrangement, which he would not have done, however, if it had not been necessary for him to have an interview with the Viceroy, who was on the point of starting for the hills. Taking his little girl with him, he set out on his journey, and arrived at Calcutta in due course, and was installed in his new office after an interview with the Viceroy, from whom he received instructions concerning his duty. After he had been there four days he hourly expected to see his wife make her appearance, but a fifth day passed, and a sixth, and she had not arrived, nor had he heard any tidings of her. Though vexed and angry at the delay he was not alarmed, attributing it to the dilatory habits of the servants, who, now that he was not there to quicken their movements, were taking their own time to pack the things and make the journey. On the morning of the seventh day his servants made their appearance with the baggage, but without their mistress, and on Elwyn asking where she was, the principal of them seemed struck dumb with astonishment. Colonel Elwyn repeated his question with impatient eagerness, and the man answered that he thought she was with his master. His explanation was that two days after the Colonel had left a messenger had arrived with several attendants, and had told his mistress that he had been sent by her husband to bring her to Calcutta immediately, and that she had

ordered the palanquin and left her home the same day.

The Colonel barely waited to hear the man's statement before, ordering his horses, and taking the man with him, he set out for his old home to make inquiries to guide him in his search for his wife. He journeyed all that day in spite of the heat, and would have continued it through the night also if the horse had not been worn out by the distance it had travelled under the great weight of its rider. Halting just long enough to allow the animal to recover a portion of its strength, he started afresh, walking beside it during the cool hours of the morning, in order that it might carry him the farther when the heat rendered rapid walking almost impossible. The journey was thus accomplished in the shortest possible time. All his inquiries were, however, fruitless. He traced her to a village where she and her attendants had halted, but here he could only ascertain that they had started again at midnight, and the knowledge of the villagers extended no further. For weeks he continued his search, but his efforts were all unavailing, he could learn nothing more concerning her or her infant. Promising a large reward to all the natives of whom he made inquiries for any information respecting her, he returned almost heartbroken to Calcutta, for living so long in the interior his wife had been his sole companion, and having lost her he felt as though he had lost every friend in the world.

He had sent the servant he had taken with him to his old residence, with instructions to remain there in case anybody should arrive with information concerning his lost mistress, and from this man he was in the habit of receiving a message at fixed periods. For several months these were of a negative character, but one day his servant arrived, bringing with him a native who told the following story. He related that he was one night returning from a festival, and had lost his way, and was about to lie down on the edge of the jungle, notwithstanding his fear of the tigers, being quite exhausted by fatigue, when he suddenly perceived a narrow streak of light. Fearing that a hut in such a lonely place might be occupied by robbers, he approached it with great caution, and found that he could see the interior of the hut through the narrow space which was left between the cloth which was hung against the opening and its side. What he saw prevented him from asking for shelter. Two men were seated at a bench eating, and a third was looking for something in a corner of the hut. Standing alone, with an infant in her arms, was a native lady, whose pallid countenance showed that she was endur-

ing the most extreme terror. Occasionally one of those seated at the table said something to her, to which she seemed unable to reply. At last one of them, as though overpowered with passion, rushed towards her, and snatching the infant from her arms looked at it for an instant, and then threw it against the wall of the hut, but in that instant the terrified spectator saw that it was fairer than native children. The man whom he had seen searching for something now returned with a club, and with this he struck her on the forehead, and she fell to the ground. Another then passed a rope round her neck and drew it tight. The other, who was a Brahmin, merely looked on. The native who saw this terrible tragedy was so paralysed with terror that he could hardly move, and his dread of the probable consequences if he could not get out of the way in time enfeebled him still further. He had a narrow escape, but luckily for him there was some jungle brush near, behind which he crept, and from whence he saw them carry a large quantity of dry brush and sticks into the hut, and heap up more on the outside, after which they set it on fire in several places, and left it to burn to the ground, which it did in a very short time.

Whatever Colonel Elwyn thought of this tale he gave no outward tokens of grief. Ordering his servant to get ready his horses, he started with the native as his guide for the hut in which the woman, who he could not well doubt was his wife, and her infant had been put to death. The man showed the place, and the heap of ashes which remained there confirmed his statement to that extent. He was confident that he would know all three of the men, and the description he gave of them was so minute as to prove that he was describing individuals he had seen, whether criminals or not. His assertion that one of them was a Brahmin induced Colonel Elwyn to inquire if there was any temple near; and finding there was, he set out for it. In consequence of a terrific dust-storm, which had lasted an unusually long time, he arrived at the place in which this temple was situated in time to witness a festival which had been fixed for the previous day. He paid little attention to what was going forward, being completely occupied in compelling the native he had with him to examine the faces of those present to see if he could recognise among them either of the murderers he had seen in the hut. Three or four hours were passed in an unavailing search among the groups who were assembled at various points. Presently there was a general rush towards the entrance of the temple, and the spectators arranged themselves

in two lines to witness a performance which was the chief attraction of the festival. The Colonel thought this so good an opportunity of seeing the faces of all present, that he entered the lane at the end most distant from the temple with the native who had been his guide, and directed him to carefully examine the countenance of each individual. They had proceeded to within a short distance of the temple, when a procession issued from thence, and came towards them. Foremost in it were three men carrying hatchets, which they held on the ground with the edge upwards, each one pace in advance of the other. A priest, who was barefooted, placed one foot on the edge of a hatchet, and then a second, and while standing thus he threw a handful of rice among the spectators. He then advanced a foot to the third hatchet, repeating the ceremony of rice-throwing, while the man who held the hatchet on which he had first stepped went forward and held it on the ground ready for him to step on it again. On each side of him walked a man who held him by the wrist, or on whose hands he laid his arms for the purpose of keeping himself upright. The attention of Elwyn's informant was so occupied in watching this performance that he did not at first look at the faces of the persons who were engaged in it, but when he did, he touched the Colonel's arm, and whispered to him that one of those who walked beside the priest was the man who had snatched the baby from its mother's arms, and thrown it against the wall. The Colonel made a hasty step forward, but suddenly remembering that to seize the man at such a moment, if it involved no danger to himself, would probably defeat his object, as the spectators would almost certainly rescue the man, he drew back among the crowd, and waited until the ceremony was brought to a close. Without for an instant losing sight of him he followed him until he returned to the temple, and then sat down by the entrance and lighted a pipe, that he might not appear to the natives to have come there for any other reason than the gratification of his curiosity; having first directed his servant to ascertain if there was any other way by which a person could leave the temple. As there was no other he waited as patiently as he could, with the determination not to leave the spot until the man he wanted came out. His patience was not put to a very severe test, for the murderer soon came forth, and walked in the direction of a path which ran through the tall grass which surrounded the village. The Colonel allowed him to approach very near to this before he hastened after him, followed by his servant, who saw him seize

the wretch and carry him into the grass, which was so high that only his master's head and shoulders were visible above it. He did not follow to see what passed, but the Colonel came out of it alone, and he saw that there was an expression on his face he had never seen there before. Returning to the place where he had left the Hindoo who had witnessed the murder, he ordered him to follow him to the temple. The man objected on the ground that the priests if they knew what he had done would certainly murder him ; but the Colonel paid no heed to his remonstrances and entreaties, and taking him by the arm he forced him along to the entrance of the temple, into which he entered without the slightest hesitation. The chief Brahmin, who was the same that had walked on the edges of the hatchets, bowed himself before him, and on the Colonel desiring him to bring the whole of the priests in the building before him he readily complied, and in a few minutes they were all in his presence. He then asked the native he had brought in with him if among them he recognised either of the murderers he had seen in the hut. The man really did not identify either of them, or he was afraid to tell the truth,—at all events, he affirmed that neither of them was present there. The Colonel next asked that the novices might be brought before him. The frightened Brahmin complied with this order as readily as he had with the other, and several boys and youths were brought in for him to look at. From among these he selected two boys who were fairer than the others, but not so much so as to attract attention ; it was their resemblance to his lost wife which struck him most. He questioned them respecting their parents, of whom they had no recollection ; and the Brahmin who was the head of the community denied that he knew anything of their origin ; he had but recently assumed the post he filled, and had come from another temple at some distance. The other members of the community professed the same ignorance of their origin ; all they could tell was that they had been sent there from another temple to be educated, and that they had the distinctive marks of the Braminical caste. Finding that he could learn nothing more concerning them, he told the priest that he should take the boys to the temple from which they had been sent. If he wished to do so the priest did not dare to offer any opposition, and the Colonel departed with them as soon as a conveyance could be got ready to carry them. Instead, however, of taking them to this temple, he carried them straight to Delhi, to which place he proceeded for reasons I am about to relate.

The information he had got from the priest who had murdered his infant amounted to this. Quietly as the priests from whom he had rescued the woman who subsequently became his wife had submitted to the loss of their victim, they took care to follow him to see what became of her, and in this way they knew where he had taken up his abode. Immediately afterwards one of those wandering fanatics who then abounded in India, took his post beside the entrance to his house, and remained there ; and he it was who had watched his opportunity to steal the Colonel's children in succession, and hand them to a servant who carried them away to these priests, who, not daring to keep them for fear that the Colonel might suspect that it was they who had stolen them, and might come among them to ascertain the fact, had sent the boys to a temple at a distance, and the girls to a temple at Delhi, to which dancing-girls were attached. To rescue them from this place was not to be accomplished with the ease with which he had got the boys he believed to be his out of the clutches of the priests who had got possession of them, and who possibly cared very little about losing them. In Delhi the case was different, and it was necessary to adopt a different plan. His first care on arriving there was to ascertain if he could identify his children among these girls. For several weeks he stationed his servant near the entrance of the temple in which he believed them to be kept, with instructions to let him know whenever a ceremony was to take place which was likely to bring the girls in public. This rarely happened, for the inhabitants being mostly Mahomedans, little toleration was shown to the followers of any other creed. Still it happened occasionally that the Hindoos had grand festivals in which these girls showed themselves in processions, and on one of these festival days the servant hastened to his master, and not only told him of what was taking place, but stated his firm belief that among them was a daughter of his mistress, whom she exactly resembled. The Colonel hastened to the temple, and took up a position among the crowd assembled on the steps of the entrance. Here he waited until the return of the procession, when he scrutinized all the women in succession as they mounted the steps, until he was almost confounded by the sight of one of them, who he could hardly help thinking for a moment was his wife, from the wonderful likeness she bore to her as he remembered her in her youth. Not doubting for an instant that his daughter was before him, he departed for the old King's palace, and stating who he was, he asked for an

audience, which was fixed for the following morning. His remarkable stature had excited general attention, and the rumour that a European officer of high rank was in the city became generally known, notwithstanding the vast number of the population. The native who had witnessed the murder of his wife was still with him, and he directed him to remain at the entrance of the temple and watch who passed in and out of it, and not to move from it until he was told to do so. His anxiety was such lest his daughter might be carried away from this den of infamy during the night, that he took no rest himself nor did he suffer his servant to take any, except such as he could get in the brief periods when he was not journeying between the house where his master had taken up his abode and the temple; to which place the Colonel sent him at frequent intervals in order to see that the Hindoo was at his post, and to learn from him what he had seen.

At his interview with the King the next morning he told him of the reason of his journey to Delhi. The old man listened to his statement with apparently great interest, and very readily gave him the men he requested, with orders to the officer who commanded them to obey the Colonel in whatever he desired. Their arrival at the temple, into which they penetrated without the slightest ceremony, produced the greatest consternation; the whole community hurried from the different parts of the building where they were dispersed, and assembled in the great chamber of the temple where the officer had stationed himself with his troops. At the request of Colonel Elwyn the women were ordered to be brought in, and while they were being fetched his servant came and said something to him in a low voice. The Colonel turned instantly, and saw the Hindoo who had been so serviceable to him creeping out of the temple, as though he was afraid of what might happen to him if he remained to confirm what he had just stated. He was stopped by the Colonel, and compelled to point out a priest whom he had recognised as the Brahmin who had presided, and probably ordered, the murder at the hut. This Brahmin was at once seized by the soldiery. Meanwhile the colonel had picked out the girl who so closely resembled his lost wife, and taking her by the hand he led her before the prisoner, and demanded from whence she had been brought. He denied all knowledge of her origin, and was led away together with the girl to the palace. The Colonel told the King of the priest being present at the murder of his wife, and the Brahmin was interrogated by the King himself on the subject. He was

now evidently in a state of great trepidation, but he still resolutely denied that he had any knowledge of the murder, while the witness of the deed as resolutely persisted that he was the man who had looked on while it was being perpetrated, and the colonel supported his assertion by adding that the appearance of the prisoner exactly corresponded with the description given by the accuser to him long previously. The King after listening to these statements spoke to one of his ministers or attendants who stood by his side, and at a sign from the latter the prisoner was taken away by the guards. The King then invited the Colonel to take coffee and a pipe, and as the girl and the greater part of the guard remained in the apartment, he concluded that the prisoner was being subjected to a severer examination elsewhere. That he was right in this conjecture he soon found, for shortly afterwards the officer who removed the prisoner returned to the apartment, and the same courtier who had given the signal for the removal of the prisoner went to him, and after a short conversation, he approached the King, and said something to him in a low voice. His Majesty said nothing to the Colonel of what he had been told by this official until he had finished questioning him concerning various matters relating to British government and policy in India; but as soon as he had exhausted these topics he told the Colonel that if he went with the officer he would get the information he wanted, and adding that he might do whatever he pleased in the matter, he took leave of him with great cordiality. The Colonel followed the officer with the greatest possible eagerness to a building adjoining the palace; and leaving the girl in charge of his servant and the guards, he entered an apartment from which he could hear groans issuing, and here he found the priest in a condition which would have excited his compassion if his heart had not been steeled to his sufferings by the recollection of the crime of which he had been guilty.

The confession of the wretched object who lay on the ground before him fully confirmed his belief that the girl was his daughter, and the statement made by one of the actual murderers whom he had himself dealt with previously. Upon receiving this confirmation the Colonel left him, and quitted the city the same night with the girl and an escort of soldiers, the latter to prevent the possibility of any attempt to murder himself or to take his daughter out of his hands. He reached Calcutta in safety; but to his great grief, he found that though he had rescued the body of his daughter from the power of the Brahmins,

her mind remained with those who had trained her. By degrees, however, she was led to an understanding of better things, and by association with European ladies rapidly acquired their manners, long indeed before she had ceased to be a believer in Hindoo mythology. There are some perhaps who will read this who may have seen and conversed with her, but certainly without ever suspecting that the lively and accomplished lady had any knowledge of the mysteries of the interior of a Hindoo temple.

WAITING.

I.

Waiting many a lonesome hour,
Waiting ever, aye for thee,
Till the sunbeams on the tower
Slant and fade from off the lea,
Till all light from maiden's bower
Slips into a hazy sea.

II.

Waiting while the snowdrop springeth,
Piercing thro' the ice-bound sod.
Waiting while the summer bringeth
Flowers, fair offerings to her God;
While the sun of autumn flingeth
Golden gleams, and corn-fields nod.

III.

Waiting while cold winter stealeth
O'er the sunshine-loving earth,
Waiting while the Yule bell peaeth
Sounds of blessed joy and mirth;
Waiting until Time revealeth
To my soul of bliss the birth.

IV.

Waiting while *my* spring is waning,
Melting into summer days;
Waiting, only patience gaining,
No reward, no meed of praise;
Waiting, till of life remaining
There will be but faintest rays.

V.

Waiting? What reck I of waiting
Days and months and years maybe?
If Time only is creating
In thy breast more love for me,
Then am I far over-rating
Life-long years of misery.

VI.

Youth and love shall not be hoarded,
I can *wait*, and war with strife,
If to me may be accorded
One brief hour thro' all my life,
When—(and oh! how well rewarded)
I may hear thee call me—"wife."

AGNES STONEHEWER.

NOTES ON AMATEUR ACTORS.

PART II.

GEORGE FARQUHAR himself is deserving of a note among amateur players, for though on his expulsion from Dublin College he had planned to gain his bread as an actor, he trod the boards for too brief a period to warrant

his being regarded as a regular member of the histrionic profession. He suffered severely from nervousness and stage fright, and personating *Guyomar* in Dryden's play of "The Indian Emperor," he accidentally stabbed *Vasquez* the Spanish general with a real rapier instead of a foil, and placed the life of his brother player in some peril. This unfortunate occurrence affected Farquhar so seriously that he never ventured to present himself upon the stage again as an actor. Among other authors who have attempted to turn players but with little success, may be enumerated OTWAY, who appeared on one occasion as the *King* in Mrs. Behn's "Forced Marriage," but who, we read, "not being used to the stage, was put into a tremendous agony and spoilt for an actor;" NAT LEE, who undertook *Duncan*, and one or two other characters, but failed to please the public; and RICHARD SAVAGE, who appeared as *Sir Thomas Overbury* in his own tragedy of that name, by which performance "he gained no great reputation," says Dr. Johnson, "the theatre being a province for which nature seems not to have designed him; for neither his voice, look, nor gesture were such as were expected on the stage; and he was so much ashamed of having been reduced to appear as a player, that he always blotted out his name from the list when a copy of his tragedy was to be shown to his friends." To these may be added O'KEEFE, the author of "Wild Oats," "The Castle of Andalusia," and some score of other comedies and operas, who was for some time on the stage as an actor before he discovered that he could, as an author, turn to better account his abilities; and ARTHUR MURPHY, the translator of "Tacitus," and the writer of "The Way to Keep Him," "All in the Wrong," "The Orphan of China," and many favourite plays, who attempted to represent *Othello* at Covent Garden in 1754, and remained a member of the theatrical profession for a season or two, when he became satisfied that he was not likely to gain distinction as a player, and formally renounced the stage. In more recent times it may be remembered that the late Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES trod the boards as *Master Walter* in his own "Hunchback," and other characters, but without any very remarkable success.

The beautiful Countess of Craven, who was to be subsequently known to the world as the Margravine of Anspach, had given two or three pieces to the regular theatres before she appeared, both as authoress and actress, on the stage of the private theatre attached to Brandenburgh House, Hammersmith—the house to be afterwards memorable as the residence of the

sinning and sinned against Caroline of Brunswick. "My taste for music and poetry," says the Margravine, a little conceitedly, in her very curious Memoirs, "and my style of imagination in writing, chastened by experience, were great sources of delight to me. I wrote 'The Princess of Georgia' and 'The Twins of Smyrna' for the Margrave's theatre, besides 'Nonrad,' and several other pieces; and for these I composed various airs in music. I invented fêtes to amuse the Margravine, which afforded me a charming contrast to accounts, bills, and the changes of domestics and chamberlains, and many other things quite odious to me. We had at Brandenburg House thirty servants in livery, with grooms and a set of sixty horses. Our expenses were enormous," &c.

In the "Random Records" of George Colman the Younger may be found mention of some remarkable amateur performances at Wynnstay in Denbighshire, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. The Wynnstay theatricals were on a scale of great completeness, and were continued annually for nearly forty years, from 1770 to 1808 inclusive. In 1777 the burlesque of "Chrononhotonthologos" was performed in the presence of Mr. Garrick—little more than a year before the death of the great actor. Some of the performances were of an ambitious kind—including Shakspeare's "Cymbeline," and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," in which plays the two Colmans appeared. The theatre had been originally a kitchen, but had been tastefully altered and arranged, and held a sufficiently numerous audience. There were no galleries to the building, which enabled the players to dispense with the glaring footlights of the regular theatre, and to light the stage more naturally from above, by means of an arch of lamps over the heads of the audience, but screened from their sight. Mr. Bunbury, the caricaturist, designed an elegant and whimsical ticket of admission to the performances, to which the gentry, farmers, and tradesmen of the neighbourhood, with their wives and families, were freely admitted: people came even from distances of thirty miles to the theatre, and carriages were in such requisition, it seems, that one night "two mourning coaches were to be seen waiting in the park, which had each brought a merry party of six insides." "My father's habits of the shop," writes Colman Junior (Colman Senior was at the time lessee of the Haymarket Theatre), "broke out naturally enough at the first rehearsal. He sat tolerably tranquil for some time, observing the awkwardness of the amateurs, and their igno-

rance in the commonest arrangements of the stage: they either crossed behind each other's backs, or ran against one another in the attempt to change sides. At length the under-butler (who, in the dearth of numbers, was made a minor actor), in attempting to deliver a sword to the person he was addressing, did it so very clumsily that the Haymarket manager could bear it no longer. He jumped upon the stage, and snatching the sword out of the man's hands, cried, 'Zounds, sir, can't you do it thus?'—showing him the proper way; but the under-butler was dull, and begged for further directions how to give it. 'How?' said my father. 'Why, as you gave a gravy-spoon to Sir Watkin yesterday at dinner. You did that gracefully enough; I observed you.'" After this Mr. Colman consented to become stage-manager and driller of the whole company.

Mr. Joseph Cradock, who in 1826 published his "Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs," appears in his younger days to have acquired considerable reputation as an amateur player. He was the intimate friend of Garrick, whose manner he closely imitated, obtaining the applause of the great actor himself. "I must say," writes Mr. Cradock, "Garrick spoke with great satisfaction of my acting." It had been proposed to represent the plays of the "Clandestine Marriage" and "Hamlet," at Lord Holland's seat, Kingsgate, near Margate. In the comedy some alterations were to be made, and Mr. Cradock undertook three characters, that Garrick might have some one to depend upon. In the tragedy, Garrick had consented to appear as the *Ghost* to the *Hamlet* of Mr. Cradock. Roscius had previously played the *Ghost*, on the occasion of the benefit of Holland, the actor. "As to myself," writes Mr. Cradock, "I freely declare my *Hamlet*, like Holland's, was a direct imitation of our great original." The destruction of Lord Holland's seat by fire, however, prevented these performances. "Garrick's opinion of my acting," resumes Mr. Cradock, "was unequivocally avowed to the Earl of Pembroke, in these words: 'That if the natural manner of speaking was to be continued as adopted by himself, it must be by Mr. Cradock.' From frequently reading with and attending Garrick, I became a very exact copyist. After rehearsing *Edgar* with him in Southampton Street, and having in his eyes got rid of the strut and the bombast, Garrick was pleased to say he disliked rehearsing with me, because he became disgusted with some others." Further on, Mr. Cradock disclaims any credit for originality in his histrionic efforts. He only pretended

to imitate Garrick more naturally than Holland did.*

There was at one time a project to give a representation of "The Beaux' Stratagem" at Lichfield, in honour of Garrick and Johnson. Every scene of the comedy is laid at Lichfield. Mr. Cradock was to perform *Archer*, and Dr. Goldsmith excited some amusement by volunteering to play *Scrub*. Garrick and Johnson, however, forbore all ridicule, fully aware that their friend's offer was made in all kindness. Amateurs and others were to sustain the other characters in the play in good style. The plan does not appear to have been carried into effect.

In November, 1773, Mr. Cradock records some important performances taking place at Kelmarsh, the seat of Mr. Hanbury, in Northamptonshire. "Venice Preserved" was produced, *Prulli* being played by Mr. David Garrick, the nephew of the great Roscius, a young officer, who, with his face painted and overhung with grey locks, was "made up" into a striking resemblance of his uncle. Mr. Cradock was the *Jaffier*, and the *Pierre* of the evening was Mr. G. Cumberland, who wrote a prologue for the occasion.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was certified by Sheridan to be "the best amateur actor in the kingdom." George the Fourth pronounced him "the most finished gentleman in my dominions." Lawrence appeared as an actor at a theatrical *fête* given by the Marquis of Abercorn, in 1803. "Shall I give you an account of it?" writes the painter to his sister. "It was projected by a woman of great cleverness and beauty, Lady Cahir . . . It was determined to do it in a quiet way, and more as an odd experiment of the talents of the party than anything else; but this and that friend would be offended, and at last it swelled up to a perfect theatre (in a room) and a London audience. The Prince, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Melbourne—their sons of the party—Lord and Lady Essex, Lord and Lady Amherst, with a long *et cetera*, and amongst the rest, Sheridan, were present." The plays performed were "The Wedding Day" and "Who's the Dupe?"

* Of Holland and his imitation of Garrick, Churchill wrote in the "Rosciad":—

"Next Holland came. With truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies: a hero should not walk.
As if with heaven he warred, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrowed and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleased an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must Imitation's servile arts disclaim:
Act for himself—on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second hand."

Lawrence represented *Lord Rakeland* in the one, and *Grainger* in the other. The orchestra was behind the scenes. Lady Harriet Hamilton played the organ, Lady Maria the piano, Lady Catherine the tambourine, the Hon. Mr. Lamb the violoncello; other instrumentalists were hired—"a most perfect orchestra, with admirable scenery, and light as day . . . The Prince then came in, and of course the orchestra struck up 'God Save the King': then a little terrifying bell rang, the curtain drew up, and "The Wedding Day" began. At first, I will own to you, Sheridan's face, the grave Duke of Devonshire, and two or three staunch critics, made me feel unpleasantly, for I opened the piece. However, this soon wore off. Our set all played extremely well—like persons of good sense, without extravagance or buffoonery, and yet with sufficient spirit. Lady Cahir, Mr. J. Madox, and G. Lamb were the most conspicuous—the first so beautiful that I felt love-making very easy. A splendid supper closed the business." Lawrence seems to have fancied that the propriety of his joining in the theatricals might be questioned: "You know me too well, dear Anne," he writes, "to believe that I should be of such a scheme under any but very flattering circumstances; as it is, I was right to join in it. Lord Abercorn is an old Jermyn Street* friend—a staunch and honourable one, and particularly kind to me in real services and very flattering distinctions. These all formed one strong reason for joining in the thing: and another secret one was, that whatever tends to heighten a character for general talent (when kept in prudent bounds), is of use to that particular direction of it which forms the pursuit of life. I have gained, then, and not lost by this (to you) singular step. I am not going to be a performer in other families. I stick to Lord Abercorn's; and for the rest I pursue my profession as quietly and more steadily than ever."

Mr. Boaden, in his "Life of Kemble," records the *début* of a Captain Caulfeild, of the Guards, on the 2nd of February, 1802, at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of *Hamlet*. His performances had been greatly admired in private circles, and great hopes were entertained of his success in public. But these were disappointed. It was said that he had accustomed himself to consider those who "berattle the common stages" as vulgar, and had conceived a something more *exquisite* as required to denote the gentleman and the prince. But he was found too much of the

* Lawrence, soon after his arrival in London, had occupied lodgings in Jermyn Street, where he was visited by Lord Abercorn.

"curled darling,"—the genteel thing in nature—for ever attitudinising and shifting from one elegance of personal display to another. Occasionally, however, he was animated, and even impressive; but his voice failed him under any protracted exertion. He had not the requisite physical qualifications; and, altogether, the Captain was pronounced a failure. His friends, however, encouraged him to make another attempt, and he subsequently undertook the less arduous rôle of *Ranger* in Dr. Hoadly's "Suspicious Husband," a character requiring rather a gay and gentlemanly bearing, than any great power of lungs. Still he was deficient in force and genuine vivacity—his manner was too slight and small—he was pronounced flat and spiritless—and he retired into private life again, to shine in back drawing-rooms, possibly; but never more to adorn the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, or to attempt competition with the great players of the day.

The failure of Captain Caulfeild may be regarded as a severe blow to the pretensions of amateur players to obtain distinction on the public boards. But a still more serious shock was yet in store for the gentlemen actors. Hitherto they had met with consideration, even generosity, from their audiences: but now they were to become ridiculous in the eyes of the public—now one of their number was to be followed throughout his performance by shouts of the most tumultuous derision. It was on the 9th of February, 1810, that a gentleman, styling himself the Amateur of Fashion, presented himself upon the Bath stage in the character of *Romeo*, greatly to the amazement and diversion of his audience. He was to be known afterwards as "Romeo Coates." He was a West Indian by birth, and apparently about fifty years old, but in reality much younger. His figure was good, though attenuated; but his face was sallow, wrinkled, wizened, with a cunning expression. In the day-time, at all seasons, he appeared covered with furs: at night he assumed a brilliant ball-room suit, with buttons and knee-buckles of diamonds. He was reputed to be enormously rich, and it was announced that the performances of the Amateur of Fashion would only be for charitable purposes.

On the 9th December, 1811, Romeo Coates presented himself before a London audience, and played *Lothario*, at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of a lady. The boxes were crowded with rank and fashion; but there was a great uproar in the house. The amateur addressed the audience, and on the 11th published a letter in the *Morning Herald*, in which he wrote: "In regard to the innu-

merable attacks that have been made upon my person and lineaments in the public prints, I have only to observe, that as I was fashioned by the Creator independent of my will, I cannot be held responsible for a result I could not control." In 1813 he appeared at Drury Lane on a benefit night, and recited Garrick's occasional address, "Bucks, have at ye all,"* amidst much laughter and some disapprobation.

Mr. Coates' performances created so much sensation, that an appropriate farce was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, in which Mr. Mathews personated *Romeo Rantall*, and held the Amateur of Fashion up to ridicule. The piece had a run, and was invariably received with roars of laughter. In a drawing-room scene *Romeo* amuses the company with recitations from the dramatic poets; he is loudly applauded, and makes a speech after the manner of Mr. Coates: "Cheered by your exhilarating applause, I proceed; but know I possess a soul that scorns to bend to interruption!" He then gives a dying scene—in which he demonstrates great solicitude as to his hat and feather, and is careful to raise his right leg so as to display his diamond shoe-buckle to the best advantage. For a long time *Romeo Rantall* remained one of Mr. Mathews' most popular impersonations.

Of Mr. Coates' manner and appearance, Captain Gronow, in his "Reminiscences," has given a spirited account. The captain appears to have seen him at Bath in the character of *Romeo*. The house, crowded to suffocation, welcomed the actor with prolonged laughter and applause. "He came forward with a hideous grin, and made what he considered his bow, which consisted in thrusting his head forward, and bobbing it up and down several times, his body remaining perfectly upright and still, like a toy mandarin with a moveable head." His dress was *outré* in the extreme; whether Spanish, Italian, or English, no one could say; it was like nothing ever worn. In a cloak of sky-blue silk, profusely spangled, red pantaloons, white waistcoat, a very high cravat, a Charles the Second wig, and an opera hat, he presented a figure singularly grotesque. Then his clothes were so tight that he moved with difficulty, until the bursting of a seam in the hinder part of his dress gave somewhat greater freedom to his actions; but the house was anew convulsed with laughter when the results of this accident were perceptible. Unconscious of the cause of the merriment, however, he proceeded with

* According to O'Keefe this once favourite address was written by one Thomas Moxson, an actor, who published a volume of poems in 1762.

his part in a curious, croaking, guttural voice, and with a complete misapprehension of every passage he delivered. In the balcony scene he stopped to take snuff, turning a deaf ear the while to Juliet's passionate utterances. Upon this, a wag in the gallery bawled out, "I say, Romeo, give us a pinch;" when, in the most affected manner, he walked to the side boxes, and offered the contents of his box first to the gentlemen, and then to the ladies, the while the house greeted him with loud bravoos, which he acknowledged with his usual grin and nod. His dying scene was irresistibly comic. "Out came a dirty silk handkerchief from his pocket, with which he carefully swept the ground; then his opera hat was carefully placed for a pillow, and down he laid himself. After various tossings about, he seemed reconciled to his position; but the house vociferously bawled out, 'Die again, Romeo!' and obedient to the command, he rose up, and went through the ceremony again." He was even about to die a third time, but the Juliet of the night rose from her tomb, and brought the preposterous performance to a close.

For some seasons "the Amateur of Fashion" (or "the celebrated Philanthropic Amateur," as he sometimes dubbed himself) appeared occasionally on the Bath stage. But the audience in time grew weary of laughing at him, and took to hissing him instead; not that he much heeded. So long as he was suffered to appear—now as *Romeo*, now as *Belcour* in the "West Indian," now as *Lothario* in the "Fair Penitent"—his crazy vanity was satisfied. Approval or disapproval was quite a secondary matter. But the management ultimately declined to lend him the stage. The disturbances in the theatre were becoming serious. A report went abroad that there was a little too much method in the madness of Mr. Coates, that his wealth was supposititious, his philanthropy open to question, and that, under pretence of aiding charitable institutions, he was oftentimes putting money in his own purse. He disappeared from the theatre, therefore, to shine for a while in the Parks, the occupant of a shell-shaped chariot, drawn by white horses, his panels and harness plentifully blazoned with his crest—a cock, with the motto, "While I live I'll crow!"—a mob following him, yelling "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" in his ears. Then he quitted London, and retreated to Boulogne, where he married. He died in March, 1848, at a very advanced age, from injuries received on coming out of the opera house in the Haymarket, when he was accidentally knocked down and run over.

After Mr. Coates' wonderful performances,

the efforts of other amateurs seem to be but pale and feeble. One or two brief notes, however may be added. Mr. Bunn, in his book, "The Stage, Before and Behind the Curtain," mentions a Captain Hicks, who, under the pseudonym of Otway, about the year 1837, wearied the managers with incessant applications to be allowed to appear upon the stage. He was possessed to the full of the usual ambition of amateurs. He desired to play *Hamlet*—nothing less. His wish was gratified at last. Mr. Bunn could not be as stubborn in refusing as Captain Hicks was persistent in applying, and the amateur was a gentleman, apparently much respected in private life. It really seemed that his passion could only be cured by indulging it. A night was therefore given him at Covent Garden Theatre, and the regular company supported his *Hamlet*. There was one stipulation, however: he was on no account, whatever happened, to address the audience as Captain Hicks (or Mr. Otway). He was to confine himself to the words of the Prince of Denmark. The manager foresaw that any accidental breach with the public might be widened by a thoughtless speech from the amateur. In the excitement of his position, however, the captain strayed from his agreement. He proceeded with his part fairly, if not very greatly, until the third act, when some awkwardness in his treatment of the closet scene excited disapprobation and derision among the audience. He addressed the house—cast blame upon the management for not sufficiently rehearsing the play, and for setting the scenes badly—avowed that the fault was not his, and that he had done nothing to merit the censure of the public. The entertainment was brought to a disastrous close, and Captain Hicks appeared no more upon the regular stage.

Among other curiosities of amateur acting may be noted the performances of Captain Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, whose name will be remembered in connection with one of the last of English duels, and the consequent trial by the House of Peers of one of its members concerned as a principal in the affair. The playgoer whose recollection will carry him back a quarter of a century, may bear in mind Captain Tuckett's appearances as *Falstaff* and a few other characters, at the Lyceum and elsewhere. Much curiosity was evinced at the time, but it had reference to the duellist rather than the actor, whose efforts, indeed, were not very admirable, and who soon outliving the interest he had excited, quitted this country for America, and was seen no more by English audiences. About this time also occurred the repeated attempts of one

Barnard Gregory, editor of the most libellous and infamous of newspapers—both editor and newspaper have now, happily, ceased to exist—to obtain a hearing upon the public stage. The scenes of riot and uproar that ensued! The amateur—by no means deficient in histrionic ability, it must be said for him—now endeavouring by his patient demeanour to conciliate, now daring to bandy angry recrimination and abuse with his audience (a royal duke, living here in exile, not the least conspicuous or the least pacific among the player's opponents); but compelled at last to yield before the overwhelming storm of disapproval and disgust, and to abandon efforts that never should have been begun.

To end with a pleasanter topic, let a note be added as to the admirable performances which have from time to time been given by an amateur company of artists and men of letters, with Mr. Charles Dickens at their head. The plays represented have been, the latest revival on the London stage of Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour"—one scene of which, containing a famous portrait of Mr. Dickens as *Captain Bobadil*, Mr. Leslie's brush has celebrated upon canvas—"Not so bad as We seem," a comedy written by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer expressly for the performances of the amateurs on behalf of the Guild of Literature and Art, and Mr. Wilkie Collins's dramas of "The Lighthouse" and "The Frozen Deep." "The Lighthouse" was subsequently produced at the Olympic Theatre, when the late Mr. Robson undertook the character originally sustained by Mr. Dickens. More memorable amateur performances than these are hardly to be looked for. One representation of Ben Jonson's comedy was given for the benefit of the late Mr. Leigh Hunt. Concerning the benevolent actors on his behalf, Mr. Hunt writes in his autobiography: "If anything had been needed to show how men of letters include actors, on the common principle of the greater including the less, these gentlemen would have furnished it. Mr. Dickens's *Bobadil* had a spirit in it of intellectual apprehension beyond anything the existing stage has shown: his farce throughout was always admirable,—quite rich and filled up; so were the tragical parts in which he subsequently appeared; and Mr. Forster delivered the verses of Ben Jonson with a musical flow and a sense of their grace and beauty unknown, I believe, to the recitation of actors at present,—at least, I have never heard anything like it since Edmund Kean's. The lines came out of his lips as if he loved them."

Some creditable representations, later in date however, of burlesque and pantomime,

for charitable purposes, by a society of gentlemen styling themselves the *Savage Club*, are also worthy of mention in this brief record.

DURTON COOK.

SAINT JOSAPHAT.

THE canonisation of this saint, which formed so conspicuous a part of the Easter performances at Rome, will make some account of him interesting; the following information is taken from unpublished documents by a writer in the Russian official journal.

Josaphat Kountvenitch was born in 1579, at the time when the kings of Poland were persecuting the unhappy followers of the Greek rite who inhabited the Russian provinces of the old republic. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, and though he had received no education, his natural capacity was such that the clergymen of Wilna who professed the Latin rite paid him so much attention that they succeeded in converting him to their creed, and he became one of its most fervent apostles. As is usually and naturally the case, his zeal was great, and he became a violent persecutor of his former co-religionists as soon as he had the power, which was when he became Bishop of Potolsk. So far did his zeal carry him, that an address was presented on the subject to the Grand Diet of Warsaw and to the Polish Senate in 1622. The substance of the complaint was that, in violation of the rights of conscience, he and other bishops had oppressed them with great cruelty; even sealing up their places of worship, and compelling them to go out of the towns into the fields when they desired to offer up their prayers in company, and so forth, very much as was done in old times in most countries.

To investigate the specific charges made against the bishop, a special commission was appointed to inquire into them, but nothing is said of the result. His zeal carried him beyond the limits of discretion, to his own destruction, as will be seen presently. To further his views he addressed a letter to the highest civil and military authority in his diocese, the hetman of Lithuania, from whom he received in reply a letter on Christian charity which might be read with advantage by the intolerant of all creeds at the present day, and concluding with a warning of the evils that would follow a continuance of these persecutions. In spite of warning and judicious advice he continued to exercise the power entrusted to him with such severity that it required very little prophetic knowledge to predicate for him a violent death.

Perhaps after all he might have died in

peace but for what appears a fortuitous circumstance. He had arrived at Vitebsk, in spite of numerous cautions as to the risk he ran from the people whose churches he had closed in that city, for even his enemies admit that he was as insensible to fear on his own account as he was pitiless to others. Here one of his suite struck a priest of the Greek Church who was on his way to the performance of his duties, and the immediate consequence was a general rising of the people, who murdered the bishop and put his mutilated body into a sack which they threw into the Dwina.

Many years afterwards it was rumoured that, directed by a miraculous light, his body had been recovered. It was taken first to Potolsk, and subsequently to Biala, to which place it drew many pilgrims, among whom it is said to have worked 186 miracles; notwithstanding, as was discovered in 1839, that his coffin contained only a tuft of his hair and fragments of his clothes.

The people of Vitebsk suffered severely for the indulgence of their revengeful feelings. The Pope, Urban VIII., wrote to Sigismund III., King of Poland:—"The cruelty of these murderers must not be left unpunished; such a crime calls for divine vengeance, cursed be the man who in its infliction withholds his sword from slaying. Wherefore, most powerful sovereign, you ought not to spare fire and sword. Inspired by pious anger, may your majesty dry the tears of the afflicted Church by the chastisement you inflict on the iniquitous." Sigismund obeyed only too literally the exhortation of the Pope, and two centuries have not effaced the recollection of these terrible reprisals, for at the time of the last ill-advised insurrection of the Poles a lithograph of the portrait of the bishop was circulated with an inscription beneath it to the following effect. "The blessed Josaphat, Bishop of Potolsk. Martyred at Vitebsk, and thrown in the Dwina the 20th September, 1623. By order of Sigismund III., Leon Sapieha (the same who had cautioned the bishop), grand hetman of Lithuania, put to death five thousand murderers, and discovered the relics of the martyr, which were transported to Biala in Podlachie, where they now repose."

INVALIDS' AND CHILDREN'S DINNER TABLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—Will you allow me to add a word or two by way of supplement, rather than of correction, to the very interesting notice of "The Invalids' and Poor Sick Children's Dinner Tables," which appeared in a recent number of "ONCE A WEEK?"

I think it is only due to the lady who originated these Dinner Tables, and who devotes so much time and attention to them, that it should be known she takes much interest in the subject of "*Diet for the Sick Poor*," and that all who are interested in this direction, would do well to apply at the "Lisson Grove Dinner Table" for information.

Next, I would ask for the active sympathy of *ladies*, who reside in the neighbourhood of such charitable institutions. Their presence during the half hour of dinner is much appreciated by the poor, and does much towards encouraging order and cleanliness, so necessary to good management and comfort.

At the Poor Sick Children's Table, it is absolutely necessary to have some extra assistance to cut up for, and attend to, the very young ones, who require to be helped frequently, and in small instalments. No lady who has once attended on these occasions, will grudge the time thus spent, when she sees how these poor children enjoy the one good meal of the week.

Let me conclude with two suggestions:—

First, that it is not stretching the word "sick children" too far to include such as are *half starved*, because prevention is better than cure. Also that these dinners, in order to be of any permanent benefit, should be continued in each case for *at least* a month, that is to the extent of eight dinners. Secondly, that these dinners would be very appropriate rewards to mothers who send their children regularly to school, and who come tidily dressed and cleanly in their persons. We hear of rewards for tidy rooms; why then should not other prizes be offered for clean skins? And if so, what more judicious reward can be given than a good dinner?

Yours truly,

G. M. HICKS.

7, Endsleigh Street, Tavistock Square, W.C.
Aug. 8, 1865.

ACHILLES.

IMMORTAL Thetis, looking through the years,
Far from the narrow threshold of "to-day,"
Saw that her son, Achilles, whom she bore
To Peleus, of the high Olympian line,
Must fall in battle after victories won,
Struck by a deadly arrow in the heel.
She saw, and when rash Paris stirr'd the wrath
Of heroes old in honour, old in arms,
And when the wrong to Menelaus done
Cried out for vengeance through the breadth of
Greece,

She used her wiles to keep her darling back;
And sent him, he submitting to her will,
Clothed like a maiden to King Lycomedes,
Unknown to mix with maidens of the court,
And ply the peaceful arts which maidens use.

Stripling Achilles, to the eye a girl,
With all a young girl's artless countenance,
His long hair parted midway on his brow,
And loop'd above the ears in braids of gold,
Abode content, with maidens of the court,
Until the time should come when he must throw

The mask away, and follow to his fate.
So much he owed to Thetis and her prayers ;
But ever while he mix'd in simple sports,
And sweetly all sweet offices perform'd
That to the maidens fell, of song, or dance,
Or soft embraneries in silken threads,



And ever while beneath that pleasant mask
He woo'd the fairest to his side, and lived
In the perpetual blessedness of love,
Deep yearning stirr'd within his heart, deep
thoughts
Moved his whole being, and lightly set to nought

That aimless discipline of maidens' eyes,
Those softening labours of the nerveless hand.

Meanwhile the armies met in many a clash
Of shield and helmet, broken spear with spear ;
And now the ranks of one were driven back,

And now the other yielded to the foe;
 And each was vanquish'd, each the victory gain'd.
 Athene, to the brave Achaian host,
 Whose arms she led, and in whose counsels mix'd,
 Spake this forewarning—"Vain are all your toils,
 Vain all your vaunted conquests on the field,
 Except Achilles, son of Thetis, fight."
 And wary-wise Ulysses form'd this plan—
 "I to the court of Syeros, where he hides,
 Will follow, not in open quest, but clad
 As a Corinthian merchant, vending wares,
 And arms to such as use them and have need;
 If then Achilles, with the maidens there,
 A seeming simple maid like one of them,
 Run up to buy, that thing which he shall buy
 Will show the manly heart in spite of all,
 And I shall lead him boldly to the war."
 Well in the issue proved the wary plan;
 For so it chanced, that with the simple maids
 Who ran delighted at the merchant's call,
 And chose the glittering gauds of gold and pearl,
 The spangles and the gems, Achilles came,
 Disguised and meek in feature like a girl.
 But, all unlike the playful girl he seem'd,
 His glance pass'd quickly over gauds and gems,
 And lighted on a heavy-hilted sword,
 Cumbersome and large; which at one wrench he drew
 From the tight scabbard, and as though its weight
 Had only been the weight of a mere toy,
 Swung it in a broad compass through the air;
 Thrust out, drew back, flourish'd, and thrust again,
 In mimic fight with visionary foes.

And then Ulysses call'd him by his name,
 To which he answer'd, casting off the guise,"
 Of girlhood; and together they two went
 Over the wide Ægean to the war.
 Great victory follow'd, and at length the walls
 Of Troy, high-built and many-tower'd, fell;
 But fate subdued Achilles, and he sank,
 Struck by the deadly arrow in the heel.

G. COTTERELL.

THE ROMANCE OF THE IRON TRADE.

THE sensations of ninety-nine out of a hundred people as they are whirled rapidly through the "black country" of South Staffordshire or Lanarkshire are anything but those of romance, and if the traveller be not a business man and more or less interested in the district, the general impression is that of wonder how any one can live in such a locality, —by day clouded with thick black smoke, and by night alive with the angry glare of thousands of furnaces.

But, in truth, in these very volumes of smoke and steam, in these bright tongues of flame, with the everlasting accompaniment of the roar of the blast and the clank of the engine, there lies a rich vein of romance, unknown to numbers to whom these sights and sounds are familiar; for it must be remembered that romance is to be found under various aspects and under many guises. Take, for instance, the view by night from the hill on which Dudley Castle is situated, and point out in the whole of Great Britain any scene so

wild, and we might almost say, fearful. Turn which way we will, the earth appears to be literally belching fire and vivid batches of flame as far as the horizon extends, as though from a burning city, bringing out with terrible distinctness all the surrounding buildings, while those further apart are merged in comparative gloom.

We have often wondered how it is that some of our artists, fond of sensational effects, have not transferred these scenes to their canvas, and we are sure that the night effects of an iron-work in full blaze would present studies of light and shade not to be obtained elsewhere.

But it is not with the romance of the picturesque that we propose to deal at present, but rather with that of the history of iron-making, which is full of interest, both general and personal (as, indeed, every great national branch of manufacture must be), for it tells of the rapid and wonderful growth of a trade upon which half England directly or indirectly depends, a trade in which the peer of the realm is often as much interested as the grimy workman,—a trade in which colossal fortunes have been made and lost. It tells also of the hopes and fears of hundreds of anxious inventors, whose brains have been heavier than their purses, and who have incurred ridicule, envy, and cruelty from those who should have known better; and forms, in fact, no inconsiderable portion of the history of England and her greatness, from the earliest times of iron-smelting to the present iron age, in which our very existence perhaps, as a maritime nation, depends on the proper forging of a plate or cable.

In the earlier days of the iron-trade (for we will altogether put aside the Romans and their well-known efforts to extract iron-stone in various parts of Wales and Monmouthshire), the black country of Staffordshire was not,—that is to say, it was not black. The earth still retained its natural tint of green, trees flourished and flowers bloomed where are now mountains of slag and refuse; the coal-basin of South Wales, now a teeming hive of industry, was then an untrodden district of mountain bogs and morass, unvisited, says Archdeacon Coxe, "by any save the bold wanderers after grouse, or black cock." Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Ayrshire were free as yet from iron-foundries, furnaces, pits, or any other appliances with which those counties abound. For where do our readers think were the head-quarters of the iron trade in those days? Where, but in the pleasant woodlands and wealds of Sussex, which now may be traversed without seeing the smoke of scarce one manu-

factory, but which in the days of Camden were described as, "full of mines everywhere, for the casting of which there are furnaces up and down the county, and abundance of wood is yearly spent, many streams of water are drawn into one channel, and a great deal of meadow ground is turned into pools, for the driving of mills by the flushes, which beating with hammers upon the iron, fill the neighbourhood night and day with their noise." Did we not know that it was so, and were we not able to find traces in corroboration of such a statement, one would feel inclined to laugh at the quiet Sussex lanes and breezy uplands being described as a Sheffield or a Birmingham. But it was even so, and the reason why is contained in the sentence that, "abundance of wood is yearly spent." Sussex was an eminently wooded county, and chance having commenced the trade of iron-smelting, it soon took root and threw apace.

How it originated there is not well known; but it is believed that the first family who carried on the manufacture of cast iron was one named Collins, which is corroborated by the fact that a cast-iron monument is erected to a member of that family in the church of Burwash, adjacent to which there was a small furnace. In the village of Buxted, too, there was a foundry, celebrated as early as Henry VIII.'s reign for casting cannon, and which also produced the forgings of railings around St. Paul's. It is not known how many ironworks and foundries existed in the Sussex wealds, but it is evident that the destruction of woods to provide charcoal for their use must have been on a large scale; so much so, as to cause great alarm lest England should be denuded of her forests, and there should be no timber left for her navy. To guard against this, we find that an Act was passed in Elizabeth's time, that no timber should be felled for iron-making, growing within fourteen miles of the sea or the Thames, Severn, or, in fact, any river which was navigable. Sussex, however, the weald of Kent, and part of Surrey, were exempt from the operation of the Act; doubtless from the feeling that it was better to confine the rapacity of the iron-smelter to a locality which had already suffered so much from it, and partly, too, from an unwillingness to check too abruptly a trade which might become useful and important. But the time soon came when even these counties were to be protected, for devastation was going on at such a pace, that it is said that of the ancient forest of Andradswald, which was originally 120 miles long and 30 broad, little or nothing remained. Evelyn, who wrote about this time, was strong in his disgust of the spreading evil, having "a deep

execration of iron mills and almost iron masters too."

So the first Act was improved upon by including the counties hitherto exempt, except the lands of Christopher Darrell, in the parish of Newdegate, in the weald of Surrey; and prohibiting the erection of any new iron works within them, and the cutting down of any more timber for fuel. Why Mr. Darrell's woods were exempted is not clear, although it is stated that they were reserved for his furnaces. Perhaps some legal difficulty existed which made it unadvisable to meddle with them, or perhaps he was rich and influential enough to have an exception made in his favour. Professor Ramsay, in his "Lectures to Working Men," tells us that late in the last century the last furnace might have been seen at Ashburnham, and that the old heaps of slag and the dams of the water-ponds are still visible.

It must not be thought that Sussex and Kent were the only places in which the smelting of iron was carried on at this time; for Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and part of Worcestershire had already made a reputation for themselves for carrying on the manufacture; and when the Act passed for prohibiting the cutting down of wood, these latter counties made an effort, which proved unsuccessful, to smelt iron with pit-coal; so that, as a whole, the iron works throughout the country were stopped, and did not revive until the reign of Charles II., when the experiments by the celebrated Dud Dudley on smelting with coal proved to be the turning point in the trade. One of the unsuccessful experimenters had been one Sturtevant, who wrote a curious pedantic treatise on iron making, called, "Metallica, briefly comprehending the doctrine of diverse New Metallical Inventions, but especially how to Neale, Melt, and Worke all kindes of Mettle Oares, Irons and Steeles, with Sea-coale, Pit-coale, Earth-coale, and Brush Fewell." Notwithstanding this high-flown title, Sturtevant's practice did not seem equal to his professions, and his patent was transferred to John Rovenzon, who also wrote a book on "Metallica," prudently stating, however, that it was not to be confounded with the "Metallica" that Sturtevant wrote. A book wherewith to herald the approaching inventions seems to have been as necessary as it is in the case of a medical man who sets up practice in a "speciality," for Dud Dudley, who next appeared on the scene, became the author of "Metallum Martis; or, Iron made Pit-coale, Sea-coale, &c., and with the same Fuell to Melt and Fine Imperfect Mettals and Refine Perfect Mettals."

Dud Dudley was the natural son of one

of the Lord Dudleys, who had ironworks at a place called Pensuett, near the present town of Dudley. It is curious to observe how iron-making seems to have been the particular occupation of this family, for ever since the sixteenth century to the present day it has always been remarkable for being represented by one of the largest iron-masters of its time; and it may be safely said that no family in England has been so long or so largely associated with the iron-trade as the noble house of Dudley.

Being sent for by his father from college to superintend the ironworks, Dud Dudley at once proceeded to experiment on his pit coal, in which he succeeded so far as to make three tons of iron a week, although "he hopes to advance his invention to make quantity also."

A patent was granted to him for thirty-one years by Charles I., which greatly excited the ire of the charcoal iron-masters; who, naturally indignant at his being able to sell iron cheaper than they could, left no stone unturned to throw difficulties in his way. In the end they triumphed, and poor Dudley first of all had his monopoly taken away from him, then suffered severely from a flood, and finally had his furnace at Himley, to which place he had removed, destroyed by a riotous mob, who cut the bellows in pieces. Having by this time lost all his money, he was imprisoned for debt in the Compter; from which, however, he managed to get released, and to obtain a fresh patent, and armed with this he started again, in partnership with two other persons at Bristol. But it was to no purpose, for he got taken in by them, and a long and disastrous Chancery suit was the end of Dud Dudley's troubles.

The next successful name in the iron-trade was that of Darby, whose descendants, like those of Dudley, are of renown in all things pertaining to iron. They were sturdy yeomen of Worcestershire in the seventeenth century, one of whom, Abraham Darby, left the pursuit of agriculture and went over to Holland, from whence he returned with Dutch workmen to set up some brass mills at Bristol. There the fortunes of the family began, by making iron castings; in which, though for a long time unsuccessful, Abraham became an adept, through the help of a Welsh lad in his employ, who saw at one glance the mistake which his master and all his Dutchmen had been making. From this establishment rose the celebrated Coalbrook Dale Works, which have kept their reputation for now nearly two hundred years. But during the first Abraham Darby's life charcoal was the fuel used at Coalbrook, and it was reserved for the second Abraham,

his son, to smelt his iron with coal, or what came to the same thing, with coke. It is narrated of him that for six days he anxiously watched the result of his trial, without once leaving the furnace, and that as soon as it answered its purpose, he fell asleep on the top of the furnace so soundly, that his workmen took him up and carried him home without waking. The Coalbrook Dale experiments were the first really remunerative ones, and from that day the use of charcoal steadily died out, and the number of coal furnaces to increase. This is conclusively shown by the fact that the quantity of tons of charcoal iron made in England and Wales in 1740 was 17,000, which by 1788 had decreased to 13,000, while the same year saw a yield of 48,000 tons of coal, or coke, iron. It is true that this great increase in coke iron must not be put down exclusively to the use of that material, but in some degree to the invention of powerful steam engines, such as Watt and Boulton's, for the purpose of supplying a much greater and more continuous blast.

As regarding this latter desideratum, which, both chemically and physically, was one of the highest importance for the proper smelting of the ore, a very great improvement was made in 1832 by a Mr. Neilson, who substituted for the cold air hitherto used a blast of hot air, which was an immense saving to the iron-master. He took out a patent for it, and granted a licence to the Bairds, the great iron-kings of Scotland, for a consideration or royalty of one shilling a ton upon all iron made by them by this process. But their notions of what was fair and honest were not what a king's should be (even though it be only an iron-king), for although they acknowledged that they made in one year 54,000*l.* net profit on their hot-blast iron, they actually refused to pay the licence, on some cock-and-a-bull story that the patent was old and wanted novelty. It will scarcely be believed that wealthy men in this land of honest trading could descend to such meanness, but so it was. They did not, however, get off scot free, for the patentee was not to be humbugged or bullied, but brought an action against them for 20,000*l.*, out of which he got about 12,000*l.* The worst of these cases is that inventors and patentees are generally poor, and quite unable to bear the expense of a lawsuit; and it is to this well-known fact that these discreditable attempts at imposition are due. It is quite refreshing to read Dr. Percy's book on iron, if it is only to enjoy the thorough castigation which the author administers to any of these evil-doers.

But by far a worse case than Neilson's is that

of Cort; which, although well known to the public, and particularly the scientific public, had passed into obscurity with its foul injustice unredressed, and as a standing reproach to English fair-play; and it would really seem, in perusing his case, that the fascination of trickery, shabbiness, and mendacity had enveloped everybody concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest. We are glad to see that the story has not been allowed to die away, but that Dr. Percy has put it forth again in the strongest colours, as a warning against the repetition of such conduct in English trade.

Henry Cort, who was a man of moderate means, patented an invention known as "puddle rolls," in which the iron was drawn out into bars, instead of under the hammer. Rolled iron was found so immeasurably superior to hammered iron that Cort's invention was at once seen to be of enormous importance, and some of the leading iron-masters, among whom were the Crawshays of Cyfartha, consented to buy a licence at the price of ten shillings per ton. Cort himself embarked his whole capital in starting machinery for supplying rolled iron to the Navy, in conjunction with the son of a Mr. Jellicoe, the deputy paymaster of that department. As public morals were not so fastidious then as now, Cort and Jellicoe made some nice pickings, as no iron was allowed to be contracted for save that made by their patent. And so all went as merry as a marriage bell, until old Jellicoe died suddenly, and it was found that the capital which he had given his son, together with a few other large sums, had been taken from monies of the Government lying in his hands as paymaster. The Government was not likely to be a lenient creditor, so that proceedings were at once taken, by which Cort and Jellicoe's works were seized, together with Cort's private patent; which, in defiance of the sums asked and paid for its use by iron-masters, was only estimated as an asset of 100*l*. It was curious, too, that though old Jellicoe was a defaulter for such a large sum, young Jellicoe was allowed to slip in as Government manager of the works.

Cort was of course ruined, and in consideration of it was allowed a pension of 200*l*. a year until his death, which happened about six years afterwards; perhaps, fortunately for him, for he was thereby spared a good deal. As soon as he was dead, Lord Melville, the Treasurer of the Navy, presented a petition to the House of Commons, showing the enormous good Cort had done to the trade of Great Britain, and praying on that account a release of all debts with which he (Lord Melville),

was hampered, as being responsible for Jellicoe's defaulting, amounting to about 25,000*l*. This was immediately granted him, although he at the same time was indebted on his own account to the Government to the tune of 190,000*l*.

Yet, in the face of this monstrous piece of injustice, the same House of Commons could with difficulty be persuaded to allow 100*l*. a year to Cort's widow. Of course, when the rulers of the land set such an example, the iron-masters were not slow to take advantage of it, and accordingly we find the Crawshays and Homfrays petitioning against the patent, alleging that they would have been ruined if they had followed it, although a correspondence was brought forward acknowledging the obligations under which they were lying for the use of it, and it was universally known that these iron-masters had made an enormous fortune out of it. And so it happened that the Corts died in starvation, while the Crawshays became millionaires, flourishing like a green bay tree,—an ugly story, which needs no comment. The story of the founding of the Crawshay family is a greater feather in their cap than the last episode.

In the last century, the original Crawshay, then a farmer's son, rode to London on his pony (his sole property) to seek his fortune. He began by sweeping out the warehouse of an ironmonger, who was of a discriminating mind, and saw that young Crawshay had good stuff in him. The ironmonger had been speculating successfully in sending out iron pots to America, and his astute apprentice observed that if the Americans used so many pots, they must want hooks to hang them on. Whereupon his master not only took the hint, but kindly determined that Crawshay should send them out, and that he would lend him the money for the purpose. Upon this venture £100 was realised, and from that time the farmer's son moved rapidly upwards, being first taken into partnership by his master, and ultimately becoming an iron-king in South Wales. It is curious that from this stock have arisen (in so short a time) two baronetages and one peerage—that of Llanover.

A very pretty story is that of Foley, the fiddler, and founder of the Foley family, who introduced into Staffordshire the machinery for making split rods, which, previous to this, had been of the rudest description. The observant fiddler, having heard that Sweden contained appliances suited to this branch of the trade, played his way to Hull and across to Sweden, where he speedily became a favourite with the workmen in the iron districts. As soon as he had primed

himself with the information he wanted, he suddenly disappeared, and turned up again in Staffordshire, where he persuaded a capitalist to put up the requisite machinery for split rods according to the Swedish pattern. But when the mill was put up it would not work, and off went the fiddler again, as most people thought, to drown himself for very shame ; but in reality back to Sweden, where he and his instrument were welcomed as only an old favourite can be. There he stayed until he had not only corrected the error in his calculations, but also taken furtive drawings of all the ins and outs of the mill, after which the treacherous musician reappeared in the same sudden manner, and set the Staffordshire mill going, to his ultimate enrichment.

Small beginnings and large endings are the rule of seven-tenths of the iron-masters of the present day, and it may be said of most of the iron-towns. Take South Wales, for instance, and the town of Merthyr Tydvil, which one hundred years ago was nothing but a small village, tenanted only by shepherds and petty farmers ; whereas now it is a large and busy place of between 60,000 and 70,000 inhabitants. And when the first lease of mineral property was taken by a Mr. Bacon in 1755, he only paid 200*l.* a year for a district eight miles long by four wide. The whole area of the South Wales basin, which in 1788 supported only 14 furnaces, partly charcoal and partly coke, yielding 12,000 tons of iron altogether ; in 1862 found employment for 197 furnaces, making nearly 900,000 tons. Still more rapid has been the growth of the Cleveland district in Yorkshire which, between 20 and 30 years ago was an uninhabited waste, and is now one of the most important iron-producing localities, maintaining 33 furnaces. Scotland, too, at the beginning of the present century, had only 17 furnaces, whereas now it has 171. Amongst the 17 were the once famous Carron Works, which had an additional tinge of romance from the fact of the poet Burns making an application to see them. The application being refused, he returned in dudgeon to his inn, and there wrote on a pane of glass :—

We cam na here to view your works
In hopes to be mair wise ;
But only lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise.
But when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought not hear us,
Sae may, should we to hell's gett come,
You billy Satan save us.

We daresay that Burns is not the only person who has thought that an iron-works looked very much like Pandemonium, particularly when visited at night : indeed, we re-

member the case of a friend, who, after going through a works at midnight, came down next morning with a frightful account of the pains of hell that had got hold upon him during his dreams.

G. P. BEVAN.

FOREWARNED.

A VERY SHORT STORY.

IN my ill-health I have had a dream, or vision ; and I mean to tell it. Prelude, there is none required : so I shall begin. I dreamt that my wife and I were sitting alone in the breakfast-room of the wide house we inhabit. Marian had given me my cup of coffee, not in the most gracious of moods : it was hardly her fault, I confess, for I had been hard to please, this particular morning. We went to a party last evening ; we went because we were asked—not because we wished to go. Marian thought we ought not to refuse : so I consented, ready to humour her. She does not like to give up the society to which she has been accustomed, and I cannot force her to do so. We went ; and we came back in a bad temper. Somehow or other, we have had more differences—I will not say squabbles—of late, than I have ever known before. And yet I cannot accuse Marian of being generally ill-natured, or even passionate. And for myself, there used to be people with whom I could agree perfectly—perhaps there are now, somewhere. It seems that my wife and I don't get on together so well as wife and husband should. What can be the cause ?

Alas ! there is not much difficulty in assigning a cause. The reason is not far to seek. I am confessing to myself that which I dare not tell my nearest friends : Marian was never meant for me, and I was never meant for Marian. Men do not take advice too often—that is not the way of the world—but I think I took advice on one occasion, the most important of all my life, when I ought to have decided for myself. I was not very rich, and perhaps not very wise ; and friends of mine considered that as Marian was both, I could obtain no more suitable wife. They thought that she and I were exactly fitted each for the other. She, rich ; I, with a very moderate fortune : I, not very wise ; she, certainly not foolish. I suppose both of us knew something of the world : Marian, at any rate, knew quite as much of it as I wished my wife to know.

There was somebody else for whom I had a preference ; somebody else, whose merest word filled my heart with joy, whenever I was lucky enough to hear it ; whose lightest touch thrilled through my frame. I knew her perfectly well ; I recognised each tone of the varying voice. Over that face of hers no expression that was

new to me could pass. I knew them all so well that each expression was but as another page of a well-loved, well-remembered book—a book that could not open but I knew the place.

That girl's name was Ethel; and she was the only girl I had ever loved. When her grey eyes—pure, deep, serene—fell upon my own, the light of them entered into my very soul. I thought I would have given my life, with all the years that lay before me; given all my prospects and hopes—such as they were—to know that that girl was mine. For her sake I thought I could have met Death willingly. I thought so then; but, my God, Thou knowest that I deceived myself—that my strength failed me in the trial hour I passed through. Thou knowest that I shrunk, conquered. I wanted to have Ethel for my own, and I said so. It was opposed. I spoke more strongly; but the opposition became stronger too. Anxiety did its work. Ill-health came upon me. And in an evil moment—that I curse (inwardly, remember) to this hour—I yielded. A month of two afterwards Marian was my wife. I resolved to do by her as well as I could: I should have been a brute to think of doing otherwise. She should have no cause to complain, if I could help it. Henceforth she and I were to live together, each for the other. Henceforth Ethel was nothing to me—nothing!

Was that possible?

I thought it possible then; secure of the victory which mind might gain over heart. There were good reasons—plausible reasons, at least—for my marrying Marian; and as I had made the bargain I would keep it. I had perfect confidence that my wife would do her part. She had always commanded my respect; but my love—that is quite another affair. For as the poet, the greatest poet of our day, says:—

How is it under our control
To love or not to love?

But we got along pretty well together—Marian and I. Our life, looked at by itself, was not so very miserable; but compared with the life that might have been mine with Ethel, it was not life at all. Still it went on, and kept its even tenor. The passing days brought with them what are considered pleasures—for me, I hardly found them pleasures at all. The passing days brought with them no acute pain: there was only a dull aching at my heart—a void that nothing was likely to fill. I supposed I had forgotten Ethel.

But I found that I had not; and I found it out on the morning we sat at breakfast together—Marian and I—as I said at the beginning of these words that I am writing.

Marian knew nothing about her; she had scarcely heard her name; and if by chance she should hear it, she knew of no reason for keeping it from me. My wife reads the *Morning Post* daily at breakfast time; and she tells me some of its contents, as I dawdle over my coffee. On the morning I am speaking of she read two or three paragraphs to me. The last she read happened to be the first that caught my attention. It was the following:—

We understand that a marriage has been arranged between Captain Cecil, of the 110th Regiment, son of Bernard Cecil, Esq., of Boddington Park, Bucks, and Miss Ethel Webber, only daughter of Algernon Webber, Esq., of Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park.

The sudden mention of her name, and the intelligence that accompanied it, made my heart stop beating at first, and then set it throbbing with a rush of blood to my cheek and brow. My wife looked at me, and afterwards I looked at my wife. She must have read the story in the expression of my face at that moment. I felt that my old love for Ethel was confessed, obvious, undeniable.

But what was there to desire to deny? A man seldom marries the first woman for whom he cares. A man's wife will think no worse for him, when she knows he has had other attachments; but then these attachments should not be lasting. Your wife will scarcely care even to pity your queen dethroned; but if, in your inmost heart, that queen reign still, your wife—in discovering the fact—will waste no love upon her.

So I thought—if I thought at all—as Marian looked at me across the breakfast-table. And I thought also, what a wretched failure this had been, this joining of hands—for Marian and for me—when the hearts could never be joined! Our lives had been different from the beginning; and in reality, if not in appearance, they must be different to the end. True union we might look for, seek after, but in vain.

Where two lives join there is oft a scar.

Where our lives were patched together, the scar was broad and deep; and now and again the old wound was touched, pierced to the ugly core of it, by the stirring of such a memory as had been stirred to-day.

And Ethel. Was she fit for Captain Cecil? Scarcely the sort of woman to suit him, thought I. And was he fit for her? No, indeed; for he could not know her worth, and would never value justly—how could any one!—her fresh young heart, her thoughtful mind, her face composed of flowers. He would never know the worth of her—she, who was as pure of soul as sound of body.

Nevertheless he must have her. The fact

remained. For me there was no chance whatever now. I was too late by a year or so of wedded life (and happiness) with Marian. To-day there was the paragraph in the Morning Post: soon there would be the church ceremonial, the breakfast, the departure. It was too awful a thought to bear in silence. Marian saw that. It was too awful a thought, I say, to bear in silence; and whether I moaned, or shrieked, or—

Whatever I did, I jumped out of bed the moment I was thoroughly awake, and thanked God that that evil dream was not true yet, at all events. And Ethel—she was yet to be won. It was possible to guard against the future; whatever obstacles the future presented might be met and crushed.

I will meet them—that is resolved. They may take long to crush, but they—or, in default of them, my own life—shall be crushed at last. There can be no yielding the point I have striven for of old. It is only to strain the nerves once more; and, baffled, to fight it over again. Ethel, my life's set prize, must be won sooner or later. Until I get her for my own, let me work and strive and dare continually!

T. F. W.

OUR UNHOUSED POOR.

"It is positively the case," said the irate Churchwarden of Saint Anthony to the cool Surveyor of a new line of railway through the metropolis, "your theodolites and pickaxes, instead of aiding civilisation, are demoralising whole neighbourhoods. Railroads through towns are a nuisance; they demolish houses by hundreds, without replacing them, and as they are invariably driven through the lowest and poorest districts, of course to save the pockets of the shareholders" (cool Surveyor nodded assent), "they force the denizens of over-crowded courts and alleys to seek shelter in equally over-crowded courts and alleys, until we get a mass of human beings huddled and pigging together in a manner altogether shaming our Christian principles and profession, and burthening the parish with ruinous rates. It is a disgrace, sir, a disgrace, sir."

The Man of Levels and Chains looked placidly on at this ebullition of the parochial Official, and mildly observed "What would you have us do?"

"Do? Why, nothing. Leave us alone, sir."

The Surveyor shrugged his shoulders with an expressive emphasis, and then locking his arm into the arm of the Churchwarden of Saint Anthony, dragged his complainant slowly onward. "Come," said he, "let us take a short walk; I will conduct you. We need

not go out of this neighbourhood. We are opposite the Old Bailey; the valley of Holborn is beneath us. What a smiling valley it must have been once, when fairs and jousts were held outside the New Gate on Smithfield; when gentle youths and merry maidens tripped down the greensward, and gathered cowslips and cuckoo flowers on the banks of the Fleet. But that was a long time ago; now it is all covered with coal-grained brick-houses: just peep down that court, that is Bishop's Court; or that, it is St. Dunstan's."

The Venerable the Churchwarden did more than peep down Bishop's Court; he walked down it; carefully, however, holding his bandana to his mouth and nose, in order to protect himself against the miasma of fetid smells, and to ward off infection.

Bishop's Court and St. Dunstan's Court, like many of their type, are repulsively indescribable. There is *la misère et la misère*, there is wretchedness and wretchedness; there are degrees even in house degradation; and in the lowest depth a lower depth, in London at least, seems ever opening wide to swallow up the poorer poor. In our old country towns, in our ancient villages, the tenements may be tottering and tumbledown-looking; they may be dirty and time-worn, cramped and uncomfortable; but there is always something to redeem them. Their architecture is not unpicturesque; their thatch-roofs, gable-ends, rafters, and cross-beams; walls half wood, half mud, or chalk, or composite; their crazy but still solid doors; their diamond window-panes afford a pretty picture: and though the inmates may be none of the cleanliest, or the most pure in heart and practice, still, there we have a building mantled with associations as with ivy, and pleasing to the eye, an agreeable object in a landscape. We admire a Dutch interior of Rembrandt's or Teniers'. Though the walls are sombre, the atmosphere dark, the furniture smoke-dried, and though the scene frequently presents life in its lowest stage, yet, how many lights exist—we were going to say, are thrown in—but exist, absolutely exist—to give a cheerful contrast to the shadows of the Dutch artists. But in the exterior or interior of one of these London courts, where are the contrasts? where are the lights? where are the lines of beauty? Who can detect them? All is black, black as despair; not a gleam, physical or moral, to brighten up the perennial gloom. Look down this court. The pavement is reeking with wet and garbage. The walls are flat perpendicular surfaces of brickwork, begrimed with London soot and smoke, mashed up by the rain into a horrid paste, and laid on with a

heavy brush against the doors, the window-sills,—in a word, against the unrelieved upright area of the houses. There is no one point where the Cimmerian compound has not been applied; here, indeed, “brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,” for the blackness of the moral Night moreover envelops the plague-spot, and Misery has marked it for her own.

Nor is the hopeless, dull ebony uniformity confined to the exterior of the houses, nor is it the least revolting portion of the picture. Look at the denizens of these pandemonia. Look at the heavy skulking men, the haggard noisy tatterdemalions of women, the ragged, unkempt, unwashed, half-starved children, that swarm in these rayless localities. Look into their faces, and what spark of intelligence, what trace of conscience, what gleam of hope, can you find there. The men hang about the place with aimless purpose, sulky and joyless; the women chatter, and quarrel, and backbite each other in high-pitched, screechy voices; the children scream, and fight, and play all in one; the maidens lose their modesty, and the young men abandon every vestige of respect for even the beauty of the other sex. How can it be otherwise when every room in every house in that court contains six or seven—perhaps eight or ten—men, women, and children, sleeping night after night, huddled and massed together promiscuously, like cattle in a pen? How can modesty be preserved where all sense of decency has long since been burked? Can Communism produce worse evils than Poverty? Yet such is the condition of hundreds of our metropolitan courts, and alleys, and yards, and such it will continue to be if active steps be not taken to check it.

The Churchwarden is right. This frightful state of things has been brought about by the demolition of vast numbers of houses in the course of railway extension, and—let us add, not to be too severe on the railway companies—by the progress of metropolitan improvements. Lord Derby was right when he expatiated eloquently upon the colossal injury the rapid race for railway extension was inflicting upon the impoverished classes of London. Potent as the trumpets of Joshua before Jericho, an Act of Parliament razes to the ground wall upon wall, and house upon house, and street upon street. But there is no magic wand which, waved to and fro by a magic hand, can build up with equal ease new palaces for the rich and new habitations for the poor. Rome, though not built in a day, may be destroyed in a day; the work of demolition is the *facilis descensus*, and of this fatal facility architects and engineers have largely availed themselves. Imperial decrees,

executed by the indefatigable Prefect of the Seine, have so effectually Haussmanised Paris, that where three houses stood before one stands now, converting into a curse the gift of beauty which the Senatorial Rachel of France is imparting to her unrivalled capital.

The same process has been taking place in London. When the Victoria Docks were constructed several thousands of families were displaced, and sought refuge still further eastward, in over-crowded Stepney, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, or Spitalfields. When Cannon Street was projected, to ease the traffic of Cheapside and King William Street and make a short cut from St. Paul's Cathedral to London Bridge, hundreds of small tenements and poor weekly tenants disappeared from the locality. When the Rookery in St. Giles's was disturbed, and the Seven Dials opened to light and air by a series of new thoroughfares, the Rooks had to perch elsewhere, and mostly on branches already bending beneath the weight of ancestral nests, whose occupants held a kind of hereditary tenure, and had cawed and multiplied there till emigration had long since been desirable. When it was thought proper for the public good to connect Clerkenwell and Blackfriars Bridge, what a pulling down of old, dilapidated, worm-eaten, ramshackle hovels took place. Field Lane—where Oliver Twist served his apprenticeship under the accomplished Mr. Fagin, archpriest of pocket-picking—was half-demolished, and Saffron Hill, sacred to organ-grinders and gilders, exposed to the naked eye. Would that the whole of Field Lane had been pulled down. The western side still remains, dirty, slovenly, inodorous, swarming with miserable croons and idle children reeking with filth, and hideous with every physical deformity. But why select one spot here and there, when along the whole line you might plunge on either side into dismal alleys, witnessing the unclean poverty of the people, and hearing the hopeless whine of misery and demoralisation. Where can an area be found more desolate-looking, more repulsive, than Plumtree Court—Plumtree! what a mockery is the name!—Shoe Lane! Happily, many of its type have disappeared; but it would be almost too good news to learn that Plumtree Court itself is doomed beneath the parliamentary pick-axe of the Holborn Valley Improvement Act.

This is, however, rather a long interlude. We left the Churchwarden cautiously moving down Bishop's Court, and examining for himself its horrible condition.

“Well!” observed the Surveyor, as the philanthropic parochial Official emerged from the low archway that led to the Old Bailey pan-

demonium. "Well! what do you think of it?"

"Think of it? It is a lazar-spot, a sink of pollution, a hot-bed of disease and vice."

"And yet you would preserve such plague-spots? At least, you would not have us demolish them."

"You double the evil by demolishing them."

"On the contrary, we do society good by driving through and dispersing them."

"Good!" sneered the parish Conservator.

"Good! I repeat it—Good! Listen for a moment. Suppose we did not interfere with these dens of moral and physical disease, what would result? Suppose we left them alone, as you desire, they would perpetually fester. As population increased, they would become proportionately over-crowded; they would become ten-fold what you describe them—lazar-spots. Would they not?"

"I don't see how you are going to mend matters," replied the sapient Churchwarden, with an air of triumphant ratiocination, "by pulling down houses and doubling the evil complained of."

"But we diminish the number of plague-spots, do we not?"

"Only to intensify the disease."

"Every evil has its remedy; that you will grant."

"I don't see it," and the Churchwarden shook his head.

"Then you will allow me to explain. Left as you would have them left, these courts and alleys would become permanent nurseries of vice, and crime, and fevers. Now by opening them, and admitting air and light, we half destroy the evil. But this is not all. Necessity is the mother of invention. Ingenuity rarely sets her wits to work until things have come to such a pass that they cannot be worse. Now what have been the fruits of our City improvements? We have given, as I have said, light and air to localities which were languishing from a congestion of population, from filthy darkness and demoralisation, and we have given fresh lungs to these benighted parts of the City. Is it not so?"

"I wish you would push your argument on a little quicker," replied the puzzled Churchwarden, peevishly.

"Well, I am coming to it. If we have destroyed the homes of thousands of the most impoverished classes in London, we have drawn attention to the dreadful state of the spots we have thrown down, and the other kindred spots that still remain."

"I should think so, and deservedly, too."

"That is exactly it," continued the cool-headed Surveyor, "we have drawn attention

to this by no means pleasant subject, and philanthropy, in the guise of commercial enterprise, has taken in hand the remedy."

"And no thanks to you."

"I am not referring to motives, but effects, to results. We hear now of Model Lodging-houses for the poor: that would never have been dreamt of but for the present state of things. We hear, too, mooted the question of Suburban Villages for the artisan and city-labourer; we hear of Workmen's Trains, both on the Metropolitan and London, Chatham, and Dover lines. What do you say to that?"

"Empirical, empirical: a mere experiment: we know nothing of the results."

"There your knowledge runs short. You are mistaken. We have very good data to go upon, and I could, had I time, expatiate largely upon the benefits conferred upon the lower orders by the model lodging-houses and working men's trains; but perhaps you have no desire to be convinced;" and quitting this unhealthy neighbourhood, they walked away together, to talk the matter over, the following being the substance of their conversation.

A daily exodus is going on, has been going on for years, from intra-mural London. First it was the successful merchant that must have a seat down on the banks of the Thames, or at Highgate or Hampstead; then the well-to-do tradesman sighed for country air, and built him a villa at Newington, or Camberwell, Clapham, or Peckham—rural retreats. Then the clerks in the merchants' and government offices felt the ten hours' confinement to the desk too much for their nerves and general health. So lines of sober-minded, humble-looking Rows and Terraces were run up for them in Pentonville, and Clerkenwell or Somers's Town; and so on down the scale, till Central London at night has become almost abandoned to housekeepers and porters.

The same process has now commenced below this line, and beyond this area. The working-men's trains, which have been started by the Metropolitan and London, Chatham, and Dover railway companies are accomplishing a magnificent boon for the labouring man. Early every morning they convey, for the low sum of two-pence (return tickets), thousands from the outskirts of London to the scene of their toil; that is to say, they enable thousands of our journeymen labourers, instead of festering in over-crowded courts and alleys, to live out where there is fresh air and plenty of space. There is no manner of need for us to expatiate upon the good thus effected; the health, the comfort, the cleanliness, the self-respect, the independence, this opportunity begets are self-evident, and require no exposition. Plans

have been formed for the purpose of constructing suburban villages for the working-man in connection with the railways. Many difficulties, however, have opposed the development of this project, which, in fact, has never advanced beyond the first stage of conception. No experiment has been made, though we believe the idea was revived when the munificence of Mr. Peabody and its conditions set men's minds a-thinking over the arduous question of "how best to benefit the poor."

This brings us to another subject which has arisen out of the overcrowding of the low quarters of the metropolis by railway extension and civic improvements—dwelling-houses for the working classes. This matter has been taken up in the spirit of philanthropy, but on the true principles of financial economy, since this labour of love it is intended shall be paying. A company was set on foot some time since by Alderman Waterlow for the purpose of erecting suitable residences for the working-classes, to be let out at a reasonable rate. The alderman showed how the scheme might be made at once remunerative in itself, and a boon to the poor; a directorate was formed, and Lord Stanley accepted the post of chairman. The results of its labours hitherto have been highly gratifying. The sum of 23,000*l.* has been expended in the purchase of land, and in the erection of buildings. At Wapping, a block of sixty dwellings for families has been completed and occupied. At Bagnigge Wells Road, a similar block has been constructed and named "Cobden Buildings;" another "*cité*," as the French would term it, called "Stanley Buildings," is on the point of completion in the Old St. Pancras Road, whilst negotiations are pending for an eligible piece of land in the City Road, about a quarter of a mile from the Bank, as a site for three blocks of buildings.

"And what are the rents they ask?" demanded the Churchwarden of Saint Anthony, who had all this time been listening with singular absence of interruption to the Civil Engineer. "Preposterous; the prices are too high, sir; they never can benefit the poor."

"Then how is it they are occupied as soon as finished? Nonsense, they pay; and more than that, if it isn't the class you wish to see benefited, which is immediately served, the out-goers make room in the old alleys and courts for the strata below them, the costermonger, the mason, and the hodman. But even the turn of these will come in time, and you will see that railways will ultimately prove a blessing to them all. We shall have more open thoroughfares, more open spaces, more available means for obtaining country air, and

visiting beautiful scenes; and if ever the population relapses into its present state of misery and degradation, it will be the fault of the churchwardens, and such small conservative fry of future generations, who would leave things as they are. No, sir; if the poor are to be dragged out of this Slough of Despond, it must be by means of the go-a-head steam locomotive."

HAROLD KING.

LIFE IN THE CLOUDS.

EVERYBODY knows that Switzerland in bad weather must always be a myth, a delusion, and a snare. What is the use of being told by Murray, that from this point may be seen some score of mountain peaks, of various degrees of loveliness, and length of name, when the fact is the fog is so dense you can hardly see your own alpenstock? far wiser and easier to stay at home and look at the panorama, which shows you everything as it ought to be. What is the use of inhaling the invigorating breeze under a pouring rain which no amount of waterproof clothing can resist for any time? "Never again will I return to this deceitful land," is the cry reiterated by the sturdy Alpine tourist, whose well-laid plans for scaling hitherto unattainable peaks have been mockingly set aside; by the professional man, whose hard-won holiday has been spent in reading Tauchnitz novels in the salons of wretched hotels; by the delicate woman who, sent to recruit her exhausted frame, finds her newly-gained strength in peril from damp sheets and rain-flooded rooms; by the London belle, who has come solely to delight her fellow-travellers by the display of so unique and varied a set of travelling costumes, and finds,—but no,—let us draw the silent veil of oblivion over their departed glories: by each and all is the same resolution energetically repeated. And yet that capricious beauty, who has chosen her dwelling-place midst the storm-rent passes and frozen glaciers of Helvetia, has only to lift one beaming glance or fling the shadow of a smile, has just to raise for one moment the gloomy pall that enfolds her, to let you look once on the white forehead of the Jungfrau, or gaze awestruck and spellbound into the deep heart of Mont Blanc, and her devoted admirers are at her feet again, more hopelessly enslaved than ever, for their momentary defalcation. Yes, those who have tasted once of the fabled lotus fruit find all other pleasures pall before the memory of its intoxicating fragrance, and wander helplessly back to that magic banquet; and you and I, too, my friends, will find ourselves drawn into the vortex, despite our

struggles, and will meet once again, as we did this year, under the mighty shadow of the Eaggischorn. Memory reads no dates in friendship's annals ; so why should I strive to chronicle the day and the hour when we, units in the band of brotherhood that was to be, found ourselves toiling through the winding paths of that stately pine forest that clothes the foot of the giant Eaggischorn ? Yes, up under soft but soaking rain, through those deep and sombre groves,—looking down on the dark blue mountains far below, panted on we, who, with no further training than the fitful excitement of a London ball-room, nerved by the inspiring scene around, had rashly undertaken to walk up what a Mont Blanc man describes as “about the stiffest grind in Switzerland,” thinking



Peasants of the Rhone Valley.

regretfully of the assistance we had below scornfully rejected, hearing far above us the tinkling of the mule bells, while imploring voices woke up the twilight echoes by shouting down warnings of the fast falling day and falling night. Fresh from the glories of the Grimsel, with the foaming roar of the Aar Falls still sounding in our ears, and visions of the calm, frozen beauty of the Rhone glacier floating before our eyes, as we reposed for an instant on the fallen pine trunks around, and then hurried breathlessly on, to reach at length, thoroughly wet, but in good spirits, the goal of all our desires, that white hotel perched midway on the mountain side.

The first notion of most travellers on reaching that haven of rest is to call at once for quantities of hot water,—a very important

item,—considering you are completely soaked, from the hat downwards, in rain, that has been slowly trickling through those fragrant pine branches till it is converted into a highly scented essence ; and on your boots you have contrived to carry away sufficient rich leafy loam to stock a small garden. Time only, however, is sometimes wanted to transform the most muddy grub into the most radiant butterfly ; and with the inward and outward being refreshed, behold the wayworn travellers sauntering forth to steep their souls in the unending beauty of the wondrous panorama the moon is lighting up for them, her beams glinting now over the upheaved shoulder of some giant mountain, now half revealing the shadowy depth of some mysterious valley, flinging into sterner relief the jagged tops of those storm-racked pines and keen cut outline of that rock-crowned hill ; anon softening into more ethereal tenderness those far-off frosted peaks, those ghostly sentinels of silence and eternal snow ; and we, who stood drinking in the witchery of the scene, felt our souls filled with an intense longing to explore all the hidden mysteries of that enchanted landscape, and betook our scheming brains and ambitious projects each to our allotted pillow, determining to rise with the sun and see what we should see, which was—alas ! Had some malicious magician flung a foul spell over the dream of last night ? Nothing met our despairing gaze but drenching rain, and thick murky clouds rolling noiselessly above, below, around. What was to be done ? The notion of ascending the rest of the mountain to look at a view being, under such circumstances, simply ludicrous, we were perforce compelled to resign ourselves to our fate, and spend the day in the house as we best could ; and after the first gaze of blank disappointment, it was astonishing how quickly every one discovered that after all a rainy day was quite a blessing. You could write up all arrears of neglected correspondence and half-forgotten diaries, complete unfinished sketches, and arrange the dried specimens of ferns, flowers, and lichens that constitute great part of the traveller's mountain treasures ; and while the room subsided into quiet and occupation, we were able to examine at greater leisure our companions in misfortune. They were not all strangers to us : many we had met at various hotels. There stood our tall friend, who organised a wonderful game at the Grimsel, which excited roars of laughter inextinguishable, as that of Olympus, among the crowd of guides and nondescript servants of the Hospice, and who would persist in addressing us in that most miraculous of modern languages, British French.

By him was his calm, composed companion, inseparable as Damon and Pythias. There were three travelling artists, objectionable people, who had already been often warned that the company present understood French, Flemish, and German, but who persisted in making personal remarks, and taking furtive likenesses of those around. They constituted, as one of them observed, "la seule tache," on the otherwise British gathering, and no one contradicted him. There was the eternal, newly-married couple, who, speaking only to each other, found their own society an insufficient safeguard against ennui, and took a very speedy departure. There was that fair, gentle Englishwoman with the small, classical head, and many others of more or less interest.

The only natural resources of the place were a shelf of Tauchnitz volumes in the smoking room, and a singular game, a mélange of bagatelle and Eolian harp; at least the balls struck on brass wires, that emitted a murmuring, musical sound. The gentlemen found it interesting, as one of them confided to us he had played 170 games, and lost some uncountable number of half francs; indeed, they got very excited over it, and insisted on dragging it bodily into the salon, that we might join in the sport, to the intense disgust and annoyance of that fiery-headed, wonderful waitress, who (under protest) did the work of five garçons, and grumbled for ten, and who answered to the soft name of *Lone Philomel*; but who when you waited to hear her "wood-



Viesch, at the foot of the Eggischhorn.

notes wild," gruffly desired you not to talk to her, as she had no time to reply.

Let me here chronicle the name of our host, "Willag," the Prince of Landlords, who, with the smallest conceivable head, and the longest possible legs, hung upon electric wires, hopped madly about the house, and came down upon the table d'hôte with extended arms, like an heraldic spider. With the help of chocolate, we succeeded in getting through the day somehow; and the evening brought a new importation of guests, English girls, with smoothly braided hair; and everybody fraternised and congratulated each other on the fact that the wind had changed, and that tomorrow's dawn must bring fine weather. So we went to bed, and got up to a white world, for the change of wind had brought a totally

unexpected fall of snow, notwithstanding which our enemies, the clouds, hung perseveringly and affectionately close around us. However, the learned in such things announced snow to be a certain presage of fine weather, and the guides had a frantic game of snow-balls to express their pleasure at the prospect; and our eccentric host performed a spasmodic dance of delight on the plateau before the hotel.

The three Germans started for the top of the mountain; and on their return previous to departing altogether, as they would not acknowledge to having seen nothing, three Englishmen, our modern Damon and Pythias with a friend, must needs sally forth on the same errand, unheeding the very qualified assertion of the most conscientious German,

"que ça doit être très belle." Of course they came back very wet, having only seen varieties of the same clouds that hung plentifully round the house. Our chief entertainment of an afternoon was looking out for new visitors. When the alarm was given that anyone was in sight, we flew tumultuously to the windows to watch them appear looming through the mist and come dripping into the door. That afternoon three gentlemen and a lady arrived, English, of course—no other people travel for pleasure in bad weather; and after the usual routine of hot water without and hot wine within had been gone through, they appeared; and here let me remark, I do not know why we are called a grave nation, all the most radiant people I see abroad are Englishwomen. Now this party, notwithstanding their soaking, all looked beaming; and the lady especially came down in about ten minutes as fresh as a rose, and entering the salon with her friends, found us all, according to our usual habit of receiving strangers with all due formality till we saw what they were like, sitting over our books and work, as if nothing could draw our attention off; and nothing would, I believe, had not fate determined to enlarge the circle of the Eaggischorn brotherhood, and behold what small causes may bring about great events. There was a red sofa in the salon, which we called the "Trap," because, though inviting to look at, if you venture to repose on those treacherous cushions, they fall in, thereby administering a great shock to the nerves. This happened often; but Philomela always set the trap again, and some thoughtless being was sure to be caught. Now two of the new comers took possession of this sofa—one, whose grey hair and general demeanour proclaimed him a dignitary of the church; the other, also a clergyman and a man of weight. We looked nervously round. Should we so far break through the conventionalities as warn these strangers? But no, British taciturnity prevailed; the dead silence was only broken by the expected crash, and consequent downfall of the victims. No one being hurt, we were allowed to laugh to make up for our previous solemnity, and to talk as fast as ever we could from that moment till we parted. We had games, and we had ghost stories; we had an English service read to a quiet and attentive little congregation; we had constant snow and clouds without, and perpetual sunshine within. We made one ineffectual effort to reach that mythical top of the mountain; climbed up through various layers of clouds; lost sight speedily of everybody else; replied to their encouraging but invisible voices by shouting back "excelsior;"

got excited enough to believe we once saw some blue sky, which, of course, turned out a melancholy delusion; and brought home a great deal of melted snow, but nothing else, excepting sufficient spirits to carry us triumphantly through a most ghostly evening; for the amount of perfectly well-authenticated supernatural tales we heard that night, told by people whose earnest tones spoke at least their own intense faith and belief in their words, were enough to make the most commonplace hair stand on end.

Hitherto we had turned a deaf ear to the reports brought up to us of sunshine in the valleys and surrounding hills, and determined to persevere in waiting for a fine day till perseverance had met with her proper reward, and we should have seen that mythical view from the mountain peak. But when morning after morning dawned, and the sun still seemed to have forgotten us, the clouds, if possible, hanging denser and closer, and one after another of our fellow-prisoners preparing to take flight, our fortitude began to flag; and when a horrible rumour was circulated through the house, from whence originated no one could tell, that if the wind did not change in two hours it would snow for a fortnight, human patience could stand it no longer. Begging our friends to wait for us, and calling for the bill, we flew up stairs. Ten minutes sufficed for our preparations. No ponies were procurable; but what signified that to determined spirits? We waited for nothing, but, snatching up our alpenstocks, plunged down the hill side with the resistless force of an avalanche, and left "the great pines groaning aghast" at the rapidity of our flight, which was momentarily checked at "Viesch" till a sufficient number of vehicles could be chartered to roll us on smoothly to Brieg, and only finally brought to a standstill at Visp, by the sight of the solemn range of Zermatt, whose snowy peaks drew aside some of the brotherhood, while the rest swept on to Chamouni and remained there, fascinated by the exceeding loveliness of that fair valley and its mysterious and tempting glaciers, and gazing into the "deeply darkly blue" crevasses till they could scarcely resist obeying those unearthly voices that would lure unwary mortals down to try the pure and calm repose of their sapphire and emerald recesses, where no human foot has ever stepped; and from Chamouni the brotherhood again gathered together by the blue sparkling waters of Lake Lemman, and then and there, before their final separation, decreed that this faithful record of their sayings and doings should be faithfully chronicled.

M. A. W. D.

A STORY OF WATERLEIGH MILL.

(IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.)



CHAPTER I.

"HERE at last, and thoroughly drenched," exclaimed a traveller, about to enter the inn at Waterleigh, a village on the banks of the Thames. It had been raining and blowing hard all day, and the evening was closing in with

signs of increasing tempest. "Yes," said the traveller, "though pretty well accustomed to roughing it, I do not know that I ever closed a day's march with more satisfaction. But how is this? A brick wall, instead of open doors! Is the old inn deserted, or have I

mistaken the house?" He stepped back and looked up. There was no mistake; the sign of the Beetle and Wedge stood out as heretofore, —large in conception, vigorous in colour and execution.

This symbol of the Beetle and Wedge had its origin in the old days, when the silvery Thames rolled its unpolluted and capacious waters between banks shrouded in wood, and when the mallet, the wedge, and sturdy Saxon arms were required to clear the forest solitudes.

In the present instance the sign was the work of the modern village artist, who, instead of a mallet, which the old word "beetle" was intended to express, had thought fit to paint an enormous black insect standing on a wedge. It was a wonderful piece of pre-Raphaelite execution,—the very cast of the creature's countenance was conscientiously rendered. A fancy wreath of lesser beetles and wedges enclosed an inscription, which announced that Jeremiah Stockfish gave entertainment to man and horse, neat wines, &c.

"No, I am right," said the traveller; "but what are they about, building up the passage? Hillo, a-hoy! within there!" These words he accompanied with a smart blow of his cane upon the masonry which a man in the passage behind was busily erecting. The brickwork was already breast high, when the builder, no less a person than the landlord himself, startled by the sudden summons from without, popped his head above the barrier to ascertain the cause. As the head protruded from the dark passage, the face and staring eyes lit up by the lurid evening storm glare, it appeared as if just struck from the body, and spiked traitorwise upon the barrier.

"Sir," said the head, "whoever you are, prince or peasant, patience! A man must take care of those within his house, as well as of those without,—the Thames, sir! the Thames!" and he began to handle a brick.

The stranger was reserved, a man of few words.

"Don't make yourself a fool, sir, but answer me at once: do you admit me or not to this public-house?"

"Admit you," said the other, "oh, dear, yes, sir, by all manner of means, if you will give a man a little time; one more row of bricks, and the work will be safe. Admit you, sir, to be sure; this is the Beetle and Wedge, not public-house, but inn and tavern, Jeremiah Stockfish landlord, who is at present engaged on particular business, but who has excellent fishing accommodation."

The stranger, now really angry, exclaimed, "How much longer am I to be kept in this

pouring rain? I shall have a little business to settle with you, my friend, when once I get inside that barricade of yours. Am I to stay here all night?" and he made a movement as if to climb the obstruction, and force an entrance.

"No violence, I pray," cried the landlord. "Upon this barricade, as you justly call it, hangs the safety of my house. Here, hostler, take the trowel, and pitch in for your life; not a moment must be lost." And turning to the traveller, "Will you please, sir, to walk about five yards up the slope on your right to the back-door? I will join you there, and admit you straight." The hostler took the trowel, and seized a brick, as if to work in earnest; but no sooner was the landlord's back turned than he put it down again.

"Work, indeed!" he exclaimed; "when is there any other cry? I have heard of a maid-of-all-work, but of a man-of-all-work, never. Hostler, tapster, mason, tyler, plasterer, and painter; what next, I wonder? Hush, I hear the enemy a coming,—the Thames, the Thames!" and he commenced building with the utmost celerity.

Meantime the landlord had admitted the stranger by the back-door, and holding up the candle so that the light might fall fully on his visitor, and considering the survey satisfactory, he said:—

"I must ask your pardon, sir, for having kept you standing in the rain, and explain what I was about. I was building a barricade, as you justly call it, not to exclude lawful travellers by land or by water from this inn and tavern that we pray for every Sunday, but against an outlaw and water pirate,—the River Thames."

"The Thames!" exclaimed the other.

"Yes, sir, the Thames; it is rising fast. We had just this weather some ten years ago; the river came out, burst through the front door, and nearly drowned the landlord and his whole establishment,—nothing like it since the Flood; excellent neat wines six feet deep, casks swimming about; in short, sir, no end of damage done and custom lost. Since that time I have always kept bricks and mortar at hand to build the enemy out if he again invade me. But Lord, sir, how it lightens! Do come in, and not stand talking here in the passage; it is an awful night, and you as wet as the river itself. Hark, how the rain rushes! Why, bless me, if I don't believe it is the Thames a-coming, and the mortar not yet set; make haste, this way, sir."

"Landlord," said the stranger, "pray put the Thames out of your head just now, and provide me with a private room and something

to eat, or you will find me a worse customer than the roaring flood."

"All right," he replied; "private apartment, no; cold, and without fire; to eat, yes, and of the best, and to drink too. You will find the travellers' room a perfect snuggeries, excellent fire and good company; the doctor and the schoolmaster of the district, two scientific men who make this inn pretty nearly their home. Here is the door," throwing it open; "excuse ceremony. Hark at the thunder! The river is coming down; Lord have mercy on this particular house. This is Mr.—Mr.—"

"Talbot," said the stranger.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Talbot, a gentleman traveller. And now to do battle with the Thames, an unwelcome guest, and to order dinner for a welcome one." So saying, he rushed to the completion of his brickwork.

The traveller, entering the room, bowed to the company, and taking off his military cloak, spread it before the fire to dry.

"A dismal evening, sir," said the doctor, rubbing his hands; "a man need not go to Malvern just now; water treatment gratis. Ha, ha! *apparet rari nantes* in this weather, eh, Mr. Birchbottom?"

"On my word, sir," said Talbot, "it is rather too wet to be pleasant."

Dr. Palfreyman was sole medical practitioner at Waterleigh, where he exercised an independant professional rule, without the necessity of wearing a white tie or shaving his mustachios. However largely he talked of his own powers and successful practice, there was no fear of malicious commentary from a needy brother probe. Nature had given the doctor a large body, an imposing aspect, and a sufficiency of pompous gravity; while a certain twinkle in the eye told its tale of jovial hours at the Beetle and Wedge. It was well for him that he had this house of call; there was a Mrs. Palfreyman at the surgery, a lady of decided character, to rule over and admonish him. His element was the Beetle and Wedge. There snugly located when his better half thought him plodding about on his late professional round, he passed his evenings, as he said, in quiet, scientific converse, and the moderate circulation of the bottle, but really in an atmosphere of grog, tobacco, and small talk.

"It is certainly a very coarse night," he observed, "and the thunder is alarming, so I beg, sir, to welcome you to the snuggeries of the Beetle and Wedge; schoolmaster, second the motion. Very clever man, Mr. Birchbottom, our friend here; first-rate Latin scholar, construes my medical notes and prescriptions,

which I am told are written in elegant Latin."

"Elegant Latin!" exclaimed the other; "construe your prescriptions, indeed! Why, if any boy in the lowest form of my school wrote such dog-like stuff my cane and his hind-quarters should become very speedily acquainted, I can tell you. However, your servant, sir; I am glad to see you under cover on such a night as this; a bottle of Stockfish's right sort, and we shall, I doubt not, make very good company together, though *ruat cælum*."

The traveller made suitable acknowledgments. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, well made, strong and active, with a frank intelligent countenance, bronzed by a tropical sun. Something of the grave and confident expression which men acquire who have been familiar with danger and accustomed to manly rule was in his face; altogether his whole bearing was decisive and assuring; and with his cloak off, and the bright light upon him, it was at once apparent that he was a gentleman, and probably a soldier.

"Pray, sir," said he, addressing the doctor, "what is the meaning of this extraordinary alarm about the Thames? Is the Thames the dragon of the establishment?"

"Well, it is something of the sort at the present moment," replied the doctor. "Our Thames, usually so discreet a river, now and then after heavy weather as of late, swells, becomes delirious, so to speak, breaks bounds, and does no end of mischief. You must indeed have had a rough time of it on your journey. I am glad to say that I have finished my professional round."

"Don't make too sure of that, Dr. Pillferman," said the schoolmaster maliciously. "I think you may yet have a summons. I heard this evening that Mrs. Pooley had the pip."

"I do not budge to-night from this inn," replied the doctor, imperiously, "for Mrs. Pooley, or any other living person; and my name, Mr. Birchbottom, is Palfreyman, and not Pillferman, as you are pleased to call it."

"Pillferman, *per orbem dictus*," rejoined the other; "pill-bearer to the world at large—an honourable title, and not to be despised."

"Sir," said the doctor, "my family—the family of Palfreyman were knights militant, noble horsemen—equites, as you would term them—Mr. Birchbottom."

"Horse leeches, more probably," he retorted.

Now here it must be stated that Mr. Angustus Birchbottom, master of the school at Waterleigh, was of a conceited and caustic disposition. He was a spare little man. There was not

much of him, but what there was, he considered first-rate. Accustomed to the despotism of his own scholastic empire, he carried his head as high as his stature permitted. Grey-eyed, hawk-nosed, with a voice pitched in alt, he was the evil genius of the doctor, who, though he could have eaten him up, in a bodily sense, was cowed by his querulous voice and satirical tendencies.

The genealogical discussion was waxing warm, when it was opportunely cut short by a flash of lightning, that penetrated the ill-fitting shutters, quenched the yellow light of the candles, and quivered through the room with a blue glare.

"Now for the thunder," said the doctor. His words were instantly followed by a roar that shook the building to its foundations.

"*Tercentum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque Chaosque*," exclaimed the schoolmaster. "We have not had the like since the great storm in 1855. Do you remember it, doctor?"

"I shall never forget it," he replied. "On that awful night the Thames rose six feet abreast; this inn was flooded, the cellar filled."

Here the doctor was interrupted by the entrance of the landlord in a state of great excitement.

"Gentlemen," he ejaculated, "the Thames is out. Already the water is one foot deep at the barricade; but within the passage it is as dry as the palm of my hand. No leakage; indeed my invention is a capital one. It is an awful wild night, and the river rises fast; but now I have good hope that I shall not be ruined, as I was in 1855."

"Ruined, say you?" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Why it was a Godsend, Stockfish, was that storm, and you know it right well. If anything went wrong in your establishment for months afterwards, it was, 'the storm, the storm.' Thinned with water, the tap was inexhaustible. For a whole year the beer was in a frightfully weak state."

"There is a Providence in all things, and sometimes compensation," the landlord replied, not daring to dispute the point, though longing to kick Birchbottom. "Now I trust all will go right, so I have brought up three bottles of the real Bristol milk (you know the tap, doctor), for I expect there will be no stirring yet awhile, the inn being waterlogged." Then turning to Talbot, "Here comes your dinner, sir. As good a steak as in e'er a beef house in London town. All is ready, sir," uncovering it. "A steak should be taken—"

"*Sine morâ*," interrupted the schoolmaster, "or, as the doctor has it, '*stat sumendus*.' But tell me, landlord, how about the barricade? Is it all right and tight?"

"The work is all right, tight, and finished," he replied. "I have planted the stout kitchen-maid and the hostler with their backs against the barrier, as a pair of buttresses, to support it through the night, under the pressure of the water. Now I must trust to Providence, and drink to the success of the invention. Tomorrow, schoolmaster, I shall ask your help to write me a letter to the *Times*. So simple and ingenious a contrivance should not be lost to the world; besides, it will be a good advertisement for the inn. Let me see—'Beetle and Wedge Inn and Tavern.—Given under my hand, Jeremiah Stockfish, vintner and inventor. First-rate accommodation for fishing parties, &c.'" Here he filled his glass, and, nodding to his guests, went on, "You were talking about the great storm and flood in '55. That was a flood and storm. Such hail, rain, thunder, lightning, flashes, dashes, and water-works in general, eye never beheld. Then you know, gentlemen," lowering his voice, "the whole was seasoned with a spice of murder."

"Murder!" said Talbot, looking up quickly from his dinner; "murder! Ah, indeed, how was that?"

"The murder took place this wise," the landlord replied; "but we won't call it just a murder either, though pretty nigh to it no doubt. Some one went the wrong way, that was all, and least said soonest mended, specially on such a night as this, blowing great guns."

"Really, landlord," said Talbot, "you don't seem to take much account of it. Who was it that was said to be murdered?"

"Lord, sir," he replied, "how could I say it was murder, when the coroner called it justifiable homicide, for the verdict was accidental death, you know?"

"Landlord," said the schoolmaster, "thy beer is in thy brains. Give me leave; I was one of the jury on the inquest that was held at the time you speak of, and it was a queer case. I say, doctor, do you remember Craddock's evidence, how it was scamped? Why twenty years ago they would have hanged him as an accessory at least, either before or after the fact."

"I think not so, Mr. Birchbottom," replied the doctor pompously; "there was no post-mortem examination; a man cannot be hanged comfortably without a doctor."

"Fiddle-de-dee," said the other; "post-mortem evidence, indeed; it might hang you any hour in the day no doubt, doctor, if one chose to make particular inquiry into your professional proceedings; but in the case of a healthy drowned man, pooh, pooh, we don't

want post-mortems. But you interrupt me, doctor; let me see, what day was it that the miller died?"

"What day was it?" said a rough but not unpleasant voice from the passage. "A day that any man may be proud to die on—the anniversary of October the twenty-first, 1805; the day that Admiral Viscount Nelson fell gloriously in the arms of victory." Here the door was thrown open, and a white-headed old man with a wooden leg stumped into the room.

"Bravo, Captain Salter!" cried the school-master; "we were sure, however foul the weather was, that you would not fail us. The doctor here has eaten nothing but a biscuit since 11 a.m., to be in good order for the memorial mess to-night. How did you get here, by land or by water?"

"Never you mind, Mr. Cat,"—an abbreviation of cat-o'-nine-tails,—"*I am here as in duty bound, and that's enough. But I say, where are your manners, messmates; a stranger in the room, and not introduce two gentlemen to each other!*"

"There needs no ceremony," said Talbot, rising, "*I am in the service like yourself.*"

"Land or water?" inquired the captain.

"Land," said Talbot.

"Never mind," rejoined the captain, with heartiness; "*so it's not Marines, give us your fist. Gentlemen, this is a most auspicious event; it is the twenty-first of October, and here are the two services represented on the occasion; in bumpers and in silence, we will this night drink deeply to the memory of our admiral. On this day Lord Nelson died.*" Here he took off his hat, and gazing reverently upward, as if he saw nothing betwixt him and the deep blue sky, save the immortal signal fluttering in the sunshine, he murmured, "*'England expects that every man will do his duty,'—and he died in doing it.*" The old weather-beaten face marked with honourable scars, the white hair streaming from his temples, and the rapt expression of his countenance, accorded well with the occasion. The company regarded him in silence for a moment and then burst into an enthusiastic cheer.

"Well, done, my hearties!" said the captain, resuming his wonted serenity; "*well done!*"

A fine old fellow of seventy years and upwards was Captain Salter, and an apt representative of the old navy, and of the heroes of Trafalgar. Time had not dimmed the fire of his eye, or impaired in any great degree his bodily activity. A flapped waistcoat with the anchor button, a rough pea jacket, and loose trousers, constituted his dress. A large clasp knife, suspended from his neck, hung at his

side like a dirk; in his hand he carried a gold-headed cane, which had been taken from a Spanish officer at the battle of Trafalgar, and given to him by one of the sailors when he was a midshipman of the "*Victory.*" At Waterleigh the captain was quite the genius loci. A lieutenant on half-pay, he had lived there half a century, having scarcely quitted his bachelor quarters in the snug cottage above the river since he was afloat. In due season he went upon the Retired List as commander; and with a pension for the loss of his leg, and his moderate half-pay, he was able to get on very comfortably in single blessedness. One of the few, very few heroes now left to us of Trafalgar, he retained in his village life the simple characteristics of the sailor of the olden navy.

As he shook the rain from his jacket, he said, "*I do not know how it is, but foul, blustering weather seems to me to become this day better than any other day in the year. Long ago, on such a night, many a stout ship and fine fellow went down together; that was, after the battle was won, when we ought to have anchored. Hark! there's a snuttler,*" as the heavy gale boomed round the house and roared down the chimney; "*excuse me, messmates, if I keep my hat on, for it is rather squally here between decks.*"

The captain's hat was a nondescript—something between a fore-and-aft cock and a costermonger's tile. It had a tarnished gold band round it, and a long leather flap attached to the back part.

"This hat," said the captain taking it off and surveying it, "*has seen service, gentlemen; many a rough gale have we weathered together; it was knocked over by a musket-ball at the capture of the Rivoli, 74, in the Gulf of Venice, when I lost my leg aboard the Victorious, and I expect it is rather a queer rig now, and in dock so often that there is not much of the original old boy left. I keep the gold band on to show that I am in the service, else I might be taken for the Lord Mayor, who himself wears a castor of a similar kidney. The flap behind unships in fair weather, and is an invention of my own: look out for squalls when I hoist it, that's all,*" and he clapped it firmly on his head again.

"It is quite in order to-night, captain, that's certain," said the schoolmaster; "*it is a regular foul-weather signal, and beats Fitzroy's drum by a long chalk. Hark at the storm!*"

A silence now ensued, which was speedily broken by the captain.

"What now, are we all storm-struck, choked dumb, or have I boarded you in a stink pot? When I came in you were chatter-

ing like magpies, and now I find myself in a company of methody parsons. What is it? Has anyone gone under in the gale, eh?"

"What is it?" said the schoolmaster, repeating the captain's words; "why, that was just the question when you burst in and interrupted us without ceremony."

"Brother," the captain replied, "two officers representing the services are here present, so speak respectful, d'ye hear."

"Captain," interposed Talbot, "we were talking about a murder that was said to have taken place some years back, and we should be glad to hear your opinion of the case."

"All right," the captain graciously replied; "who was in the chair when I came in?"

"Mr. Birchbottom it was that spoke last," said Talbot.

"Go on then, Mr. Cat; and mind you keep a straight course, my lad, or I shall overhaul you, for I know a thing or two about that business, which took place the twenty-first of October, 1855, the anniversary of the night when Lord Nelson died," here he touched his hat. "Now go on."

The schoolmaster began his story again. "It was on the 21st of October, this day nine years, that it blew hard with a heavy gale from the south."

"South-south-west," interrupted the captain, "it's down in the log."

"South-south-west, captain, if you like, with tremendous rain, awful hurricane, violent thunder, and terrific lightning."

"Avast!" said the captain; "don't carry on so tall,—ditto wind, rain, squalls, thunder and lightning. Now go a-head again, Mr. Cat."

"We were sitting in this very room, gentlemen (a remarkable coincidence, considering the present state of the elements), when the captain, being in the chair as in duty bound on this special day of all other days in the year, rose to propose the memory of the immortal hero."

"Admiral Viscount Lord Nelson," said the captain.

"Of the immortal hero," repeated the schoolmaster with emphasis. "We drank in solemn silence the solemn toast, and at a solemn moment; for, as if in accordance with our reverential feeling and silent respect, the storm suddenly ceased; the heavy gusts that had all day shaken the steeple and uprooted the sturdy oak, paused in their career; and it fell a great calm. As we stood, our glasses still in our hands, wondering at the sudden lull, a wild, despairing, half-shout, half-shriek, swept into the room——"

"It was the cry of a drowning man," interrupted the captain. "I have heard a hundred

such cries, and I know them above every other hail."

Just as the captain uttered these words, a cry, similar to the one described by the schoolmaster, wailed round the building. Talbot started, the doctor turned pale; Birchbottom, who was raising his glass to his lips, paused midway; while the captain, laying down his pipe, clapped both his hands to his mouth, and roared with the voice of a Stentor,

"Hillo—Hoa—a-hoy!"

This tremendous invocation, delivered with full force of lungs and at true nautical pitch, was instantly answered by a scream from the passage, and the sudden entrance of the landlady, who, fanning herself with her apron, demanded, "For what cause the captain disturbed the peace of a decent inn by bellowing and howling as if the house was coming down. It is bad enough to have screaming and drowning outside, but when people disguised in liquor begins scritchng and terrifying inside, it is high time to call the constable and clear the premises."

Now the captain was brave as a lion—with only one exception; the female sex in general, and the landlady in particular, a comely dame and a dangerous, of forty summers, inspired him with an extreme dread.

"She is a she-devil of a woman, and very comely," said the captain aside; "but upon my soul she carries on too strong for any steerage whatsoever. "Madame Stockfish," he ejaculated, trying to look severe, "respect Her Majesty's servants here present."

"Don't talk to me, captain, about servants,—servants, indeed!—a pretty pass things are come to when servants are to be respected."

"Woman!" rejoined the captain, goaded by a desire not to show the white feather before the company. "Woman! lie down, d'ye hear; a good hail like that will comfort a poor drowning fellow, and maybe keep his head above water."

Here the hostler rushed in; "Drowning, say you?—drowning sure enough! I did but just poke my head over the barricade to see how deep the water was outside when I heard the cry plainly: it came from the island, and the voice was Cradock's; the bridge is washed away, the water is very high out there, and I think he is on the roof of his cottage."

"What!" exclaimed Talbot starting up, "Cradock, the old sluice-keeper drowning; the man we were talking of, captain, not ten minutes ago? He must not drown and we stand by. I came here on purpose to see this very fellow."

"You are right," said the captain, "a man must not go under and we looking on, upon

the twenty-first of October, oh, no." Here he again clapped his hands to his mouth and shouted, but this time in a much more moderate key, "Volunteers to the rescue!" rising at the moment and making to the door.

"Volunteers, indeed!" exclaimed the landlady, throwing herself in the way to dispute the passage; "not one man shall stir from this house to-night, I can tell you. What, are you going to be drowned yourself, and to drown the whole company along with you, on account of a villain who ought to have been hung long ago, and the road running yards deep in water?" Here she sank down with strong hysterical threatenings, sobbing, "What is to become of the Beetle if the regular customers are to be enticed out by this dreadful sea ossifer, and all swallowed up together?"

At this crisis, when the captain was summoning up his utmost resolution to charge by the landlady and escape, loud cries were heard from the passage, followed by a rushing sound as of many waters, and a foaming torrent burst into the room. All was instantly confusion: the cold water speedily aroused the landlady, who, grasping the captain round the waist, screamed with her utmost might; the schoolmaster leaped upon the table; the doctor climbed upon the chimney-piece, where he maintained a precarious seat, and looked down in blank dismay on the giddy flood leaping and rushing round the apartment. The captain, embarrassed with the landlady, who clung to him with extraordinary tenacity, cried out, "What am I to do with this she-devil?" and raising her in his arms by main force, bore her yelling into the passage, and deposited her upon the stairs out of the reach of the flood; then, showing himself for a moment at the door up to his knees in water, he beckoned gravely to Talbot. "Now, brother, now is our time, the barricade is down, let us be off to the fisherman's hut, or that fury of a landlady will be upon us,—follow me."

Talbot splashed out of the room after the captain. When they were gone, the unfortunate doctor, whose seat was not more than four or five inches in width, and whose posture was acutely painful, ejaculated, "Schoolmaster, this is dreadful; I cannot bear it; and are you going to leave me to drown here alone? Oh, stay for me, I will come down and assist you; schoolmaster, if you will wait one minute only; and pray hear me. If I should be submerged (which God forbid!) there are printed instructions for the recovery of the apparently drowned in the right-hand pocket of my waistcoat; mind, lose no time in the application of the means, and above all do not hold me

up by the heels." With these words he quitted his post of vantage on the chimney-piece, and with a loud squall slid into the water, gasping, "Hah, it is excessively cold to my legs and thighs. Oh, my dear friend, help me! I am in very deep water already."

"Do come along," replied the other, "we shall have to dive through the door, or stay here to be drowned like mice in a trap, if you go on chattering in this way."

(To be continued.)

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

If this nineteenth century of ours has one peculiarity more marked than any other, it is the capacity for strenuous and continuous exertion displayed by its great men. We live in an age of work. In every department of science, of art, of literature, there are men who labour like giants, putting their hand to the plough, and never looking back till Nature revenges her over-taxed energies by failing health and premature decay. Nay, even Nature herself sometimes seems inclined to forego her claims as in the case of our gallant old Premier, who, at nearly eighty-one, has earned for himself the title of "Young Palmerston." Everywhere there is competition, and the least slackening in the pace implies defeat. Fresh triumphs in science crowd upon each other's heels. Scarcely has one discovery astonished the world, before another, equally marvellous, appears, and drives its predecessor into the realm of everyday life. Railways, telegraphs, photographs, turn by turn, demand the public attention. Literature advances with gigantic strides. In the one department of weekly and monthly magazines, the issue has increased from 400,000 in 1831, to 6,940,000 in 1864. But from the very fact that every step in discovery is known to hundreds of thousands of busy minds, and discussed from every point of view by eager tongues, it is difficult to define the advance made by any individual discoverer; and generally the utmost that can be said is, that such a man improved so much upon the idea of some other, as to make it virtually his own. The curious phenomenon of simultaneous discovery is constantly appearing. It is hard for a man to make any great mark upon the world. Hero-worship is all but extinct. We prefer to speak of "the spirit of the age," and to believe that our greatest men are, after all, not so very far in advance of the rest. But in by-gone times things seem, at first sight, to have been very different. In history the figure of a hero stands out—he and his work—distinct from all his

surroundings. The discoveries he made, the deeds he performed, or the light he shed upon the world, seem to belong to him, and to him alone. Probably the greater difficulty of communication three hundred years ago, and the absence of periodical literature and of general cultivation, did really tend to produce a more marked distinction than is possible now, between intellects of the highest and the average order. But it is probable, too, that this distinction is greatly exaggerated in our estimation, by forgetting that we are looking back upon a scene, whence the rush and stir of thought and passion have long since died out. The lesser lights of the age are forgotten, and time has pronounced the verdict of immortality upon those who remain.

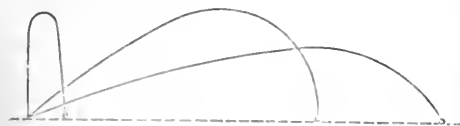
These remarks apply specially to the man whose name stands at the head of this paper. In his life-time, though his fame was great, the Italian world had probably but a very faint idea of what a magnificent genius was in its midst. Indeed it seems likely that many of his wonderful designs were never communicated at all to those with whom he mixed. Most of his MSS. were written from right to left, and were consequently not decipherable, except by the aid of a mirror; and as, nevertheless, he could and did also write in the usual way, it appears highly probable that many of the papers in that crabbed hand were intended only as memoranda for his own use, as jottings down of the workings of an ever-active and brilliant mind. Only scanty materials are known to exist, out of which to form anything like a biography of Leonardo da Vinci, but much is known of his genius and his work, and it is well worth while to look back for a moment to the illustrious age in which he lived, and try to catch something like a true glimpse of him. Every one knows of the fame of Leonardo da Vinci as a painter, and has heard or read criticisms upon those pictures, or fragments of pictures, that remain to us from his hand. In his lifetime his chief claims to renown were thought to rest upon them, and though that might in part be caused, as hinted above, by some of his most remarkable discoveries slumbering peacefully in his desk, yet they were certainly unequalled in their day; and if they were afterwards surpassed by the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, it was by following the way pointed out by the great master.

A native of Vinci, near "Florence the beautiful," Leonardo's eyes must have opened upon a most lovely world. Little is known of his childhood, but his genius must have been of early growth, for when a mere boy, he so excelled

his master, Andrea del Verocchio, as to make that painter, in a fit of disgust at his own inferiority, determine never to touch colours again,—a resolution which he faithfully kept. Happily for himself, however, Leonardo was not forced by poverty into premature exertion. It was probably to the years of study in youth and early manhood that he owed the utter absence of *einseitigkeit*, that always so remarkably distinguished him. He worked hard, and in many directions. Sometimes natural history and botany, sometimes astronomy, sometimes arithmetic, and sometimes music was the passion of the moment. What mattered the occupation, so that the young mind had time and space to attain its full growth without pressure or forcing? He earned money, however, during his youth, probably by painting; for we find him with a numerous retinue of servants, and in possession of spirited horses, which he excelled in riding, and for which his father, notary to the Signoria of Florence, could not have afforded to pay. He delighted in society, and society in him; and his contemporaries, very likely, thought him rather idle than otherwise. Not that he could ever be accused of neglecting his special art,—painting. He would follow for a day a person with some peculiarity of appearance, in order to draw it afterwards from memory; or stand by during an execution to catch the expression of the criminal's countenance in his last moments. Another of his ways of obtaining models is both characteristic and humorous. He used to invite the "*contadini*," and people of the lower orders, to supper, and amuse them during the meal with irresistible stories, afterwards drawing their grimaces during the paroxysms of laughter, and exciting fresh merriment by showing the caricatures to the company. Indeed, Leonardo always possessed in perfection the quality most essential in a painter—a true, reverent love of Nature in all her forms. No object was, to his mind, too small or too contemptible to be deserving of earnest study and patient imitation. There is a story of his having on one occasion carried into a room, which no one but himself entered, a number of hedgehogs, bats, serpents, locusts, &c., in order to combine their shapes into that of a monster or dragon, which he wished to represent. "At this," says Vasari, "he laboured until the odours arising from all those dead animals filled the room with a mortal fætor, to which the zeal of Leonardo, and the love which he bore to art, rendered him insensible or indifferent." When one thinks of him thus, surrounded by the dead bodies of loathsome creatures, and bending over his work, regardless of that "mortal fætor," one ceases to

wonder at his success in art. Upon this same picture hangs another tale. It was painted upon a fig-wood shield, which had been entrusted to Leonardo's father, Piero da Vinci, by a peasant on his estate, that something might be painted upon it at Florence. Leonardo was persuaded to undertake the work; but when the dragon was completed, and the picture, being delivered to Ser Piero, proved to be of extraordinary merit, the wily Florentine sold it on his own account, and "silently bought from a merchant" another shield, on which some obscure artist had painted a heart transfixed with an arrow. This was sent to the deluded peasant, who "considered himself obliged" to Ser Piero for it to the last day of his life.

But our present concern is not with Leonardo's pictures. Besides them, there are in existence numerous drawings and designs of his, in which every stroke is a marvel. Always ready with his pencil, he used it on every occasion to illustrate those wonderful intuitions which, says Mr. Hallam, "according at least to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, are more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis." As an example, here is one of these illustrations given in a work used till very lately at the School of Musketry at Hythe, and known to the initiated by the name of the "Brown Book." At first sight the drawing does not appear to be of any great importance.



But in the class-book in question, where Leonardo is described as "a celebrated Italian mathematician," it is explained to be his sole answer to the self-proposed question, "If a bombard throws various distances with various elevations, in what part of its range will be the greatest angle of elevation?" In his reply he recognises the fact that the trajectory is a curve throughout its length; secondly, that a shot fired perpendicularly will not fall again on the spot whence it was fired. Simple as they may seem, these two propositions recognise the force of gravity, resistance of the air, and the rotary motion of the earth—sufficiently remarkable indeed, considering that neither Galileo nor Sir Isaac Newton were at that time born or thought of!

The activity of Leonardo's mind was at all times incredible. In a single collection of his MSS., called, from its size, "Atlantic," there are about 1,750 different drawings. It is that book which Napoleon, when the French took possession of Milan, carried, with Petrarch's "Virgil," to his hotel, allowing no one to touch them, and exclaiming in triumph, "*Questi sono miei!*" The "*Code Atlantico*" formed only one folio volume, in a series of thirteen, of Leonardo's drawings and writings, and it is the only one that was returned from Paris to its rightful owners. There was scarcely a department of human knowledge in which, at some time or other of his life, Leonardo had not made remarkable progress. He was a distinguished anatomist: his anatomical drawings were alluded to with admiration by Dr. William Hunter in 1784, and are indeed models of industry and genius. He filled a book with drawings, outlined with the pen, all copies of bodies dissected by himself. "In this book he set forth the entire structure, arrangement, and disposition of the bones, to which he afterwards added all the nerves in their due order, and next supplied the muscles." Of each part he wrote an explanation with his own hand. These studies were probably undertaken by Leonardo simply in the interests of his art, for he held that a thorough knowledge of anatomy was essential in a painter. The theory is common; but what other painter ever carried the practice to such lengths?

When between thirty and forty years of age, Leonardo made up his mind to leave his native Florence, and seek employment at the court of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan; a prince, whatever may have been his faults, always ready to give generous encouragement to talent. The letter which Leonardo wrote to secure his favour has been preserved, and really reads more like the proposal of an enchanter in the Arabian Nights, than the sober offer of a human being's services. We quote a portion:—

"In case of a siege, I can remove the water from the ditches.

"If through the height of the fortifications or the strength of the position of any place it cannot be effectually bombarded, I have means of destroying any such fortress, provided it be not built upon stone.

"I can arrive at any (place) by means of excavations, and crooked and narrow ways, made without any noise, even where it is required to pass under ditches or a river.

"I can construct fit machines of offence for any emergency whatever.

architecture, persuaded him to draw all the geometrical figures for it, which are described as the work of "that most worthy painter, architect, musician, and universally-endowed Leonardo da Vinci."

His remarkable discoveries in mechanics and hydraulics anticipated those of a great number of illustrious men in more recent times. It is, of course, impossible to affix dates to them all; but some of them, at least, probably belonged to this period of his life. Not to weary the reader with a scientific list, we may just mention that he invented the smoke-jack, described the camera obscura,

conceived the idea of a barometer, and also of a diving apparatus; and, more remarkable still, there is found among his writings the design for a steam-gun.

Nor must it be forgotten that Leonardo's time at Milan was far from being devoted exclusively to study. Recollecting all that he accomplished, one would fancy him a philosopher and recluse, devoting all his energies to his work, properly so called. Looking back across two centuries and a-half, to the world in which the real Leonardo had his being, we find ourselves in the midst of a most brilliant court. Gay jests and merriment float in the



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air, the sound of joyous laughter greets our ear. The soul of it all is Leonardo, the prime leader and director of the revelry, admired, courted, flattered by all. His beauty turns all heads, his eloquence wins all hearts. He seems to have acted as a sort of master of the ceremonies to Ludovico, and in that capacity displayed his wonted talent. Fancy, by way of a surprise at a marriage fête, "a moving representation of the planets, which, as they approached the royal party in their evolutions, opened of themselves, and discovered a person dressed to represent the deity attributed to each planet!" There was indeed nothing that Leonardo could not turn his hand to.

He would assist at Ludovico's councils, amuse him with music and singing, ornament his palace, arrange his wife's funeral, or paint his mistresses,—all with the same ready facility and complete success.

But the happy days at Milan were destined to come to an untimely end. The French, under Louis XII., took possession of the city, and Ludovico fled. Leonardo lingered near Milan until his master's last struggle for power had ended in irretrievable defeat, and then returned sadly to Florence, where he devoted himself afresh to painting. But a life of luxury had perhaps unfitted him for the prudent economy of a republic. He undertook

the office of surveyor and engineer-general to the Duca Valentino, a prince of the house of Borgia, and travelled through Italy in that capacity for about two years. But the golden age of Leonardo's life was past. Several times before his death he returned to Florence, but never to remain. About 1507 he accepted an appointment at Milan from Louis XII., but his salary was badly paid, and the restoration of Ludovico's eldest son did not improve his prospects. Poverty began to threaten him; he was almost unable to procure a subsistence by his profession, and the property he had acquired was probably of little value during this time of turmoil. After again visiting Florence, he proceeded to Rome in the household of the Pope's brother, Giuliano de Medici. But he was too old to accommodate himself to a changed life. The happy adaptability of his youth had gone from him. He had grown ill and feeble, and he bitterly felt that the genius of younger painters was beginning to eclipse his own. He painted one or two pictures, however, and for the rest amused himself as he best could. He made wax figures of animals to please the Pope; he occupied himself with mirrors and optical instruments; he made eyes, horns, and a beard for a tame lizard, which he further adorned by a pair of wings containing quicksilver, so that they fluttered when the animal walked, and "numbers of these follies in various kinds." But it would not do. Raphael and Michael Angelo were at Rome; and though Leonardo in his old age condescended to imitate the style of the former, the consciousness that his day was over was more than he could bear. His readiness to take offence increased, and on the repetition to him of a hasty speech of Leo X., he immediately determined to leave Rome. A few brief words will now bring his life to a close. He offered his services to Francis I., then in Italy, was gladly welcomed by him, and accompanied him on his return to Paris. Leonardo lingered in France for about three years. He was appointed painter to the court, but he did little or nothing, and the king himself could not prevail on him to begin the colouring of his cartoon of Santa Anna which had been brought from Italy. Another king, mightier than any earthly monarch was at hand, and would not brook delay. Leonardo died in 1519, in the 67th year of his age. He is said to have breathed his last at Fontainebleau in the arms of Francis I.

If there ever was a man who could convert one to the doctrine that mere accident determines the special career of a true genius—that Shakspeare and Napoleon might, had circumstances allowed, have changed places—

that man was Leonardo da Vinci. Indeed, the instability with which he is reproached arose principally from the wonderful mobility of his genius, which was always impelling him to some new achievement. It is true that many of his pictures remained unfinished; but this was caused partly by his inability to satisfy his own brilliant imagination, and partly by his numerous chemical experiments in colours and varnishes, which, when unsuccessful, often obliged him to abandon the paintings on which he tried them. It is even said, though the truth of the story is disputed, that in the picture of the Last Supper, he deliberately left the head of Jesus unfinished, owning himself unable, after lavishing his utmost power upon the countenances of the Apostles, to produce a head, sufficiently surpassing theirs in dignity and beauty to be worthy to be accounted that of their Master. Indeed, indolence was never one of Leonardo's faults. He became passionately jealous as he grew old, especially of the rising fame of Michael Angelo, whom he is said to have driven out of Florence. His irritable sensibility went with him through life, and lost him many friends; and in his youth he led a gay life, and was rather too fond of dress and splendour. But on the whole his private character was a noble one. During the years spent in the dissolute court of Ludovico Sforza, his own life was singularly free from reproach. Even his pictures bear witness for him. He seldom painted undraped figures, and whenever he did, the attitudes were pure and modest, as in the Leda, mentioned by Lomazzo, where the eyes are cast down from shame. Not that he was by any means hard-hearted. He loved animals, delighting specially in restoring birds to liberty; he was much attached to his friends, particularly to Paciolo, to Salai, a youth half-pupil, half-servant, who remained with him till his death, and to Francesco da Melzo, whom he loved as a child, and left executor to his will; and who, in Vasari's time was "a handsome and amiable old man," treasuring up Leonardo's drawings and his portrait as precious relics. The generosity of Leonardo's disposition carried him to the verge of extravagance. He gave shelter and hospitality to "every friend, rich or poor, provided only that he were distinguished by talent or excellence." His works adorned alike the cottages and palaces of his native land, and Vasari speaks of the "grace beyond expression which was rendered manifest without thought or effort in every act and deed." And this was the man who, in the evening of his life, was forced by ingratitude to seek a home at a distance from the country to which

he had devoted his prime ! Italy, dazzled by the new glories of Raphael and Michael Angelo, forgot or neglected this greatest of her children in his age and weakness. He was left to make his grave among strangers, and to be another witness to the truth of that mournful proverb, "Il n'y a rien qui brûle si vite que du laurier sec."

The writer's thoughts have been directed to this subject by an able and interesting letter by Mr. Major, upon a Mappemonde by Leonardo da Vinci,* which has been recently printed by the Society of Antiquaries. This map, of which a copy, reduced in size, is given above, is preserved in the Royal Collection at Windsor, and a short notice of it may fitly conclude this paper. It is in the writing of Leonardo da Vinci, and is supposed to be a copy made by him from the work of another, not improbably Amerigo Vespucci, with whom he was acquainted. The map is divided into eight equilateral triangles, each (in the original) exactly five inches in diameter, and forming the eighth part of a supposed globe. There are no meridians or parallels of latitude ; the map having been apparently intended as a picture of the discoveries already made, rather than as a guide to navigators. The points of greatest interest are—1st, that it is the earliest map on which the name of America is inscribed ; 2ndly, that it is the earliest on which the western coasts of America are severed from Asia ; 3rdly, that it is the only map, anterior to the discovery of the Straits of Magellan, which contains any indication of the supposed existence of a great southern continent, though subsequently to the discovery of these straits Terra del Fuego was represented as stretching indefinitely southwards.

It will be seen that the outlines of Europe, Asia, and Africa are laid down with tolerable accuracy. China is represented as Cathay, and in the South Seas, Sumatra and the Sunda Islands are indicated, but not named. Almost the only internal feature of Africa is the Nile, and the two lakes from which it was supposed to take its rise, which are represented as nearer the Cape of Good Hope than the Equator. But the coasts of these countries were then comparatively well known, and the map is of more interest in its bearing on the progress of American discovery. Newfoundland and Florida are all that is indicated of North America, and are both represented as islands, the former being called Bacalar, from Bacalao, the Basque word for cod-fish, testifying to the enterprise of the Basque race, who at this day emigrate

more readily than any other subjects of Louis Napoleon, though they now go chiefly to South America. In Leonardo da Vinci's map we first see Cuba represented as an island, for Columbus had died in the belief, not only that the newly found continent was part of Asia, but that Cuba was part of Japan, or the Zipanga of Marco Polo. Isabella is evidently intended for St. Domingo. There are no indications of Central America except the shores of Honduras, and the coast line of South America is erroneously continued from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific, showing that the date of the map is subsequent to the discovery of the Pacific by Vasco Núñez de Balboa, September 25th, 1513. The earliest known map containing a similar indication is one by Johan Schoener, printed in 1520, but this gives the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and must therefore be a later production. Thus the date of Leonardo's map must be between 1513—1519, and is probably 1514, five years before the death of its illustrious transcriber.

WINFRED ROBINSON.

A DAY AT ST. RHADGUNDE'S.

IF any of our readers chance to be in the neighbourhood of Dover or Canterbury, and wish to visit some noble ruins, less easily accessible hitherto, and therefore less widely known than those of Tintern or Chepstow, let him betake himself to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway office, and take his ticket to Ewell,* one of the loveliest villages in the south-east of Kent. From the railway station at Ewell a very pretty rural walk of about a mile and a-half or two miles will bring the visitor, who is not afraid to use his legs, well within view of St. Rhadegunde's Abbey.† There are two roads to the spot, and if our tourist friend will take our advice he will go by the one road and return by the other. We went about a mile along the bank of a clear rivulet which gives its name to the village of River, as far as Chilton Farm, a sequestered homestead in a broad and open valley, where, striking through the fields on our left, we found ourselves in a lane which led us up a steep hill-side into a pleasant grove of hazel-trees, among which nuts must be plentiful in

* Ewell, or Temple Ewell, as it used to be styled from having formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, is a village of more than common interest from the fact that here stood the "Temple" which was the scene of the infamous surrender of the crown of England by the captive John to the pope's legat Pandolph. It is about three miles from Dover, and now forms the first station on the up line of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, which passes through most varied and beautiful scenery, more especially between Dover and Canterbury.

† There is another chapel at Gatscombe, in the Isle of Wight, dedicated to St. Rhadegunde; but, in that island the name of "Rhadegunda" has been vulgarised into "Radgun."

* "Mém. on a Mappemonde, by Leonardo da Vinci." Communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, by Richard Henry Major, Esq., F.S.A. &c.

autumn. At the end of the grove we were in front of the entrance gate of the ruins, which stand on table land apparently a few feet higher than the top of Dover Castle, and on clear days command a fine view of the French coast.

The entrance-gate is a massive tower, probably as early in date as the foundation of the monastery. About two stories are now standing, but the mullions of the windows have wholly disappeared, and the groined roofs within and the rafters above have long since rotted and fallen into dust, leaving the interior to be tenanted by the bats and the owls, a colony of which occupy the deep ivy which covers nearly all the edifice. The gateway is semi-circular, arched with facings of red brick, nearly as sharp as the day when they were first put together; and the walls, some six feet in thickness, are welded with flint and mortar nearly as sound and solid as the Roman work at Richborough Castle.

On passing the gateway we find ourselves in a large court, surrounded on three sides with massive and noble ruins, while the fourth side is occupied by the comparatively modern dwelling-house which we have given in our illustration. On our right stands all that remains of what once was, in all probability, the refectory, and a sort of ante-chamber leading to the kitchen, though most visitors put it down as the chapel. It contains several narrow, low, and deeply splayed windows, which were probably so shaped for purposes of defence. Like the rest of the ruins, these are roofless and bare to the sky. On the left hand is a high wall, without buttresses or any other relief and support, and pierced by four early English arches, now blocked up with stones. Three of these probably led into the chapel; they are singular in one respect, as the central door is the smallest; the fourth, in all probability, led into a cloister.

The backdoor of the farm house, to which we ascend up several steps, is studded thickly with nails in elegant patterns, and handsomely carved in the classical style of the reign of Elizabeth.

Hasted says, "The opposite or east side of the quadrangle, next the farmyard, was kept after the dissolution as a dwelling-house, and was inhabited by the Edolphs, its owners, by whom it was much altered, the door and windows being of the time of Elizabeth." On the door of the porch, over the entrance, is a shield bearing the achievements of the family, and other armorial bearings adorn the inner doorway, which is made of the most solid oak.

Beyond the chief conventual buildings is a

very extensive farmyard, much of which is paved with flints and other stones taken from the ruins. About a hundred yards further off is the old tithe barn of the monastery, built of well-hewn and neatly-faced stone. It is cruciform in plan, and at the eastern end has some well-shaped Early English windows, now blocked up. At the end of what we may be pardoned for calling the north transept, is a curious double arch of stone, probably of the same date, though flatter in the crown. In the farmyard is still, as there was 400 years ago, a large, broad pond, of great use in this dry and barren spot, and from which the manor of Polton took its *alias* of Bradsole, or Broadsole.

Upon the dissolution of the lesser monasteries, St. Rhadegunde's* passed into the hands, first of Archbishop Cranmer, and secondly into those of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, on whose attainder it passed back to the Crown. In the reign of Philip and Mary we find the manor, including the ruins, granted to Edward Fynes, Lord Clinton and Saye, who sold it to the Edolphs, a family who lived here in the reign of Elizabeth, turning a portion of the convent into a dwelling-house. It afterwards passed through the Chandlers into the hands of the Sayer family, who are still the owners of it.

The abbey is thus described, in the reign of Henry VIII., by Leland, in his "Itinerary": "St. Radegundis standeth on the toppe of a hille, iii litle myles by west and sumwhat by south from Dover. There be whyte chanons, and the quier of the chyrche is large and fayr. The monasterie ys at this tyme netely mayntayned; but yt appereth that yn tymes past the buildinges have bene ther more ample then they be now. There ys on the hille fayre wood, but fresch water laketh sumtyme."

The priory stands in the parish of Polton, and, indeed, is almost co-extensive with it; and as the latter had scarcely any inhabitants except the inmates of the monastic buildings, it is no wonder that the parish church of Polton has long since been swept away. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and its former site, in a bottom, some half mile south of the abbey, is marked by a stone with an inscription. Hasted tells us that the church was so small as to be styled "Ecclesiola," and it is not mentioned in any valuation of churches and benefices, probably because the convent of St. Rhadegunde's being exempted from tithes, there could be no one to pay, and no one to receive, tithes. One of the canons probably administered the Sacraments to the few persons who

* At this date the clear yearly income of St. Rhadegunde's was only 98l. 9s. 2½d.

lived round the monastery walls, and buried the dead in the cemetery within them. It is almost needless to add, that no one has been presented to the living since the dissolution of the monastery by Henry VIII., and that Polton, consequently, is practically extra-parochial.

The manor of Bradsole, according to Hasted,* was given by Walter Hacket and Emma, his wife, with consent of Richard I., to the canons of the church of St. Rhadegund of Bradsole, who had settled there in the year

1191; and the gift was confirmed by King John, on his accession to the throne. The Abbey was of the Præmonstratensian order of White Canons; and though there was a design, in the ninth year of King John's reign, to transfer the foundation bodily to the adjoining parish of River, yet that transfer never took effect, and its revenues were subsequently so increased by benefactors, that its abbots were summoned to Parliament at the latter end of the reign of Edward I.; and eventually the wide-spread reputation of its sanctity caused



many noble and eminent persons to choose to be buried in its chapel. Amongst others whose bones rested here were several of the Criols, Lords of Westenhanger, and of the Malmayns, Lords of Waldershare. In the reign of Edward III., Thomas, Lord Poynings, was buried in the middle of the choir before the high altar, and had placed over him a "fair tomb, with an image of a knight upon it." Sir Nicholas Evering, of Evering, and John Kyryel, gentleman, of Lympne, in 1504 were buried here, next to the sepulchre of Bartrahan

Kyryel, and the latter gave money by his will to eight priests, to bring his body from Bellavowe hither.

In the reign of Edward the Confessor, the manor of Polton was of the annual value of forty shillings, and at the time of the survey of Domesday, it was part of the possessions of Hugh de Montfort. On the voluntary exile of his grandson, Robert de Montfort, in the reign of Henry I., the manor passed into the king's hands, who granted the seignory of it to Godfrey, Earl of Perth, under whom it was held by a family named Polton, whose descen-

* History of Kent, vol. ix. p. 446.

dants or representatives, in the reign of Henry III., gave it to the abbey of St. Rhadegunde at Bradsole, "to hold in pure and perpetual alms." And "it appears," says Hasted, "from the book of Dover Castle, that the abbot afterwards held it by knight's service under that castle, being part of those fees which made up the barony called the Constabularie, by the performance of ward for the defence of it." In this condition it appears to have remained until the reign of Henry VIII.

St. Rhadegunde's* stands upon a site which, no doubt, has been jocosely termed "table-land" by many a worthy citizen of Dover, when he has brought his wife and children here for the annual family pic-nic. Indeed, during the summer months, its grey walls and green turf are visited by many a pleasure party of visitors from Dover and Folkstone; and we only wish that we had not here the duty of protesting against that silly trick which seems to prevail among the second and third-rate classes of our countrymen and countrywomen, of writing their names and the dates of their visits. When we recently visited the place in June, we found a number of names written up in pencil on the walls, with dates not a week old; and as Miss "Agnes Emma Monkton" and Mr. "Joseph Carpenter" appeared to be most recent offenders, we venture to give them here the full benefit of that publicity and immortality of which they seem to be so ambitious.

Throughout the ruins the ivy on all sides has everywhere driven its talons so deeply into the stone, that here and there it has thrown arches and buttresses out of all shape and form, and seems likely at no distant day to accomplish the work of levelling some portions which the hand of man would find it very difficult to dislodge. Early English shafts, and capitals and corbels, lie scattered about in every direction, in the gardens and orchards, as sharp in their outline and ornamentation as the day when they were first carved.

As the traveller returns to River down the hot, dusty road, cut in the chalky hill-side, let him not forget to call in at the little, quiet, peaceful inn, which assumes for its sign the belligerent sign of "The Dublin Man-of-War"—which we suppose, in English, means the Irish soldier—and he will find one of the most snug and pleasant of old-fashioned bowling-greens, where he can while away an hour before he returns to Dover; not, however, forgetting to ask

mine hostess, a fair portly dame of sixty years and more, for a glass of her very best ale, and for instruction in the game of "bumble-puppy,"—a sport of which we must frankly own that we never heard before the day that we visited her hostelry, but which must surely have come to us from America. RALPH DE PEVERELL.

YACHTING.

As soon as the English summer sets in—three hot days and a thunder-storm, as the libellers of our tight little island have it—the period for yachting approaches; the London costume is laid up in ordinary, and duck trowsers, pea-jackets, pilot wrappers, Inverness cloaks, and "dreadnoughts," take the place of the well-cut coats of Poole, the neat pantaloons of Haldane, and the fashionable silk hat of Pretious and Scammel. Here, as it is our object to introduce a few anecdotes to enliven the "long, unvarying course," we will mention one which occurred to Philips, the tenor singer, when he appeared as a captain in the navy on the boards of the Dublin Theatre, in the dress of that day—blue coat and epaulets, white trowsers, and a cocked hat, irreverently called by the Jack Tars a skyscraper. Unfortunately, the ducks were not of a snowy colour, which caused one of the wits in the gallery to exclaim, in a stentorian voice, "Sure, Mr. Philips, would it not be as well to give your ducks a swim?"

Return we to our subject. The dog-days and nauticals ought to commence together, for nothing is more delightful than to quit the sweltering metropolis for the balmy air and fresh breeze which are to be found "on the glad waters of the dark blue sea," more especially as what is termed the "season" is over, Rotten Row and the Ladies' Mile are deserted, and the foreign nightingales, who have warbled their "native wood notes wild" during the spring in the sunny Haymarket, or amidst the floral beauties of the famed Covent Garden, have begun to migrate to the land of blue sky and song. Happy, then, is the man, who has a "craft" of his own, or who has a berth on board one of his friends', and who can, for a time, find repose of body and relaxation of mind in the calm and soothing pleasure of sailing. Now, then, may the yachtsman enjoy his sail on the Thames, his cruise to the Land's End, or a trip to foreign parts. To river sailors, we would strongly recommend Erith or Greenhithe, as the best moorings for their respective vessels, for Woolwich, Blackwall, and Greenwich are far from being safe berths; and the chances are ten to one that in less than a week your cutter will be fouled by a

* Curiously enough, as Hasted observes, this monastery of St. Rhadegunde's is sometimes called an abbey, and sometimes a priory, and the gifts and bequests made to it by pious donors are sometimes said to have been conferred on the abbot, and sometimes on the prior.

collier, run down by a steamer, your bowsprit carried away by a merchantman, or your boat stowed in by a billy-boy; besides which, the odour from old Father Thames occasionally forms, as Falstaff says, "the rankest compound of villanous smells that ever offended nostril." There is another advantage at the two first-mentioned places, which is, that stores and provisions of every sort are to be had at a more reasonable rate than at those nearer the metropolis; and, as there is a railway conveyance almost every hour during the day, and the steamboats are constantly plying from Hungerford Bridge, there is no difficulty in reaching the vessel at any moment you may be desirous of going on board. Once on the deck, how delightful to find the river not quite as much choked up as it is off the dockyard and hospital of Woolwich and Greenwich. That latter place, famed for its good *Ship* "Quartermaine," its glorious Trafalgar, and its whitebait, reminds us of a saying of the late Henry Ibbotson, than whom a kinder-hearted creature never existed. Ibbotson was not a punster, nor an utterer of good things, and yet on the occasion referred to, he might have taken his rank by the side of Theodore Hook, James Smith, or the reverend wit of that name. Ibbotson's attention having been called to the monument erected to the memory of the brave Bellot, he remarked, "that reminds me of Tom Bowling,

aithful, *below*, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

Retrace we our steps to the glassy deck, where you feel you have breathing room as you give the order to unlouse the foresail, mainsail, and fore staysail; to haul out the jib on the bowsprit ready for hoisting, followed by the sharp command, "Hoist the throat and peak halliards well up, block to block: haul them taut; set the mainsail; hoist fore staysail and jib: see them well-purchased up, the sheet hauled in and cast off; slack out the mainsail; haul in jib-sheet on the port tack," and you are under weigh, with a strong tide, and the wind dead against you. This would not suit the Londoner who upon being asked his opinion of yachting, replied, "When it's calm it's tedious, when it blows it's dangerous," but it is exhilarating to the sailor, be he amateur or professional.

In "beating up," great care must be taken, when sailing close to the wind, not to sail too close, that the canvas may always be kept quite full. In tacking, the practised steersman will see that every attention is paid to the latter point, the mainsail hauled amidships, and the helm put gradually down; and here we must di-

gress to introduce a story of Theodore Hook's, who declared that when the "skipper" of a noble schooner asked the owner whether he would like "to take the helm," replied, "I never take anything between breakfast and dinner." When the vessel is head to the wind, "let fly the jibsheet" will be the order; if she is on the starboard tack, the port foresheet must be hauled-in taut, which in nautical phraseology is called backing the foresail; and when she begins to fill on the other tack, the weather foresheet must be cast off, the lee and jibsheet hauled in, and the mainsail trimmed. In the event of a sudden squall coming on, the helmsman must keep his vessel well full—we write of cutter sailing—that as the squall strikes her she may have good way on; he must luff into the wind as soon as it begins, and if she does not right at once, the jib and foresheets must be let go; if that fails, the mainsheet must be cast off, and a hand must be sent to stand by the fore and jib halliards, which must be followed by the order, "Down foresail,—in jib," that is, if the gale increases. The mainsail must then be reefed, a smaller jib set, and with these precautions a sea-worthy vessel may defy "old Boreas." As we write for all classes, from the experienced yachtsman who has crossed the Bay of Biscay, to the tyro who has never been on any waters, save those of the Serpentine, we venture to offer a few hints that may prove valuable. 1st. When two vessels meet, whichever is running free must make way for the one close-hauled. 2nd. Keep a good look-out a-head both for vessels and squalls. 3rd. Never leave anything in the gangway, and keep the deck clear. 4th. In tacking or jibing, stand clear of ropes' ends and blocks flying about, and take care that the boom does not knock you overboard. 5th. See that the ropes are all coiled up, the boat ready to be lowered, the life preservers in their proper places. Lastly. Give strict directions that the orders of the steersman are promptly obeyed. In bringing up, the anchor must be suspended over the bowsprit shrouds, and made ready to let go. The headsails must be lowered, the helm put down, until the vessel is head to wind, and when she is fairly stopped the anchor may be dropped. To make snug, the mainsail must be triced up, the peak lowered with the helm to one quarter or another, according as the tide sets. In again getting under weigh, the cable must be hauled short, the canvas got ready to set up, the anchor weighed, and, if the wind is fair, the headsails should be first set, and the mainsail afterwards; the peak should not be too high in running, nor the back of the main-

sail fast, but slightly raised, to let the wind into the headsails. In jibing, which is one of the most difficult manœuvres a young sailor has to go through, great care must be taken to give the shore a wide berth, to see the mainsheet taken in, and its coils kept clear for running out; to trice up the tack of the mainsail, and, if there is a fresh breeze, to lower the peak. The helm must then be put to the opposite side to which the boom swings; and, on the instant the mainsail has traversed to the other side, change the helm to the reverse, and meet her. In bringing up at moorings, great skill is required. Assuming the tide is against you, it will be best to round the vessel about a hundred yards short of the moorings, and, when head to wind, lower the mainsail, leaving the headsails standing; this, with putting up the helm, will bring her head round again; then take in the jib, and if she has way enough, the foresail also; and with the opposing tide there will be no difficulty in steering the vessel so steadily to the buoy that it can be taken in with the greatest ease. We have seen steersmen who have been hours in accomplishing this end, and who might have exclaimed with the late Charles Mathews, "This *buoy* (boy) will be the death of me." With regard to vessels, there are many always to be purchased or hired, and to the independent gentleman, who has time and funds at his command, we would recommend him to buy outright, as it will save him money in the long run, and it is always more satisfactory to sail in your own than in a hired craft. If his object is river-sailing, a cutter from twenty to five-and-twenty tons will answer his purpose perfectly; if his views are sufficiently ambitious for Cowes and the Isle of Wight, then, one from thirty to forty-five will best suit him; but if he is tired of living "at home at ease," and wishes a cruise to far-distant, foreign parts, we should advise a yawl of from sixty to seventy tons, or a schooner of double that tonnage. Except for wagger-boats, we would strongly recommend the "wooden walls of old England," in preference to iron ones. As the aquatic season commences, the price of vessels greatly increases; the purchaser, therefore, will do well to look out in the autumn or winter, and he will save at least a third of the cost. For our own part we much prefer buying a yacht when afloat, than when laid up; leaks, if any, will then be discernible, and the state of the ropes, blocks, sails, cables, can be more easily ascertained than when they are stowed away in some dark store-room. A cutter of from twenty to five-and-twenty tons—coppered and well found—may be purchased from about three hundred

to four hundred and fifty pounds. Of course the age of the vessel makes every difference; but in the above estimate we include one of some two or three years: above eight or nine, the price will be considerably diminished. The lead ballast, and mahogany fittings of the cabin, form considerable items in the calculation we have made; and if dispensed with, the prices will be greatly lowered. For a good wholesome seaworthy craft, of from forty to fifty tons, well-found in every respect, and in which a man might with comfort visit Jersey, Guernsey, Havre, Boulogne, Dieppe, Cherbourg, and all the ports upon the English, Scotch, Irish, and French coast, we should say that from 15*l.* to 17*l.* per ton would cover the purchase-money. This scale will be equally applicable to a yacht of sixty to ninety tons, in which a cruise to the Mediterranean can be easily accomplished. With regard to men, the wages vary from a guinea to five-and-twenty shillings a-week; and the "skipper" of any tolerable-sized yacht receives a hundred pounds a-year. Under fifty tons, two pounds a-week would be about the average charge for him. In addition to the above, the captain and crew will expect two suits of clothes; the usual complement is one man to every ten tons, and that, in a large craft, includes captain, steward, and cook. Many yacht owners keep back two or three shillings a-week as good-conduct money, which the men receive at the end of the season, provided they have given satisfaction. There are always plenty of vessels for hire, and Messrs. Pearce, of 100, Leadenhall Street, have constantly a great many upon their books; in addition to which at almost every sea-port craft may be hired, from the Ryde wherry, manned and well-found in sails and gear, at a guinea per week, up to a cutter or schooner of seventy tons at the rate of a hundred guineas a month, hire, wages for the captain, steward, cook and men included. Although the privileges of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and other yacht clubs, are very great at some foreign ports, there are many in which the dues are very high: such is the case at Havre. On entering the harbour of Cherbourg, care must be taken to pay every attention to the guard ship, by passing under her stern, lowering your flag, or dipping your burgee; failing so to do, a few pounds of powder will convey a pretty broad hint of the neglect to the authorities; and no one that has not paid the usual compliment to the French flag will be permitted to land.

The late Earl Fitzhardinge, who was princely in all his dealings, would pay the "poor Jacks," (generally represented by well-to-do, able-bodied men,) two or three shillings each

time he stepped into his boat. He would buy up the contents of a fishing-smack for fifty times its intrinsic value. He would reward the watermen who pulled him off to his yacht with a most liberal largess. He always gave the fishermen he employed on board his yacht a supper, with plenty of grog, and he added a handsome donation to his own men at the end of the season, in addition to the high pay and perquisites they received during his cruises. Indeed, so munificent was his lordship, that upon one occasion at Ryde, after giving the watermen a prize to row for, he found sundry kegs of contraband spirits anchored close to the stern of the *Imogene*. Flattered as Lord Fitzhardinge was at this illicit compliment, which had evidently been paid him by some of the recipients of his bounty, he was too conscientious a man to avail himself of the unlicensed gift, and lost no time in reporting it to the Custom-house officers, who forthwith conveyed the prize to the Government stores. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the late owner of Berkeley Castle, which was extended, not only to the officers of his squadron, but to their friends; among other distinguished guests the present Emperor of the French formed one, and many a cigar has Napoleon III., then Prince Louis, accompanied by the writer of this article, smoked in the cabin of the *Imogene*. It was upon one of these occasions that Napoleon presented me with a copy of his work, "*Etudes sur l'Artillerie*," with the following autographic inscription, "Lord William Lennox, souvenir de la part de l'auteur, Louis Napoleon," and this kindness was enhanced by the Emperor forwarding me a few months ago a copy of "*Jules Cesar*," a compliment which is not only highly gratifying to me, but one which proves that, amidst the duties and cares of royalty, his Majesty never forgets those whom he honoured with his friendship when an exile in England. The taste for yachting is on the increase, and there never was a time when there were more or finer vessels afloat than during the present season. This amusement can be traced back to the reign of Charles II., who took great interest in shipbuilding and naval affairs, frequently visiting and inspecting the fleet. His Majesty, too, was a yacht-owner, irreverently naming his vessel after one of his favourite sultanas, who, growing unweildy, had received the nickname of "*Tubbs*." The above subject gave rise to one of the finest glees ever composed in this or any other country. The yacht of George IV., albeit a clumsy specimen of shipbuilding, was replete with every luxury; but that vessel and those built for our present gracious sovereign, do not come within the

limits of pleasure yachts, they are state vessels.

Happy are we to find that the Prince of Wales, who patronizes every manly amusement, has become a yacht owner, Messrs. John Harvey & Co., of Wivenhoe, Essex, having just completed for his Royal Highness a splendid cutter of thirty-six tons measurement, named the *Dagmar*. This will give an additional impetus to yachting, which, independent of the pleasure it affords to numbers, is of the highest importance, in a national point of view, as a means of protecting our sea-girt isle. By no other instances of magnificence in their expediture, and taste in their sports, are foreigners of intelligence so much struck, as in the profuse outlay and patriotic feeling displayed by the members of the yacht clubs—the fit-out and discipline of many of these vessels approaching to those ranking in our country's service. The money actually laid out by the members of the yacht clubs may be counted by hundreds of thousands of pounds, in building, fitting, wages, and victualing. Ship-building, too, has greatly improved by the patronage of the clubs, which employ upwards of 5000 of the smartest seamen to be seen in the world, and who, at a moment's notice, should their services be required, would be ready to man the fleet, and protect our native land from the assaults of foreign foes. While upon this subject we cannot do better than quote from an admirable authority, Mr. Knight, formerly secretary of the Royal Southern Yacht Club, the following statistics of the force of the yacht squadron nearly ten years ago, and which has been considerably increased since that period:—"Number of yachts, 530; number of tons, 25,000; number of men, 3900; number of guns, 1500. In the Royal Yacht Squadron and Victoria Yacht Club, the guns are brass metal, varying from two to nine pounders; the Thames and Cork Yacht Clubs, from one-and-a-half to six pounders; and the remaining clubs, from one to six pounders. The seamen are exclusive of masters, cooks, and stewards, which would give at least 800 in addition to the foregoing numbers. The wages alone for the masters and seamen exceed 120,000*l.* per annum, and the intrinsic value of the yachts, with their armament complete, is more than 750,000*l.* All yachts (besides their broadside guns) are provided with small arms of every description; and the crews in most cases are instructed in the use of them." The Royal Yacht Squadron claims our first notice, not alone from its importance, but also from the respect we bear to its noble commodore, the Earl of Wilton, who fully keeps up the repu-

tation it earned for itself when the late Earl of Yarborough hoisted his broad pennant on board the Falcon; and here it may not be out of place to record briefly the first visit paid by the Royal Yacht Squadron to Cherbourg on the 29th of August, 1824, and which created the greatest sensation, both in France and England. But to our log. "About one o'clock, a.m., the Royal Yacht Squadron, under Commodore Lord Yarborough, sailed for Cherbourg, with a fine breeze. In the evening, a thick fog coming on, the commodore made the signal to anchor, and the squadron lay all night off Lymington. On the following morning they sailed, with light winds; but an usually thick fog prevented them from making the French coast until the morning of the 31st, when, on the day clearing, they found themselves within two miles from Cherbourg. On entering that port, Lord Yarborough made the signal, 'Anchor as convenient.' On anchoring, his lordship sent ashore a list of yachts, with the information to the French admiral that it was the squadron of the Royal Yacht Club, as they were then called, wishing to visit Cherbourg, and anxious to pay their respects to him by firing a salute. On the return of the gentlemen, the answer from the naval and military officers in command signified their ready acquiescence. At half-past one o'clock the signal was made from the commodore's yacht, 'Prepare to salute seventeen guns,' which was returned from the fort with fifteen guns. Lord Yarborough then landed, and called on the admiral, and also paid his respects to the general, the town mayor, and other authorities, and was received with the greatest courtesy and civility. The members of the squadron spent the day on shore mixing with the French officers, and receiving every mark of kindness and attention from the inhabitants. On the 1st of September, the governor, general, and French officers, waited on the commodore and members of the squadron on board their yachts, who received them with all due respect and hospitality, in return for the handsome reception given them on shore. In the words of William Reed, it might be truly said:—

This was a day of banqueting on board;
And swan-wing'd barks, and barges many-eared
Came crowded to the feast. The young—the gay—
The beautiful—were there. Right merrily
The pleasure-boats glide onward, with swift prow
The clear wave curling, till around each bow,
With frequent flash, the bright and feathery spray
Threw mimic rainbows at the sun in play:
The ship is won, the silken chair is lower'd;
Exulting youth and beauty bound on board;
And, while they wond'ring gaze on sail and shroud,
The flag flaps o'er them like a crimson cloud;
Young pleasure kiss'd each heart!

At two o'clock a military review took place, and after remaining three days at Cherbourg, during which time the yachts were visited by all the inhabitants of the port and its vicinity, who expressed great delight at the size and elegance of the vessels, and the hospitable urbanity of their owners, the commodore made signal to weigh, and the squadron having reached the outer roadstead, another signal was hoisted for Guernsey, where they arrived next morning at six o'clock, a.m., and remained three days. It coming on to blow a gale of wind, the squadron was obliged to remain at anchor, instead of weighing for Jersey; and, as soon as it moderated, sailed for England." The following yachts composed the squadron on the occasion, and it is a sad reflection to think that out of the number of owners scarcely one remains at the present time:—Falcon, Commodore Lord Yarborough; Louisa, Earl of Craven; Swallow, Duke of Norfolk; Mary, Viscount Deerpurth; Emma, Sir William Curtis, Bart.; Ruby, Sir George Leeds, Bart.; Frisk, Hon. Wm. Hare; Jack o' Lantern, T. A. Smith, Esq.; Sabrina, James Maxse, Esq.; Arrow, Joseph Weld, Esq.; All the above, with whom the writer of this was on intimate terms of friendship, have been gathered to their ancestors. Proceed we with the list:—Admiral Cornwallis, Captain Symonds, R.N.; Unicorn, Henry Perkins, Esq.; Giulia, C. Talbot, Esq.; Jane, Captain Wyndham, R.N.; Erin, Thomas Allen, Esq.; Cygnet, Joseph Reynolds, Esq.; Nautilus, W. H. Saunders, Esq.; Rosabelle, Fred. Pare, Esq.; Hind, Captain Henningham, R.N. The national importance of this, the Royal Thames, and other distinguished yacht clubs, is daily increasing; and in addition to the good effects resulting from the promotion of nautical science, and the employment of so many seamen, it must be obvious that a visit like the one we have recorded, and which has since been repeated, productive as they were of cordiality and an interchange of courtesies between the subjects of kingdoms, now happily in a state of amity, must tend most beneficially to the interests of both countries. Long may this feeling continue, and long may the harbours of England and France be graced with the ships and pleasure-vessels of both nations. The meteor flag of our fatherland, and the tri-coloured ensign of the French, floating in amity, is a sight that cannot fail to gladden the heart of every one who wishes for the peace and prosperity of his country. Let us conclude with three hearty British cheers, such as tars delight to give, for our sovereign Queen Victoria and her faithful ally, Napoleon III.

WILLIAM P. LENNOX.

UNCLAIMED PRIZES.

THE managers of lotteries could give some curious information concerning them if they chose, especially as regards the number of prizes that have never been claimed. How it has happened can only be guessed at in the majority of instances. There was a case, for example, which happened not very long ago. A man who had frequently speculated in lottery tickets, and always without winning anything, became tired at last and determined not to risk any more money in it; he was however so strongly persuaded by a friend to take another ticket that he did so, but on receiving it he had so little faith in its winning anything that he threw it into a drawer and thought no more about it. Some months afterwards he met his friend in the street, who it chanced had just read a paragraph in a newspaper remarking on the singularity of the fact that the principal prize remained unclaimed.

On meeting the friend whom he had induced to purchase the ticket, the recollection of what he had read came back to him, and the first thing he asked him was, if his ticket had turned out a prize. The other replied that he did not know, that he had not looked at the number, and did not know what had become of it. With considerable difficulty, and not without much grumbling at the loss of time it would occasion, he was made to return to his office, and there, in a drawer of his writing-table, after a long search, was discovered the neglected ticket, and what is far more strange, on a comparison of the number with the list it was found that this was the winning ticket.

Again, in a recent French lottery no less than thirty-one prizes remained unclaimed a considerable time after the drawing, and possibly may not have been claimed yet, and among these was the great prize of one hundred thousand francs. Even the officials were astonished at such a large number of prizes remaining on their hands; and after a certain time had elapsed the director made a report to the authorities on the subject, and together they made arrangements for guarding the interests of possible future claimants; they were those. The imperial court of Paris ordered the deposit of the one hundred and six thousand nine hundred francs, representing the total value of the unclaimed prizes, in the treasury chest. The whole, or so much of this sum as is not claimed within thirty years, will be handed over to the charity for the benefit of which the lottery was got up.

On this statement being made public a great number of claims were immediately sent in, but none of them supported by the necessary ticket;

one man indeed asserted that he had held the winning ticket, but that he had had the misfortune to light his pipe with it. Time will show if the rightful owner ever comes forward to claim his rights, but if he does not it will not be an isolated case. In another lottery got up for the benefit of a benevolent institution in which artists are interested, the first prize, consisting of a service of plate, valued at 60,000 francs, has never yet been claimed.

In countries where lotteries are not illegal, nearly the whole of the population dabble in them at some time or other; but it is in cities, and especially in Italian cities, where it is a common pursuit. There every person who can, invests in a ticket, or a fraction of one, denying themselves of necessary food for the purpose; and the more miserable the condition of the population, the greater the desire to gamble,—a fact which it requires no explanation to account for.

That gambling in the lottery excites superstitious notions is well known; the most trivial circumstance is noted; and there are books which have an enormous circulation which teach the signification of every object dreamed of. Thus, if a man dreams that he sees a crow flying, or a mouse running, or a woman nursing a baby, there are figures attached which he considers will make up a lucky number, and on which he therefore stakes his money. So constantly is the lottery in their thoughts that About, or some other writer, relates that when a soldier threw himself from the top of a column, there was a general rush towards his body, not for the purpose of rendering him assistance, but in order to see what number was on his button.

It is generally considered that much evil must attend the existence of lotteries, but all governments are not of the same opinion as ours on this point. Certain it is that no government can put down public gambling of some kind or other; and if we do not tolerate lotteries, we cannot prevent a great part of the population from betting on our horse races. The evils attributed to lotteries have been greatly exaggerated; and because some may have been led to pilfer, it is assumed that this is a natural result, and no account is taken of the constant self-denial which is characteristic of the regular investors.

There is an incident on record which goes to prove that all who speculate in them are not corrupted thereby, and it is so interesting that I cannot refrain from relating it, as well as my memory will enable me to do so. A captain of a vessel asked the owner of his ship to buy him a ticket in a certain lottery as soon as they were issued. The shipowner bought two tickets,

one for himself the other for the captain, at the same time making a note in his memorandum book of the number of that he intended for the captain. In the course of time the lottery was drawn, and the captain's ticket turned out a great prize, while his own was a blank. As the holder of the ticket he claimed and received the amount, which he forthwith invested.

Meanwhile his affairs had gone very badly. One vessel with a rich cargo had been lost almost within sight of the port to which it was returning, and as soon as this became known, claims were made on him which compelled him to give up everything he had to preserve his character as a man of probity, and his only hope of recovering his position was based on the ship which was commanded by the captain on whose account he had invested the proceeds of the lottery ticket.

Many men would not have hesitated under the circumstances in making use of this sum, justifying such conduct by the intention of repaying it from the profits derived from the sale of the anticipated cargo; but, as a man of strict principle, he would not do this, and preferred to become a clerk to a commission agent, in which capacity his salary was a very miserable one, and barely sufficed for the maintenance of himself and family; and to make his case worse, a severe illness reduced him to the very verge of utter destitution. Month after month and year after year passed away, and he heard nothing of his ship, until it was certain that it must have been lost. One day, to his great surprise the captain made his appearance, in a costume which at once extinguished what little hope he had of his position being improved by the arrival of his ship. The captain's story was soon told. He had sold the cargo he had taken out at Macao at a fair profit, and had freighted his ship with silks and tea to the full amount at his disposal, and set sail with the intention of going direct to the Hague. Unhappily he fell in with a Chinese junk off Formosa, which was filled with pirates, who took possession of the vessel and cargo, and made prisoners of those on board. He was detained at Formosa a long time, but was eventually put on board a Chinese coaster, in which he was taken to Canton, from whence he got a passage to Europe. From an ill-judged economy, not uncommon at that time, neither the vessel nor cargo had been insured, so that he reached Holland without a penny in his pocket, and only to find the owner of the ship he had commanded in a condition which entirely prevented him from paying him any portion of the sum due to him. He had ascertained this before he reached the

miserable abode of his employer, and fully expected that his only resource was to find employment in some subordinate capacity on board a ship; for merchants and shipowners were as superstitious in those days as sailors, and however great the confidence they might have in the nautical ability of a captain, they would rarely entrust a vessel to a commander who had the reputation of being unfortunate. His astonishment and delight can hardly be imagined when he was told that there was a large sum at his disposal. Such honourable conduct on the part of his former employer would have excited the gratitude of the most selfish of men. At his earnest request the latter consented to accept the loan of half the amount, and the entire sum was invested in the purchase of a brig and cargo, with which the captain sailed for the Eastern possessions of Holland. The voyage was made safely, and with the usual profit, and it is gratifying to add that no similar misfortune befell them afterwards.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

ARE there no lilies on Havering Pond,
Under the elm-tree boughs?

Many a one!

Are there no maidens fair and fond
Left in the manor-house?

Never a one.

Are there no tufts of London-pride
Under John Watson's wall?

Many a one!

Hath he no sons still by his side,
To answer the old man's call?

Never a one.

Are there no cattle on Fielden Farm,
No doves in the dove-cote still?

Many a one!

And how many friends sit snug and warm
Round the ingle of Farmer Will?

Never a one.

Are there no people in Havering Church
At matins and evening prayer?

Many a one!

And the parson who planted that silver birch,
Are he and his house still there?

Never a one.

Do the tall flags yet rustle and wave
In the water above the mill?

Many a one!

And the flowers that grew upon Laura's grave,
Doth any one tend them still?

Never a one.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

UNDER THE BAN.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED AND TRUE."

CHAPTER I. WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

THERE was a breathless hush in the crowded Court, from which the light of the spring afternoon was slowly dying out.

It was an interval of relaxation for the official mind. The learned brotherhood of the wig, had broken into little knots, and were whispering together. While the ladies in the galleries freely used their fans and vinaigrettes, commenting under their breath on the looks and bearing of the prisoner, the British public was represented by the back-ground of expectant faces, bending forward to fix their eager straining gaze on one white face which that terrible ordeal individualised above all others—the youthful prisoner at the bar, for whom the hand of time was then telling off the minutes of doom.

It was not a forbidding face. Not one of the recognised criminal type. There was nothing in it that could claim kindred with the usual faces in that dock—the heavy low-browed offenders, sullen-lipped and hard-eyed, who lived in open warfare with society, and scowled defiance on the laws they outraged. Very different looked that fair, almost boyish, face, with its high smooth forehead and quivering lips, and bright blue eyes wandering round the Court, with the wild startled look of some hunted animal brought to bay. It was pitiful to see him there, a picture to make a mother's heart ache.

What had young Frank Elliot done to be standing there under the felon's ban? "embezzlement and forgery"—that was the cruel blot on a stainless family name—the blow which had fallen so crushingly on the happiness of a household.

It was a case around which much local interest had gathered. For the prisoner was a young man of education and fair social position.

Many friends had hurried down from the little country town, where the Elliots had been known and respected for generations. There were many among them who remembered Frank as a bright handsome boy. No wonder that they found it hard to realise his identity with that pale prisoner at the bar, waiting for the verdict. So he stood, in the waning light of the spring afternoon, with his fate trembling on the balance of a word. His hands were clenched so tightly, that the veins stood out like knotted cords; the perspiration lying on his white forehead in bead-like drops, and his eyes straining forward in a set blinding gaze. Even the official wigs seemed to grow into grotesque and unnatural size. Nothing was seen clearly in that crowded Court, except one face, which seemed to hold his gaze by some strange spell.

It was that of a tall spare man of fifty-five or sixty years; with iron grey hair, a low broad forehead, full of sharp resolute ridges, and deeply indented lines, keen cold blue eyes, and

a firm close mouth, that never relaxed from its stern curves, as he sat with his hands crossed on his heavy knobbed walking-stick, still and rigid as though he had been some grey old effigy carved in stone.

It was the father of the prisoner, Mark Elliot, a man whose life of unimpeachable integrity had earned for him high trust in his native town. A man of unswerving conscientiousness and stainless honour, whose word was never doubted in business; he had made himself remarkable by his almost puritanical strictness.

His only son, a felon! How was it? What weak stone was there in that proud foundation of rectitude? Where was the missing link? The bearing of Mark Elliot, during his son's trial, was closely watched and commented upon. For the feelings of the multitude did not go with the stern father, who was known to have cast off the erring son, with a ban that would be even more inexorable than that of the law. The crooked branch would be ruthlessly stripped from the proud old tree which it had disgraced. None could deny the father's right to deal thus with his guilty son, but the hearts of the people were not with him on that day.

"Old Elliot is too hard, he always was; he will never forgive the lad, or try to save him; too hard, for we are all apt to go astray, and we cannot stand in our own strength."

These were the murmured words of not a few of Mark Elliot's friends, as they waited the result of the trial.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

The slow clear tones rang through the listening Court with a sharp sudden thrill.

It might be that the heavy knobbed walking stick trembled a little in the hands that clutched it so tightly, but the grey head did not droop, and the face remained stern and still.

"Guilty, my Lord."

The prisoner started and recoiled, as if some unseen hand had struck him a blow. A vivid crimson spot burned on his cheeks for an instant, then faded out, leaving his face a ghastlier white. He drew a long quivering breath that almost broke into a sob, and his hands dropped nervelessly to his side.

"Guilty." That one fatal word seemed to dance before his eyes in blood-red letters, filling the space between himself and the majestic face of the judge who was to pronounce his sentence.

Five years' penal servitude. That was the fiat of doom to young Frank Elliot. Five miserable shame-laden years. What fruit would they bear?

The sentence took many by surprise, for they had expected a shorter term.

It passed from lip to lip, with varied comments, as the crowd thronged out from the heated Court into the cool, welcome spring air.

Outside there was the carriage waiting for the judge, with its usual display of servants in liveries and prancing high-blooded horses—an object of breathless admiration to an awe-struck crowd of children at the gates, who from wholesome fear of official staffs were content to feed their longing eyes from that prudent distance.

It was a scene of bustle and animation.

The Court was rapidly cleared, and for that day the assize business was over.

CHAPTER II. SORROW AT MEADOW FARM.

A FEW words will suffice to put us in possession of all that it will be necessary to know of the antecedents of the Elliots of Meadow Farm. They were the last of a good old family, very simple and primitive in their tastes and habits, but very proud of their genealogical tree, and their descent from a certain Puritan warrior, Godfrey Elliot, who had held arms under Oliver Cromwell, and made himself distinguished as a devoted servant of his general. In more peaceable times, the descendants of that warlike progenitor had taken kindly to agriculture, to plough-shares instead of swords, and settled quietly down in the old-fashioned farm-house, with ivy-clad walls and quaint pointed gables, which took its name from the undulating sweep of green meadows that surrounded it.

The master of Meadow Farm, had been among the first pioneers of the scattered village which had now extended into a thriving little town. And so through successive generations, the farm acres had descended from father to son, and the Elliots had lived on in their quiet way. A slow steady-going race, not making money very fast, but taking care to keep it, when it was made. Never seeking to be other than they were, and preserving in their own world, one rigid, unbroken line of respectability.

The family of Mark Elliot, offered the first exception to this rule. It was through his only son Frank. A striking contrast to himself, for the youth was of a quick warm temper, impressionable, and feeble in purpose. His training had been unfortunate, for it had combined the two extremes of ill-judged parental strictness on one side, and blind devotion on the other.

For Frank was his mother's idol. He clung to her, and depended upon her; but between him and his father, there was an unloving reserve, which grew into estrangement as the years wore on. It was the clash of opposing

influences counteracting and destroying each other. As the boy grew older, Mark Elliot went on tightening the curb until it became an intolerable chafing goad. It ended in the youth openly rebelling against his father, and almost breaking his mother's heart by leaving home. Through the assistance of a school friend, whose father was manager of a bank in the neighbouring town, Frank managed to procure a situation as junior clerk, a post which he avowed himself glad to accept as a means of escape from Meadow Farm, and his father's tyranny.

"Name him not," said stern old Mark, to his wife; "it is your woman's folly that has spoiled him all through. I tell you now, that he shall reap as he sows. No matter if the land does pass away from the Elliots, when I lie down: he would only disgrace them, for he is not worthy to take their place. No, he shall not touch my money; it shall all go to Miriam, every shilling."

The mother knew that he would keep his word. She turned away, cowed into tearful silence, and crept to her own room to break down in a burst of hysterical grief.

Thither her daughter Miriam followed, stealing in like a ray of sunlight.

Gentle Miriam, the household peace-maker. There was always a healing balm for sorrow in her quiet presence, in the soft touch of her little hand, and the sound of her pleasant voice. Something also in the look of her fair face, with its pure brow, and large tranquil brown eyes, over which the white lids drooped so prettily. And yet Miriam Elliot was not beautiful in the common acceptance of the term. Undiscerning eyes might have passed her in a crowd. But her's was a face to love and yearn for in times of sickness and sorrow. No wonder that the hearts of young and old, went out so readily to Miriam Elliot; she was formed to love, and beloved.

Old Mark was very proud of his daughter, though he would not have confessed it. Nearer and dearer to him than all others, she held the key to his nature as none else did, and could touch the chords that were dumb and unresponsive in other hands.

They were a sadly divided household at Meadow Farm, for there were missing links in the chain of love that should have bound husband and wife together. But little Miriam had ever been the home dove, bearing the olive branch of peace.

It was the day after the trial: Mark Elliot sat alone in the farm-house porch, his usual seat in summer. The dusky shadows were gathering over his fields, for the evening was closing in. But still he sat, with the cool breeze

lifting the grey hair from his brow, and his eyes moodily bent on the ground. His favourite dog, a magnificent hound, who would be faithful unto death, lay coiled at his feet, watching him with an almost human look of intelligence in his handsome eyes. But his master gave him no sign of notice. Bitter thoughts were stirring in his soul at that moment, and the cloud over him and his seemed heavy and dark, with no rift of light to break the gloom.

He could not be insensible to the fate of his son. Stern and stoical as he might try to be, the voice of nature would rise out of the depths of his heart. He could not entirely separate himself from the condemned convict in his prison cell.

CHAPTER III. MIRIAM'S VOW.

WHAT evil influence had tracked the steps of Frank Elliot, from his innocent boyhood's home, Meadow Farm, with its rigid rules of discipline, and old-fashioned Puritan piety, where youth was fenced round with such jealous restrictions, and apparently impenetrable defences, that it seemed impossible for any of its usual follies to crop out? How was it that the son had broken loose from that pure country home, and found himself drifting astray with no moral anchor to fall back upon when he was tempted and tried? How was it, that he had so miserably and so guiltily fallen? The poor heart-stricken mother asked these questions with bursts of hysterical sobbing. Hers was a wild wailing anguish that refused all comfort, and was constantly sending up its rebellious murmur.

"Oh, what have we done that this cross should be laid on us?"

Everything connected with her son's imprisonment remained confused in her mind, a dark mystery from which she turned shudderingly, she could not try to understand it.

And poor Miriam, she was very pale and quiet, in those sad days after the trial. But she went about her household tasks, and did her best to soothe her mother, making brave efforts to lighten her burden. But Mrs. Elliot, for the time unreasoning and unjust in her great grief, complained that Miriam did not feel their trouble. Not feel when the family sorrow and shame had already worn into the core of her girl's heart, and was daily crushing out some of its bright youthfulness! Not feel for Frank? The brother whom she loved, and for whom from childhood her life had been a register of small self-sacrifices,—that precious coin which rich hearts pay out so freely to their loved ones. There was no pleasure or possession of her own that Miriam Elliot

would not have given up for him, and yet her mother could tell her that she did not feel.

Poor Miriam! It was but a foretaste of the bitter cup that would be hers to drain with silent uncomplaining lips in the sorrowful days that were coming.

The family at Meadow Farm shared some of the painful publicity which surrounded Frank Elliot, after his arrest and trial.

Neighbourly curiosity would gladly have penetrated into the inner life of the quiet household, but they were steadily kept back by the reserve of old Mark.

It was some time after the assizes, before the little town recovered its wonted serenity of mind. Young Elliot's gay manner and handsome face had there won for him much good-will, and in spite of the verdict of the jury, many charitable doubts about his guilt followed him into his convict banishment. But they could be only doubts.

A letter written to his sister, revealed something of the sad truth.

"God forgive me the misery I have brought down on you all. Miriam, I never loved you and my mother as I do now, when I have left you, perhaps for ever. Why don't you cast me off as my father has done? I deserve it. A convict! Who will clasp my hand again? I must wear that brand always in this world.

"Oh, Mirry, do you remember what you asked when you came to see me in prison: if I was guilty? I could not speak then, with your arm about my neck and your eyes looking into mine. You seemed so good and pure, and it would have thrust us so far apart. That feeling choked the words in my throat; but I can tell you now. Mirry, don't turn away from me; yes, I am guilty—but not so much as they made out at the trial.

"I got mixed up with a set of fellows; they led me on, and then let the worst fall on me. I know that I wrote a name to a cheque, and I took some money, but I meant to replace it. Oh, Mirry, believe this, and don't think harder of me than you can help. Does my mother forgive me? Comfort her all you can, and, sister, when you say your prayers, remember me. But I must not call myself your brother now."

Not many weeks after this letter had been received and wept over by Miriam, her mother lay on a sick bed from which she would never rise. For some time her health had been breaking, when she was suddenly prostrated by a serious internal rupture and bleeding of the lungs. Possibly the effect of excitement and excessive grief. The doctor gave no hope of her recovery.

There she lay in her darkened chamber, with the life-current slowly ebbing out.

Frank's letter, stained with the tears which had been shed over it, was spread out upon her pillow, just where it could touch her white cheek. It was the invalid's will to have it there, and to Miriam every wish of hers was sacred. It would have been cruel to have denied anything that could soothe the poor aching heart in those last hours of the waning day, when the dear human hopes were sinking, and the light was going out so quickly.

"Miriam, child, where are you?"

"Here, dear mother, I have never left you." And the pale young watcher crept up to the bed, and bent her face down on the pillow. So gentle and self-sustained, Miriam was a treasure in the sick-room, where she moved like a ministering spirit, with her noiseless footfall, and her sad quiet eyes, that seemed to divine even the unspoken wishes of the sufferer.

It was near midnight, and Mrs. Elliot had just awoke with a start from an uneasy broken slumber. A solemn hush pervaded the house.

The old servant Elsie who shared Miriam's labours as nurse was sleeping heavily in an arm-chair by the fire. Except the invalid no one was awake in the house but Miriam. "Child," murmured the weak wailing voice, "come nearer, nearer, lay your hand here, and leave it so; now I am easy, and I can say what I want. Miriam, I have seen Frank to-night; hush, you will say that I was dreaming, but I saw him, my poor boy! He seemed to be standing on the other side of a gulf that parted us, and he could only hold out his hand and call, 'Mother!' Miriam, I know what it is, that dreadful gulf, with Frank on the other side."

She ceased from exhaustion, and lay for some minutes gasping and silent.

Miriam was frightened, and turned round to awaken Elsie.

But her mother caught the movement and instantly divined its meaning. She put out one of her feeble hands, with an almost passionately restraining gesture, and gasped out—

"Miriam, don't waken Elsie. I have something to say to you. It has been on my mind for days, a dead crushing weight, that keeps me from resting. Will you listen?"

"Yes, mother," breathed the young girl, with a quiet stifled sob in her voice. She was gazing down at the ghastly face over which was already cast the shadow of the coming change. That strange mysterious shadow which falls but once on any face. It was the soul fast nearing the dark valley. Miriam felt it, and shivered as the gleam of the shaded lamp fell across her mother's pillow. It was a solemn vigil for her to keep in the lonely night, with no other sounds of companionship than the heavy

breathing of the nurse, Elsie, and the steady ticking of the old clock on the stairs. And outside, the wind was rising—a sad, sobbing wind—that shook the branches of the trees against the windows, and moaned round the gables with a wail like that of a tortured spirit.

"Hark, Miriam! What sound was that?"

"Nothing, mother, only the wind among the trees."

"Ah! it sounded to me like a voice—Frank's voice—you will think I am dreaming again, Miriam. I shall sleep soon. Yes I am dying, dying, and I shall never see my boy again." Still the first thought with her, as he had ever been in the old days. Miriam knew that Frank was nearest her mother's heart, that its love for him would outlive all the rest, and she accepted it without a murmur; she had never grudged her brother the rich birthright of mother's love which had been given to him from his cradle.

"Miriam, I want you to make me a promise."

The girl was startled by the eager quivering tones, and the sudden lighting of the dim eyes. There was such a strange, yearning look of desire on the white face, and the wasted fingers fastened so tightly round her arm.

She trembled. Had she some foreknowledge of what would be required from her?

Mrs. Elliot went on speaking with painful effort.

"Miriam, I want to leave Frank to you as my legacy. Will you take it, and try to be to him all that I would have been, if I had lived to see him come back? Think, think what it would be for him to find every heart turned from him, and every door closed against him. Miriam, will you be a true sister, and cling to him through all the evil days? It may be the means of saving him, and it will help me to close my eyes in peace. Child, will you clasp my hand now, and swear that you will never forsake Frank, come what may?"

It was all clear to Miriam, at that moment; the future seemed forecast to her. She knew what charge she was accepting, and what cross she was planting in her own path, when she bent over that pillow, and gave her promise to the dying.

"God bless you, Miriam; say the words again, and clasp my hand—now I can rest."

The lids dropped wearily over the fading eyes, and as Miriam watched, the furrowed brow seemed to relax, and the sharp care-worn look of anxiety died placidly out of the face, and left it peaceful as a child's.

From that hour there was a change in Mrs. Elliot. She spoke little to her daughter, and seemed content only to watch her as she stole about the room. It was the rest and relief for

which she had been waiting : and Miriam was very thankful that it had come through her. Good Miriam, patient loving heart, there was an undiscovered mine of gold in her character, that was only waiting to be tried. Even her father did not fully understand the quiet girl.

The end came quickly for Mrs. Elliot. Before the close of another day, the death angel had been busy at Meadow Farm, and the motherless daughter had sealed her vow in a silent kiss on the lips of the dead.

CHAPTER IV. OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

"MIRIAM, you had an Australian letter this morning : I can guess the news. Morley Rivers is coming home."

And as he spoke, Mark Elliot took off his heavy silver spectacles, and wiped them carefully with the corner of his silk handkerchief.

Miriam looked up from her sewing, with a quick bright colour in her face, and answered softly.

"Yes, father ; if all is well, Morley will be here by the end of the month."

The father and daughter were sitting by a cheery winter fire in their large comfortable farm-house kitchen.

Mark Elliot looked older and greyer by more than ten years, than when we saw him at his son's trial. It was still the same hard granite face, with no more yielding softness in it. But there were other signs of change in him which Miriam noted as the years wore on. He walked less about his fields, did not make himself so busy and active among his men, but sat longer over the fire at home, and every day seemed to trust more to the management of John Marston, a young man, whose father had been one of his earliest friends. Thrown penniless on the world to fight his own unaided way, the old man had been deeply interested in the son's fate, and offered him a situation at Meadow Farm. It was accepted, and the young man had now been nearly three years domesticated there as a sort of manager, or steward : his services had become invaluable to his master, with whom he was daily growing in favour. He deserved it for his sterling truth and honesty. Miriam liked him too, and in pity for his want of kindred ties gave him all that she could of a kind sister's care. She could give him no more, for she was pledged heart and hand to Morley Rivers, an ambitious persevering young lawyer, who had begun the world a hard-worked penniless clerk, and eventually fought his way to a position. He had gone out to Australia a short time before Frank Elliot's trial. Fortune had smiled on him

there. He had been successful even beyond his hopes, and had realised sufficient wealth to enable him to return, and push his way in the old country. He was coming home to marry Miriam Elliot, and enter the career which he had carved out for himself. It was his ambition to make a name at the bar.

That was Morley Rivers, the love of Miriam's girlhood, to whom she had given her young heart as entirely as if the marriage vow had been already spoken between them. So true in the years of absence, waiting for him with such patient womanly faith in her idol.

That was why Miriam had nothing more than a sister's regard to give in return for all the devotion which John Marston poured out upon her. That was why she remained so long unconscious of what was visible to others, that he loved her with all his soul, loved even without hope of return.

He sat in a far corner of the kitchen, leaning over the large white dresser, his face bent low over the book which he had been reading before the light faded. Now, he was thinking of Miriam, and listening for the sound of her voice. When he heard the name of Morley Rivers he started, and looked round with a sudden rush of colour in his dark face. He watched Miriam for a few moments with a keen touch of jealous pain, then rose, hastily closed his book, and went out. It needed a sharp walk in the frosty night to crush down the feelings that were rising in him, and help him to face what he knew was coming with the return of Morley Rivers.

He strode down the garden with rapid and decided tread, as if bent on some errand of life and death. Old Elsie met him, and stopped to speak (he was one of her favourites) ; but he passed her without notice, and went on like one who sees and hears nothing. She turned and looked after him with a sagacious twinkle in her eyes, murmuring—

"Well, I should say it was pride in any one else but Mr. John. The lad seems nearly daft to-night ; he is put out, and I guess it is something about Miss Miriam. What a pity he couldn't keep from setting his heart on her."

The father and daughter were still sitting as John Marston had left them, talking earnestly together. His abrupt exit had not been noticed. Miriam had put aside her sewing, and changed her seat to a low stool at her father's feet, where she sat with her hands clasped on his knee, the fire light playing over her neat stuff dress, and making bright ripples in her brown hair.

The old man looked at her with softened eyes as he said,

"Well, child, I only hope that you will be happy as you deserve. I don't know one that I would sooner give you to, than Morley Rivers."

A gratified blush stole over Miriam's face, and she whispered,

"I am glad that you like him, father. I should be quite happy now, if it was not for one cloud that is always on my mind."

Mark's grey eyebrows knitted into a sudden frown as he said hastily.

"Still harping on the old string, Miriam. I know what you mean ; if I had waited longer, you would have jarred my ears with the sound of his name. Girl, why can you not learn to study my wishes in this, as you do in other things. I tell you that I have only one child. I have cast that disgrace from me : let him come back when he may, he shall never sit by my hearth again. You know me, Miriam. I do not lightly break my word."

Miriam lifted up her face, now pale with emotion.

"Father, you cannot mean to renounce Frank so. It would be inhuman, cruel. Would you be harder than the laws ? Even they admit of expiation and reformation. He may redeem the past if he has help to do it. You cannot deny it to your own son. He is yours, whatever may be the ban upon his name."

"Miriam, I have said my say. Spare yourself and me, for this talk will only make ill-blood. You have been a good daughter, and that wretched boy must not come between us."

In his excitement the old man's voice rose high above its usual measured tones. His eyes kindled under their bent brows, and his thin lips quivered as he repeated,

"Yes, Miriam, I tell you once for all, that he shall not come between you and me. Meadow Farm shall never open its doors to a felon. I cannot, will not, forgive him the shame he has brought on my honest name."

At that moment the door-latch was noiselessly lifted, and a face looked in. A white, troubled face, seeming almost ghastly as it was thrown out against the background of deep shadow. There was no light except what the fire gave, so one half of the great kitchen was buried in gloom. For a few moments that strange vision remained in the doorway, gazing in upon the homely hearth, and the unconscious pair seated within its bright circle of warmth and light ; gazing in, and listening to the stern words of denunciation against the offending son of the house.

As Mark ceased speaking it disappeared suddenly as it had come, and the door-latch dropped noiselessly into its place. A moment after there was a slight noise outside. It seemed to be just beneath the window, and sounded like the crushing of gravel under a hasty passing tread. Old Lion heard it, for he rose from his place at Miriam's feet, stretched himself, and put up his ears with a low interrogative bark.

"What ails the dog ?" Mark asked, looking round. Miriam did not answer, her face was buried in her hands, and she was thinking too deeply and sadly to be easily roused.

Her father asked no more, but turned moodily round to the fire, with a sharp "Lie down, Lion !" to the dog. He was satisfied that it was either John Marston in the garden, or Elsie, who he knew had gone down to the village. He was mistaken : John had struck out across the fields, and was at that moment crushing the crisp grass under his heavy tread as he strode on, with no thought of turning homeward ; and Elsie, after meeting him in the garden, had been seized with a desire to crown her evening's holiday by a stolen gossip with her friend, Widow Morton, whose cottage lay at the back of the farm. She had slipped round there, and was then snugly enthroned in the chimney corner, deep in a discussion on the mysteries of cheese-making. So John Marston and Elsie were both safely disposed of, and the farm labourers had long since gone to their homes. Whence came the noise under the widow, that roused old Lion from his sleep : and whose was the face that looked in upon the father and daughter from the gloom of the winter night ?

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE IVY LEAF.

FLING garlands of flow'rs to the young and fair,

Let them tread on the roses of life ;
Let them cull for their bosoms or for their hair,
Time will soon eno' strip them and sow thorns there :
The petals *will* fall, e'en with tend'rest care,
For earth with destruction is rife.

But bring *me* a leaf from the ivy tree,

Pluck it fresh in its beautiful hue ;
And whisper quite low as you give it to me,
That unchanging as this little leaf will be,
Enduring and clinging most faithfully,
Shall your love remain firm and true.

Flow'rs may wither and die, joys soon are fled ;

But this leaf, like true love, cannot die,
Strew flow'rs—earth's fair-off'rings—o'er graves of the dead ;

Wreath with flow'rs—brief delights—the young victor's head,

Bring flowers—sweet hopes—for the bride to tread.

But *this leaf* for my life, say I !

AGNES STONEHEWER.

A STORY OF WATERLEIGH MILL.

(IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.)



CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE Talbot followed the captain over the ruins of the barricade, which the landlord, standing upon a barrel, was surveying with disconsolate aspect.

"Well, old fellow," said Talbot, "the enemy was too many for you! You will not be in the Times just yet, I fear. Which is the way to the fisherman's hut?"

"What way?" sighed the landlord, "there is no way,—highways and byeways are under water,—landmarks and landlords are pretty nigh at an end."

Talbot pushed on, and soon overtook the captain, who was struggling up the road against a considerable body of water that was flowing through the village. The storm raged more furiously than ever, blistering wind and rain, with now and then fierce lightning.

"We shall never make our way in this

black turmoil," said Talbot; "let us go back for a guide."

"Here you are, sir," said a voice at his elbow, which he recognised as the hostler's. "I make so bold as to follow uninvited, for Father Stockfish is not the pleasantest company just now, and the captain having a wooden leg, an extra pair of flesh and blood may be as well, perhaps, the night being so uncommon coarse."

"What's that you say?" cried the captain, "a wooden leg is not a bad thing in a sea-way like this, it holds little water and keeps the foot dry. Come on; Stokes the fisherman is the fellow for us, he knows the river. Hold hard, here we are, this is his hut."

When they got close to the cottage they could hear in the pauses of the gale, the voice of some one inside reading aloud.

"Hush," said the captain, "Old Stokes is preaching a sermon to himself,—a very good

fellow is Tommy Stokes. He and I were once shipmates ; I remember very well——”

“Oh please, sir,” said the hostler, interrupting, “shall I knock him up ?” giving at the same time a loud rap at the door with his fist.

“Who’s there,” said a rough voice.

“Who’s there,” replied the hostler, “why two gents who want you upon particular business, money no object, Mr. Stokes. Tommy loves rhino (aside) ; come, you open the door, will you ? the rain is pouring down and we in the water up to our middles a’most, and someone a drowning outside. We shall give a handsome reward for the body alive or dead ; don’t you hear it a hallooing now ?” as the same distant cry swept past them at the moment.

The fisherman opened his door. “What now, Jack, what do you want ? come up here into the house out of the squall, and tell us your story, will you ?”

“We want your help, fisherman,” said Talbot ; “a man is drowning out there, Cradock the sluice-keeper ; the bridge to the island is washed away, he is on the roof of his cottage, and we expect he will be swept off every moment, he has been calling for help this half-hour.”

“I fancied I heard a cry,” said the fisherman, “and I was just reading short passages in respect of a storm out of the Prayer-book, thinking perhaps it might do him or her good, whosoever it was, no help being at hand in any other quarter, you know.”

“No help ?” said Talbot ; “not if we stand here doing nothing,—why we look for you to help.”

“How can I help ?” replied the fisherman.

“Between him and us is a roaring body of water half a mile broad, travelling ten mile an hour ; can I fish him out as I would a trout with a rod and line long enough to reach to the Island, eh ? He’s in God Almighty’s hands and nobody else’s ; for what with storm and tumbling waters he is in no man’s hand.”

“Don’t tell me,” shouted the captain, “whose land he is in ; wherever he is, aloft or aloft, I’ll go along-side of him. I’ll not stand here and a drowning man calling for help without giving him a chance. I am an old fellow, ’tis true, but hearty, and this young soldier and I, we are going to save the poor devil, and you will help us, and go in a boat along with us, Tommy Stokes.”

“What !” cried the fisherman, “a boat, and on that roaring flood ? why, old gentleman, we should not be afloat five minutes in the middle of the current in such a storm as this : the

water out for miles, and the river boiling like a pot.”

“I know that, my lad, as well as you do,” replied the captain ; “we should go down both ends at once in any of your painted cock-boats, but mine, lying on the bank above, is ship-shape, she is an old jolly-boat with good scantling ; I bought her out of Towzer’s barge for two pound ten and a dram, only a week ago, intending to rig her as a pleasure boat for my own diversion, and I’ll be bound she will live in any dust the Thames can kick up.”

The fisherman paused. “I saw the boat ; I doubt her ; she is not handy. Besides, who is to pull ?”

“We can settle all that in a minute,” said Talbot. “I can pull, and we’ll soon get up a crew ; come along, fisherman, a reward of five pounds if you bring him ashore, alive or dead.”

“Five pounds, alive or dead, mind ; and the usual trimmings, grog, &c.,” added the captain.

The fisherman looked out upon the river. “It is a terrible job. Here, Dick,” he shouted to some one in the cottage, “rout out, I say ; here is work in hand, and you snoring there like a pig.”

The captain clapped his hands to his mouth, and sung out, “All hands on deck, ahoy !” The last word at the utmost pitch of his voice was followed by a faint “ahoy,” as if echoed from the river.

This distant appeal, succeeding so immediately the captain’s call, produced a profound effect upon all, and determined the fisherman’s wavering mind. “Ay, ay,” said he, “ahoy it is ; I hear you, my lad, and I’ll try to answer in another way, with God’s mercy,” touching his cap. “There is a Providence in this, ‘who stilleth the waves of the sea.’ You shan’t call in vain this time. Come, captain, come all, heave ahead ; there is but little time left to do it in, and we shall want all hands. Dick, you dog, why doesn’t turn out ?”

“Coming, father ;” and Dick, an able-bodied young fisherman, with part of his clothes in his hand, made his appearance.

“Put they things back into the house,” said his father ; “what dost want wi’ clothes in this rain, eh ? you’ll be like enough to swim for it, my boy, anyhow, and the thinner the breeches, the fewer the hitches, as the saying is aboard ship.” Then, turning to the hostler, “I know thou canst pull, young horse-flesh,” he said ; “I have seen thee a sculling about the mill-pond with the maids, afore now.”

“You can handle an oar, sir” (to Talbot). “Well, then, hostler, you the bow ; Dick, thou the sculls ; this gent, the stroke ; so we shall pull randan fashion. I shall steer, and

the captain will be a spare hand to stand by, and lay hold of whatsoever is to be laid hold on. Now, Dick, jump about, and let's get to work at once. I saw your boat to-day, captain; she is half full of water by this time, I count. Bring the lanthorn, Dick, and the long punt-line from off the hook, and the black bottle on the shelf in the corner, and do it sharp, d'ye hear? We'll tow the boat upstream along the bank with the line for a quarter of a mile or so, there is not much run of water close in, and then let go; we may fetch the poor devil's cottage, if so be it is above water at all, and we don't swamp as we go along."

Presently they came to the captain's boat, which, for security, he had had hauled high up the bank that morning. It was half full of water from the heavy rain; "Turn her over, all hands," he cried; accordingly, the boat was turned over, emptied, and shoved down to the water. She was a fair-sized boat, a quarter-boat, of good scantling, as the captain remarked, and had travelled many a league hanging over a ship's quarter; the tow-line was thrown in, a couple of boat-hooks, and the necessary oars. Stokes jumped aboard, and tossing his son the end of the rope, the others assisting, she was towed up the stream. Though the water was shallow, with little current in-shore, being chiefly from the overflow, the main body of the river was running with great velocity, and angry waves could be discerned through the darkness; a white patch in the middle of the flood Stokes said was foam, from the sluice of the water caused by the obstruction of Cradock's cottage. The cottage itself, now nearly covered, could not be distinguished in the gloom and wild confusion of the tempest. The wind howled and hurtled through the trees, and the rain drove in torrents. "Hark! again the faint cry; he is still alive," said Stokes; "but he has given himself up almost; he does not see or hear us, and does not know that people are trying to help him:—shout! all hands;" but the rushing turmoil of the water and the bluster of the gale that seemed to blow the words down their throats, made it doubtful whether shouts could be heard across the troubled flood.

The captain said, "Here are five men a shouting together, and yet the cry of a drowning man will trump them all—there is nothing like it. I remember when I was lieutenant in the Thunderbomb ——"

"Tumble in, tumble in, Captain, all hands aboard!" cried Stokes, interrupting him; "that last cry tells us there is no time to be lost, if we would save our man."

All hands got into the boat except Dick, who had given the tow-rope a turn round a tree, and still held on.

Stokes, placing his hand above his eyes, looked earnestly and in silence upon the tumbling strife of waters. "I wish he would give us another hail," he said, "for I cannot for the life of me see where to steer to in that boiling pot out there. It is hereaway, I think, just above the black willow stump where the water looks as it was breaking over a reef." As he spoke, a flash of lightning lit up the scene with intense brilliancy, the foaming waste became almost phosphorescent, the sluice-keeper's roof could be discerned, a black speck surrounded with dazzling white, the banks, half-drowned trees, and flooded fields, lay glittering for an instant, and the hills beyond stood up dark against the illumined sky. "I have it," said the fisherman; "let go, Dick, and tumble aboard; we must trust ourselves to God's mercy, for the river to-night is very angry, and I much misdoubt it. Shove off there clear of the stump. Hark! another cry; I have got it now both by sound and sight. Out oars, pull easy; just give her steerage way, for God knows we shall go fast enough presently."

The boat glided steadily for a couple of minutes, and then, being caught by the current, was borne along with great rapidity. Stokes edged gradually away from the shore, but what with driving spray and rain, and the force of the gale to which they were now fully exposed, steering was no easy matter; still he seemed to be satisfied, and kept his course slantingly out to the middle of the river.

"Ugly weather, ugly weather," said the captain: "something like the Isle of Aix business; chopping sea then. Steady!" he cried, as the boat got into a confused and counter current, "steady, bo!"

The steersman gave no sign, but kept his eyes fixed on something invisible to the rest, which he evidently considered as the mark for his direction.

Another screaming cry, now nearer, wilder, and more pitiful, came from the point the fisherman had so long been watching. Suddenly he shouted, "Pull, my lads, pull; we are drifting down too far; if we get broadside to the current we are lost; pull, for your lives!" Now they stretched to their oars with great vigour, the boat rose and fell, and rolled from side to side sometimes gunwale under, but soon drew near enough to enable them to distinguish a low black object surrounded with snowy foam.

"Captain," said the fisherman, very deliberately, "hold up the lanthorn; he will get

lively when he sees the light and knows help at hand, for that last cry seemed as if giving up the ghost was pretty close."

The moment the lanthorn was brandished aloft by the stalwart arm of the captain, a shout of a different character swept down the wind.

"I knowed it would be so," said Stokes; "he sees it and is refreshed. Away, boys; I think, with God's blessing, we shall haul him aboard to-night safe after all."

A loud amen from the bow.

"Hold your jaw there for'ard," said the captain.

Now the boat drew nearer and nearer, and the waves grew rougher and rougher.

"Be ready there," cried Stokes; "when I call 'oars,' in with them sharp, bow and stroke, d'ye mind me? And you keep her steady, Dick, with the sculls. Jack Hostler, do thou stand by to catch him when he drops into the boat: I shall run her right under the willow in the lee of the cottage, it will be smoother there than in this horrid uproar, but I fear the tree is down." Suddenly he cried, "The Lord be praised, I see it; part of the stem is still above water; look sharp, captain; stand by with the boat-hook—in oars—easy, Dick, let her drop down upon it." Stokes clapping his helm a-port, the boat, shipping water on both sides, rounded to, entered the eddy caused by the obstruction of the cottage, and glided straight toward the stem of the willow.

"Hook on, captain," shouted Stokes.

"Make haste to save me," cried a voice from the tree; "I am amost gone."

"Then look sharp aloft there, and shin down," roared the captain; "I can't hold on a minute more, this tree does wobble about so; it will go by the board presently."

Now a figure appeared clinging to the branches, and in another moment Cradock was safe on board.

"Let go," said the steersman, "and you, my man, lie down here in the stern sheets; you do seem pretty nigh spent. Back oars, and when we slue her round again, all hold on." It was well to give this caution, for the boat, re-entering the current, was caught in a kind of whirlpool, which tossed the frail craft about alarmingly, the waves leaping and breaking over her. In vain they pulled with their utmost strength; the whirl of the water was too much for them; the boat almost on her broadside swept in smaller circles, but with increasing swiftiness. Stokes, letting go the tiller, threw himself bodily on the stroke oar. The united force of two such strong men as Talbot and Stokes made the good ash

bend like a twig, while the increased power thus gained, with the utmost exertion of the other oarsmen, forced the helpless boat out of the whirling vortex, into the main current of the river.

"That was done ship-shape, captain," said Stokes, taking the helm again.

"It was a tough tussle," the captain replied, drawing a long breath, "and put me in mind of what happened——"

"In oars," interrupted Stokes, "bow and stroke, we are driving on to the weir; if we go along at this rate, we shall be at Lunnon town, or in a worse place, before we know where we are. Praise be blest," he suddenly exclaimed, "I can see the village lights dancing about yonder between the bushes. Starboard, Dick—keep her in, boy—all right—the lights grow steadier, we are out of the current, and out of danger." The boat glided through comparatively still water into the shadow of a large building.

"The mill," said the captain, in a low voice, "the mill we were talking of this evening at the inn; this Cradock," he whispered, "is, is ——"

"I remember," said Talbot; "say nothing more now." The boat touched the ground.

"Gentlemen," said Stokes, "the voyage is ended, a life is saved through His providence," touching his hat, "not good for overmuch, I fear; however, all's one for that; he was only prized at five pound."

"Tumble out, my lads," cried the captain, "we are right now."

"Yes," said Stokes, "all safe and sound; and, after an inward thanksgiving, I think we should steer for the 'Beetle,' to drink a friendly glass and settle accounts; jump ashore, hostler, and haul the boat in closer for the captain." The hostler had no sooner stepped on shore than he yelled out.

"Hillo!" said Stokes, "what now?"

"A dead body," he replied; "oh Lord, I have put my foot upon it."

"I shall be a dead body, indeed, presently, if you don't stand off me; you are finishing me right out."

"It is the schoolmaster's voice," exclaimed the captain.

Talbot leaped from the boat, and assisted him to his legs. "Why, Birchbottom, what are you doing here, and what is the matter? Come, speak."

"The matter?" he replied; "why drowning, being buffeted, and trodden upon. That is the matter. I have shouted for help till I am hoarse."

"Well," said Stokes, "your voice is pretty strong for a drowned man. I thought I did

hear a noise, but took it for the weather-cock a squealing on the mill top."

"Is Lieutenant Talbot here?" demanded Birchbottom, in a doleful voice; "for I can see nothing in this horrible abyss."

"Yes, here am I, close to you."

"Then for God's sake, take me away, sir. This place is certainly haunted. There is a ghost somewhere at hand."

"Ghosts at hand, and the lanthorn out," cried the hostler.

The captain interposed. "Birchbottom," he said, in a solemn voice, "are you in liquor, my boy? Answer me that. It is the 21st of October, Birchbottom; and grief is dry. Many's the stout ship that has capsize through the grog bottle."

"Amen," said Stokes; "and drink it is, no doubt. What else could he be doing here in this weather?"

Now the truth was that Mr. Birchbottom, having expressed his opinion pretty strongly to Mrs. Stockfish as to the probable loss of the whole party—an opinion strengthened by untoward rumours from the village—was severely reprimanded by that lady for not immediately hastening to the rescue. "Stockfish is but a poor thing," she said; "and you are no better, but worse, drinking your warm drinks and snoozing here before the fire in the best bed-room, with that beast of a pipe in your mouth, while the regular customers are drowning outside, and that handsome young officer along with them. I shall go myself. I may do something. I am but a feeble woman, but I have a heart."

The schoolmaster, who indulged a weakness for Mrs. Stockfish, had no alternative. He declared his instant readiness to do and die, if need be, for her or for them; and, with an inward and particular curse upon all captains and lieutenants, his hat set jauntily on one side, and a pleasant daring in his countenance, but really with the heart of a cur, he crept, his tail between his legs, to the Mill Meadow, as the nearest and securest possible place from whence to look out upon the river.

Now hear his answer to Talbot.

"What am I doing here? Why where should I be but here? My friends were in danger. I could not bear the suspense. I rushed to assist. Stockfish and his wife tried to detain me with blandishments of grog and tobacco, but nothing could prevail. I faced the darkness and the storm fiends, and hastened to your aid, when, after nearly drowning in the out waters, the said fiends, or a tremendous squall of wind and rain, turned me upside down in the twinkling of an eye."

"Messmates," interrupted the captain, "there is something not ship-shape in all this. An anniversary of honest battle turned into murder and sudden death, or something very like it. That insensate cur in the stern sheets,—hoist him out, Stokes, d'y'e hear?—and this drunken schoolmaster, have an unpleasant sulphurous twang about them. So, our duty done, let's get into port as soon as we can, splice the main brace, and say our prayers; for I doubt if the devil is not pretty close astern." So saying, the captain, putting his best leg foremost, scuttled off.

"Oh, don't leave me," cried the wretched Birchbottom in a doleful voice. "I am in great fear—it is as dark as Erebus."

Just at the moment a flash of lightning quivered through the trees, turned their stems into pillars of white, lit up the shadowy front of the mill, its galleries and peaked roofs, and was instantly quenched in a sea of blackness; then came the thunder rumbling among the hills.

"Rather ghastly," said the captain. "Bring on Cradock, alive or dead, Stokes; and schoolmaster, you lay hold of the tail of my jacket, and let the others hook on, too, for I have got the reckoning in that spurt of lightning, and am all right." In this way they proceeded cautiously in single file, and arriving safely at the Beetle, entered that disconsolate hostelry. The landlord hastened to greet them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the Lord be praised, the river is falling, and the supper is ready. Do I see you all in the flesh? I never expected it again at supper in this world; the doctor has had a roaring fire the last hour in the best bed-room, and all things ready for restoring suspended animation, as he calls it, bellows, blankets, brandy, hot bricks—it is quite a spectacle to behold."

"This way, this way," exclaimed an authoritative voice from the stairs, "bring the bodies on immediately; carry them horizontally, do you hear; a gross superstition holding up the drowned by the heels, thanks to Marshall Hall."

"What is that?" said the captain, emerging from the darkness; "what is that thou sayest, old Galenhead, eh? 'Drowned?' say you, 'all alive and kicking,' say I. We are going to drown ourselves presently in a bowl of good hot strong punch; so away with this rubbish, throw physic to the dogs, and get the grog out."

"Oh," says the doctor in a faltering voice, "I am glad, yes, indeed I really am glad; but it would, nevertheless, have given me great satisfaction to have been the humble instrument for your restoration had Providence so

ordained. I see you have the schoolmaster and Cradock there; they both seem exceeding pale, dirty, and exanimate; may it not be well to give them a good roll on the table with a few puffs of artificial respiration, and a lively touch or two of the galvanic battery, which is at hand and ready?"

"By no manner of means, doctor," said the schoolmaster, hastily; "I have had rolling enough in the meadow, the Lord knows, to say nothing of having been buffeted and walked upon; my respiration is sound and good: all I require is an immediate glass of hot and strong grog, and that I can mix and administer without your valuable assistance."

The party now entered the best bed-room, where three sheeted tables were laid out, prepared, as the doctor observed, for whatever it might please Providence in his mercy to turn up; the landlady presiding as nurse, with a long white pinafore on, ready for action.

"Clear the decks," roared the captain, "hang me if this doctor hasn't turned the place into the cockpit." Suiting the action to the word, the captain gave a kick to the nearest table, which capsizing, upset the doctor; in the agony of falling he clasped the landlady round the waist and involved her in the common ruin. Birchbottom rushed to the rescue, and, stepping nimbly on the prostrate doctor, raised the fainting lady in his arms, and placing her in a chair, seized the surgical bellows, and blew her into consciousness. Talbot, in the confusion, helped the doctor to his legs, who had immediately to endure a severe rating from the incensed Mrs. Stockfish. Order was at length restored.

"Doctor!" said the captain, "I will now thank you to put on your usual face, d'ye hear, and not that perspiring undertaking look; and make haste with supper, Father Stockfish, for we are all very peckish."

"Such fare as this poor afflicted house affords, and that has not been swallowed up by the flood, shall be on the table in the twinkling of an eye," replied the landlady.

The room was cleared of the doctor's apparatus, and preparations made for immediate supper. The party comprised the chairman Captain Salter, Talbot, the doctor, the schoolmaster, the landlord, Stokes, and his son; the two last specially invited in consideration of their recent services in the rescue. These gentlemen having just bagged from Talbot the promised reward of five pounds, were in excellent spirits. They were accommodated with a separate table. The hostler and Cradock were seated on a box at the end of the room.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "this

night of all other nights in the year, we are unfortunately obliged to hold our memorial mess in the bed-room, on account of the leakage below. I don't like it, but it can't be helped; and as there are no females ever present on these occasions, it don't so much signify,—any port in a storm. I must also observe," he continued, looking around while brushing the rain drops from the dreadnought jacket, "that we are none of us quite in right trim for a solemnity that requires every man to be in his best; however, we have an excuse,—boat-service on the Thames,—cutting out Cradock in a gale of wind. Mr. Birchbottom, you are uncommon foul, sir; a little rubbing down will do you good before you join the mess. Landlord, please to take him in hand, and make him decent."

Stockfish took the wretched Birchbottom in charge, but the landlady lingered, and while arranging a bouquet of flowers to grace the supper-table, turned her large eyes, which were powerful weapons, upon the Captain. The veteran fidgeted, looked at her in spite of himself, muttered something about standing fire like a man, and eventually became fascinated in the serpent's gaze,—“a sacred night, and a sacred duty; no women, no, no.”

The ox-eyed Juno flashed again.

"Oh, the devil!" said the captain to himself. "John Salter, remember—Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson—October twenty-one."

Again the wandering eyes fixed themselves on the hero, passing through various phases of supplication and attack.

"I'm shot if I can stand it any longer. Gentlemen," he blurted out, "I am going to invite Madame Stockfish on this one occasion."

The company started.

"And why not?" continued the captain, "why not? This is a military memorial mess, no doubt, my lads, and it is to come off in the bed-room, but then they say a woman will go through the eye of a needle to the tuck of drum; and why not, eh? Didn't I see, when I was ashore in the Bight of Benin, a company of breeched Amazons ("Order" from the doctor) with muskets and fixed bayonets? Mrs. Stockfish," said the captain, politely, "we shall be delighted to have you; you will sup with us to-night, I hope?"

With a low curtsey, Mrs. Stockfish replied in her sweetest voice, "I shall be most happy, captain, to be an Amazon on such an occasion, but then you must allow me to retire to take off this horrid thing which the Doctor has tied about my neck."

"By all means, ma'am," said the captain, and as she left the room, "don't put on the breeches afterwards, will you be so good,

ma'am? I believe it is for the best," continued the hero, drawing a deep breath; "if you put salt on a woman's tail, the Turks say, she rules as gentle as a lamb."

While these things were going on, Talbot took the hostler aside. "Cradock must not be here, take him into another room at once; I wish you to consider him as your charge; you will have your supper with him."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the hostler, "supper, sir."

"Yes," Talbot replied, "is there any objection?"

"Oh, none in life," said the other. Then aside, "I'd as soon sit down to supper with Apollyon himself: he'd be safer, and pleasanter company."

"I will see myself that you have something to eat."

"Oh, thank you, sir, indeed. Devil'd kidneys and broiled bones will be in rule, I suppose; thank heaven I can say my Catechism if need be."

"Don't make yourself a fool, sir," said Talbot sternly. "Follow me into the passage. Now, no more nonsense; attend to me, and do not repeat what I say."

"Mum's the word," replied the hostler.

"You are to understand, hostler, that this man, Cradock, is to be looked to,—watched to-night."

"Understand," replied the hostler. "I'll run directly for a pair of handcuffs."

"Handcuffs, absurd; you look sharp after the fellow, and do not permit him to leave this inn, or to be tampered with. To-morrow I shall take charge of the man myself, but to-night he stays here, and you are to see that he does not quit his room."

"I'll lie outside his door all night," said the hostler heartily.

"Do so," Talbot replied. "From what I have heard of you I believe you to be trustworthy. A careful watch will meet with due reward," and he returned to the company.

"Money in prospect; good," soliloquised the hostler, "but chequered with cold and hunger; when my mouth was watering, and my eyes filling with the prospect of victuals, pop goes the weasel, all is changed in a moment. Very rapid promotion, though; what next, I wonder?—noon saw me an hostler, afternoon a mason, evening a waterman, and now, 10 p.m., a confidential detective in plain clothes. They tell me the banquet is to come, that sounds realistic, as schoolmaster says; but the fly in the ointment is, that it is to be shared and eaten with the cannibal, Cradock, that's the rub."

(To be continued.)

A DREAM OF THE HESPERIDES.

Oxen, walking in a land of dreams,
Through winding valleys, by the side
Of forests, all alive with song—
A region where delicious streams
Flow'd under low-roof'd arches long,
From hollows, measuring scarce a span,
And out into the light, among
Luxuriant foliage, making wide
The rivers into which they ran—
I came into a crowded place:
Men, women, all with eager eyes,
Press'd up from all the lanes, and past
Right onward. I among the last
Broke in, and follow'd with surprise,
Not knowing whither or what the chase:
Or asking; till a backward surge,
An ebb of that advancing flood,
Roll'd on us, scattering those who stood
In hosts, too closely drawn before—
Some lifting up, some casting down—
While, like the gathering waves that merge
Each into each, and storm the shore
In a long breaker, with a crown
Of foam that sprinkles all the coast,
That sea of human creatures rose,
In wave on wave and host on host,
And storm'd, and fell, and some were lost,
And some were shatter'd in the close.

"What means all this?" I ask'd of one
Who look'd less eager than the rest;
"These people come," he said anon,
"From north and south and east and west;
And ever thus they strive to win
The golden apples of the trees
Of the divine Hesperides.
On either side the gardens lie,
But only few can enter in,
Though many still there be that try."

And then I saw, on either side,
The close-fenced gardens ranging wide,
With golden fruit on trees of gold,
And hands that snatch'd it, scrambling high,
From which it sometimes fell, and roll'd
Among the restless standers-by:
And some there were who caught and ate,
And with the golden food grew fat;
And some there were who bought and sold;
And some who hoarded up their gold;
While still more loudly rose the din
From those without and those within;
And underneath each golden tree
I saw a laughing devil grin—
He laugh'd a fiendish laugh at me.
And they that ate and fatten'd, died;
And they that only bought and sold
With too much barter soon grew old;
And they that hoarded up their gold
Went mad, and others overbold
Took what the owner could not hold:
But all of these, and those who stood
Outside the gate, sent up a cry,
"Oh, who will show us any gold!
More golden fruit, more golden food
We seek, and scramble till we die."

At once I turn'd away, and came
Along the noisy highway back,
Reflecting, can this be the same—
That sacred ground where grew the trees
Of the divit Hesperides!
I saw no maidens, but slack

A grinning fiend beneath each tree,
 Who laugh'd a devilish laugh at me :
 I saw not, lying at the gate,
 That dragon which, when he pass'd in,
 The strong-arm'd Theban bound in chains—
 And as I walk'd the hour grew late,
 And musing as I walk'd, the lanes
 Whence all those crowds emerged, were still :
 Behind me faintly rose the din,
 Before me on a sudden stood
 One most unlike that multitude—
 His countenance was all aflame,
 Fix'd, as betokening steadfast will,
 But softer than a woman's face,
 With more of beauty, more of grace.
 He said, "I knew your thoughts, and came
 To lead you whither you would go :
 Then follow me !"

I follow'd slow,
 And through the narrow lanes he led—
 The long long-winding lanes where grew
 In wild festoons the hedgerow briar ;
 The honeysuckle wet with dew,
 The pansy and the violet
 Were there ; and, bending overhead,
 A sky in all whose deepening blue
 The sunset glimmer'd like a fire.

Far in our front a light was set,
 And to that light our steps we bent,
 My guide unfolding as we went
 Dark sayings, counsels of the wise,
 Old creeds and Attic mysteries.
 I feasted on his words—he taught
 How this and that had pass'd away
 From vulgar apprehension, still
 Leaving the substance and the thought
 As sound as in the olden day.
 That, like bees' honey in the cell,
 Wisdom, a sweeter honey, lay
 In legend and in parable :
 And well for him who, seeking truth,
 And finding what he went to seek
 In those old fables of the Greek,
 Cared not to quarrel with the shell,
 But took the meaning of the myth,
 And carried in his heart therewith
 An odour of perpetual youth. j

While thus my guide discoursed we came
 Into a circular space, and there,
 Above a narrow gate, that light
 Beam'd on us from a silver star,
 Bright equally by day and night.
 And all around the gate were met—
 Some firm of foot, some halt and lame—
 Young men and maidens pressing in ;
 And standing with their faces set
 In shadow, to conceal their sin,
 Were others, not so fair as they,
 Who beckon'd them another way.

And then I saw the halt and lame
 Give heed to what the tempters said,
 And follow, limping, where they led :
 But not the less the strong and wise
 Took counsel of that heavenly light,
 Bright equally by day and night—
 For them no other tempters wait :
 They enter'd at the narrow gate ;
 And three fair maidens, in whose eyes
 The light of many systems burn'd,
 Stept down to meet them, smiled, and turn'd
 Their steps into a wide recess,

A garden, open to the sky,
 But hidden from the passers-by ;
 Where grew in all their loveliness
 More flowers, and sweeter, than we see
 In all June's rosy galaxy ;
 And, bowing low with golden fruit,
 Stood many a widely-spreading tree,
 With waters moisten'd at the root
 Which elsewhere in the garden shoot
 Their spray, in fountains overhead :—

And one of those three maidens said,
 "This place is yours, the fruit is sweet,
 Go pluck it from the trees and eat.
 For all who truly seek to *know*
 Here do the golden apples grow—
 Apples of knowledge, take and eat,
 The fruit is no less fair than sweet."

Then did the second maiden say,
 "Here is the *Tree of Life*, which gives
 For every cluster pluck'd away
 A larger one another day ;
 And whose eats of that fruit lives.
 Look, here is plenty, take and eat,
 The fruit is no less good than sweet."

And the third maiden—Love, her name—
 I heard it whisper'd where I stood—
 Said, in a sweeter voice, the same :
 "The fruit is fair, the fruit is good,
 And here is plenty, take and eat,
 If good and fair, then is it sweet."

My guide conducted from the place,
 And dimly now I saw his face,
 But in the shadow of those trees,
 Before my dream had blown away,
 I fancied that I heard him say—
 "These are the true Hesperides !"

G. COTTERELL.

REMINISCENCES OF A GESANG VEREIN.

In the autumn of 1863, circumstances gave me an opportunity of seeing and taking part in one of those local gatherings of singing associations or glee-clubs (*Männer Gesang Verein*), which are such a striking national and characteristic feature of the music-loving inhabitants of the Fatherland. A previous residence in Germany when quite a child had made me well acquainted with the language, and partly with the customs of the people, and I was thus enabled to enter fully into the spirit of the thing, and see and enjoy in a manner that would have been impracticable for the majority of casual travellers. I went as a member of one of these clubs, only my own personal friends being aware of my nationality.

At five o'clock on a bright August morning, we started in three open carriages from the village of B——, in Austrian Silesia, *en route* for Schönberg, a country town of some importance in Northern Moravia.

A drive of six miles brought us to the little Austrian town of Weidenau, where the in-

habitants, notwithstanding the early hour, were all on the alert to see the singers assemble and set forward.

The number of these small towns, hamlets, and villages which cover the plain between Breslau and the huge chain of the Riesen Gebirge, is astonishing and unexpected to the traveller accustomed to the well-worn routes frequented by the shoals of English, who, Murray in hand, scamper over certain parts of the Continent with the avowed object of seeing the most in the least possible amount of time, and apt to connect Silesia in their minds with Siberia and other wild regions unfit for civilised Britons. As densely populated as many of the manufacturing districts of England, with large beet-root manufactories, and favourable conditions of soil and climate, its agricultural capabilities are by no means despicable; and added to these its rich mines and vast timber forests, may well have formed a frequent subject of contention between the two great rival powers, whose territory proper it separates. Since the greater portion was annexed to Prussia, its chief city, Breslau, which used to be the great western mart of Poland, has become more intimately connected with Berlin and the north-west of Germany, and is less of a high road and dépôt of Austrian and Polish produce than formerly. Polish names and signs are still over many of the shops and warehouses, but the representatives of that nation are chiefly descendants of the scattered tribe of Israel, who form such a numerous and influential commercial body in most of the large cities of Germany.

But to return to German singers and their doings. Coffee and rolls having been discussed, and our party augmented by the members from the town singing club and outlying villages, our director began to arrange the party, settle places, &c. In the first carriage were himself and the standard bearer. The flag of handsome green and white silk, with the arms of the town and name of the corps worked in gold, and further adorned by a handsome streamer, presented and embroidered by fair hands,—was a possession of which the corps were proud.

I was fortunate enough to obtain the box seat of the second carriage, and soon found myself directing the efforts of a pair of hardy young mountain horses, accustomed to hard work, hilly roads, and perhaps hard fare. The rest of the vehicles, some sixteen in number, followed in the ruck, at first keeping pretty close together, but soon separating somewhat to avoid dust.

A merry, light-hearted set they were, of various classes, one of the charms of this as

of other German customs being the free and cordial understanding with which the various social orders meet together on festive occasions. Singing, shouting, and chatting, the merry band progressed; many provided with the familiar large bowled and peculiar shaped German pipe, that, if not matter of history exactly, is nevertheless a venerated and time-honoured institution among the sons of Germania; some gathering branches and sprigs to adorn the picturesque felt-hats, with their green cord and tassel, which together with the little green and white ribbon at the button-hole, formed the uniform, so to speak, of the members.

The ground had been gradually rising ever since we left Weidenau, and soon we were winding through the wooded valleys between the outlying hills of the Sudetic mountains; a continuation of the great chain of the Riesen Gebirge, which together with the Harz mountains form the chief northern boundary of the Austrian dominions.

About ten o'clock we reached the mountain town of Freiwaldau, situated at the upper end of a long narrow valley, leading to the foot of the Red mountain; where a tolerably good road conducts over the chain into the province of Moravia.

We were here to be joined by the gymnastic corps of the town,—another national institution of Germany,—who had been asked to take part in the proceedings as special guests, the town possessing no singing club. They returned the compliment by giving us a ball in the depth of winter; coming out down the valley in sledges, and accompanied by their band, to meet and conduct us with due ceremony to the entertainment.

On a hill overlooking Freiwaldau stands the well-known cold water cure establishment of Gräfenberg; having often from 200 to 300 guests during the summer months. I was told that some forty or fifty patients usually resided there during the winter, and a subsequent visit later in the year confirmed this statement: I then met plenty of them taking their constitucionals among the surrounding hills; many bareheaded, and cropped decidedly *à la Neugate*, the thermometer below freezing point.

Like most Englishmen, I am an ardent votary of cold tub and fresh air; but the sight of these hatless disciples of the renowned Priessnitz was not, considering the time of year and state of the atmosphere, altogether cheerful. Perhaps it is on the principle that extremes meet, as many of these gentlemen, on completing their cure, would go back to stove-heated rooms, with carefully closed win-

dows, and shudder at the mere mention of a cold bath : they must at least have the satisfaction of exemplifying in person that "habit is second nature."

Only three miles off is another of these hydropathic establishments, with the additional peculiarity, that the diet is strictly confined to stale bread and light wines. There are scores of these establishments throughout the mountainous districts of Austria, often differing but slightly in their modes of treatment ; and that principally in matters of diet and régime, which are all more or less severe. They are visited chiefly by Germans, Poles, and Russians ; and paterfamilias and the dear girls would find themselves chiefly surrounded by "nasty smoking foreigners ;" and often not find even a single fellow-countryman to sympathise with them, and agree in condemning all foreign manners, habits, and customs, and settling the infinite superiority of Margate or Brighton over such places. Gräfenberg has, however, been more visited by English than some of them : a spring there bears the name of "*Englische Quelle*." The number of visitors generally, is less than formerly.

At the inn I found the rest of the party at a second morning meal known here as in France, under the term fork breakfast, *gabel frühstück* ; and was myself nothing loth to demolish some delicious little trout, fresh from a neighbouring mountain stream, and washed down with a bottle of Vöslauer, a very drinkable wine when genuine. Some of the native Austrian wines are very indifferent, and should be drunk with caution by one unaccustomed to them, as their acidity may produce uncomfortable effects.

Our gymnastic friends had hit upon a most picturesque and appropriate mode of conveyance. Light waggons had been decorated with leaves and boughs, and fitted up with rough seats, and into these they scrambled, hoisting a huge beer barrel into one of them, to counteract the unpleasant effects of the clouds of dust, caused by the unusually dry season, rain not having fallen for weeks, even high up in the mountains.

A German's capacities for beer and tobacco, to a stranger and looker-on almost approach the marvellous ; but a draught of the former, and a few whiffs of some of the commonly smoked sorts of the latter, will greatly facilitate comprehension on the subject. Both are weaker and wholesomer than most of our English representatives of this class of creature comforts, and may be taken to an extent that would be highly injurious, if of the poisonous and brain-adding qualities that so many of our English ales and tobaccos partake of.

They were a fine courteous set of men these gymnasts of Freiwaldau, and looked well in their simple and becoming brown-holland jackets and trousers ; their broad chests set off by the snow-white shirt-fronts, rendered conspicuous by the absence of waistcoats and the open cut of the jacket. A high-crowned grey felt hat, together with a belt round the waist inscribed with their motto and greeting, completed the costume. The words of this greeting are in the German *Gut Heil*, the literal English of which is good health, or good greeting, but the meaning conveyed by the salutation is more that of,—hail fellow well met.

We were soon at the foot of the Red mountain, and alighted, leaving the carriages to wind slowly over the mountain by the road, and join us on the other side.

I started off at a proper pedestrian pace, expecting that many of my companions would be ready for a race to the top. Nothing was further from the intentions of any member of the party.

Think not, English lovers of sport ;—active cricketers, neat oarsmen, or winners of mule races,—to entrap a German youth, on any mere light or frivolous pretext, into a celerity of motion in which the beloved triumvirate—pipe, beer, and song, cannot participate. Longfellow's description in "*Hyperion*" of the ceremony of the admitting of new members into a Heidelberg student *clique* is familiar to many, and gives a very truthful impression of the habits and tastes of German youth ; contrasting somewhat unfavourably with the active manly sports which are the safety valves of English animal spirits.

My challenge had only the effect of eliciting from a phlegmatic German the remark, that they were not all English racers, the tone and manner with which it was said indicating, that he considered the *former* animal the more preferable of the two.

At the summit is a small refreshment house, something like a Swiss chalet ; where everything was demanded, and nothing procurable.

The descent was in the nature of things more rapid than the ascent, in spite of the before-mentioned antipathy of most of the party for unnecessary exertion. I must, however, mention that the gymnasts, who would probably have displayed greater activity, were some way to the rear, the waggons not proving the most rapid means of conveyance now extant. Possibly the poor beer barrel objected to rapid travelling, as not conducive to its well-being ; and required assiduous attentions, which no doubt it received.

Nothing of special interest occurred during the remainder of the journey. At five o'clock

we halted and alighted about half a mile out of Schönberg, which etiquette forbade our entering until the municipality had been informed of our vicinity, and had sent emissaries to meet and conduct their guests into the town. We were *bonâ fide* guests, everything being provided free of cost; the merchants turning their warehouses into sleeping apartments, and entertaining each a given number at their tables throughout the festival.

With music playing and banners flying, we passed under one of the triumphal arches, which had been erected at each of the principal entrances to the town.

The houses were hung with flags and evergreens, with here and there tastefully woven mottoes, and greetings to the German singers.

We passed slowly through the crowded streets, the windows thronged by fair occupants, who showered bouquets and smiles upon us in no stinted measure, laughing and blushing when the unfortunate one aimed at was hit, and gallantly kissed his hand to the fair donor in return.

In the market place we were received by the mayor and principal inhabitants of the town, who welcomed us in a few courteous words, and handed to our chief, directions for quartering and billeting the party. As soon as we had cleared off, some other newly arrived corps succeeded, and this went on till late in the evening; when there were between 1100 and 1200 singers in the town. At eight o'clock we assembled in the barrack yard to practise with other clubs some of the music for next day.

A lovely morning ushered in the festival, for which 1200 singers from different parts of Northern Austria were gathered together, which had been looked forward to for months by many, and was long remembered by all.

By seven o'clock, I was at breakfast in the spacious saloon of one of our hospitable entertainers, Madame S—— seeing to her guests with that thoughtful care and attention which is never wanting in the mistress of a German household. I was introduced to our host, a distant connexion of some friends of mine. He was most anxious that I should be favourably impressed with all I saw and heard, and asked if we had anything of the kind in England; to which I could only reply that singing had of late been much more extensively cultivated than formerly, but that we had nothing which at all partook of the nature of the present meeting. I thought of Exeter Hall and Crystal Palace concerts, and how oddly they would contrast with the hearty, joyous open-air meetings of the musical Austrians.

The festival was to take place on a large open space outside the town, adjacent to the rifle gallery, a large building, containing a fine ball room, and having tea-gardens attached to it. A huge scaffolding or platform had been erected at one end of the green, and fitted up with a temporary altar for the celebration of mass, before proceeding to the secular business and pleasure of the day. Rows of seats for the audience extended away down the turf, and were crammed by the appointed hour.

The different corps marched in procession, led by their respective standard bearers, and preceded by an excellent band, to the place of meeting.

On arriving at the platform the various voices grouped themselves round the four flags of different colours employed to collect severally the first and second tenors and basses. The priests arrived, mass was sung, and when they had retired the concert commenced.

I do not now remember every piece that was sung, but have a vivid recollection of the grand and striking effect of the 1200 voices, sounding the sweet strains of those heart-stirring songs, and that simple and beautiful music, which are interwoven with the very life and existence of the people, and spread to every nook and corner of that favoured land; enjoyed alike by high and low, and uniting all in one common sympathy. Those who have lived in Germany know how inherent this talent for music is, and the influence which it exercises over the national character. A fastidious ear might have been sometimes offended by the occasional harshness of a passage or predominance of a note, but a more hearty and effective *ensemble* it is difficult to conceive. A body of highly-trained musicians they did not pretend to be, but were met together in cordial fellowship and goodwill to please and to receive pleasure. To the rear of the scaffolding was a retiring booth, where "beer" at the town cost was freely provided, and I need scarcely say, freely partaken of.

The concert, including intervals, lasted about two hours; when the performers and a large part of the audience repaired to the public gardens, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in joyous mirth. Political events occupied the thoughts and attention of many. The Frankfort Congress engrossed a large share of attention, and enthusiastic patriots mounted benches and tables, enlarging eloquently on German union and greatness, while their hearers cheered frantically, and appeared as excited as if on the eve of a revolution, though such a sanguinary proceeding was by no means contemplated, and the enthusiasm

only caused by visions of a united Fatherland commanding the respect and admiration of nations. Some of the most popular of these stump orators were afterwards photographed; and copies sold pretty extensively. The King of Prussia's squabbles with his parliament were freely discussed, and a certain person high in office, whose name it is superfluous to mention, might have heard crude comments and criticisms on himself and his doings, which would not have pandered much to that gentleman's vanity or self-love. It was thus early in his conspicuous career hinted that that worthy, who has since made a point of utterly disregarding, if not somewhat uncivilly resenting, the representations of foreign governments, might some day overreach himself and come to an ignominious downfall.

A ball in the evening closed the festivities, which would have been considered incomplete without dancing.

In Austria and some other parts of Germany, the custom is to dance without introduction, and the practice has some advantages. The ladies must certainly like it, and I have often heard them defend it on the plea that,—“people went to balls to dance, and not to be introduced to somebody they perhaps did not want to know”—as in Prussia, where a ball-room introduction is considered valid; and the gentleman who omitted to bow to his partner on meeting her afterwards, would be put down as uncommonly rude. Austrian women are pleasant partners, not only on account of their dancing, which is celebrated; but for their agreeable and lively conversation; quick at retort and sharp repartee, they are nevertheless perfectly well-bred, and have that free and natural manner which is the best security against any unfair use of an unconstrained intercourse between young people. Over-careful mamma, while anxiously watching Clara's harmless flirtation with Mr. Fitz-booby, and perhaps calling her aside to whisper caution and discretion, is apt to forget that with the characteristic perversity of human nature, Miss Clara will forthwith attach an importance to that young gentleman's nonsense, which it probably would not have obtained had not attention been called to it.

Many of the corps who had come long distances, left early on the following morning; others, and amongst them the one with which I was connected, remained at Schönberg another day, to enjoy the hospitality of the inhabitants, and to exchange ideas with our fellow-creatures.

The homeward journey was without any peculiar incident worthy of note. We were laden with trophies in the shape of flags,

which the good-natured townspeople had allowed to be removed from their house fronts and carried away, to decorate and adorn a ball or concert-room on some future occasion.

One word in conclusion on the scenery of this part of Germany. Those who would see some of the most beautiful mountainous districts of the country, cannot do better than pay a visit to the Riesen Gebirge, or giant mountains. Railroads have multiplied extensively of late, and have brought them within easy reach of Berlin, Dresden, and other frequented places. Of course pedestrians will be better repaid for their trouble, than those who try to see everything from a carriage window. Neither will a mere smattering of the language be found sufficient, as sumptuous hotels, and polite attentive waiters, who ruthlessly nip in the bud all attempts to air one's languages, and with marvellous instinct detect the stranger, even before he opens his mouth, are not to be reckoned on. But the *bonâ fide* traveller, tired of steamers and trains full of his fellow-countrymen, may pass a pleasant holiday, in exploring these less frequented regions; and study native character and customs in their genuineness and simplicity.

E. J. S.

THE RED DEER OF DEVON.

THE pursuit of the Red Deer is, in the present day, connected so inseparably with the Scottish Highlands in the minds of most persons, that many of our readers are no doubt unaware that a considerable number of these noble animals, the pride of the greenwood in the olden time, are still existing in England, in the counties of Devon and Somerset, and that too within an easy ride of some of the most fertile and picturesque spots visited by tourists.

In the following pages we purpose setting forth the little information we have been able to collect on this subject, for a great part of which we are indebted to a work published some two or three years since, and written by one of the oldest sportsmen in the west country.*

The Red Deer, the “*Cervus elephas*” of Linnæus, appears spread over the greater part of Northern Europe, and a considerable portion of Asia. By some writers these animals are asserted to have been introduced into Britain from France, but there appears to be no reason for believing them other than indigenous; for many centuries, they certainly

* “Chase of the Red Deer in Devon.” By J. Palk Collyns, Esq.

throve and multiplied most wonderfully in England.

According to Mr. Kingsley, Red Deer were to be found near Bagshot less than fifty years ago, and within the last hundred years they existed in the New Forest and upon Dartmoor, as well as on the extensive open country and thick surrounding woods forming the Royal Forest of Exmoor. From want of preserving they have become extinct in the first-named places, while upon Exmoor, from the inclosure of the surrounding lands, their haunts have been narrowed to a space of about forty miles long and fifty wide, running abreast of the Bristol Channel towards the range of Somersetshire hills known as the Quantocks. Mr. Scrope, a keen observer, has asserted that the Red Deer is *not* a hardy animal, and as it crops close like a sheep, it requires an extensive range of pasture. It may be therefore feared that the comparatively narrow limits to which these animals are now confined may still further reduce their numbers in the west country. We will briefly notice a few points of the natural history of the Red Deer, and then proceed to describe some peculiarities of the chase.

The male of the Red Deer, as our readers most likely know, is called a hart or stag, and the female a hind. The young of both sexes is a calf until the sixth month, when the horns of the young males begin to show, and they become brockets, and subsequently staggarths, stags, and harts. The female consorts with the male in her second year, and carries her young eight months, which is also the time for which the males carry their horns. The calf follows the mother ten months.

The number of these animals at present existing on Exmoor cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, but in the palmy days of the Devon stagbounds, some fifty years since, the average number annually killed* amounted to about seven stags and eight hinds, and the animals appeared in no wise thinned in numbers. The age attained by the Red Deer is also a much disputed point, but notwithstanding some well-authenticated examples of longevity, from twenty to thirty years may, we think, be considered the limit. The weight of the Exmoor stags is a point which we have been unable to learn with certainty. Mr. Scrope states the average weight of Scottish Red Deer to be twenty-five stone imperial, although it varies in different parts of the Highlands: we are inclined to place that of the Devonshire

animals at a somewhat lower figure. In Saxon times the chase of the Red Deer would seem to have been confined to driving and trapping; running down the quarry on horseback, with the aid of hound and horn, does not appear to have been practised until after the Norman conquest, when Exmoor, despite its then remote position, was declared a Royal forest.

By the frequent occurrence of the stag, or some part of the animal, usually the head, in the arms of many old families, we may trace the importance which the sport had assumed in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and it is worthy of remark that the attitudes in which the stags are represented heraldically, indicate a far more intimate knowledge of their habits than is apparent with other of the nobler animals.

For example, it would scarcely be possible to have adopted positions more *unlike* those customary to the Felidæ than appear in the lions "passant gardant" of England, and "rampant" of Scotland; with the deer it is different. "At gaze" exactly represents the attitude of a stag whose attention has been suddenly roused, and who stands with head erect and fore feet firmly planted on the ground; "trippant" well represents the elastic step and somewhat high action of the animal in motion; while "salient," a most unmeaning position with most heraldic animals, is the position often assumed in combat by the males when their horns are not full grown, on which occasions, with their heads and the still tender horns thrown well back, they rear themselves on their hind legs, and lash out viciously at each other with their fore feet.

Stags would seem to have been often carried heraldically in allusion to some right or privilege of following the sport in the Royal preserves. One Walter Barun, who gave his name to the small town of Barunton, or Bampton, is thus described as having the privilege of hunting the stag on Exmoor on condition of hanging upon trees the carcasses of all stags that might die of murrain in the said forest.

It is doubtful when the chase of the Red Deer was first systematically practised on Exmoor. In the reign of Elizabeth, one Master Pollard, who was then ranger of the forest, appears to have kept a pack of deerhounds; and from this time until 1825 the descendants of these dogs were kept up as a pack by the ranger for the time being, or by some leading country gentleman. These dogs were peculiar, partaking largely of the bloodhound. Since the sale of the pack to a German nobleman in 1825 the breed, it is said, has become extinct in England.

The hunting season in Devonshire (that is to

* By the Devon stagbounds alone. It must be remembered that the haunts of the deer even at this time, measured as pasturage, were limited when compared with the area of many of the Scotch Deer forests, and that the large number annually killed chiefly by poachers is not here included.

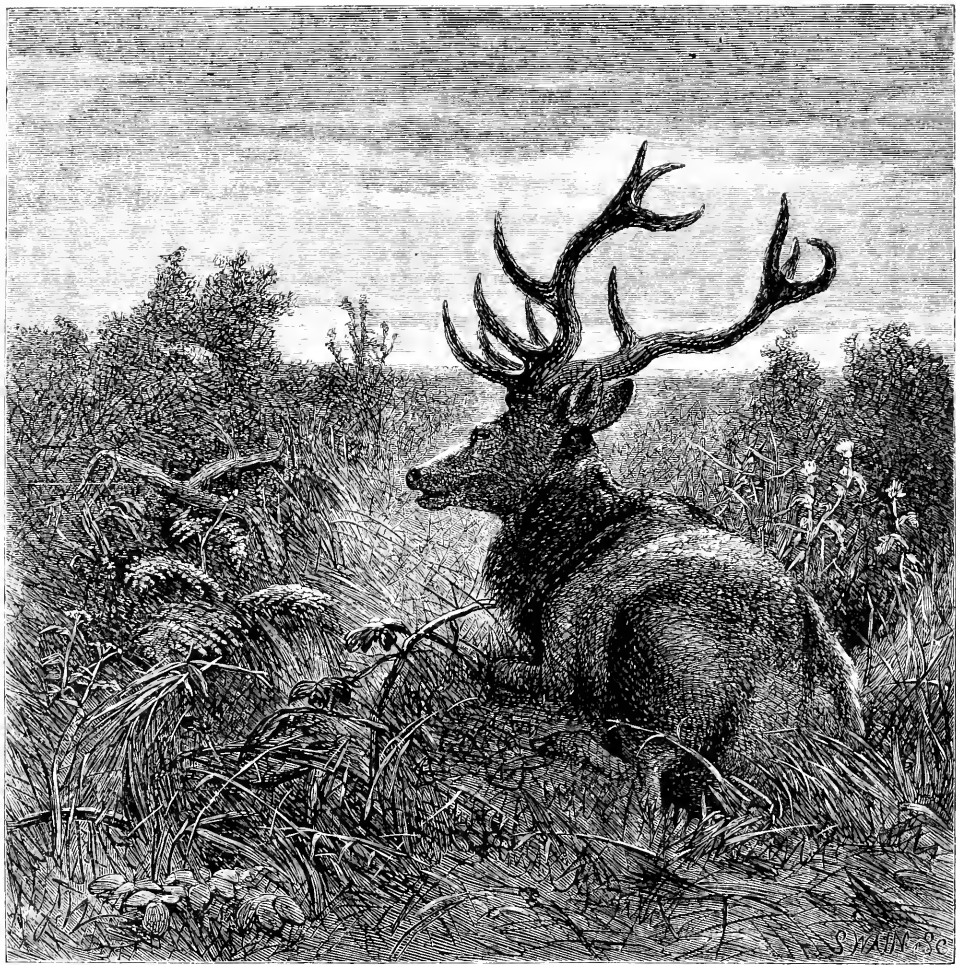
say, stag-hunting) commences early in summer, and continues until the first week in October.

Hind-hunting then takes its place, commencing a few weeks later, and lasting till Christmas, recommencing at Lady Day, and continuing until the 10th May.

We will not attempt to inflict upon our readers an account of a day's run, for which we refer them to the accounts of Nimrod in

some of the numbers of the old Sporting Magazine ; or to the appendix of Mr. Collyns' entertaining volume, which we have already mentioned. We must, however, notice a few peculiar features of the sport, and first let us say a word about the practices of "harbouring" and "tufting."

To find the stag, especially in the present day, when the animals often lie out in the



"Marked down by the harbourer at early dawn."

middle of the waste lands, travelling long distances to feed, it is necessary to employ the services of an individual here known as the harbourer, whose business it is to mark the animals down at feeding time (early dawn). The pack are brought as near as is convenient to the place appointed for the meet, and are, if possible, shut up ; one or two steady old dogs only being taken, under the guidance of the huntsman and harbourer, to "tuft," or

draw the combs, or other likely spots, where the stag is supposed to be.

The practice of "tufting" precludes the possibility of the pack separating after different stags, should more than one be found. When the stag is once fairly away the tufters are called off, and the pack brought up and laid on at the first favourable spot. Old stags are often accompanied by two or three younger males, who sometimes draw off the hounds ;

indeed Mr. Collins asserts that it is not unusual for an old stag when roused to beat the covert for a younger one, drive him out, and lie down in his place, the hounds invariably following the moving animal.

There appears to be a similarity of scent in the Red Deer and the small Exmoor sheep. Worrying sheep has always been a vice, and an apparently incurable one, with these hounds. In the old pack no less than twelve couple were brought to the halter in one year for this fault.

Deer swim with much strength and buoyancy, and when hard pressed generally make for water, or, as it is technically termed, "soil." To determine the best direction in which to make casts for recovering the scent when lost at water, demands the greatest perfection of the huntsman's skill.*

Occasionally deer have been known to take to the sea. A stag leaped over a cliff near Corscombe, a height of some 360 feet, and was of course dashed to pieces, as were two or three of the hounds that followed him. On another occasion an old stag when hard pressed took to the Bristol Channel, and swam boldly out to sea. He was observed from a small vessel, and a boat was sent after him. With much trouble he was secured, hoisted on board, and eventually taken to Cardiff, and sold. In some cases, where a boat has been found at hand, the huntsmen have followed, and secured the animal when exhausted by long struggling with the waves, by means of ropes thrown over the horns.

The speed of the Red Deer is very great, although the animals never appear to hurry; it is said to equal that of the hare. The length of the run is consequently often considerable, two to four hours being an ordinary run, and many of seven hours and more being on record.

The usual trophies of the day's sport are the "slots," or fore feet, and the head, the latter pertaining, by custom, to the master. In many old Devonshire houses there are some fine collections of heads and horns thus made. At Holnicott there was a very fine one, containing many heads of remarkable size, which have been, however, spoiled by the officiousness of a servant, who, finding the long branching horns somewhat in the way (they were ranged along the stable wall), sawed them, in nautical phrase, "by half."

Having thus noticed some of the points of interest in the chase, we must conclude with a word upon the hounds. We have already

stated that the original breed of dogs became extinct in England in 1825, although their descendants are, we believe, used as boar hounds on the estate of the German nobleman by whom the pack was bought, at the present day. Several public-spirited efforts were, however, made from time to time to keep up the sport. Another pack was formed, which was at first supported by private individuals, but which subsequently was kept up by subscriptions. Through mismanagement this arrangement failed, and the sport was for years discontinued. A few years ago a pack was again formed by drafts from different kennels, including, we believe, several couple from the kennel of Her Majesty's buckhounds; and if the necessary support be continued, and but a tithe of the trouble often expended on less worthy game* be taken in the preservation of these noble animals, the Red Deer, we may hope to see the sport retained in the west country for many a long year to come. C.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF JUSTINUS KERNER.)

I.

In a stately hall at Worms
Once there sat Teutonic lords,
Each his own land's power and riches
Praising with vainglorious words.

II.

First outspoke the Saxon ruler:
"Great my land and strong in might,
Silver lies beneath its mountains,
Deep and hidden from the light."

III.

"See my land's luxuriant fulness,"
Said the Elector of the Rhine;
"Golden harvests in its valleys,
On its mountains generous wine."

IV.

"Glorious cities, rich cathedrals,"
Louis of Bavaria spoke,
"Make my province not inferior
To the best beneath your yoke."

V.

Then spake Eberhard the Bearded,
Württemberg's beloved lord:
"My land bears no glorious cities,
Hides no silver 'neath its sword."

VI.

"Yet one jewel holds it hidden:
In its wilds where'er I be,
I may lay my head and slumber
Safely on each subject's knee."

VII.

With one voice then cried the rulers,
Saxony, Bavaria, Rhine:
"Bearded Prince, thou art the richest,
Thy land's jewels brightest shine!"

* No matter what direction the animal may take in leaving the water, the scent will, in running water, be of course always carried down.

* We may remark that the destruction of deer by poachers has been carried on for many years past to a most shameful extent.

UNDER THE BAN.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED AND TRUE."

CHAPTER V. UNDER THE BAN.

"HALLO, man, what are you doing here?"

"What's that to you?"

"Be civil, stranger; these are Farmer Elliot's fields, and if you know anything of him, I shall not need to tell you that he is strict in keeping them clear of trampers. He will have no trespassing."

"Ah! trespassing: well, then what are you doing here?" retorted the other, facing sharply round upon his challenger, who was crouching down beside the hedge.

"I am his steward, John Marston; it is my duty to——"

The stranger interrupted with a mocking laugh.

"Your duty, man; who wants to meddle with it? go your way, and I will go mine." And as he spoke he slouched his hat lower over his brow, and plunged his hands in his pockets with a low whistle.

Marston eyed him distrustfully, and in a significant way ran his left hand down a stout switch that he held in his right. He found something decidedly aggressive in the stranger's tone, and was disposed to resent it.

"Hark ye, John Marston, as you call yourself, keep your tone of authority for those it can frighten. I am not your man. Be civil, and we part quietly. I have no wish to quarrel; you want to know why I am here; I will tell you. I have walked far to-night, and turned aside to rest, for I have many miles yet to go."

Kind-hearted John Marston was mollified by the concluding words.

"If you had told me that at first, stranger, we might have spared our quick words. But surely you are not bound to travel further to-night. It is getting late, and there is good lodging to be found in the village, which is only about a mile from——"

Here he was interrupted.

"Thank you for the information, but it is useless to me, I must push on to-night. So you serve Farmer Elliot? he likes you, I dare say, you will be so steady and respectable. I have just had a proof that you look after his interests, but don't be too hard on the trampers, poor devils. Good night, Mr. Marston; we may meet again some day."

With a single bound he cleared the hedge that divided the two fields, struck across with the fleet run of a hunted deer, and was out on the high-road before John Marston had recovered from his astonishment at the unex-

pected address. He went back to the farm, full of vague unsatisfied curiosity about the mysterious stranger. His voice and words haunted him. For the rest of the night he mused over the encounter in the fields, and forgot his jealous pain about Miriam and Morley Rivers.

After parting with the steward, the stranger went on quickly until he reached a turn in the road. There he paused, and glanced cautiously round, then turned, and hastily retraced his steps, taking a by-path that gave a short cut to the village. He was evidently familiar with the neighbourhood. A few minutes more, and he was leaning over the gate of the churchyard, with the grave-stones lying before him, still and grey in the quiet star-light, and the little old church rising solemnly in the midst.

"Here again," he muttered, almost fiercely grasping the iron bars. "Why do I come? it only takes the pluck out of a fellow, and I shall need all mine. Poor old mother! I did not think to find her lying there, but perhaps it is as well. He said he had only one child, that he had cast the disgrace from him, so it shall be; I will not trouble Meadow Farm, and he may take back the name that is dearer to him than his own blood. And now to face the world. I will be honest if it gives me the chance; if not, let some of the ruin and the shame lie at the door of those who will not throw a spar to a drowning man. But I am forgetting Miriam; she spoke out bravely for me to the old man. Poor Mirry! what is the use of showing myself to her, and hanging a clog round her neck? better for me to go away altogether. I can write now and then to let her know I am living."

He dashed some drops of moisture from his eyes, and stooping, plucked a few blades of grass from the churchyard mould, hiding it away in his breast as if ashamed of the act. Then away back on the road he had come, once more to face the dark winter night, and the cold grey morrow that would dawn with no kindly light of hope for him. The convict brother, who had been the burthen of so many prayers, and loving, yearning thoughts, returned, but going back into exile of his own free will, without giving one meeting to the sister who was ready to cling to him through all.

And Miriam, sleeping so quietly in her white-curtained nest, knew nothing of it, nor dreamed of the sad weary pedestrian turning his back on his beloved home, and going forth into the wide world with such bitterness in his heart.

CHAPTER VI. WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

"MIRIAM, my darling, what wild talk is this? What have we to do with family sorrows at this time of our happy re-union? We will crush them all under the carriage-wheels on our marriage morning. I would have no cloud on my wife's face, she will belong to me, and I shall expect my love to be sufficient for her."

The speaker was Morley Rivers; he had just arrived in England, and this was his second evening at Meadow Farm. He looked very handsome as he stood leaning over Miriam's chair, smiling and whispering as lovers are wont to do; handsome enough to satisfy any maiden's eye, as the light fell on his bent head, giving a bright touch to its crown of chesnut curls, and clearly showing the finely cut profile of the face. There was an attraction in the voice too; it was full and deep, with the sweetly modulated undertones that give such a charm to love-words. Miriam had often felt them thrilling her heart.

But John Marston, watching Morley Rivers, as he did whenever they were together, studying his face line by line, and probing it with his gaze, sharpened by jealousy into such keen distrust, would have given a different verdict of Miriam Elliot's accepted lover. For often when he had been watching them, he would wail in his soul: "Oh! Miriam, why do you love him and pass others by? With heart hollow as an empty shell, and a mind filled only with self, he will weigh even your love in the balance, if it comes between him and his pride."

Miriam had given no answer to Morley's last words. He spoke again, a slight shade of vexation passing over his face.

"Miriam, what ails you to-night? what is this grief that seems to be drawing you from me? I cannot realise now what I pictured of our meeting when I stood on deck on my voyage home, and thought of you."

Miriam looked up suddenly, her eyes meeting his full of sorrowful surprise. He saw the tears glistening under her long eyelashes. something in his tone had startled her.

"Morley, you at least need not ask what my grief is, for I have never withheld a thought from you, you know all about my poor brother. Morley, you cannot blame me——"

He interrupted her, standing up erect, and drawing away his hand from her chair,—a slight action, but full of significance at that moment. He looked proud enough to justify John Marston's hardest thoughts of him.

"Yes, Miriam, I do blame, much as I love you. I cannot reconcile myself to this blind

infatuation of yours, for one so utterly worthless as Frank Elliot. I will not call him your brother, for I wish to forget the relationship. The old man is wise to cast off that disgrace. I have thanked him in my heart a hundred times."

"And yet, Morley, you and my brother were once friends." Her quiet tone deceived him; even he did not yet understand Miriam Elliot.

His face flushed, he was getting excited, and a little angry.

"Yes, Miriam, and we might have remained friends if he had not sunk so far below my level; now it is impossible; he is disgraced, and I could not clasp his hand without soiling my own. Even if I were willing to do it for your sake, I could not, Miriam, for I have my way to make. That is why I shall wish my wife to forget the unfortunate tie that links her to a——"

He hesitated at the last word, but Miriam finished the sentence for him in a choking whisper:

"A convict!"

She had risen from her seat, and stood before him, tightly crushing her hands together. Every trace of colour had faded from her face, leaving it so deathly white that he feared she was going to faint, and held out his arm to support her. But she put it quietly back with a sad resolute look in her brown eyes that seemed to say, "I can stand alone now, as I will stand in life, if need be, with only God's help and my own."

"Morley," she gasped, "you have spoken well, very well, and I cannot blame you. But your wisdom has fallen short in one thing. If you marry me you will also marry some of the disgrace that you dread so much. It will not be forgotten that your wife has a brother who was once tried at the criminal bar. Morley, that would be a shadow between us, a shadow that would grow with time."

"No, no, Miriam, not that," he cried, putting up his hands with an almost imploring gesture, as if some temptation had been suddenly placed before him, and he distrusted his own power of resistance. "I did not mean you to give that colour to my words. You know I love you, Miriam."

She did not speak, but her heart answered him.

"Yes, you may love me, but there are things that you love much more,—a prosperous career, and a proud social position. You will weigh me in the balance with them."

He went on:

"I am ready, dearest, to keep my word to you, as a man of honour should, and I ask from you no more than your father does, that

you will leave your wretched brother to the shame he has earned for himself."

"Never, never, Morley. I could not if I would, for I made a vow to my dying mother that I would never forsake Frank. I am the last link between him and the old innocent life. If I turned from him, it would be like seeing him drown before my eyes, without trying to throw a rope to save him. I could not, Morley, it would seem as if his sins lay on my soul." She dropped into her seat with a sob.

He seized both her hands in his, and forced her to look up in his face. She was startled at the change she saw there.

"Miriam, this is worse than madness. I begin to doubt if you ever loved me. As a test I will bid you choose between your brother and me. It will not be difficult if your heart is mine. I will have all your love or none."

At that moment the barking of Lion, and the sound of footsteps, warned them of the approach of Mark Elliot, who came in shortly after.

Morley dropped Miriam's hands, and turned away. He had just time to whisper in her ear :

"To-morrow, Miriam; we cannot talk before the old man. To-morrow you must give me your answer, and I shall know whether you ever loved me."

CHAPTER VII. SEPARATION.

No sleep came to Miriam that night. She went to bed like one stricken to the heart with some grief that could not be told, and there lay, still and pale with wakeful weary eyes that would not close, waiting, watching for the morrow, and vainly longing for the merciful relief of tears. She had made her choice, she was ready with her answer. Though she knew that it would send him from her, parted for life, that would be the end for both, and it was her own hand that would break the link. But hardest of all for her to bear was the cruel conviction that his love was not the sterling priceless thing that she had believed it to be. "If he loved as I love, he could not give me up so lightly."

That was the light that came from her heart on that sad night.

Next day they met; Miriam very quiet and pale, Morley Rivers passionate, sarcastic, and proud.

"And this is your free choice, Miriam Elliot," he said bitterly, thrusting away the hand which she had laid timidly on his arm. "You give me up for your worthless brother's sake. Cold, heartless girl! I know now that you never loved me, and it is well that I have learned it in time. Stay here, and marry that clownish fellow who hangs after you so much.

Marston will not mind the family disgrace, for he has no name to peril."

Those were his parting words. Miriam received them silently, her hands pressed on her heaving breast, and her large eyes looking wistfully at him. Her heart was taking a grieved farewell of its idol.

That same day Morley Rivers left for London. At the inn, he wrote a brief cold letter to Mark Elliot in explanation of his abrupt departure. It sent the old man to his daughter in a state of painful agitation.

"Miriam, what is this? Is it true that you and Morley have broken off your engagement?"

"Yes, father, we are both free."

"Child, how white you look; has he dared to slight you now that he is getting a little higher in the world. If I thought that, old as I am, I would make him repent it."

Miriam wound her arm round his neck, and softly kissed his wrinkled cheek.

"No, father, it is by my own free will. Let it pass, and believe, as I do, that it is all for the best."

The old man received her answer with a deeply puzzled air, muttering under his breath,—“Well, I always said that women were riddles, and I find my Miriam is no exception to the rest.”

And how did John Marston receive the news of the broken engagement?—with a throb of wild joy for which he reproached himself when he looked at Miriam. From some chance words dropped by Morley Rivers in his anger, John guessed that the convict brother had been the cause of their separation. He laid up that knowledge in his heart, and went on loving Miriam in secret, and patiently biding his time.

* * * *

Winter passed, and spring came, bringing little change to Miriam. She was still treading her quiet path of duty. The same dear household presence that gave such brightness to the old farm house.

The first break in that tranquil life, was the shock of her father's sudden death.

He was riding down to the village one evening on his favourite brown cob; half way he met John Marston, and stopped to talk. Suddenly the old man's voice faltered, and his head fell. He dropped the bridle, and put his hand to his breast with a sharp gasp. "Miriam, Miriam." Those were his last words. But for the timely support of John Marston's arm, he would have fallen from the saddle. He was dead when they carried him back to Meadow Farm. The doctor's verdict gave the cause of death as disease of the

heart. Dead ! It seemed all like a troubled dream to the orphan daughter. He had left her so short a time before, and his hold on life had seemed so strong. Gone without a sign, not one word of forgiveness left for Frank. Miriam gave way as she had never yet done in the time of trial. Casting herself on her knees beside the dead, and sorrowing like one who has no comfort or hope.

CHAPTER VIII. BREAKING CLOUDS.

THE death of Mark Elliot was expected to bring changes at Meadow Farm. For it was whispered that the old man's affairs were not in the most satisfactory state ; in other words, that he was not as rich as they had supposed. It was true. The cause was known only to John Marston. Old Mark had been rashly speculating in some shares in a company which had since proved a dishonourable failure, and burst like other bubbles of the same kind. This had been a serious inroad on his means, but there was still a comfortable subsistence for Miriam, through the farm, which John Marston might continue to manage for her, or it might be let at an advantageous rent. With the exception of a small legacy to old Elsie, everything was left to Miriam. There was no mention of his son in the old man's will.

Officious friends were disposed to be intrusive, and not over delicate in their loudly expressed sympathy for poor Miriam. There was no limit to their interest in her affairs, and their curiosity about her future settlement in life. Through all this John Marston was her right hand friend. She learned to look up to him, and depended on him in various ways, unconsciously accepting the prop which his faithful, silent love placed for her.

It was about three months after her father's death, that Miriam came to him one evening when he sat alone, busily engaged with some papers. She stole in so quietly, that he did not know of her presence until he saw her standing at his elbow. She had an open letter in her hand, and her eyes showed traces of recent tears.

"John, I have news to tell you ; can you spare me a few minutes ?"

"Yes, Miriam, my time is yours. What is it ?"

"A letter from my brother at last, after all this weary waiting. Read it, we have no secrets from you, good kind friend."

She gave him the letter, her hand chancing to touch his as he took it. She did not know how it thrilled him. Once he ventured to give her a single yearning glance, but quickly dropped his eyes, with a feeling that he was violating her sisterly trust in him. Her pale

face looked so unconscious and pure as she stood beside him.

"Let me get you a chair, Miriam."

"No, thank you, I will stand while I stay. Read the letter, John, and then you can listen to my plans."

He obeyed. She found herself watching his face as he read. Her eyes wistfully interrogated him as he handed her back the letter.

"Well, John, what do you think ?"

He answered with a tender trembling undertone in his voice.

"Think, Miriam ? why, that I should be happy to change places with your brother, endure all that he has endured, aye, wear even the prison ban, anything to be the object of such devoted affection as you have given him."

Down dropped her eyes, a flood of colour drifting into her face. Her woman's instinct could not misinterpret the meaning that was underlying his fervent words.

"Forgive me, Miriam ; I see I have startled you. But what of these plans of yours ?"

"I want to go to London."

"To London ?" he repeated in surprise.

"Yes, to find my brother."

"But how, Miriam ? He has given no address in his letter."

"No, because he wishes to obey my father's will, and disgrace us no more. Those are his own words. John Marston, I cannot let it be so. How could I keep my promise to my mother, and rest here, knowing him to be struggling alone in that wilderness, struggling for the honest bread that may be denied him ? I will go, and take the faithful old hound with me. He would know Frank among a thousand. Yes, Lion and I will search for him together, and I will trust to God for the rest. I should not fear to venture even into the haunts of sin if I knew my brother was there, and I could save him by going."

He looked at her wondering, and almost worshipping. In his eyes, that fair slight girl, in her black dress, looked like one of the heroine saints in some of the sweet old legends of other days,—fit to lead a forlorn hope, or save starving thousands by some act of generous self-sacrifice.

She went on, gathering courage with her subject.

"John, you will help me in this ? I have an old school friend married in London. I know she will receive me in her home. Oh ! if I can only find my brother. You don't know how wretched I have been since I found that he had obtained his discharge from prison without letting us know it. Only think of him coming here that winter night, up to our

very door, and overhearing my poor father's angry words! They drove him back."

"Ah! he tells you that in his letter. Miriam, let me read it again."

She handed it back to him.

He read it carefully, pausing once or twice. He was making a mental comparison between the circumstances and what he could remember of his meeting with the stranger in the fields. Was that the returned convict, Frank Elliot? But he judged it best to say nothing to Miriam. Before she left him, he had given her his promise to help all that was in his power. He offered to undertake the journey to London in her place. But that was impossible, as he could not be spared from the farm. He saw that it would be useless to try to change her resolution, but devoutly trusted that something would intervene to prevent her going.

CHAPTER IX. ANSWERED PRAYERS.

It was on the following night that old Elsie, returning from one of her frequent gossips at Widow Morton's cottage, was frightened by seeing a man loitering about the garden. Almost breathless she burst in upon John Marston with the report:

"It gave me such a turn, Mr. John. He be after no good, prowling about here with a queer cap on his head, pulled down over his eyes."

"Did you follow him up, Elsie?"

"Did I? fiddlestick! was I going to be shot at like a sparrow? for I'd wager a bright sovereign to a farthing-piece, that he has no end of pistols about him, besides skeleton keys. You'd best look after him, Mr. John, for Meadow Farm is a lone place, and you are the only one we have to look to, for that lad Jonas is worse than nothing with his snoring. It would take a blunderbuss to wake him, and Miss Miriam and me might be murdered in no time."

John Marston did his best to calm her fears. He did not attach much importance to Elsie's report, for burglars were the standing terrors of her existence, and her frights were familiar to them all. But that night, for reasons of his own, he resolved to watch, and took his place in a sheltered corner of the garden, from which he could see without danger of being seen. He had not stood more than half-an-hour in his hiding place when his quick ear caught the rustling of branches, followed by the apparition of a face, peering cautiously out from the shadow of the trees near him. The next moment a man stepped out into the walk, and stood looking up at the house windows, fully revealed in the light of the moon, which just then broke through the

cloudy haze, touching up the grey old gables, and bathing everything in a stream of silver rays.

"It is the same: I could swear to him." With these muttered words John Marston sprang forward, and stealing behind the stranger, laid a firm hand on his shoulder. He turned angrily, and tried to wrench himself free, but John did not loosen his hold.

"No, no, I cannot let you go now. It was against my will that you escaped before, for this is your second visit. I believe I know you now. But why come like this, stealing about your father's house like a burglar, when you might enter in the honest light of day, and receive your welcome, which would be a warm one, never fear. You tremble, man. I am right, then? it is Frank Elliot."

"How do you know me?" questioned the other hoarsely.

"I guessed it by that blessed instinct which is often our salvation in times of danger. Thank God for your return. Miriam will not now take that dreaded journey."

"What journey?"

"To London. Your sister has made up her mind to go there in search of you; she and the old dog. There is nothing she would not have endured and dared to save you from harm."

"And little Miriam would have done all that for me? God bless her!" said Frank brokenly.

"Yes, she has done more, for she gave up Morley Rivers, because he wanted her to cast you off, and she would not."

"Miriam and Morley separated through me! God forgive me the sorrow I have brought into her life."

"Amen, to that prayer, Elliot; but good has come out of evil, for Morley Rivers was not worthy to kiss the hem of Miriam's dress. Come now to the house. I will leave you in the parlour while I break the news to her. We can go in without notice, for they will think it is me. You nearly frightened Elsie out of her wits to-night, and she believes me to be now watching for a burglar."

Frank took John's hand in his, and wrung it silently, then they walked up to the house together, and once more, after his years of exile, the returned convict crossed the threshold of the old home, crossed it with the knowledge that he would not be again driven back by a stern ban of banishment from his father's lips.

* * * * *

So they met. The outcast fallen brother, whose fate had lain so heavy on his dying mother's heart, and the brave, true-hearted

sister who had been so faithful to him. She wept on his breast, and strong in the abiding love and trust that belongs to the diviner part of woman, her pure heart had no shrinking from him, and her eye saw no prison taint on the brow she kissed so tenderly. But we pass over that night, and, like John Marston, leave them alone together. There are phases of human feeling that are beyond mere word translation; they belong to the inner life of the soul, and have their place in the chronicles not kept by human hands.

"And so you insist on sharing the money with me, Miriam, though the will left you everything?"

"Frank, do you think I could take away your birth-right?"

"Mirry, you are too good to be anything related to me. Shall I tell you I have been sorely tempted at times since I left a certain place? But somehow the thought of you and my mother kept me from going wrong again, and that is one reason why I could not keep away altogether."

"But, Frank, are you still bent on going abroad?"

"Yes, Miriam, it will be best; the new land will give freer breathing-room to such as me. Better for me to go out, and take my chance there, than stay here, where there will be so much prejudice to live down, and so many uncharitable tongues to silence. Besides, I never had a taste for farming, as the old man knew. The land would not prosper under me, Miriam; it must be for you and your husband. Marston is a fine fellow, and deserves all the good fortune that can fall to him.

* * * * *

A brief space will suffice to tell what took weeks to work out in the natural course of events,—the final extinction of the old love in Miriam's heart. Morley Rivers had married. That news was waited for Meadow Farm, and did much to heal the wound he had made. At last John Marston took courage, and spoke for himself to Miriam Elliot, and not in vain. It was his to wear, the jewel for which he had been ready to wait and serve, even as Jacob of old waited and served for Rachel, the beloved. An unexpected stroke of good fortune, in the shape of a legacy of a thousand pounds from a rich aunt of his father's by whom he had supposed himself forgotten, had cleared the way for him, and removed a fear which had always fretted his sensitive soul, that mercenary motives might be ascribed to his love for Miriam. They were married before Frank sailed from England.

A blessing followed the emigrant to the home he had chosen. He worked on, prospered, and was at length happily married. After seven years' residence in the colony, he was writing home to his sister the good news that he was rich enough to afford a visit to England. It was about that time that the newspapers were busy with the name of Morley Rivers, the rich and successful lawyer; blazing it in the pitiless light of day, linked with the details of a disgraceful scandal that was then ringing through the divorce court. His handsome wife had abandoned him, and eloped with a young officer.

The ambitious lawyer sat in his dishonoured home, among his shattered household gods, and, with the iron of misery rankling deep in his soul, looked back to the past, and longed in vain for the precious pearl of woman's love, which he had so blindly thrown away.

And Miriam in her peaceful home among the meadows: we can add nothing to her sweet life-story, only to say that she had little children prattling round her knees, and that she was blessed, as she deserved to be, in her good husband's love.

(Concluded.)

A SUPERNATURAL CONVERSATION, AND AN ACCOUNT OF A GHOST I MET ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.

WE were sitting round the fire at Squire Jones' one evening early in January in the year 185—. It was not exactly a family party, for a great many of the people assembled were not related, but we all knew each other very intimately, and though we were a good round dozen in number, yet our conversation had assumed that quiet dreamy character which more usually marks a smaller and less sociable gathering than ours was. We were all staying in the house, and, having exhausted the usual evening amusements, we had, with one consent, as it were, collected round the large old-fashioned fireplace in the library. There was no light save that from the fire, for the introduction of candles had been strongly negatived.

"Oh, no!" cried Kate Crofton, when the squire had suggested it, "we can talk so much better without them."

"And why so, my dear?" said the squire.

"Oh! I don't know," said Kate, who was a general favourite; "but it is much more cosy when one has nothing to do."

And certainly it is so. An easy chair, a bright fire, cheerful company, and no prospect of being obliged to get up *too* early the next morning,—with these attributes how pleasantly may an idle hour be spent! I

could write pages, expatiating on the peculiar charms of fire-light, but I won't, as nobody would read it; more particularly at the commencement of a tale.

Our conversation had, as I have said, become quiet and dreamy, when suddenly Harry Leslie, a nephew of the squire's, said:—

"Have you heard that this house is haunted?" Now if there is one thing that people have a tendency to talk of in that uncertain light, it is of anything that carries some element of the supernatural about it. "Have you ever heard that this house is haunted?" said Harry Leslie.

"Oh! no," said Kate Crofton, all eagerness. "Do tell us all about it. I am sure I should not be able to go to bed to-night unless Julia Vane slept in the same room. Julia is so strong-minded, ain't you, Julia?" But Julia was better engaged listening to honied nothings uttered by Arthur Storm, her devoted admirer for the time being.

"Do tell us all about it," said Kate again.

"What nonsense, Harry," the squire interrupted, "you ought not to put such ideas into people's heads."

"No, but indeed, uncle, there is a ghost. That tyrant of the poor slaves, Mrs Fussemout, told me the other day."

"Mrs. Fussemout ought to hold her tongue," said the squire severely.

"You'll be as bad a tyrant as Mrs. Fuss-emout, if you don't let me tell them the direful tragedy that led to this uneasy spirit roaming up and down the staircase, clad in a white sheet, and having left his head behind him. Now, Kate, if you go and look out of your door about half-an-hour after the rest of the people in the house are asleep, you are sure to see him. Just try, will you?"

"How can you be so absurd? as if I would, even supposing he were there at all," she replied.

"Then you wouldn't stop and take a sketch of him, as that relation of Lord Byron's did of the ghost at Newstead?"

"But whose ghost is it?" she asked.

"I cannot enter into all the particulars of the horrible story, as uncle won't let me. But it is some old Sir Hubert de Jones, who lived I don't exactly know when, but somewhere about the time of the Crusades. He was an ornament to our family, I can assure you. He ground down the poor, he cheated the church, he laughed at the priest, he murdered his wife, he ran away in battle, and at length died from drinking. Now don't you think we should want a great many gallons of holy water before we could lay such a ghost as his?"

"Isn't it all nonsense?" said Mary Seymour, turning to me.

"No, no," cried Kate, interposing. "I do like a good ghost tale, particularly if it is true. It frightens one so, you know. But Harry has made this so absurd. Now, Dr. Ramsay, you tell us one, do."

"I tell you one!" I said; "do you think I know anything of ghosts? Besides, if I attempt to frighten you, I may succeed too well."

"Yes," remarked the squire; "like those medical students at Dublin, by that trick they played their comrade."

"What was that?" asked Mary Seymour, who was of a more practical turn than Kate, and liked realities.

"They had a fellow-student, who professed that he was never frightened by anything. They challenged him to go into the dissecting-room after dark. He accepted the challenge, but before he went, they had placed a corpse in such a position that it must fall on the person who opened the door. Unhappily the trick succeeded only too well, and the terror converted in a moment a promising, bold, dashing youth into an imbecile."

"Now, uncle, you are much worse than I am, for your tale is true, (I have often seen it alluded to,) and simply frightful," said Harry Leslie.

"Do you remember what Homer says?" I observed: "'many birds fly about under the beams of the sun, but we must not regard all as ominous,'* or words to that effect, giving it literally."

"Never mind Homer, doctor, else you'll frighten Kate more by that than by the ghosts."

"Half the ghosts that are said to haunt certain spots in the country," I said, "have owed their origin to some peculiarity in the light and shade, or in the sound of the wind. Ghosts, you know, Kate, are not always visible."

"Do you believe in the Cock Lane Ghost?" asked Harry; "or in the supernatural discovery of the Red Barn murder, or in the Flying Dutchman? But," he added, getting more serious, "what an endless amount of speculation might be made on this subject, so I won't ask you, as it isn't fair. Wasn't the Duke of Buckingham warned? How would you like to hear some one rattling the rings of your curtains some night, Kate?"

"There are some curious things that never seem to get explained," said William North,

* *Ὀρνίθες δὲ τε πολλοὶ ὑπ' αὐτὰς ἡελίου
φοιτᾷ, οὐδὲ τε πάντες ἑναίσμιον.*

"Odyssey," ii., 181-2.

who had hitherto remained silent. "Now I know a place down in the country where the house bells would begin ringing in the middle of the night. I remember that there were all sorts of rumours about at the time, and I believe the family who lived there were a good deal frightened about it. Different tales got about, and people used to whisper how the former owner committed suicide after leading a very wretched life; and a great many other lively tales. Well, it died out gradually, and now few remember it. But the ringing has never been explained, and I know that it took place as I have described."

"I have heard of another somewhat similar instance," said the squire, who, getting interested in the conversation, had ceased to object to it. "It was in a large old rambling house, and curious noises are often heard in such buildings, which really proceed from natural causes, but it is sometimes difficult to account for them. In this particular instance, however, what the noise was I am not prepared to say,—but at any rate it caused the master of the house to get up in the middle of the night, and he absolutely carried his wife down-stairs in his arms. He never explained, as far as I am aware, the nature of his alarm; but that there was some reason for it I am certain, as he was not a man easily frightened."

"Perhaps he thought the house was going to tumble down," suggested Harry.

"I wish you would be quiet, Harry," said Kate.

"Citations are strange things, and there are stated to have been many given to men whose names appear in history," said William North; "I have seen somewhere that George I. on his way to Osnaburg had a letter placed in his hands written by his unhappy wife shortly before her death, in which she summoned him to meet her at the judgment bar. The letter, as I say, had been written some time before, but it was by a strange, or designed, coincidence, given to him on the very day he was cited to meet her. We all know how suddenly he died, and very possibly that gave rise to the assertion. In several of these cases the death may have been caused perhaps by the strong effect such a summons would have on the nerves."

"Do you remember that Bishop," said Harry Leslie again, "who used to sleep in a house quite alone, his attendants leaving him at night. When they came one morning they found him dead in his bed, and, what was more strange, laid out."

"Harry, we had better not discuss that," said the squire.

There was a short pause, and then somebody said:—

"I think that ghost stories told simply for the sake of amusement ought always to be made up. They are not likely then to do any harm; others sometimes frighten people too much."

"But I like a ghost tale to be true," said Kate.

"Yes," cried Harry. "First of all the rattle of a chain, then a groan, after that a suppressed shriek, a hollow whisper——"

"Oh, yes!" cried Kate.

"A pale blue light, a skeleton hand, a damp earthy smell——"

"Yes, yes!" Kate was getting quite excited.

"A suffocating sensation of fear, a cold shudder, an agitated interrogation, a fearful struggle, and then——"

"Oh! what then?"

"Then—to awake."

"You are so absurd, Harry, I won't talk to you. Now do, doctor," she said, turning to me, "do you tell us something. I am sure you must have plenty at your fingers' ends."

"I will tell you a short one," I replied; "after that the squire and I must go and have our cigar before bed, as it is getting late, and you won't have any beauty sleep. So we must go soon."

"Oh, how delightful!" she said.

"What, our going to smoke?"

"No, the tale, of course. Now please to begin."

"Well, I will tell you about a ghost I met on Waterloo Bridge."

"Stir up the fire," whispered she to Harry, "it is getting so dark."

"I thought you liked to listen in the dark," he said.

"Not too dark, you know. And now we are all attention, doctor."

"When I was commencing my professional life in London, I was only too glad to meet with patients, and therefore I had no objection to their being at a considerable distance from my residence, or among the lower orders. In fact, at my first start I had very few who were otherwise. I was living then near Russell Square, and I had a patient on my hands, whose wretched abode was situated in one of those dark lanes branching off from the Waterloo Road. To get there I had of course to cross the bridge. Now Waterloo Bridge can hardly be said to be a place where

The breezes pause and die.

Letting the rose-leaves fall;

in the first place it is bleak and gusty, and in

the second, there are no rose leaves to fall there. But we can with great truth say that

At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone ;

for after the twelve o'clock train has left, the passengers who cross the bridge are few and far between. To me it appears, even by day, when crowded with vehicles and foot-passengers, to be by no means a lively spot. I don't know whether the approaches produce the feeling, but so it is ; and although I consider it a fine work of art, and, as the guide-books say, a fitting monument to the memory of a great man, viz., the builder, if I have to cross it, no matter what the hour, I am always glad when it is done.

"The man whom I had gone to see had become my patient in rather a curious way. One day while I was standing at the corner of Wellington Street, debating in my mind whether I should go and see a patient who lived towards the west-end, or walk on to the city, where I had some business, a wretched haggard-looking woman with pinched worn features came up to me, and said :

"'You are Dr. Ramsay of Guildford Street, aren't you ?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I am. Do you want anything from me ?'

"'My husband is very ill, and he continually asks me to fetch you.'

"'Where do you live ?' I asked.

"'In Seacoal Yard, near Waterloo Road, but I will show you the way, sir, if you will follow me.'

"'What is your name ?'

"'My husband's name is Jacob Kerrick. He used to live at Ouselton, and he says he knew you.'

"'Where did he live there ?'

"'He was Mr. Pendarvis' groom at the Grange.'

"'I remember now very well, and I will come with you.'

"The woman did not say any more, but having crossed the Strand walked on rapidly in front of me. We went over the bridge, and having gone down the road some little way, she turned into a narrow lane, and then up a wretched court, over which was written Seacoal Yard. I had noticed on our way that she was thinly and miserably clad, and I was not therefore surprised to find the room into which she ushered me almost destitute of furniture. It was about half-past five, and the evening was cold and raw, but there was no fire. I will not dwell on the wretchedness of the case more than is necessary.

"I found the man to be one whom I had known some years before. He had been a

gentleman's groom, had been convicted of theft, and since that had gone irretrievably to the bad. He was very ill, and extremely excitable. After remaining about an hour, I went out to see some of the officials, for the purpose of getting him relieved or admitted into a hospital. I was delayed, and when I returned to his room, it was nearly eleven o'clock. Finding him delirious, and at times quite violent, I had not the heart to leave his wife alone with him while he was in this state. The little kindness I had shown them, such as getting them a fire, &c., appeared to have melted her, and instead of the unwomanly person, whose hard harsh tones had grated on my ear at the corner of Wellington Street, she seemed a different being. I heard her now softly asking her husband to be still, and then turning aside, she would try to hide the tears that sympathy, to which she had so long been a stranger, called forth.

"About twelve he fell into a heavy sleep, and telling her that in the morning she would be relieved of the solitary watching, and that I would call on the morrow, I left the house. And now I come to the ghost."

"Oh ! yes, now ?" said Kate, who was listening with all her might.

"It was a showery night, and rather windy. The moon shone out at intervals, and then was obscured by the heavy masses of cloud which were driven rapidly across the sky. It was doubtless very unprofessional, but as I turned out of the yard into the narrow lane I felt weary and dispirited. The wretched condition of the two with whom I had spent the last few hours had affected me greatly. I must excuse myself on the plea that I was at the time young in my profession, and that I had not acquired the stoical indifference which experience has given, and which enables me to look with calm apathy on any condition however pitiable."

"Nonsense, doctor," said the squire, "you know you are as soft-hearted as a child now."

"I must beg leave to deny the soft impeachment, but we will not discuss that now. As I walked up Waterloo Road, and approached the toll-bar, I suddenly remembered how I had on the previous day received a strange anonymous communication, directing me to meet the writer on the bridge I was about to cross, at a quarter to one, midnight. I knew it was then twenty minutes to one, and it seemed strange to me that I was unintentionally going to keep an appointment to which I had not given a second thought, as I always pitch anonymous communications into the fire. It never struck me that it might be imprudent to cross the bridge, and if the idea

of going round over presented itself, such a proceeding I am certain from what happened afterwards would have been quite impossible. Cabs there were none near, so, had I wished it, I could not have ridden home.

"By this time I had reached the bar. I paid the toll, and got fairly on the bridge. The tide was very low, and, excepting where the feeble light from the lamps fell on the water, the river looked like a black and fathomless abyss.

"Before I had advanced a hundred yards from the gate I became conscious that some being, dark, shadowy, mysterious, and indefinable, was walking near me. I felt certain it was, and a creeping sensation of fear came over me. In vain I tried to hasten my steps, it was useless. I did not appear to advance faster, and the figure kept up with me. Instead of following me, as it did at first, it had now reached my right side, and I could perceive that its outline was becoming more and more distinct. I was on the river side, as I had started on the left hand pavement looking towards Lancaster Place.

"When we reached the middle of the bridge, a voice commanded me to stop. I was obliged to obey, as also I did the order to be seated, and I sank down accordingly on the stone ledge that runs round each recess. There was not sufficient light from the lamps to distinguish much, but the moon, which had passed under a cloud, now shone forth again, and I saw quite plainly the form of the unwelcome stranger who had joined me. The figure was of gigantic height, this being all the more apparent as it was bending over me while I was seated. The garb was that of a woman, and this tended to increase the effect of the size. The features, although I could trace them on paper, I will not attempt to describe, but their effect on me was to make me long again for the darkness, so that I might not be able to see them. There would have been something ridiculous in sitting thus on that solitary edge at such an hour had my position been any other than it was; but I was speechless with terror, without any power to move or act, excepting just as I was bid. How long this lasted I know not; but on looking up again, compelled to do so by a species of fascination,) I saw that this being carried something, what, I could not define. At length I heard a voice :—

"'It is your task,' it said, 'to relieve me of this burden. My hand, though powerless to cast it off, is able to compel you to obey me. Take it.'

"I stretched out my hand, resistance was impossible, and it met something cold and

clammy. Despite the shudder that passed over me I grasped it, and what I held was heavy.

"'Here,' said my companion again, 'take this cord, and drop the burden into the river.' And while saying this, I saw it uncover its neck, and take from it a halter, which appeared to have been tightly bound round it. I did all I was commanded, and having with trembling fingers tied the cord, I lowered the burden over the bridge down towards the water. It stopped in its descent suddenly, and I felt the rope become loose.

"'Stay,' cried my companion, 'it has alighted on the parapet; it cannot remain there.' At the same instant I felt the grasp of this being at my throat.

"'Oh! release me,' I groaned, but it was useless to entreat or struggle. The rope was at my neck, a more than gigantic power raised me in the air, and the next moment I was hanging over the dark stream. I became unconscious, and I remember no more."

I paused, and waited. There was a momentary silence, and then Kate said :—

"But there is more, doctor? do tell us what followed."

"I cannot. I do not know myself."

"Oh! but how did you get home? There must be more, you know, only you don't like to tell us," she rejoined.

"All I know is, that when I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed on a fine frosty morning, and, as it happened, rather late. I had been at an oyster-supper the night before, and perhaps that will elucidate the mystery."

"Doctor, I declare you are worse than Harry! frightening us all, and then only to make fun of us afterwards. It has spoiled it all."

"And now," said the squire, "we will have our cigars." D. N.

A WISH.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ROBERT REINICK).

I.

I LOVED thee, but thou knewest it not,
I wished to speak, but to speak dared not,
For a better time I waited.

II.

That better time, ah! I found it not,
Another came, and he lingered not,
From thy heart my image faded.

III.

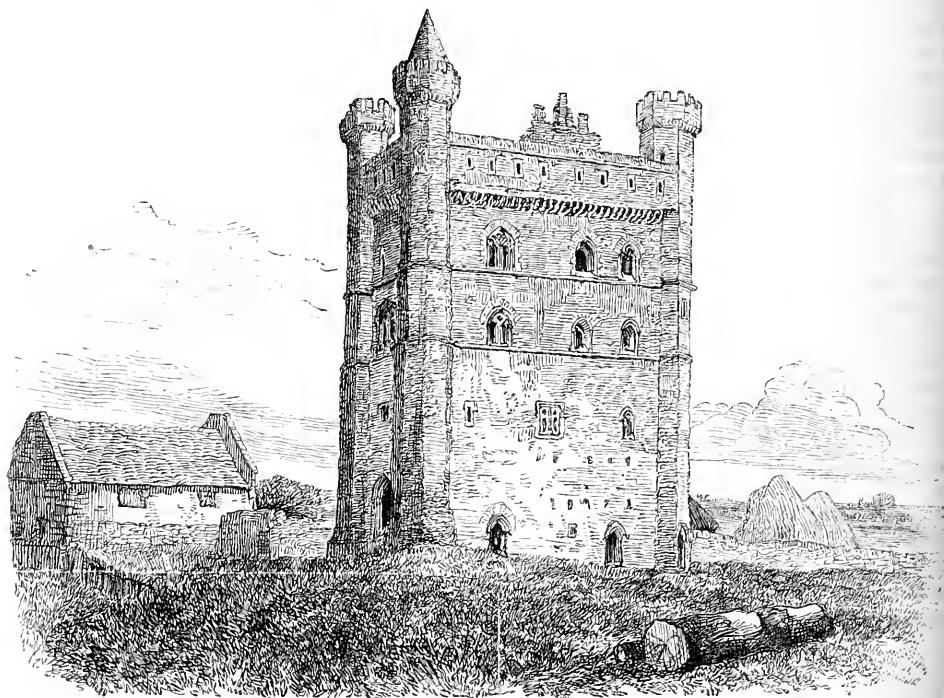
He may love thee truly—I know it not,
More truly than I—I believe it not—
Would it had been otherwise fated!

JULIA GODDARD.

TATTERSHALL TOWER.

As the traveller passes along the railway through the Fen country, between Boston and the good city of Lincoln, he suddenly comes upon a magnificent tower of red brick, the sight of which is sure to strike his eye. It is perhaps, the finest specimen of ancient brick-work in the kingdom, (with the exception, perhaps, of Layer Marney Tower, in Essex,) and its height and its colour, a dark red, render it a most picturesque addition to the level country

over which St. Guthlac and St. Catherine were once thought to preside. The name, too, "Tattershall Tower,"* is one which somehow or other arrests the attention of a Londoner, whose thoughts instinctively turn, as he hears it, to the "Tattersall's," late of Grosvenor Place and now of Knightsbridge Road. No wonder, therefore, that many passengers by the Great Northern Railway stop for an hour or two to look at the old castle, as it stands hard by the line of railway, and at no very great distance from a station. Tattershall is said to have been the Durobrivis of the



Romans, who had a military station there, as is proved by the remains of two military stations still to be seen in Tattershall Park.

The local histories tell us that the manor of Tattershall was one of those possessions which William the Conqueror, when he parcelled out the broad acres of Lincolnshire among his followers, bestowed on Eudo, a knight who had crossed the sea with him as a military adventurer, and that the descendants of the same knight lost no time in erecting a castle upon it. The Fitz-Eudos were barons of Parliament, and gradually came to be called Lords of Tattershall, from their lands. We read that Robert Fitz-Eudo, by presenting King John with a well-trained gos-hawk, a

valuable bird in those days, obtained a charter whereby the inhabitants of Tattershall were empowered to hold a market weekly on Fridays; and that his son, Hugh Fitz-Eudo,† in the reign of Edward III., obtained royal leave and licence to fortify the place by the erection of a castle.

But, although this fact is attested by deeds and antiquarian researches, no trace of the old Norman work can be found; and the noble structure which rises so proudly before

* It may be of interest to our readers to know that the name is spelt by Dugdale, in his "Monasticon," in three various ways, Tateshall, Totteshall, and Tattershall.

† This person, in 1139, founded an abbey for Cistercian monks in the neighbouring village of Kirkstead, of which some scanty ruins still remain.

our eyes cannot be ascribed to an earlier era than the reign of Henry VI., when Sir Ralph Cromwell, Treasurer of the Exchequer, erected the present fortress* about the year 1430 or 1440. Some forty or fifty years later, in 1485, we find that Henry VII. granted the "castle and manor of Tattershall" to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and entailed them in the following year on the Duke of Richmond, but as his Grace died without issue, like a genuine Tudor sovereign Henry VIII. appears to have taken the property into his own hands, and to have bestowed it on the Duke of Suffolk in 1520, a grant which was subsequently confirmed by Edward VI. in 1547. About four years later, the estate passed in fee simple by a gift from the same king to Edward, Lord Clinton, afterwards Earl of Lincoln, and it appears that the castle remained in the hands of this family for a century and a half at least, as Edward and Francis Clinton both died at Tattershall about the year 1693. The line of the Clintons ending in an heiress, the estate was severed from the title, and now belongs to Earl Fortescue, who is lord of the manor and patron of the living of Tattershall. It ought to be mentioned that the tower suffered considerably in the civil wars, during which, it is almost needless to add, the Clintons held strongly to the side of royalty and loyalty. The principal entrance to the castle, with its portcullis and towers, was standing in 1726; it stood at the north-east corner of the enclosure.

Tattershall Tower is thus described by the late John Britton in his "Beauties of Lincolnshire" †:—

The castle stands on a level moor, and is surrounded by two great fosses, the outer one formed of earth, and the inner one faced with brick, ten feet deep. This is occasionally filled with water from the river. It was intended originally as a place of defence, and was progressively raised to great height and extent. In the civil wars it was however dilapidated. Till very lately, the principal gateway was remaining; the part at present left standing is a square tower of brick, flanked by four octagonal embattled turrets, which are crowned with spires, covered with lead. It is above one hundred feet in height, and divided into four stories. The main walls were carried to the top of the fourth story, where a capacious machicolation enclosed the tower, on which there is a parapet wall of great thickness, with arches. This was to protect the persons employed over the machicolations. Upon these arches is a second platform and parapet, containing embrasures; above which the spired turrets

rise to a considerable height. The tower is constructed upon ponderous groined arches, which support the ground floor. In this there is a large open fire-place, adorned with sculptured foliage and emblematic devices; such as the treasury bags and shield of the Cromwell arms, with the motto "*N'aime je droit*," &c. Similar ornaments are at Colyweston Hall, in Northamptonshire, which was a house begun by the Treasurer, and afterwards finished by Margaret, Countess of Richmond. On the second floor is another fire-place, decorated in a similar manner; and over these was a third story, with a flat roof. In the east wall are some narrow galleries, curiously arched, through which there were communications from the grand stairs in the south-east turret, to the principal apartments.

Tattershall is one of those castellated structures which combine the features of the newer and more domestic style of the fifteenth century, with some of the military features of earlier castles. The houses of the barons of the Edwardian period were castles, not homes in any sense of the term; and as their owners spent their lives in a constant alternation of attacks on their neighbours' and defence of their own, on the good old rule,

That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,

we find that their houses exhibited more of wall and battlement, tower and turret, than any of those lighter features which speak of social comforts, splendour, or refinement. The age of Henry VI. was an age in which this state of things was only gradually passing away, and thus the residences built in 1400—1500, partook more or less of the military or domestic aspect, according to their situation and the characters of the families who built them. The noble sculptured chimney-piece in the room at Tattershall, an engraving of which will be found in Charles Knight's "Old England," is by itself a proof that the Cromwells were as fond at least of peace as of war; and, speaking with reference to domestic architecture, it is perhaps one of the handsomest pieces of internal decorative art which remain at the present day, and one of the most exquisite specimens of heraldic "sermons in stones." It contains, among others, the arms of Fitz-Alan, Marmyon, Cromwell, Tattershall, D'Eyncourt, Grey of Rotherfield, &c., interspersed alternately with treasury purses, with the motto, "*Nay je droit*."

If the visitor has time before him, we should strongly advise him not to quit this interesting spot without paying a visit to the parish church of Tattershall, a noble specimen of architecture even among Lincolnshire churches, which stands but a few stonethrows off, just beyond what was the outer moat of the castle.

It is a handsome and spacious cruciform structure, and one that has suffered far more

* William of Worcester states that the Lord Treasurer Cromwell spent in building the principal and other towers of this castle above 4000 marks; that his household there consisted of one hundred persons; that his suite, when he rode to London, commonly consisted of one hundred and twenty horsemen, and that his annual expenditure was about 5000*l*.—*Itinerarium*, p. 162.

† Vol. ix., pp. 709-710.

than its fair share in the way of dilapidations and decay. It consists of a nave of the fourteenth century, with five large arches on either side, and eight clerestory windows, placed in pairs, a north and south transept of the perpendicular style, and a magnificent choir, or at least the remains of one. We are sorry to say that a neighbouring nobleman, of large wealth and noble ancestry, was not only accessory to but the principal culprit in the sad and scandalous affair of its spoliation. An Earl of Exeter* in the last century—an ancestor of the present Marquis of Exeter—removed the beautiful stained glass which the Puritans had spared, from the windows of Tattershall to those of his own chapel at Burleigh, having promised to replace them one and all with plain glass, which could easily be done for about 40*l*. Small loss as this sum must have been to the wealthy owner of Burleigh, it appears that, having got hold of the old glass, he neglected to perform his own part of the contract; and, in consequence, when Britton wrote, some half century ago, he says that “the inside of the edifice had suffered greatly from the weather, although the walls, roof, and pavement still remained entire.” He adds that, “the ruined screen and stalls of wood, once richly carved and painted, are almost rotten, as also the stone screen behind, in the niches of which have been painted figures of saints.”

The windows which once cast their “dim religious light” upon the pavement of Tattershall, and which the Lord of Burleigh so wickedly stole, were once richly adorned with the legendary histories of St. Guthlac and St. Catharine, whom we have already mentioned, and of whom the former was the saint of the fens, while the latter is said—we give the story as it stands in the monkish tales, and not as a chapter of history—to have driven into the sea the terrible fiends which one Hermogenes raised, no one knows where or whence. “In one of the windows,” says a MS. in the Harleian collection, “was the Passion, in another Hell Torments, with divers creatures bound together with a chain; among them one with a crown and another with a mitre, and the

Devil himself tormenting them, while below was written the legend,

Sic affliguntur penes qui prava sequuntur.”

In Britton’s time it appears that a few fragments of the old glass, which the Earl had omitted to carry off, still remained in some of the windows of the transept, while others have been blocked up.

Before the altar were two rich monumental brasses, in memory of Ralph, Lord Cromwell, who died in 1455; and Margaret, his wife, whose death occurred two years previously. This Ralph Cromwell, according to Mr. Britton, obtained from Henry VI. licence to make the church of Tattershall collegiate instead of parochial, and accordingly founded a college for seven priests, six secular clerks, and six choristers. He also founded a hospital for thirteen poor men and women, who were bound to pray for the souls of Henry VI. and Sir Ralph Cromwell, the founder, and of their parents, friends, and benefactors, but chiefly for the soul of the founder’s grandmother, the Lady Maud Cromwell. In Henry VIII.’s reign the foundation was valued at 348*l*., and it fared the same as most other foundations of the same kind, being granted, by the Crown, to Charles, Duke of Suffolk.

In the market place of Tattershall stands an octagonal shaft which was once surmounted by a cross, though the latter has long since been removed and replaced by an urn. The shields which adorn the shaft are sculptured with the arms of Cromwell, Tattershall, and D’Eyncourt.

RALPH DE PEVERELL.

“METEOROLOGY OF THE YEAR 1864.”

TO THE EDITOR OF “ONCE A WEEK.”

SIR,—My attention has been called to an error [on p. 66] in the paper “Meteorology in 1864,” which, with your permission, I should like to correct. Instead of the statement “100 tons of water are poured on every acre for every one-hundredth of an inch of rain that falls,” should have been written “each hundredth of an inch of rain equals one ton per acre.” 100 tons (or, more exactly, 101 tons) is the equivalent of an inch of rainfall.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

THE AUTHOR OF THE PAPER.

* “The late Mr. Banks of Revesby was employed by Lord Exeter to get the glass; the townspeople threatened to rise and obstruct him, but he was a day before them. The glass being taken down hastily for fear of the parishioners, no plan for its re-arrangement could be observed. Part of it was put up in the chapel at Burleigh, part given to Lord Warwick to ornament his castle, and part remains unpacked.”—*Gough’s Monumenta Sepulchralia*, Part II., p. 174. It is right to add here that according to the “History of the County of Lincoln,” published by Saunders in 1834, Lord Exeter placed “the principal part of this stained glass in the church of St. Mary, Stamford Baron, with some other richly stained glass, procured from the churches of Snape in Yorkshire and Barnack in Northamptonshire.” But even this mends the matter in a very slight degree, for we never heard that English Earls were justified in “robbing Peter to pay Paul.”

* * * The Editor desires to correct an error in a recent paper on “The Matterhorn.” The illustration on page 197, No. 320, is taken, not, as there stated, from “Vacation Tourists,” but from Professor Tyndall’s “Mountaineering in 1861; a Vacation Tour;” published by Messrs. Longman.

A STORY OF WATERLEIGH MILL.

(IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.)



CHAPTER III.

TALBOT seated himself at table, the door opened, and in sailed the landlady in full feather, followed by her husband bearing a noble turkey.

Mrs. Stockfish had removed the straight pinafore, and now came out in stunning attire. She was a buxom creature, tall and well shaped, of rather mature embonpoint, and in a light-coloured silk dress that must have belonged to

her grandmother, with short sleeves and low bodice, looked exceedingly handsome, quite a comely she-devil, as the captain observed, *sotto voce*. At her entrance the company rose; the chairman flourished his wooden leg, a general bustle, and all reseated themselves, the landlady occupying the post of honour next the chair. Opposite to her, Birchbottom took his seat; he had made a hasty and certainly a much needed toilet, and now in white cravat and black coat borrowed of the landlord, presented a very clerical aspect, though the coat was a trifle large and long in the sleeves, no doubt.

"Schoolmaster," said the captain, "you are the nearest looking thing to a parson here present, so say grace."

"Tip it in Latin," whispered the doctor. "Tip them the grace in Latin, my boy."

At that particular moment the roast was strong in the nostrils of Birchbottom, and suggested as brief a grace as possible.

"Benedicto Benedicatur."

"Amen," said the captain, "but your grace smells papistical, Birchbottom; who's Ben Dixon?"

"It is a Latin word, sir, of a pious signification," he replied.

"Latin!" exclaimed the captain; "Englishmen don't pipe to quarters in French, and we had rather not pray in Latin;—do you understand?"

"The Latin language has become so universal," said Birchbottom, apologetically.

"Then I'll thank you, on that very account, to keep a wholesomer course," returned the captain, nettled, "and say your prayers in your own tongue."

All hands now went to supper; when the cloth was removed, and the bowl of punch on the table, the chairman rose amid general applause.

"The captain looks rather nervous to night," whispered Birchbottom to the doctor.

"It is the woman," he replied; "the presence of a female, Mr. Birchbottom. Her influence may be viewed in two several aspects, physiologically and socially, in the first——"

"Hush," said Talbot; "the captain speaks."

"We have had a blustering time of it this evening, gentlemen, and so had I sixty years ago. God spared my life then, as he did to-night, and through many a rough gale besides; and now, October twenty-one, blow high, blow low, here I am, as in duty bound, to meet my messmates and to push the grog around. Time and tide roll on. The flag-ship Victory, that I served aboard of as far back as 1805, was launched a hundred years ago; and though

she still puts on her old fighting face, both she and I have seen our best days, and are gone out of fashion besides. A few, very few, ancient weather-beaten salts like myself are all that are now left of that entire ship's company to tell the noble story of October twenty-one. But we cannot last for ever. Ships and seamen, warped and waterworn, must sink in turn beneath the common flood, their several duties done, and other ships and other victories shall swell our glorious annals in the time that is to come. (Hear, hear, and hurrah.) But let that pass—it is enough for us that we meet to-night, in an obscure English village, in memory of an old day well-nigh forgotten. I can remember when the twenty-first of October, in town and country throughout the land, was a day set apart from other days. Guns were fired, the bells rang, flags were hoisted, and people met and talked over the old glory, as we are doing to-night. Are we wise in letting these grand epochs in our national history drop out of observance? except ourselves, who now takes note of October twenty-one?

"It was on that day, near sixty years ago, off Trafalgar, when the thunder of the guns had died away, and the cheers of victory filled the air, that Lord Nelson, surrounded by the shattered fleets of France and Spain, the tide of life fast ebbing away, gave thanks to Almighty God for a great opportunity of doing his duty. I was a mere youngster then, and, grimed with gunpowder and blood, I peeped into the cockpit where they had laid him down to die. It was a wonderful solemn sight, and filled my young heart. The battle was over; child as I was, I could see the glory in his pale face of a victory that turned the whole course of the war. He said 'you have done your duty, my lads.' We knew that he had done his—he died in doing it." Here the captain's voice grew husky; presently, recovering himself, he exclaimed with animation, "No, the old day shall never be forgotten. Gentlemen, fill your glasses. There is but one toast to-night, a toast above all other toasts that a seaman loves and honours. We drink in solemn silence, 'The Memory of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson.'"

The company all rose. The captain drained his glass; a brief pause, and he reseated himself, the great ceremony of the night having been duly performed.

Mrs. Stockfish's voice broke the silence.

"Oh, what a lovely speech, as noble as a sermon; what a charming old naval gentleman, and such a ceremony, enough to draw tears from stones themselves—I declare he is going on again."

"Mr. Talbot," said the captain, "next to

the navy I reverence the army, but to-night has only one sacred toast, and upon my soul I can't drink another. To-morrow if you will join us in a friendly glass we will begin at the very beginning, and go regularly through, queen, bishops, clergy, army, navy, and twenty more jolly toasts besides, all bumpers, and no mistake."

Talbot replied to the captain's apology that he considered the noble toast just given belonged not only to the navy, but to the army; indeed, to every true Briton, and that for all time.

"Bravo," exclaimed the captain, and added half aloud, "yet I might perhaps have put in the Duke along with the Admiral to please this soldier laddie. I have seen them both together in one picture before now. But no, it couldn't be. His glory is all his own."

The conversation now became general. The captain conversed affably with Mrs. Stockfish, who, Juno-like, glowed "celestial rosy red" under the genial influence of the banquet, and the compliments of the captain. It belongs not to the province of the historian to declare in these profane pages the exquisitely social character of that converse.

Birchbottom looked on in silence. He felt the iron in his soul; he gazed and gazed again, but to no purpose, she was too agreeably occupied.

The doctor was in his element. He had at last secured a listener in Talbot; he abused his power by reading to him tediously and at full, notes of "A remarkable case of gun-shot wound with sketch of ball and practical observations on the same, contributed by Peter Palfreyman, Esq., M.D., Surgeon, of Waterleigh-upon-Thames."

The doctor, in the narration of his case, anxious to establish a remarkable coincidence, inquired of the captain if he had inspected the fatal ball which the post-mortem examination of the deceased admiral had brought to light, stating at the same time the interesting fact that it had fractured the transverse processes of the sixth and seventh dorsal vertebrae, and had wounded the medulla spinalis.

"Yes, sir," he replied sharply, "I have seen that ball, and I don't want any of your anatomical observations upon it. D—— me, doctor, no dissections; a plain shot and that's enough."

"Oh," replied the doctor in a disconcerted voice, "I meant no offence, captain; but it may be as well to state, as a relief to friends, that it is my opinion, founded upon my long experience, that a gunshot wound is but a trifling matter as far as pain is concerned."

"Doctor," exclaimed the captain, throwing

himself back in his chair, "what the dickens do you know about it? Have you been shot through the spinal marrow, eh?"

Mrs. Stockfish interposed—she was shocked.

"Dear sirs," she said, "do change the subject; it makes my inside to quiver to hear such awful tales about balls and spinal marrows. My dear schoolmaster, do pray give us a song, a sentiment, or something or another, to take the taste of these horrors out of my mouth."

"A song, a song," cried the doctor. "Our friend here writes a beautiful song, either in Latin or English. They say that in Latin he beats Vinny Bourne himself. Come, Birchbottom, strike up."

"Nonsense, doctor," he replied. "Vincent Bourne, indeed; why he is the top-sawyer of modern Latinists. I have, it is true, written a few simple pastoral love songs in my own native English."

"Love songs—pastorals," exclaimed the captain, who was arrived at the stage sententious of his potations; "'pon my word, Birchbottom, I did not think you so great a fool. Love songs, indeed!" (with great contempt); "I wouldn't give a penny a score for them. I never did hear a thing of that sort that I could abide."

"Beg pardon, cap'n," said Mr. Stokes suddenly from the side benches, in hoarse and gasping accents, alarmed at the sound of his own voice. "But I knowed a sweet love song once, 'twas writ by Billy Ruffin, so baptized, gents, because he was born out of Billy Ruffin; she was a ship of that same name. We used to sing it to the tune of the Old Hunnerd, all hands together in the dog-watch."

Here the fisherman, to the astonishment of the company, burst out fortissimo with

"Oh, if I had her! oh, if I had her!
Black although she be."

Mr. Stokes stopped abruptly.

"I'll be blest if I'm not hard up; it's gone clean off the hooks. It's a pity, for that song beat anything the Christian Minstrels could do."

"It is a manly fragment, no doubt," observed the captain, "but better fitted for the fore-castle than the cabin, Tommy, especially with females aboard," turning to Mrs. Stockfish.

"Oh, captain," said that lady, "no harm done; indeed, I should have liked vastly to have heard it all through, sung by the sailor dogs on the wide ocean, though it does seem a monstrous strong song. But, my dear schoolmaster, the captain don't like songs, so you must give us a lovely sentiment instead; one of your hæsthetics, you know, that I am sure he will like."

The schoolmaster was himself again. Inspired by the genius of rum punch and the smile of the beautiful Mrs. Stockfish, he rose at the instance of that enchantress. First he gazed at the ceiling, and then around as if to search for and seize the desired sentiment.

"Out with it," cried the doctor. The schoolmaster, placing his hands under his coat tails, and bending forward over the table, began—

"Mr. Chairman, Mrs. Stockfish, and gentlemen. Called upon as I am thus unexpectedly to respond to the delightful invitation of my dear friend opposite, I am at a loss"—("Oh, no, no," from Mrs. Stockfish)—"I am at a loss, I say, in what way or on what subject to address you. However, on this day, gentlemen and Mrs. Stockfish, on this day, sacred to the British navy and to that delicious memorial mess we have been 'e'en now discussing, what more fitting, I ask, than that I dedicate to that glorious navy, and to this most noble chairman,"—slapping his chest—"the observations I am about to make. The ameliorating influence of education, classical and commercial, the use of the globes, with other studies, geology, entomology, together with readings from our best dramatists and poets, have led to the happiest results, not only to society at large, but to the British navy in particular; we may truly say—

*'Ingenuas dedicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.'*

"Now indeed are the schoolmasters abroad; they are appointed to her Majesty's ships, they have their uniforms, they visit the uttermost parts of the earth; already has the blossom ripened into good fruit, already does the educated British sailor—"

"Why, what the dickens," broke in the captain with a loud voice, "are you talking about, Birchbottom? Geology, poets, indeed! Are the scamen a bit better now than they were sixty years ago, with all their learning? Pooh, pooh, Mr. Cat; it's stuff and nonsense. Teach a youngster to fear God and honour the Queen, to be sober, honest and true, to obey his officers, to learn betimes the duties of his station, and to die for his country when called upon. In short, make a man of him, Mr. Cat, and not a puling, white-faced spoon, which he is sure to be if he is shut up all day in close quarters with Geology and Co., learning no end of rubbish. No, Mr. Birchbottom, it won't do. A ship's deck on the wild sea is the stage a seaman has to perform upon. To play his part there like a man, he must be early taught his several duties as aforesaid, and not have his young brains stuffed with half-digested learning at the expense of his

body. What think you, Mr. Talbot? Am I not in order?"

"I agree with all you say, sir," he replied; "but no blame to the schoolmaster here, who, no doubt does his duty."—"Hear, hear," from the doctor, and a bow from Birchbottom.) "It is the system, sir; we must put on the breaks."

"I beg pardon," said the doctor, fuming to enter the debate, "but, as a surgeon and physiologist, and, I may add, philanthropist, Mr. Chairman, I can't allow the opportunity to pass without one word for our overtaught English maidens; boys, say you; girls also, say I. I am a practical man; but I speak strictly on physiological grounds. Gentlemen, reform is wanted in female education. Put the young lady factory on half work with quarter piano allowance; strengthen, sustain, the sweet flowers during their development with the pure fresh air of heaven, relax their young minds with hours (not half hours) of healthy recreation; do these things instead of cramming their poor heads from morning till night, and you shall surely behold the promise of the opening bud realised in the healthy, charming, simple-minded woman, a first-rate wife, and a first-rate mother."

"Mrs. Stockfish," said the landlord, "I think you had better rise, ma'am; when I was head-waiter at the Ebenezer, in the Minories, in public entertainments such as this is, the ladies always rose after the first toast, when the conversation begins to grow particular."

Mrs. Stockfish left her seat reluctantly, and giving her lord one of her looks, the captain a bewitching smile, a nod to Birchbottom, and a low curtsy to Talbot, quitted the room escorted by her husband, who, however, contrived to part company on the stairs, and to slip back to the festive board.

Birchbottom was disconcerted at the turn the conversation had taken. "It is perhaps as well," he muttered moodily, "that the school is to have a holiday to-morrow on account of the flooded state of the school-room, otherwise I should certainly have flogged the junior form all round as a relief to my mind heated with this ancient sea captain's antediluvian prejudices, and as an expiatory sacrifice to the insulted genius of education."

The movement of Mrs. Stockfish was attended by the usual phenomena when the ladies retire from the dinner table, viz., a rising and reseating, a drawing up and in of chairs, a sense of inward relief, a sturdier application to the bowl, and a noisier flow of soul. The conversation grew animated, and at times interjectional. Birchbottom fraternized with the doctor:—

"My friend," he murmured, "the light of the feast is gone, gone like a dream, and I never sang to her. What are these worthless goblets now (holding up a glass) ? but so many empty bubbles, the reminiscences of past joys. Doctor, the captain is a donkey, I speak it in confidence, not to have permitted me to sing on this festal night my paraphrase from Horace—very lovely :—

"I praise her every blooming charm,
Her taper ankle, snowy arm."

"Talking of arms," interrupted the doctor, "strictly, in their relation to music, my dear friend, reminds me that I once amputated a fellow's upper extremity at the shoulder joint, and he sang a psalm with a loud voice the whole time that I was performing the operation."

"I believe it," replied the other in a maudlin tone, "music has doubtless a charm to soothe the rugged breast, and may in some sort be regarded as a moral chloroform, especially to those of æsthetic tendencies, as in your patient's case."

A hoarse voice from the end of the room interrupted him.

"I think, cap'n," said Stokes, "I can now sing the hymn about the blackey, if the company would like to hear it. I've been a-drinking and a-thinking ever since I tried it on before, and like a fish to bait it is come right up ; perhaps the young woman would like to return and hear it out entire."

"Mr. Stokes," said the landlord, who had an eye to his crockery, likely to be endangered by the hilarity consequent upon the full performance of the fisherman's song with chorus and appropriate action ; "Tommy Stokes, my boy, it is hard upon twelve o'clock, and there is but one song lawful to-night, and that is the captain's. Will you sing it to us, sir ? that noble song about the battle, you know, that you always give out on the memorial night."

"Landlord, you say well," replied the captain. "It is midnight—strike the bell eight there. Yes, my lad, I will sing that song as in duty bound—October twenty-one. Let me see, where am I ? Why, Victory—at sea—high sixty years ago. But where's the log ? In my heart, my boys. Enemy to leeward, distant ten miles—British fleet bearing down under all possible sail—decks cleared for action—the immortal signal flying from the mizen."

And with mellow voice the captain sang, or rather chaunted, the following ballad :—

Oh, listen to my story, boys,
Of sixty years ago,
Of England's naval glory, boys,

A battle fought and won ;
How Nelson died off Trafalgar,
October twenty-one.

'Twas in the flag-ship, Victory,
We sailed from Portsmouth Dock,
To chase the fleets of France and Spain,
And bring them to the block ;
So we cruised about for a week or two
Off Gibraltar rock.

On Sunday, sighting Trafalgar,
We shortened sail at night,
Till, in the grey, where a frigate lay,
We saw, by the dawning light,
Her signal flying—"East by south,
The enemy in sight."

Lord Nelson he stood on the quarterdeck,
In the old fighting coat was he,
His stockings were silk, and as white as milk,
His breeches to the knee,
As he stood looking out with eight hundred men,
From aboard of the Victory.

His lordship he spied with his glass to port,
And he spied o'er the starboard bow,
And he saw the foe, in the flush of the morn,
A-sailing all of a row,
Says he, as he shut his spying-glass,
"My lads, we have got them now !"

"Up helm—square yards—set every rag
Of canvas that can draw ;
Stunsails aloft and aloft !" he said,
As soon as the foe he saw ;
And the fleet bore up at break of day,
Off the shoals of Trafalgar.

Lord Nelson he led the weather line,
Lord Collingwood the lee ;
The sun, red shining on the sails,
'Twould do you good to see,
As down we steered in a double row
To meet the enemy.

The rolling drums from ship to ship
The beat to quarters gave,
Then all was hushed, not a sound was heard
Except the splash of the wave,
As we slipped through the water, to blood and
slaughter,
And to die the death of the brave.

Lord Nelson he stood on the lofty poop
Of his flag-ship Victory,
He stood looking out, as though he saw
A sail none else could see ;
"Run up aloft one signal more,
A message from home," said he,
"England expects that every man will do his duty."

Then rolled down the well-manned fleet,
Our English battle-cry,
A cheer, the startled foe could hear,
As he lay waiting by,
An answering cheer, that spoke out clear,
We conquer or we die ;

It ceased—at noon with sudden roar
The slumbering cannon woke,
Quick jets of flame leaped nimbly forth
From the ribs of the bellowing oak,
And heaving through with blazing sides
The enemy's line we broke.

Our guns laid low four hundred men
 As we raked the Bucentaure,
 Redoubtable, she lay ahead,
 And the Neptune S4,
 But we rolled along, and we took their shot,
 And the shot of as many more.

And soon came ranging up astern
 The fighting Temeraire,
 And many a fine old ship whose name
 The rolls of history bear,
 With English hearts and hands they came,
 And cheers that shook the air.

Our hull was wrapped in sulphurous clouds,
 Though aloft the sky was bright,
 And the fluttering flags streamed proudly forth,
 And the sails gleamed snowy white,
 While the work of death went on beneath,
 In the noisome smoke of the fight.

Tier on tier of low laid guns
 Incessant broadsides poured,
 O'er the red waves the glancing shot
 Dashed through the foam, aboard,
 And far and wide, as one huge voice,
 Continuous thunder roared.

The flag for closer battle flying
 We nailed it to the mast,
 As 'twixt the enemy's blazing lines
 The vengeful Victory passed.
 With broadsides right and left replying
 We brought them to at last.

Yard to yard, muzzle to muzzle,
 The grappling squadrons close,
 Blinding dust, hot stifling smoke
 From the fiery shambles rose;
 We scarce could tell, in that seething hell,
 Our comrades from our foes.

At 1.15, Lord Nelson fell,
 And forty men around him,
 A ball from the Redoubtable
 Most grievously did wound him.
 At half-past four o'clock, he died,
 And Glory came and crowned him.

The setting sun through angry gloom
 Reddened our sails again;
 The fight was done, the victory won,
 And the fleets of France and Spain
 Their flags hauled down, like worthless logs
 Lay strown about the main.

We swabbed up the decks, we straightened the dead,
 We numbered that ghastly crowd,
 We sunk them with shot in their deep sea bed
 While winds were piping loud;
 With a seaman's prayer, we left them there,
 Each man in his hammock shroud.

Nelson, we kept for an English grave,
 We hove not his corse to the sea;
 We held it in trust for mother earth
 Till the day of his burial be,
 In the coffin brave, Ben Hallowell gave,
 From the Orient's mainmast tree.

We plugged up the Victory's shattered sides,
 Riddled with cannon balls;
 We weathered the shoals off Trafalgar,
 Nor cared for the blustering squalls;
 We dashed through the foam to our island home,
 And we gave the great dead to Saint Paul's.

A hundred years old is the Victory,
 And with all our hearts we love her,
 The glory of her Nelson's death
 Is ever around and above her,
 As she lies on her guard, off Portsmouth Hard,
 Though her fighting days are over.

Then cheer, boys, cheer for the Victory,
 The brave flag-ship of yore,
 Of Her, the memory shall not die
 Till time itself be o'er;
 To Nelson—he is gone aloft—
 Silence—and nothing more.

The company, inspired by the fire and animation with which the old captain delivered his naval ballad, rose with one accord, and cheered lustily until the old inn rang again. Was it an echo, or did a feminine voice swell the exulting chorus? We shall see anon: when silence was restored the captain made the final speech.

"Messmates, landsmen, seamen, and marines ('half-seas over,' muttered the doctor), the battle is won, and the memorial watch is ended. You have all done your duty, my boys. We have had a rough night of it—though the leak is stopped, there is half a fathom of water in the hold of the old Beetle. Is the sea getting up again, or are my legs not so steady as they should be? Pipe below there—all hands turn in."

A general move ensued. As the procession wound its devious way to the door, the captain in the van, supported by Talbot and the doctor, Mrs. Stockfish, who had listened to the whole performance on the stairs, suddenly rushed in, exclaiming, "Jerry, you brute, be quiet; I can bear silence no longer. Oh the sweet flavour of that spicy song, I heard the cannon's roar, I saw the immortal Nelson lead on with one arm the sailor dogs of war, and this elderly, heroic, most beloved captain marching to blood and slaughter by his side."

With these words Mrs. S. threw her white arms round the veteran's neck and loudly saluted him. Upon the confusion resulting from such an astounding occurrence, above which the voice of the male Stockfish was distinctly heard, the curtain falls.

(To be continued.)

THE RUITOR.

Forty years ago how few there were who had visited the Alps, and now we begin to hear the complaint that Switzerland is become "cockneyfied." Though we cannot sympathise with the fastidiousness of those who suffer none to come between the wind and their nobility, still we confess that the "snob" does seem more intolerable than usual amid the perfect beauty of nature and his insignifi-

cance more offensive by the grandeur of the snow-clad mountains. Therefore we seek at times quiet nooks off the beaten track, and trust that some of our readers will thank us for showing them one of our haunts, where, for some years at least, the "excursionist" is not likely to disturb them.

Most alpine travellers have, at some period of their rambles, dropped down into the rich Val d'Aoste. It is rather the fashion to abuse this and the town from which it is named, we think unjustly. No doubt it is hot sometimes, and as for the dust on the road—well, that we won't defend, any more than the abundant dirt and consequent *cretins* who bask in every corner of the town. Still *la cité d'Aoste* has its charms. There are the old walls and gateways, partly Roman, partly mediæval, the Leper's Tower, with De Maistro's touching story, the Tour de Bramafan, with its tragic legend, the remains of a Roman theatre and amphitheatre, the triumphal arch of Augustus, the Romanesque cloister of St. Ours' Church; then, on the south, the frowning precipices of the Becca de Nona and Mont Emilius; on the north, the snowy peak of the Grand Combin; and on the west, crowning a wide expanse of glacier, rises a ridge of serrate peaks, above fold after fold of pine-clad hill, and a long stretch of level valley, dappled with cornfield and vineyard, with walnut grove by the homestead, and willow copse by the waterside. Seated in the alcove of the comfortable Hôtel de Mont Blanc, you may watch the changing tints of the snow from morning to evening, until, like the writer, you can resist their invitation no longer, and set off to explore them. This mountain is the Ruitor; its summit is the highest point but one of the *massif*, bounded by the valleys of the Isère and the Dora Baltea, with its tributaries, the Vals Grisanche and Petit St. Bernard. Looking at it from Aosta, you would say that it was a long ridge with three peaks, of which the first on the right, a double headed one, was the highest; but here, as often, appearances are deceptive, for the left-hand peak has the advantage by about 141 feet; its height being 11,480 feet above the level of the sea; and the true form of the mountain is a loop or horseshoe, opening into one of the branches of the Val du Petit St. Bernard. The interior of this is filled by a large glacier, and along the edge nine peaks are arranged, the first and last of which—the portals, as it were, of the amphitheatre, are precipitous crags, much lower than the others. To this glacier we purpose to conduct our reader, and will suppose that he has arrived at Pré St. Didier, a pleasant bathing place near the head

of the Val d'Aoste, at the foot of the zigzags of the road from the valley and pass of the Petit St. Bernard. This is a pleasant alpine byway, which will soon be better known, as a carriage road is nearly carried over it, which will unite the valleys of the Isère and Dora Baltea, and be one of the most interesting routes from Paris to Turin. A walk of about five miles through a picturesque glen brings us to La Thuile, a village situated at the junction of the stream from the Little St. Bernard into the torrent from the Ruitor glacier. Here we, my friend and myself, whom, as two unknown quantities, we may designate respectively X and Y, and our two guides, Jean and Michel, took up our quarters for the night at a rough country inn.

What mountaineer does not know the anxiety with which he looks out of the window at the sky, in the early dawn before a *grande course*? What we saw was not assuring, and we started rather later than we had intended, anything but confident of success. Instead of the clear cool tints of early dawn, instead of the far off hemisphere of delicate blue, in which the fires of night expire almost imperceptibly before the light of day, instead of the rosy flush in the eastern sky, and the orange glow that darts downwards from peak to peak, kindling a thousand altar-fires to the god of day, a flat sea of mist seemed to press upon the mountain tops, and threatened to envelope them speedily in its dull vapours. The valley is tolerably level, for the mountain rises very abruptly above its head, so that we were able to quicken our pace, and make up in some degree for lost time. After about an hour's walk by the stream, chiefly through larch woods, we mounted a little knoll to a few *châlets*, at what may be called the feet of the mountain. On the evening before we had seen that, in order to reach the comparatively level snow-field from which the glacier descended, we should have to mount the precipitous walls of a series of terraces, until we arrived at a point some height above the end of the ice. In these there is a very decided break just at the point where the glacier now terminates, so that all below may be considered as a pretty continuous wall. This we now had to ascend. A few inquiries had shown us that we should find no difficulty, as a pathway led up it to some *châlets*; so after getting a few directions at the little hamlet, we began the ascent. Before long a loud roar told us that we were approaching a waterfall, and, by turning aside a few yards from the path, we gained a grassy knoll on the edge of a deep chasm. Supported by a withered pine tree, we looked over. Just on our left the torrent

rushed over a cliff, and striking on a ledge half-way down, bounded up in an arch ere it fell boiling and foaming to the bottom of the gorge. Waterfalls in the Alps are so common, that the traveller too often gets into the habit of bestowing on them no more than a passing glance, but though we were very anxious not to lose any time, we could not forbear lingering a few minutes here. Tearing ourselves away at last, we began a steeper ascent. We think, however, that when paterfamilias follows our steps, he will not grumble at this, or repel the frequent stoppages that scantness of breath obliges him to make. Every step reveals some new beauty. The path winds and climbs among huge boulders and cliffs of gneiss and slate, spangled with lichen and moss, among these arolles and larches, gnarled with age and storm, have fixed their twisted roots, the ruddy rhododendrons and creeping pines mask the waste piles of *débris*, while bilberries, with an endless variety of alpine ferns and flowers, flourish in every crevice. In about half an hour a ledge is reached, on which a stream, descending from the right, joins the main torrent. Here we paused for a moment to look back. The morning's veil of mist had now broken up into fleecy masses of cloud that were wreathing themselves around the range of Mont Blanc, revealing at one moment the awful precipices of the Grandes Jorasses, at another the soaring pinnacle of the Dent du Géant. Again we wound upwards, finding it no easy matter to attend to our footing, so distracted were we with the grandeur of the scene behind, and the loveliness of that which surrounded us. At length we reached the top of the wall, and stood upon the plateau forming the first great break in the ascent of the mountain. Another wall of rock, bare and desolate, rose before us, down it the torrent dashed in a cascade into a little lake; just on the right a curtain of shattered glacier hung over the cliff, over which rose the last peak of the Ruitor, separating the great glacier from a small snow-field leading to a pass called the Col de la Lys. The rocks in front as well as those around us bore their usual testimony to the former extent of the ice-fields. Everywhere they were smoothed and rounded into those characteristic bosses which have obtained from French *savants* the title of *roches moutonnées*; while here and there a huge block lay perched upon them, just as it had been stranded by the retreating ice. We had now left the trees behind us; but the sweet short grass that covered the more level ground was an attraction to cattle, for the care of which a rude chalet had been erected in a sheltered nook. Being anxious

to learn the name of the place, we made our way to it; then, finding no one at home, we climbed a few yards above it, and sat down by a rill of fresh water to enjoy our second breakfast. While thus engaged a troll-like being suddenly appeared by the side of the chalet, and we descended to speak to him. On reaching the spot he had vanished; how or whither he had gone, none of us could tell. Perhaps, as he probably never saw a traveller there before, he took us for smugglers or poachers, and did not care to make an intimate acquaintance with us. Breakfast ended, we resumed our march. The track mounting rapidly up barren cliffs and stone-strewn slopes of short herbage, brought us in about three quarters of an hour to another plateau, where a scene of unexpected beauty presented itself. At our feet lay a little lake, and on the other side of it the great glacier came sweeping down, its tall cliffs seamed with chasms of purest blue reflected in the green waters, in which were floating miniature icebergs sparkling in the sun. At one place a cave, the blue of its icy roof deepening in intensity as it receded, seemed like a portal to the subglacial labyrinths. Across the glacier rose a mass of snow-covered crags, forming one of the peaks of the Ruitor. It is a view which may vie with the celebrated Mårjelea See, by the side of the Great Aletsch Glacier. A few yards from the lake is a little chalet, a trifle larger than a box, bearing the name of Ste. Marguerite; it was then tenanted by an ancient dame, who, whatever might have been her opinion of the virtues of fresh water, obviously had no faith in its external application.

Thus far anyone can follow us. All this beauty can be reached with very moderate fatigue in from three to four hours' actual walking from La Thuile; and with a steady mule or horse it would not be necessary to put a foot to the ground. A leisurely stroll through the woods in the early morning, gathering flowers and ferns as one went, halting now and then to sketch, a pic-nic by the lake, a scramble about the lower part of the glacier, and a walk back in the cool of the evening, while the glow of sunset lingered on the Jorasses, would be one of the pleasantest ways that can be conceived of passing a long summer's day. We now had to find our own way; a matter, however, of small difficulty. After scrambling for some distance up easy rocks on the right bank of the glacier, we found a smooth place, and got upon the ice. Up this we gradually but steadily ascended, as there were no difficulties of importance, until we were sufficiently advanced to see the greater part of the amphitheatre of peaks.

Fortunately we had no difficulty in selecting the right one; the experiment (though not a *corpus rith*) had already been made, for X, the year before, deluded by its pretentious appearance from Aosta, had ascended the double-headed peak by the Val Gersanche, and had then discovered that the next but one to the left was the true summit: thus he was then obliged to leave untraced for want of time; so crossing the head of the glacier, he succeeded, though with some trouble, in descending into the valley of the Isère. We accordingly bent our steps towards the highest peak, making for its left-hand side, where a ridge, technically called an *arête*, seemed to afford an easy way to the summit. The distance to the foot of this was considerable, but as the snow was hard, we did not find it fatiguing. Y repeated the expedition two years later, when the snow was something like the frock on a wife, and bounding up to the hips under a hot sun helped him in some degree to appreciate the sensations of a fly in honey. Now and then, on putting the foot down it went through the crust of snow and into a concealed *overrun*, and however strong a theoretical confidence there may be in the strength of the rope, practically the sensation of riding "cock horse" on a snow bridge with the feet in free space is not agreeable. On one occasion, Y and the guide in front went simultaneously into separate holes, and, though in mutual equilibrium, were unable to give mutual assistance. While thus plunged, as he thought in loose snow, Y was struck with the rapidly increasing oddness of the leg which was deepest in. Having doubted in glacier theories, he began to wonder at what phenomenon of regelation this could be due, but his speculations were dissipated on finding, when extricated, that the *overrun* was a sort of frost-pit, snow above and water within, which, as may be supposed, was pretty near 32° Fahrenheit. After walking about three hours our party reached the hotel on the left hand of the highest peak, from which a steep descent over snow slopes and glacier leads into the Val Gersanche. By following this course, Y, on the occasion just named, reached without much difficulty Pormio in this valley. It was unanimously agreed not to linger over the beautiful views from this col, but to push on so as to enjoy them in their fullest extent from the top. Before this could be reached the sole difficulty of the excursion had to be overcome. The *arête* appears to lead directly to the summit; and in due course we reached a very commodious snow lump, but unfortunately the first glance proved that the *arête* *hôte* *spite* was not yet attained; and for a

moment came a disagreeable question of doubt as to whether we might not be hindered at the fifty-yard distance of the summit point. In front of us was a drop of a dozen feet or so in the ridge, which then ran on for a few yards more in the same bend; a little prominence of rock then jumbled out, and a short distance beyond it rose a small tower, perhaps not more than 15 feet high, but with such smooth and vertical sides that it seemed as if the top could hardly be reached without a ladder. Jack expressed an opinion that it was not worth while going farther, and he was perhaps right, for we could see clear over the *arête* *hôte* *spite*, but X and Y both had conscientious scruples about leaving a task incomplete, so we scrambled down, Michel leading, passed along the ridge, rounded the prominence, and reached the base of the tower. By this Michel wriggled himself, and then, stretching down his strong hand, helped us up. It need hardly be said that the snow was magnificent. On the north was the whole range of Mont Blanc and the Pennine chain; then, curving round from south-east to south-west, came the peaks of the Bernese and the more distant *Arctian* group; while still more to the west lay the mountains of the Maritime and Tarentaise. The traveller who has been accustomed to the ordinary Alpine routes and maps will be astonished at the sea of glacier-bearing peaks which rises before him; and X and Y, though they, the former especially, were thoroughly familiar with these regions, were astonished to see facing them, across the Val Gersanche, a double-headed peak, obviously not much less than 15,000 feet high, of whose existence no engraver of maps appeared to have ever dreamed.

The sky was too small for comfort, so after building a cairn, our party climbed down and encamped themselves in a snug nook looking to the south to supply their bodies with the materials for future heat and nutrition. There amidst frost and snow a sacrifice and an *arête* *hôte* *spite* opened their tiny red high-arched peaks to the sun, and gave a surprising relief to the bare rocks among which they grew. At hour sped passably away before we returned to the ridge, and then a single glance to the north told us that we must linger no longer, for mischief was brewing there, and the old promise of the morning was soon going to be fulfilled. We hurried down over the glacier, the thunder about every minute becoming louder and louder. Above Mont Blanc the sky was like lead, the snow a ghastly lead white, and the rocks by contrast looked as black as jet. The thunder now rolled, and the lightning flashed incessantly;

but happily the storm lingered long on the monarch, and we got off the ice and reached the chalet of Ste. Marguérite without anything more than an occasional cat-like spit of hail. Then came the downfall, and it rained, as it only can rain in the Alps. Time, however, showed that nothing would be gained by sheltering, unless we chose to pass the night there ; and to avoid that any number of wettings would have been cheap. So we set off with a determination to get drenched, in which it need hardly be said we were not disappointed. There was, however, one little addendum which was hardly bargained for, namely, that just as the process had been satisfactorily accomplished, cold gusts of wind came down at intervals from the glacier, with an effect that can be imagined more easily than described. Our little inn at La Thuile, rough though it was, seemed a palace to us as we neared it ; and an instant retreat to bed with an internal exhibition of hot brandy and water prevented all ill effects from the wetting. May my reader have as fine a day as I had on my second visit, and he will be grateful for being sent, whether he reach the summit of the Rutor, or only the Chalet of Ste. Marguérite.

T. G. BONNEY.

THE NUN'S BURIAL.

SISTER, lie here ! While we
Silently weep for thee,
Thy tears have ceas'd !

Earth to her bosom mild
Welcomes her tired child ;
Mercy on thee hath smil'd,
Thou art releas'd !

Mournful and sad thy doom,
Yet in thy early tomb
Thou hast found rest !

Well may we envy thee ;
Yet, from our toil set free,
We, too, may one day see
God's will was best.

Peaceful the sunset red
Sleeps on thy narrow bed :
Thou'rt gone from care !
Hard was thy fate and drear,
Hope doth not enter here,
Too great a boon were *fear*,
Naught but despair !

Rest we have none nor aim :
Thou didst endure the same ;
Thy task is o'er !
Cold now and still thy heart ;
Well didst thou bear thy part ;
When may we, too, depart
Suff'ring no more ?

Great Death hath pitied thee,
Ta'en thee his bride to be,
Freed thee from pain.
We wait the Bridegroom's call :
Soon may he summon all
Who now surround thy pall
Weeping in vain !

W. R.

A REAL MYSTERY.

THE events related in the following pages are so curious that, unless well authenticated, they would be incredible. The only account we find of them is one contained in a pamphlet published by Roger L'Estrange in 1676—sixteen years after the occurrence of the events narrated. The pamphlet contains a letter from a Sir Thomas Overbury (probably the grandson of the Sir Thomas Overbury) to one T. S., a knight in London, giving an account of the alleged murder, the confession of John Perry, and the execution of the prisoners, "For the truth of every particular whereof," writes Sir Thomas Overbury, "I can vouch." It also contains a letter purporting to be written by Mr. Harrison to Sir Thomas Overbury, giving an account of his own adventures.

On Thursday the 16th August, 1660, William Harrison, the steward of Viscountess Campden, set out from his house at Campden in Gloucestershire to walk to Charringworth, a village two miles distant, where he had to collect some rents. He was seventy years of age, but the distance he had to go was not great, and his wife expected him home early. Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, however, he had not returned, and his wife, alarmed at his prolonged absence, sent out a servant called John Perry to look for him. Neither Mr. Harrison nor the servant Perry returned that night. Early on the following morning Edward Harrison, the son of the missing man, set off in the direction of Charringworth to look for his father. He had got about half way when he met Perry, who told him he had made inquiries at Charringworth, and that his father was not there. On hearing this Edward Harrison, accompanied by Perry, proceeded to make further inquiries. At Erbington, a village between Charringworth and Campden, he ascertained that Mr. Harrison had been there the night before, but had not stayed any time. Having received this information he and Perry went on together to Paxford, but could gain no further intelligence. But as they were returning to Campden they were told that a woman, who was then glean- ing, had that morning, when going to her work, picked up a hat-band and comb in the highway between Campden and Erbington. The woman was soon found, and the things she had picked up were identified as belonging to Mr. Harrison. The news of Mr. Harrison's disappearance had meanwhile spread through the neighbourhood ; a considerable number of persons were collected, and search was made

in every direction for traces of the missing man, but without avail.

It seemed, however, very evident that Mr. Harrison must have met with foul play, for the hat-band was cut and hacked as if with a knife. Suspicion seemed naturally directed against John Perry, whose prolonged absence on the night in question had not been accounted for. He was arrested and examined. He stated that on the evening in question, when sent out by his mistress, he had started for Charringworth, and had gone some distance on the way when he met one William Reed of Campden. He told Reed that he had been sent out to look for his master, and that as it was growing dark he was afraid to go on, but would return and fetch his young master's horse. He and Reed then returned together to Mr. Harrison's gate, where they parted. Reed walked away, but Perry remained at the gate till one Pearce came by, when Perry joined him and they walked together about a bow-shot into the fields in the direction of Charringworth. Perry's courage seems to have failed again, for he again returned to his master's gate, and, after leaving Pearce, went into an outhouse, and remained there for an hour, but did not sleep. On hearing the clock strike twelve he got up and went towards Charringworth, "till a great mist arising, he lost his way, and lay the rest of the night under a hedge." At daybreak on Friday morning he went on to Charringworth, and ascertained from Edward Plaisterer that his master had been at Charringworth on the previous evening, and had received of him 23*l*. He made further inquiries at the house of William Curtis, where he found his master had called the night before. Perry then returned towards Campden, and on the way met his master's son, as has been already related.

Reed, Pearce, Plaisterer, and Curtis, were all called, and confirmed the prisoner's story.

Being questioned how it was, that having been afraid at nine o'clock, he found courage to go and look for his master at twelve, the prisoner answered that at twelve it was no longer dark, for the moon had risen. In answer to another question he stated that when he started at twelve he was quite sure his master had not returned, because there was a light still burning in his chamber window, which was never alight so late when he was at home.

This story of Perry was not considered satisfactory, and he was detained in custody, where he remained some days. During that time he made several contradictory statements, and at last, on Friday the 24th of August, he was, at his own request, taken before the

justices, when he made a confession to the following effect:—

His mother and brother had "lain at him" ever since he went into his present service, to induce him to tell them the time when his master went to collect the rents, that they might waylay and rob him. And on the Thursday that his master went into Charringworth he had gone on an errand into Campden, and had there met his brother. He had told his brother where his master was gone, and had also suggested that if he waylaid him he might have his money. In the evening, when sent out to look for his master, he met his brother in the street before the gate of his master's house. He joined his brother, and they went together along the road leading to Charringworth, till they came to a gate into Lady Campden's grounds, about a bowshot from Campden Church. Through this gate there was a short cut from the main-road to Mr. Harrison's house. When near the gate they saw some one pass through it into Lady Campden's grounds, but it was so dark that they could not recognise who it was. John Perry, however, thought that it was his master, and told his brother so, adding that if he followed him he might get his money, and that he himself would walk a turn in the fields. His brother then left him, and followed Mr. Harrison. Perry waited a short time, and then followed his brother through the gate. He had not gone far when he found his master lying on the ground, his brother upon him, and his mother standing by. He heard his master cry, "Ah! rogues, will you kill me!" upon which he spoke to his brother, and told him he hoped he would not kill the old man. But his brother answered, "Peace, peace, you are a fool," and strangled him. When the old man was dead his brother rifled his pockets, and finding in one of them a bag of money, threw it into his mother's lap; and he and his brother then carried the body into an adjoining garden, where they consulted what to do with it. They at length agreed to throw it into the great sink by Wallington's mill, behind the garden; and his mother and brother carried the body away, while he went to listen if any one were stirring at the house. He did not know what had become of the body, except that his mother and brother said they should throw it into the sink, for after going up to the house he did not return to them, but went into Campden, and at his master's gate met Pearce, as he had before stated. After leaving Pearce he went into the hen-roost, and stayed there till twelve o'clock. He then remembered that he had with him his master's hat-band and comb, and

wishing to get rid of them, went out, and after cutting them with his knife, placed them in the highway, where they were found. He then went on to Charringworth, and made the inquiries about his master, of which Plaisterer and Curtis had given evidence.

On this confession Joan and Richard Perry, the mother and brother of the prisoner, were arrested. They both protested that they knew nothing of the matter. Richard indeed admitted that he had met John that Thursday morning, but denied that anything had passed between them about Mr. Harrison. Search meantime had been made in the sink which John Perry had mentioned, but the body was not there. All the ponds in the neighbourhood were dragged, and every likely place was searched, but to no purpose. The body was never found.

After the three prisoners had been examined before the justices and were being taken back to Campden, Richard, who was behind the other prisoners, "pulling a clout out of his pocket, dropped a ball of ink (tape)." One of the guard picked it up, upon which Richard asked him for it, saying it was his wife's hair-lace. The officer, however, undid the tape, and finding there was a slip-knot at one end of it, went and showed it to John, who was some distance in front, and knew nothing of the tape having been dropped and picked up. But on being shown it, and asked whether he knew it, John shook his head, and said, "Yea, to his sorrow, for that was the string his brother strangled his master with." This circumstance the officer swore in evidence at the trial.

John now made a further statement that he had assisted his mother and brother in the commission of a burglary which had been effected a year previously in his master's house, the perpetrators of which had never been discovered. They were all three committed for trial on both charges, and indicted at the next assizes. They pleaded guilty to the burglary, and, as it was the year of the Restoration, they begged the benefit of his Majesty's gracious pardon and act of oblivion, which was granted them. The judge refused to try them for the murder, as the body had not been found. John at this time still persisted in his story, and said he was afraid to eat in prison, for his mother and brother had attempted to poison him.

At the following assizes, though the body had not been found, the prisoners were arraigned on the charge of murder, and pleaded not guilty. When John's confession was put in evidence, he said that at the time he made it he was mad, and did not know what he

was saying. They were all three found guilty, and condemned to death. As Joan Perry was supposed to be a witch, and to have cast a spell over her sons, she was executed first, that they, relieved of the spell by her death, might make a full confession of their guilt. The plan, however, did not succeed, for Richard maintained to the last that he was innocent, and urged his brother to confess the truth. But John in a "dogged and surly manner" declared he knew nothing of his master's death, nor what was become of him, "but they might hereafter possibly hear."

More than two years had passed since the execution of Joan Perry and her two sons, when Mr. Harrison reappeared in London, and gave the following account of his adventures.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 16th of August, he went to Charringworth to collect some rents due to Lady Campden. It was harvest time, and the tenants were in the fields, and as it was late before they returned, he was detained there till the close of the evening. He had expected to collect a considerable sum of money, but only received 23*l*. On his way home, in a narrow part of the road by Ebrington Furzes, he was met by a horseman, who said, "Art thou there?" Fearful of being ridden over, he struck the horse over the nose with his cane, on which the horseman drew his sword and wounded him. Two more men then came up and seized him. They did not take his money, but put him on horseback behind one of the men, with his arms drawn round the man's middle, and his wrists fastened with something which had a spring-lock. They rode off, and after going some distance stopped by a hay-rick, and took his money. After resting for a few hours they put him again on horseback, and, placing a quantity of money in his pockets, started again. They rode all the next day, and at sunset they came to a low house on a heath. The woman of the house, observing Mr. Harrison's condition, asked if it was a dead man they had with them. The men told her it was a friend whom they were taking to a surgeon; on which the woman said they had better make haste, or their friend would die. They started the next morning, and after riding all Saturday, and the greater part of the next day, at three or four on Sunday evening they came to a "place by the sea-side called Deal." Here they laid Mr. Harrison on the ground, and while one stayed and watched him the others went aside and talked to a man, whose name he afterwards ascertained was Wrenshaw. He heard them bargaining, and he heard the sum of 7*l*. mentioned, at which Wrenshaw said he was afraid that he (pointing to Mr. Harrison) would die

before he could be got on board. Soon afterwards he was put into a boat, and taken on board a ship, where his wounds were dressed. He had been about six weeks on board, and was "indifferently recovered of his wounds and weakness," having been kept below all the time, when the master one day came and told him and the others who were with him, that three Turkish ships were in sight. They all offered to fight the Turks, but the captain declined their offer and left them. Soon afterwards they were called on deck, and found two Turkish ships lying alongside. On board one of these ships they were taken, and kept there in a dark hole for some time, but for how long Mr. Harrison could not tell. At length they were put on shore, and taken two days' journey into the country, and there placed in a great house or prison, where they remained four days and a half. At the end of that time eight men came to view them, who seemed to be officers, and examined them as to what trades or callings they were of. On being examined Mr. Harrison said that he had some knowledge of physic, upon which he was chosen by a grave physician, eighty-seven years of age, who lived near Smyrna, "who had formerly been in England, and knew Crowland in Lincolnshire, which he preferred before all other places in England." His master employed him to keep the still-house, and gave him a silver bowl double gilt. When Mr. Harrison had been in his service nearly two years, his master fell sick, and being near death, sent for him, and told him that he must shift for himself. Not many days afterwards his master died, and he, anxious to regain his liberty, set off for a seaport, the road to which he knew, having been sent there by his master several times to gather cotton-wool. On his arrival he inquired if there were an English ship in the harbour. Hearing there was none he applied to one of the sailors of a Hamburg ship for a passage; but the man refused, saying he should risk his life if it were discovered by the searchers that he had concealed anyone on board. Afterwards meeting with another of the crew, he tempted him by a promise of his silver bowl to run the risk. The man got him on board, and concealed him, laying him by the keel, and stowing boards over him. He was not discovered by the searchers, and remained in his place of concealment, the sailor supplying him with food, till the ship made Lisbon. As soon as the master had left the ship he was put on shore. He walked up the town, and leaned against a wall in despair, for he was penniless, and knew not what to do. His forlorn appearance excited the compassion of one of the passers-

by, who, finding that he was an Englishman, provided him with the means of reaching his own country.

So ends this extraordinary history. Some doubt seems to have been expressed as to the truth of Mr. Harrison's story, and some persons confidently asserted that he had absconded of his own free will, and had never been out of England. But no reason for such a course was ever, as far as we know, even suggested. All the money he had with him when he disappeared was the 23*l.* which he had received from Plaisterer, and he left in his own house a considerable amount of money belonging to Lady Campden. He was over seventy years of age, and was in an honourable and lucrative position. On the other hand, if his story is true, the motives of his captors are even more inexplicable. Had they wanted his money they could have got it without kidnapping him. And the seven pounds for which they sold him to Wrenshaw could hardly have recompensed them for the trouble of taking him a three days' journey to the coast. Some suspicion seems to have fallen on Edward Harrison, as the only person who benefitted by his father's disappearance; he succeeded to the stewardship, and his subsequent misconduct in that office created a prejudice against him. But he was very forward in prosecuting the supposed murderers, whom, on this supposition, he must have known were innocent. And, not content with that, he had the place of execution transferred twenty miles, to the Broadway Hills, Campden, within sight of his own windows. The only fact which is clear, is, that no murder was committed. Whether Perry was mad, or what motive he had in sacrificing two innocent lives besides his own, must remain a mystery, on which it is useless to speculate, and which we cannot now hope that time will solve. X.

A SUMMER DAY AT CUMNOR.

Who that has read *Kenilworth* can fail to remember Cumnor Hall, and Tony Forster, and the sad fate of Amy Robsart? And who that has read Percy's *Reliques* can call to mind without a tear the ballad of Mickle, which begins—

The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

And how many Oxford men have never forgotten the walk to Cumnor along the "Seven-Bridge Road," and the good-humoured face and nut-brown ale of the modern representative of old "Giles Gosling," whilom "mine

host" of the village inn of Cumnor, the Bear and Ragged Staff? Among others, I remember the walk thither, and the church, and the inn, and the nut-brown ale too, as well as if I had gone on my pilgrimage there yesterday; so, with my reader's leave, I will act as his *cicerone*, in case he should like to pay Cumnor a visit whilst staying with his old friends the Dons of St. Austen's College, on the banks of the Isis.

One fine morning in June, 18—, just before commemoration, my friend Grey of

— College and I set out for Cumnor. Turning our back on "the High," and leaving the old castle on our left, we passed what now is the site of two railway stations—there was no rail to Oxford in my day, nor would the "dons" hear of the "via ferrea" coming nearer than Stevenston—and pursued the aforesaid "Seven-Bridge Road," till we reached the rising ground where the roads diverge, the right fork leading to Wytham and Ensham, while a sign-post on the left says, "to Cumnor." We left the long waste of meadows,



The Bear and Ragged Staff, Cumnor.

on which we had so often skated in the winter, or skiffed about in flood times, and found ourselves on the chalk of an ascending country. Our path was a quiet tranquil road, and wherever the path was more than ordinarily level, we read to each other, as we journeyed on, whole passages from *Kenilworth*, about the home of old Robsart, Tresilian at the cave, his heart's dear lady, the pageant at the castle, and the tragical fate of poor Amy.

At the end of a walk of little more than three miles we entered the pretty village of

Cumnor, and hailed it as classic ground, as having been visited and carefully reconnoitred from end to end by Sir Walter before he wrote his *Kenilworth*. As Alfred Crowquill writes :—

Here prattled in the plenitude of their conceit *Giles Gosling* and swaggering *Mike Lambourn* to the Varneys and Tresilians, who, in company with right merry master *Goldthread* of Abingdon, quaffed pottles of sack and malmsey and cinnamon ales, and flung down freely their clinking angels, to the support of the grim-looking "bear" clinging sulkily to his ragged club upon the sign-tree at the threshold. Here the invalided monks of Abingdon spent their holidays, to

the gratification of the community, who profited by their purse and store; and here (when the monks were gone) came sad things! for which many tears have fallen. There stood *Tony Forster* in his good fame, bending basely to the vile counsel of his lord of Leicester, and standing mute in cold expectation, whilst miscreants, more savage than vultures or remorseless brutes, laid cruel clutches upon the *Gentle Maid of Cumnor Hall*.

But to pass from poetry to plain prose. The village of Cumnor, or Cummar, as it was formerly written, stands on the fertile brow of a hill which overlooks a large part of the west of Oxfordshire and the eastern parts of Gloucestershire. The local topographers say that it contains about a hundred houses in the main village and its outlying hamlets, and that it has a mineral spring which was formerly much resorted to for its "cooling and laxative virtues." A fine eminence within the parish, on the Oxford side, not far from a conspicuous clump of fir trees, was chosen by the Government in 1799 for their trigonometrical survey: and this station was used, with another on Shotover, for determining the place of the Observatory at Oxford.

The early history of the parish is much mixed up with that of the neighbouring Abbey of Abingdon, one of the earliest and richest of the old ecclesiastical foundations of our Saxon forefathers; and the abbots of that place made Cumnor their country residence probably as far back as a thousand years ago.* Even after the Conquest, when the glories of this abbey had been eclipsed by those of Reading and other more recent foundations, the abbot of Abingdon was immensely wealthy, for he held broad lands in Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, and Berkshire, and at the suppression of the monasteries his rents were about £2,000 a-year. The last abbot



Cumnor Church.

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was Thomas Rowland, *abbot* Pentecost; he probably received the latter name on account of the date of his birth, just as in Roman Catholic families it is customary to call children born about Easter by the name of Paschal. We find that in the twenty-ninth year of Henry's reign, this Thomas Rowland and his monks resigned the Abbey of Abingdon to the King's Commissioners, and that the former received the "*rationabilis annuallis pensio*" of £200 a-year for life, with "the whole capital mansion of Cumnor, its dwellings and stables, granaries, dove-cotes, and other buildings adjacent and appertaining thereto, and a close of ground also, called Cumnor Park." Thus Mr. Rowland resided at Cumnor—drawing his pension regularly, of course, like a good and contented ex-abbot—until his death, in the

reign of Edward VI.* The grounds which belonged to the great House or Hall at Cumnor are still green with turf and stately trees, and show that they once belonged to a fine country mansion. Some persons have imagined that the house was not what would now be called a mansion, but merely a monastic cell and place of retreat, in case the plague

or the sweating sickness broke out at Abingdon; but although it may have served such a purpose as well, it is clear that old Cumnor House was built on too large a scale for any such religious purpose as that of a devotional cell. An admiral off his quarter-deck is generally agreeable and jolly enough; and the abbots and monks of Abingdon, we may be sure, did not come to Cumnor for devotion, but to make themselves jolly too. They had a natural predilection for a healthy place to which they could repair for change of air, and if that place was a park, and that park happened to be stocked with deer, and it happened to be the right time of year for venison, we may be quite sure that a savoury

* The Abbey of Abingdon (Abbatia Oppidani) was founded about A.D. 675, by Heame, nephew to Ussa, the Viceroy of the Western Saxons. The monks forsook it in the time of Alfred, for fear of the Danes; but in A.D. 955 it was restored by King Edred and King Edgar, and under the care of Ethelwold, the abbot. The King of the Western Saxons, Cadwalla, gave twenty hides of land to the Abbey, and of these a portion lay in Cumnor, or Comenore.

* His will was proved April 21, 1540, in which he prayed that his bones might rest in the chancel of Cumnor Church. His arms, impaling those of his monastery, occur in the Harleian MS. No. 1130, art. 6th. They are included in the Abbey seal, which is engraved in *Ingulf's Monasticon*.

meat dinner was constantly served up to the abbot, at all events as often as he visited Cumnor.

In 1546, the King, by letters patent, granted the lordship, manor, and tithes of Cumnor to George Owen and John Bridges, with all their rights and appurtenances, including the capital messuage called Cumnor Place, and the close adjoining called Cumnor Park. In succession of time, the property passed by various grants and purchases into the hands of the family of Bertie, now represented by the Earl of Abingdon, to whom, I believe, nearly all the parish belongs.

About the year 1811, the old hall became tottering and untenable, and, being found to be hopelessly unsafe, it was pulled down by the orders of the late Earl. There is a sketch of the venerable structure as it was just previous to its demolition, in Lyson's "Berkshire." The principal entrance was on the north side, facing the southern wall of the parish church. A long gallery occupied the middle story of that front of the building. The painted glass from the ancient windows, and the old entrance gateway, are still preserved by the Earl of Abingdon at Wytham.

The "Bear and Ragged Staff," which we have already mentioned, no doubt occupies the site of what was an inn or hostelry as early as the reign of Elizabeth. It is a low thatched cottage, snug and neat, but quite a village inn, and nothing more; and when we visited it in 184—, was kept, not by a "Gosling," but by a certain old Mr. Capel, a perfect incarnation of good-nature and a good specimen of Berkshire health and strength. The walls of the little inn were not built yesterday, as you can see by looking down to the grating of the cellarage, under a deep and rudely arched window of pre-reformation date. The road in front of the "Bear" is hollowed out in the chalk, and the inn consequently stands on an eminence. Opposite, upon the south side of the road, you see from Giles Gosling's doorstep the ascending ground of the picturesque churchyard, and the venerable pile of the parish church, an edifice dating from the fourteenth or fifteenth century, but not earlier. Behind the church are the long lines and ridges of green turf, which meet the once pleasant terraces and garden embankments of the ancient hall, along which Amy Robsart used doubtless to pace on summer evenings in her loneliness.

"The clustering hovels and cottages and small farms of the village are upon the diverging road. The residences in the centre of the place are mostly clean-thatched buildings, of considerable age, and they have plots

of flower-garden before them, adorned with clematis and huge hollyhock and with slender sweet willows and sweet-williams, the very pride of all. There is a graceful diversity; some patronise a *lignum vite*, some a fruitful juniper: and jasmins and passion-flowers alternate with less presumptive verdure, in the rear of gorgeous rose trees and the proud sceptres of blushing dahlias. The burial-ground is open to the north and east, where it is partially skirted by a few light whispering trees. The style of the ancient cross remains amongst the mossy tombstones. There are many pleasing epitaphs carved upon the grave-stones, and upon the flat wooden rails which are stretched across the soft green turf. There is a remembrance of 'John East—a very skilful shepherd, who lived in the service of one family upwards of sixty years.'" Honour to his fidelity!

The church, when you approach it nearer, strikes you as handsome and imposing, in spite of its architectural diversities. Taking into our reckoning the northern porch, which occupies a more central position than usual, it is cruciform. The porch leads into the north aisle, at the east end of which is what was once a small chapel. Between the porch and the tower, the north wall is pierced with a window, on the quatrefoil tracery of which you see a portion of painted glass, representing a lady at her devotions in the costume of the 16th century, with an inscription scarcely legible. The aisle is separated from the nave by massive round pillars supporting three solid and bold arches of masonry. Near the west end of the north aisle is a curious old Bible, bound in wood—boards, indeed, and no mistake—and iron; it is fastened to the desk board of a pew by a strong iron chain, and it has some names, which we did not transcribe, upon its sombre covers. It was printed early in the reign of James I., and contains by way of preface, a history of the preceding translations of Scripture. It is a fine specimen of the Bibles which were ordered by the Reformers to be placed in all our parish churches at the time of our renunciation of Popery. The western gallery is as ugly and unsightly as—such structures usually are, and the font is heavy and uninteresting. The chancel is lighted by some narrow side windows, and by an eastern lanced window of three lights, surmounted by an equal number of quatrefoils. On the floor of the chancel there are several monuments, and within the communion rails we see brasses to Edyth and Katherine Staverton, relations—it is said—of Anthony Forster's wife. His own tomb is on the north side of the chancel—a monument of grey marble, surmounted

by a canopy of the same, and flanked by two pillars.

On this back of the tomb and under the embattled canopy upon brass are engraved a man in armour and his wife, in the habit of the times, both kneeling before a saldstool, with figures of three children kneeling behind their mother. The inscription under the armed figure runs thus :—

Antonius Forster generis generosa propago,
Cummerae dominus. Barcheniensis erat;
Armiger, armigero prognatus patre Ricardo,
Qui quondam Ephlethæ Salopicensis erat.
Quatuor ex isto fluerunt stemmate nati,
Ex isto Antonius stemmate quartus erat:
Mente sagax, animo præcellens, corpore
promptus,
Eloquio dulcis, ore disertus erat.
In factis p. obitus fuit, in sermone venustas,
In bulla gravitas, religione fides,
In patriam pietas, in egenos grata voluntas
Accedunt reliquis annumeranda virtus.
Sic quod cuncta rapuit, rapuit non omnia
lethum,
Sed quæ mors rapuit, bibida fama dedit.

Underneath the figure of his lady are these lines in old character :—

Anna Rainoldo Williams fuit orta parente,
Ebasit meritis armiger ille suis.
Sed minor huic frater præstanti laude Baronis
Thamensis biguit gloria magna soli.
Armiger ergo pater Dominus sed abunculus
Annæ:
Clara erat heis meritis clarior Anna suis,
Casta viro, studiosa Dei, dilecta propinquis,
Stirpe beata satis, prole beata satis.
Mater Joannis, mediæque ætate, Roberti,
Et demum Henrici nobilit illa parens,
Cynthia, Penelope tumulo clauduntur in isto.
Anna sed hoc tumulo sola sepulta jacet.

The first of these epitaphs describes the pedigree, the intellect, eloquence, piety, activity, patriotism, and benevolence of Master Anthony. The second in off-hand style lauds the gentility, chastity, devotion, and kindness of his dame. The six following lines are written beneath the foregoing in praise of Forster himself :—

Arguæ resonas citharæ prætereunde chordas
Pobit et Ania concrepuisse lyra,
Gaudebat terræ teneras defigere plantas,
Et mira pulchras construere arte domos,
Composita varias lingua formare loquelas
Doctus, et edocta scribere multa manu.

Thus Englished in Ashmole :—

Skill'd in the softest notes the muses sing,
Or on the harp to touch the sounding string !
Pleas'd with the florist's tender-nursing care,
Or architect, stupendous piles to rear.
Read in the tongues the ancient sages taught,
And learned works confess how well he wrote.

How such falsehood came to be engraved upon his tomb, we must leave to antiquaries to discover, contented to ask whether the possession of such rare qualities, if true, counter-

balance the sin of murder at the bar of Divine justice.

The carvings on the tall heads of the seats in the church are very curious, and varied in their grotesque designs, including angels, and toads, and human heads ; while two remarkable faces of a broad oaken escutcheon, rising laterally from the seats, display the instruments of the passion of our Lord, including the seamless robes, the reed and sponge, the lance, the dice, the scourge, the pillar, the lantern of Judas, the cock which crew in rebuke of Peter, &c.

The chancel contains a Piscina of no very marked design, and the nave has several mural tablets in commemoration of sundry village worthies, including "Norris Hodson, Shipwright and Mariner, and one of Anson's crew in the squadron of 1741." The rest of the church does not call for any particular remark.

We loitered around the scanty ruins which still mark the site of old Cunnor Place, and from the western wall of the peaceful cemetery where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

we looked down on the dykes and terraces which are still visible in the forlorn garden grounds, and the trees which remain as representatives of the once goodly park and pleasure. The titled miscreant, garbed in court attire, seemed ready to start from every sheltering nook of the classic ground on which we trod—Anthony Forster, not the villain of Sir Walter, but the accomplished gentleman on whom the marble waxed so eloquent, lying like a vulgar tombstone, as indeed it was. We seemed to see again Tresilian loitering about in masquerading dress, and to hear the hoarse bluster and angry repartees of Mike Lambourne, blended with the sage rebukes of courteous Giles Gosling of the "Bear." But our daydreams were soon broken ; our eye rested on peaceful and pretty cottages, unmistakably of the nineteenth century, and belonging to the day-labourers on the earl's estate, with their comfortable, cosy, thatched roofs and honey-suckle porches, with rosy-faced children playing in the garden before them. So bidding our adieu to the sexton who had shown us over the church, and to mine host of the "Bear and Ragged Staff," we bent our steps home to St. Austen's in time to see the beams of the setting sun light up the dome of the Radcliffe, the spire of St. Mary's, and the many towers and turrets of Oxford which stand out so clear and sharp against the evening sky across the green and grassy meadows that lie before us and around us. As we journeyed homewards, we

talked over the sad tale of Amy Robsart, which my friend Grey repeated to me at length, having thievishly borrowed the greater part of his story, as I afterwards discovered, from Messrs. Palmer and A. Crowquill's "Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil." The story ran as follows:—

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was one of the gallants and favourites of the "Virgin" Queen Elizabeth. Of him it has been said, with truth, that he was "too mean to be noble, too vain to be truly great." But he was worse than this; he had a bad heart, and boundless were the aims of his ambition. His poisonings and his treacheries were the common talk of the age. He had all the minor vices blended together in equal proportions, and none of the higher failings of man's nature—so to speak. In addition to all, he was an accomplished hypocrite, and in voice and outward manner and demeanour played the Puritan to perfection, and was deemed by the fools and knaves of that way of thinking, a perfect master of sanctity. This man had proposed to Mary Queen of Scots, possibly less out of love for herself than in order to test his devotion to her harsh and cruel relative, for had not Elizabeth herself listened to his protestations of affection, and loved him—so far as she was capable of love, until she found out that he was a greater hypocrite than herself?

On the 4th of June, 1560, in the reign of Edward VI., there was great feasting at court, for Sir Robert Dudley (the Earl of Leicester) was then espoused to Amy, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir John Robsart, at the mansion of Sheen in Surrey, where the young king himself graced the nuptials with his presence. The bride herself, though untitled, was of good family and a considerable heiress, being descended from a noble Norfolk house: of her ancestors by the father's side, one had been a peer of the realm under Henry V., and two of them wore the blue ribbon of the garter in the reign of that king and his son.

Ten years roll on, and England has two young queens, both fair and fond of gaiety, and husbandless—the one a maid, the other a widow scarcely out of her teens. As he thought upon their royal attractions, the fair and good young wife whom the church had given to him became a more and more inconvenient millstone round his neck, and proportionately loathsome to his fastidious taste; and as he looked less and less upon her pure face, and more upon his bold scheme of place and power, the more he desired to be well rid of her. The rest of the tale is soon told, and we will tell it in the words of "Alfred Crowquill":—

One Sir Richard Varney, a lacquey, of base origin, was near to him,—a creature in his daily retinue, and counselled to his own fancy by this varlet, he meditated Amie's destruction, imagining that a speedy participation in the regal dignity would prove a sufficient placebo for the intermitting spasms of an uneasy conscience. Anthony Forster, a gentleman of repute whom he had served in his need with sundry plump offices, resided then at Cumnor Place. With bland persuasions, and his adopted Puritanical face, he first persuaded his poor tender lady wife, who grew deadly faint with increasing negligences, to take up her residence for a while at that healthful mansion. She went, in obedience to him, and the net was around her, nearer and more dangerously day after day. There are some letters extant, which have been wickedly rehearsed, as indicating her homely mind, and her distance in mental qualifications from her courtly husband; and, forsooth, they refer to her notes transmitted to Leicester, concerning "her fleeces," her "farming items," and other such matronly simplicities. Who is so far removed from skill of human hearts, as not to perceive that the despised sweetheart of other days was striving to recall her truant lord to domestic scenes, and to display her anxiety for his interest, manifested even in the small things of his estate and revenue? But be as it will, her doom was near. First, these forward agents of patronised villany tried to poison her; but Doctor Bayly of Oxford, who was called in to give aid to the exertion, refused to co-operate, and he was dismissed with contumely and much opprobrium. Her melancholy increased, every face was turned from her, and disease was engendered in her wearied frame.

Like the sad woman in Tennyson's poem of "Mariana,"

"Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were drier;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'"

"Alfred Crowquill" continues:—

On the 8th day of September, 1560, they persuaded the timid Lady Leicester to change her sleeping apartment, for one of better convenience on their own account, the canopy of her bed lying near to a postern door opening from the wall. The servants were all commanded off upon various embassies to Abingdon, a town some few miles distant. Indeed, it was market-day at Abingdon, and the day was as fair as if none but angels lived in the sunshine, and all good and unfortunate people were protected by the smile of a wondrous Providence. At the evening hour it was her custom, oppressed by languor and mental pain, to retire for rest to her chamber; and on this occasion, also, she lay down once for all to her portion of slumber. Sir Richard Varney and a brutal serving man, (and Master Anthony Forster, it is narrated) entered upon tiptoe by the secret way, and like hideous devils, as they were, they grasped her slender ivory throat, and strangled her!

It appears that Lady Dudley's Chamber, as it was ever afterwards called, stood above the

room which lay beyond "the great hall," at the top of a flight of stone steps, at the end of the northern gallery, which led down into the quadrangle, and to the same hall which was at right angles to the large gallery. At the foot of these steps they threw down Amy's hapless body, pretending that she had been accidentally killed by a fall from above. It is said that though her body was mangled, and her neck livid, there was no blood or wound visible on her head; and that her domestics, on returning from Abingdon, strongly suspected foul play. Amy's father, too, persuaded of the worst, procured the disinterment of his daughter's body, and the appointment of an inquest before the coroner. But where earls and court favourites are playing for a high stake, gold is too often able to suppress truth; and, an open verdict having been returned, her body was reinterred in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, with such decent pomp as Leicester thought it desirable to bestow on her, in order to prove to the world the depth of his affection for her. But justice, or rather vengeance, followed the miscreants by whose hands the black deed was done.

The base wretch who strangled her was soon after imprisoned for a felony upon the borders of Wales, and desiring to unburden his conscience of the murder, he was made away with privately in his dungeon. Varney, according to authentic information, died soon afterwards in London, blaspheming God upon his death-bed, and declaring that he was ripped into fragments by devils from hell! and when Bald Butler's wife, who was related by marriage to the Earl of Leicester, approached her dying hour, she made a confession of the entire villany.

The death of the luckless Amy Robsart happened about two years after the accession of Elizabeth to the throne. Leicester then lost no time in marrying privately, not either of the royal fair ones, but the youthful widow of Lord Sheffield, formerly the Lady Douglas Howard, daughter of William Lord Howard, the Queen's uncle. This second lady he tried hard to get rid of by poison, but the potions or drugs that he administered were successful only so far as to make her an invalid for many months, and to rob her, it is said, of her luxuriant tresses and of the nails of her hands and feet. Leicester afterwards espoused, as a third wife, the Lady Essex, a marriage which was grievously offensive to his royal mistress. The story goes—and one cannot help hoping that it may be true—that at length he was himself poisoned by a draught administered under a mistake by his wife at Cornbury Lodge, on the borders of Woodstock

Forest, or, according to another account, at Kenilworth, in 1588.

Previous to the publication of *Kenilworth*, Sir Walter Scott, happening to be at Oxford, paid a visit to Cumnor—where he was well remembered at the time when we last lunched at the "Bear and Ragged Stall,"—and, with his accustomed sagacity, obtained from the monuments in the church and churchyard the names of Tony Forster and Mike Lambourne.

"The fiction of the novel," says the author we have already quoted, "is most evident in the character of Forster, which is a pure invention, to say the best of it; and Amie, having deceased so early in the reign of Elizabeth, must be necessarily released from participation in those chapters of the book which refer to Kenilworth. It was Lady Sheffield he attempted to poison upon the Queen's visit to the Castle, because, as Miss Strickland observes, in a note to her 'Lives of the Queens of England,'—'he had then fallen in love with Lettice Knollys, the cousin of the Queen, and then wife to Walter Devereux, the Earl of Essex, and mother of that Earl afterwards a minion of the Queen's.' The two women were called his 'old and new testaments,' perhaps because he had sworn to both of them. This second wife was afterwards married to Sir Edward Stafford. Forster, who had been a cheerful, hospitable, open-hearted gentleman, before he participated in this deadly crime, grew sickly, reserved, and melancholy, and very soon afterwards he drooped into the grave. About this time, and even until the destruction of the tenement, ghosts were frequent at Cumnor Place; and often, they say, the spectre of poor Amie Leicester, attired in courtly apparel, pearls and brocade, was seen to linger in faint beautiful coloured light upon the great stairs at nightfall. The place was abhorred, even until it was forsaken."

It would make the stoutest-hearted of visitors sad, even at this distance of time, if we could hear all the grievous things that were whispered around, and from mouth to mouth, when the death-knell was tolled for "Master Tony," in the gray church tower, and his body was borne with plumes and staves, and men in sable array, from that small narrow arch which still is to be seen in the ivy-clad wall, and was consigned to its grave, deeply scooped in the chancel floor. Surely, we thought, however, as we wandered slowly down the village, his spirit will not wander here, either by the summer twilight or by the pale cold moon of December, for purity and vice are kept at further distance beyond the grave than here; and therefore, as

Amy Robsart is seen from time to time to haunt the grassy slopes which adjoin what once was her home, the peasants of Cumnor need have no fear or dread of nocturnal visits from either the principal, though lordly, villain, or his scarcely less villainous agent, Mr. Anthony Forster.

RALPH DE PEVEREIL.

WHY I NEVER MARRIED.

A BACHELOR! An old bachelor! Yes, that's what I am, and what I intend to remain! With a pitying eye I regard those of my sex who have been ensnared into matrimony; there's no help for a man after he has once put the ring on the finger of the creature who has beguiled him into bestowing upon her his name and worldly goods—the last item of great consequence in her estimation, doubtless. There's no escape for him then; the only thing he can do is to make the best of his bargain, and try to hide from every one the mistake he has made.

Talk of domestic happiness—mutual love and confidence—one heart, one mind, one will—Bah! 'Tis all gammon and moonshine! I don't believe in anything of the kind now—I did once—more fool I—I took everything for granted, *once*—I'd no idea there was such a thing as deceit in the world. I thought folks said what they meant, and that they were what they seemed to be. Regular case of "A young man from the country," you see. Didn't know that appearances were deceitful. Thought all that glittered was gold—never imagined there could be such a thing as spurious coin. Fancied all women angels, and models of artlessness, beauty, innocence, simplicity, and truthfulness; and, in consequence of this miserable delusion, I was on the brink of being taken in and done for, as completely as if I'd walked into the sea. A narrow escape I had. A cold shudder goes through me when I think about it, and if the mere thought of what nearly happened is so dreadful, what would the reality itself have been? Ugh! What, indeed? Imagination fails me here.

* * * * *

Well, perhaps you'd like to hear all about that narrow escape of mine; therefore, although it is not particularly pleasant to be laughed at, I'll make a martyr of myself for the benefit of mankind in general, and give you a page or two from the book of my past life, as the novelists say.

Old-fashioned folks my parents were; but honourable, open-hearted, and sincere—rare qualities now-a-days—more's the pity. I was

an only child; indulged and petted, and idolised to the uttermost, as an only child generally is. I never went to school, but was brought up at home—first by governesses, then by tutors.

The family homestead was in the north of D—shire, situation beautiful, but lonely—our nearest neighbours lived two miles away; society in the north of D—shire was very limited, like some of the library companies.

My progenitors rolled in riches, as the saying is. Of course, under those circumstances, there was no occasion for me to earn my living. I was averse to study; and, as my will was law, my education was not of the most brilliant kind, in spite of my numerous preceptors. I preferred rambling about out of doors to strict attention to my studies indoors.

At the age of twenty I was totally ignorant of fashion; its customs and requirements, as well as its arts and deceits, were a sealed book to me; my ideas were extremely vague on all subjects, except those closely connected with home.

People say "Ignorance is bliss," but there is no rule without an exception. The consequences of *my* ignorance would have been anything but bliss if it had not been for—But I must not anticipate.

My twenty-first birthday arrived—I was a man! A very handsome fellow, my friends said. I'll describe my personal appearance, and then you can judge for yourself, reader, whether they spoke the truth or not.

Six feet one I stood in my stockings; well-made figure, curly brown hair, ditto whiskers, brown eyes, white forehead, white teeth. Sweet smile (so my mother said), musical voice (so my aunt said), uncommon good abilities, but rather idle (so said my tutors and governesses). Add to these characteristics, a well-filled purse, a brand new portmanteau, a large trunk in a lady-like wrapper, a new suit of clothes, a shining beaver-hat, an umbrella of large dimensions, and you will have formed a tolerably correct idea of your humble servant, as, for the first time in his life, he left his home alone, in order to pay a visit to his aunt and uncle, who resided at the fashionable watering-place, Gayton by name.

* * * * *

"Adolphus, my boy, are you suddenly turned into stone? I have been watching you for some time, and you haven't moved an inch! Who is it that you are staring at so intently?"

Thus said my cousin Richard (generally called Dick), and his speech was accompanied by a hearty slap on the back—indicative of

good-will, doubtless—but unpleasant, nevertheless.

I had been at Gayton about a week, had been present at several dinner parties; on which occasion I had felt (and I dare say, *looked*) uncommonly foolish; for, as before stated, I was not accustomed to society.

However, I enjoyed myself extremely on the whole, in spite of numerous mistakes, arising partly from ignorance and partly from nervousness; every one was so attentive to me, particularly the ladies, of whom I stood in the greatest awe—at first, blushing continually when addressed by them, and returning the choicest possible answers to their questions and remarks.

But, nothing daunted, the lovely creatures were most persevering in their endeavours to make themselves agreeable to me; till at length (although by no means conceited), I could not help feeling rather elated, and began to think that the flattering opinion my mother and aunt had formed of me long ago, must be a correct one.

How could I tell, poor unsophisticated, innocent mortal as I was, that it was not owing to my personal attractions that I was so flattered and caressed?

How could I tell that it was in consequence of the fact being known that I was the only son of wealthy, indulgent parents, that I found so many sweet smiles, languishing looks, and gentle, honeyed words?

Call me foolish if you like. I don't deny it. I was foolish in those days, most decidedly foolish. I know better now. I haven't lived fifty years in the world without finding out some of its manœuvres and deceits. Not

The old bachelor is not to be hoodwinked, though the young one was easily deceived. Experience teaches us all, sooner or later; the sooner the better. I had a pretty good lesson, I had. Well, well, enough of that. Now for the ball, where, according to my cousin's plans, I looked as if I were suddenly turned into stone. What was I staring at? he asked.

Oh, what, indeed? Opposite me was a lovely girl, who had probably numbered about twenty summers; her waving hair was of a rich golden hue, two long curls floated over her alabaster shoulders, her complexion was a most charming mixture of roses and lilies, her teeth were dazzlingly white, her waist was of wasp-like dimensions, her large blue eyes sparkled like diamonds under her well-arched eye-brows, jewels were glittering in her ears, clouds of floating white lace enveloped her fairy figure.

I gazed at her like one in a trance; never before had I beheld such beauty; I was awed, bewitched, fascinated, enchanted; and oh!

wonder of all wonders, happiness beyond expression, this charming creature, from time to time, returned my ardent gaze with shy, yet not displeased looks!

The first glance of those beaming eyes caused an indescribable thrill to pass through my frame; the second caused my heart to flee away and seek for refuge in her bosom!

Dick's rough salutation roused me. I started violently, and stared vacantly at his round, good-tempered face.

"What's the matter?" he said, laughing; "you're not ill, are you?"

"Ill? No—no, I don't think so. I feel rather queer, but I'm not ill. Tell me, there's a good fellow, who is she? Do you know her?"

"Her! what 'her' do you mean?" asked Dick, in total defiance of Lindley Murray; "what an oddity you are, Adolphus; who has charmed your senses away? Which is the young woman, eh?"

Young woman! The term grated upon my nerves. That beautiful houri to be called a *young woman* in that careless tone! It was almost more than I could bear.

"Young woman!" I repeated indignantly; "she's a perfect angel!"

"I don't doubt it," replied Dick, laughing more heartily, or *heartlessly* than before; "women are always angels, are they not? Oh, yes! Bless them! Be obliging enough to point out the particular angel who has captivated your fancy. I'll introduce you, if I know her; where is she?"

"There," I whispered; "she is now walking down the room; she has the most beautiful hair I ever saw, and such a complexion! Do you know her, Richard? Oh, Richard, do you know her?"

He glanced in the direction indicated; an extraordinary expression came over his face; half sneer, half laugh.

"Know her? Rather, just a *little*; yes, I know her," was the reply, and, to my intense annoyance, he laughed again.

What was he laughing at?

Hitherto I had considered my cousin an agreeable, sensible individual, but now I thought I had made a mistake; it was most unkind of him to laugh when he must see I was in earnest; it was too bad, a great deal too bad!

I frowned angrily, and exclaimed,

"I don't see anything to laugh at; if you don't mean to introduce me, why don't you say so at once?"

"My dear fellow, don't be cross; I'll introduce you with all the pleasure in the world," said Dick, briskly, "come with me;

her name is Seraphina Stubbles ; euphonious that, isn't it ?”

So saying, my cousin seized me by the arm, and hurried me across the room, and without giving me time to collect my agitated nerves, he strode towards the object of my admiration, who was now standing by the side of an elderly lady.

“Mrs. Stubbles, will you allow me to introduce my cousin to your daughter ?” said Richard, bowing low.

The elderly lady smiled blandly, and replied graciously,

“My darling child will be delighted to make the acquaintance of your cousin. Phina, love, do you feel equal to dancing any more ? She is so delicate ; she is very fond of balls, but she is not able to dance many times, poor little thing.”

This last remark was made in an audible whisper, and was accompanied by a heavy sigh, and a glance full of tenderness at the lovely Seraphina, who now stood smiling bashfully by my side. My introduction to her took place ; she thought she could dance once more, she said, as her mother anxiously cautioned her not to tire herself. Oh ! how my heart beat as she placed her little hand on my arm ! Oh ! happiness beyond expression when it fell to my lot to pass my arm round her tiny waist, and to support her graceful form in the dance !

For some time I could not speak. I was so intoxicated with joy, and likewise slightly out of breath ; and the unusual exercise caused the floor of the room to feel as if it were giving way beneath me. Ere long, I led my partner to a seat, and entered into conversation with her.

My infatuation rapidly increased ; she appeared to grow more bewitching every moment. Oh, what a sweet smile she had ! What a lovely complexion ! So pink and white, and so transparent that I could trace the delicate blue veins beneath !

She was not displeased by the admiration which my words and looks expressed ; on the contrary, her coy yet encouraging glances made me half wild with joy. I scarcely quitted her side that evening. I led her down to supper ; mine was the privileged hand which threw a warm shawl over her shoulders, and which assisted her into the carriage.

“Permit me to call on you to-morrow, Miss Stubbles,” I entreated, as I pressed the fingers which rested so confidently in mine ; “what time may I see you ?”

One moment of dreadful suspense, and my agitated heart was re-assured by the words, “I shall be at home at half-past three.”

* * * * *

A small, but luxuriously-furnished drawing-room with rose-coloured chairs and couches ; rose-coloured blinds, half-drawn, causing a charmingly subdued light ; mirrors on all sides ; elegant vases filled with rare exotics which perfumed the atmosphere ; glittering chandeliers : soft Turkey carpet : such was the fairy-like apartment into which I was ushered by a page the next afternoon.

Reclining on a velvet couch in a corner of the room where the light was the most subdued, was my enchantress, Seraphina Stubbles, attired in a blue muslin dress with rich trimmings of lace. A tiny pink slipper peeped from beneath the multifarious folds of her dress ; her hair appeared to be more golden, more wavy, more abundant than on the previous evening ; and yet more transcendently beautiful was the mixture of roses and lilies which bloomed on her face.

She welcomed me with a smile, and extended her white hand, adorned with glittering jewels.

“So glad to see you,” she murmured ; “I scarcely hoped you would come,” and then she cast down her eyes in maidenly confusion at having expressed her feelings so freely.

“Mamma will not be able to see you, I fear,” she continued, once more raising her eyes timidly to my face ; “she is so fatigued after last night’s exertions ; and I do not feel quite myself to day ; I am not strong,” and she heaved a gentle sigh.

How fragile, how delicate she looked, as she leaned back on her cushions, and played nervously with her watch-chain. A sudden pang shot through my heart ; I had heard that very pure complexions were a sign of weakness ; could it be possible that beauty, such as I now beheld, was doomed to fade away in an early grave ?

The thought was madness. I shuddered involuntarily.

“Are you cold ?” inquired the lovely Seraphina, with a look of interest which thrilled through my frame : “*you* have not a delicate constitution, I trust ?”

“No. Oh, no. I am very strong. I am not cold ; but, but you see, I was afraid——” and here I came to a full stop ; my feelings quite overpowered me, and prevented further utterance.

“Ah ! I understand,” sighed the gentle creature ; “you are very kind, I’m sure ; very kind, indeed,” and again the blue eyes drooped beneath my expressive gaze.

I will not dwell longer on that interview ; it is sufficient to say it was the fore-runner of many others ; a week passed away, and my infatuation increased, if possible, tenfold.

Each day I resolved to come to the point, and to entreat Miss Stubbles to be my wife, but something held me back.

I could not help being rather surprised that my charmer invariably appointed the same hour for me to visit her; that she invariably received me in that rose-coloured apartment, with the rose coloured blinds half drawn down; that she invariably occupied a couch in that corner of the room where the light was most subdued, and that Mrs. Stubbles so seldom made her appearance; but these thoughts did not trouble me much, although at times they obtruded themselves upon me, and I was as happy as it was possible for a man in love to be, whose passion is undeclared to her who has inspired it.

My cousin Richard seemed to take the greatest interest in the affair; he no longer laughed when I mentioned Seraphina's name; he listened patiently to my raptures, only advising me not to be in too great a hurry to "pop the question," as he termed the disclosure of my affection. But at length I was determined to bring matters to a crisis. Richard and I were invited to a pic-nic. Miss Stubbles was invited likewise. As I retired to rest the previous night, I resolved that the next day should decide my fate; which it did, but in a very different manner to what I had anticipated.

I shall never forget that pic-nic! Never!

It took place at some picturesque ruins about eight miles from Gayton. 'Twas a lovely day; sun shining, birds singing, company select, dinner just what it ought to be; no unpleasant mixtures of sugar and salt, vinegar and cream, no breakings of plates and dishes, no spilling of wine and beer, or any other misfortunes generally attendant on pic-nics.

Nothing could have been better arranged; every one was pleased; myself in particular, for never had Seraphina appeared more charming, never had she lavished upon me such tender looks, such gentle words of encouragement, as on the present occasion.

A ramble over the ruins was proposed after dinner; for some little time the party kept together, but at length, to my delight, I found myself alone with my enchantress in one of the most secluded parts of the ruined castle. The situation was a most romantic one. Behind us were the ancient ruins, partly covered with ivy; at our feet was a steep, grassy bank; a picturesque-looking well was at a little distance, with its bucket filled with pure, clear water in which the rays of the sun were brightly reflected.

Seated on a camp-stool, at the edge of the

bank, was the object of my affections, most becomingly attired in a light summer dress; a fashionable hat with a long blue feather rested on her golden hair, a white spotted veil fell over her lovely features, shading, but not concealing the transparency of her complexion.

The opportunity I had so long desired, had arrived. I must speak, and quickly too, for fear of interruption.

With a great effort I summoned up my courage. I drew nearer my companion, who appeared to be in a state of tremulous excitement.

"Miss Stubbles. Ah! may I call you Seraphina?"

"You may," she faintly murmured, trembling yet more visibly.

I ventured to take her hand, and to press it fondly.

"Seraphina, you must have seen—you must be aware that I love you; who could do otherwise? The only wonder to me is that you have not already been made a bride."

She shook her head, and raised her eyes to mine with a tender look.

"Adolphus," she whispered in a voice of inexpressible sweetness (and never had my Christian name sounded so delightfully in my ears), "Adolphus, I may have been loved before—I do not deny it; but, oh! how can I say it? I—I—have never returned it till now; forgive me if I have said too much," and she again lowered her head in graceful confusion.

In a moment I was on my knees beside her, and my arm was round her waist.

"Forgive you, my Seraphina? How can I thank you sufficiently for those blessed words? How can I ever repay you? Oh, Seraphina! Charming Seraphina! from henceforth I will devote my life to securing your happiness! With this arm I will ever protect you; I will ever shield you from every danger that may——"

I could say no more; an exclamation of astonishment and alarm issued from the lips of her whom I adored, a sudden start; a scream, and the next moment my Seraphina and I were rolling down the grassy bank! As I quickly regained my feet, I fancied I heard a smothered laugh, and I perceived my cousin Richard hastily descending the steep bank.

As for my Seraphina, my beloved one, she lay motionless on the turf, her eyes closed, her lips apart. Alas! alas! she had fainted! With a cry of despair, I raised her in my arms, and gazed eagerly at her; strange to say, although she was insensible, the rosy colour had not faded from her cheeks, and, what was stranger still, as I hurriedly re-

moved the hat with its blue feather and white veil from Miss Stubbles' head, the long golden curls I had so much admired fell to the ground !

Horror, not unmingled with alarm, filled my breast. With dilated eyes, I gazed at the shining tresses which lay on the grass by my feet. A loud laugh caused me to look up,—Richard stood beside me, his face convulsed with merriment ; in his hand he bore the bucket of water which had so lately reflected the sun's rays.

"Look ! look !" I gasped, as I pointed to the glossy curls which were connected by a narrow band. "Oh, Richard ! what does it mean ?"

"What does it mean ?" he repeated, still laughing heartily ; "oh, Adolphus ! how precious green you are ! Lay her down on the grass ; I'll show you what it means !"

I laid the still insensible Seraphina down, as desired ; in an instant Richard had unceremoniously splashed half the contents of the bucket on her face ; and, after rapidly passing his handkerchief once or twice over her features, he rose up and moved away from the side of the lady, who now gave signs of recovery.

"You'll be rather surprised, old boy," said my cousin. "This will be a lesson to you to be more wide-awake for the future."

Surprised ! Language cannot express my feelings at that dreadful moment !

Where were the roses and lilies which, a minute ago, had bloomed on the cheeks of Seraphina Stubbles ? Where were the well-arched eye-brows ? Where the delicate blue veins on the transparent forehead ? Where the luxuriant, golden tresses ? Gone, gone, all gone !

And in the place of the apparently beautiful girl who had so captivated my fancy, there now rose from the grass a middle-aged woman, with a sallow face, dripping, sandy hair, and a wrinkled forehead utterly devoid of eye-brows ! The only traces that were left of the recent charms of Seraphina Stubbles were the long golden curls lying at my feet !

Was I dreaming ? Had I suddenly lost my senses ? Or was the scene on which I gazed a dreadful reality ?

For some minutes I was incapable of speech or action ; there I stood, motionless as a statue, looking upon the creature who had so basely deceived me. At length I could no longer control my feelings, but with hasty steps I rushed away from the scene so repulsive and so painful to me !

* * * * *

I was never taken in again in that way, reader. I never made love again. No more

blooming damsels for me ! I had no faith in pure complexions and luxuriant hair after that pic-nic. "Once bitten twice shy." When I reached Gayton that evening I made a vow to remain in single blessedness all the days of my life ; which vow I have kept hitherto, and intend to keep.

What my fate would have been if my cousin had not so opportunely come to my rescue, I know not ; but I feel that I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for opening my eyes to the true state of affairs.

I never saw Miss Stubbles again ; perhaps it is not necessary to state that I had not the slightest desire to do so.

"I did not wish you to be regularly sold," said Richard to me ; "so when you told me, on the morning of that pic-nic, what your intentions were, I resolved to watch you pretty closely. I was hidden behind the ruins when you made love so fiercely to that deceitful woman, and it was my sudden appearance which startled her to such an extent that she upset her camp-stool, and tumbled down the bank. It was too bad of me, perhaps, to take advantage of her helpless state, and to besprinkle her so freely with water that all her charms disappeared ; but, for the life of me, I could not resist such a glorious opportunity of showing her to you in her true colours, or rather without any colours at all. Bless you, she's been well-known here these ten years ; she always tries to beguile strangers, but they find her out sooner or later. She's often called 'The Painted Lady,' but I don't think she greatly resembles the beautiful butterfly which bears that name."

* * * * *

Just a word or two by way of warning, to my fashionable young lady readers, ere I bring this paper to a conclusion.

When duly armed for conquest, when your hair glistens with the daily advertised "Auricomus Fluid," when long curls (for which you have paid five shillings each) stream over your shoulders, when your skin is "enamelled" and when false roses and lilies bloom on your cheeks, take care, I say, take care. Beware of camp-stools, steep banks, and buckets full of water, or the consequences may be as disagreeable to you as they were to Miss Seraphina Stubbles !

A. C. W.

FOUNDLINGS AND INFANTICIDE.

WHEN Captain Coram, as the legend runs, lived at Rotherhithe in 1720, he was obliged to go early into the city and return late. On his daily journeyings to and fro he frequently saw infants exposed and deserted in the public

streets. This piteous sight moved his benevolent heart, and he resolved to establish a Foundling Hospital. There were, however, difficulties in the way, and it was not till nineteen years afterwards that he was enabled to carry his humane purpose into partial execution, and provide a suitable home for the poor little orphans of his day. By his unwearied exertions, and aided by several philanthropic friends, Hogarth and Handel amongst the number, a spacious building was erected out in the country in a field north of Gray's Inn, and three quarters of a mile or so from Holborn. The scheme, however, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of private individuals, would have fallen through but for the intervention of Government, which came to the rescue, and in 1756 the Foundling Hospital was in full operation, its rules and regulations having been framed and sanctioned by Parliament. It was, indeed, a Foundling Hospital, pure and simple—the poor outcasts being admitted indiscriminately, on the principle of the *Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés* of Paris. In the first year the number received was 3,296; in the second year, 4,085; in the third year, 4,229; and, during less than ten months of the fourth year—at this point the system of indiscriminate reception was abolished—3,324. Thus, in less than four years, 4,934 infants were cast upon the compassionate protection of the public, at an expense to the nation of 500,000*l*.

As these overwhelming numbers poured in, it was an anxious question with the Governors how this vast army of “disowned” should be preserved. A course of treatment consonant with nature and common sense was adopted, and would have succeeded on a small scale; but, unfortunately, the numbers requiring unremitting attention swelled so largely and rapidly, that the object proposed failed from its very magnitude. Instead of preserving the infants, the mortality amongst them was so great that “the institution became as it were a charnel-house of the dead.” Mr. Brownlow, the excellent and kindly secretary of the Foundling Hospital, tells us in his history of the establishment, that many of the infants received at the rate did not live to be carried into the wards of the building, and also, that from the impossibility of procuring a sufficient number of proper nurses, the emaciated and diseased state in which many of the children were brought to the Hospital, and the misconduct of some of those to whose care they were committed, of the 14,934 received, only 4,400 could be apprenticed out. This state of things could not continue, and at length Par-

liament annulled its own work by declaring, “that the indiscriminate admission of all under a certain age into the Hospital had been attended with many evil consequences, and that it be discontinued.”

The picture of mortality given above is frightful indeed; what, however, shall be said of the following statistics respecting the Dublin Foundling Hospital thirty years later? “Of 12,641 children,” we are told, “received in six years ending the 24th of June, 1796, so many as 9,804 had died, 2,692 were unaccounted for, and only 145 were to be traced. In the Infirmary the mortality had been still more shocking, of 5,216 children sent into the infirmary in those six years, three individuals alone came out alive.” It is necessary to bear this huge mortality in mind when treating of the subject of Foundling Hospitals, for which there is at the present moment a great outcry, in connection with the terrible question of Infanticide. Lest any should think we are partial in our statistics, we give the following table, furnished by Dr. Routh in his admirable work on “Infants and Infant Feeding”:—

Mortality in Foundling Hospitals in different parts of the World:—

Dublin	91 per cent.	} Close of the last century.
Marseilles	90 „	
St. Petersburg	40 „	
Florence	40 „	
Barcelona	60 „	
Paris	80 „	
All France	75 „	1818.
„	60 „	1820.
Dublin	48·7 „	1750-60.
Paris	50 „	1838.
Mean	63·4	

In the “Life of Elizabeth Fry” it is related, “We next visited”—she was then in Spain—“La Cuna or the Foundling Hospital, containing 500 unfortunate children. On entering the Patio we heard a distant sound as of innumerable litters of puppies whining: on nearer approach it turned into a deafening and piteous wail of helpless infants. They all seemed to want to be nursed at the same time—and it is very possible they did so—seeing that only one wet nurse is allowed for three or four infants. It was piteous to hear the continued wail. We raised up the muslin curtains of several of the cribs: the pinched-up features of the sleeping, and restless tossing of the crying were most painful to see and hear. These infants were from three to ten days old.”

To show what inherent difficulties beset the management of these institutions, we extract from a very interesting account, written in 1848, by the Physician of the Portuguese

Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés, at Oporto. He says :—

“The progressive increase of children exposed in the Oporto wheel is frightful, and leads to the opinion, almost universally entertained at the present day, that the increase in the number of foundlings exposed arises from the establishments brought into existence on their behalf, as a natural result in the weakness of human institutions, as evil always keeps pace with good. But immorality has long broken down all barriers of decency and shame. In the most barefaced manner, at all hours of the day, the little creatures are now deposited here ; beyond even this, many are of well-known parents, deposited by individuals who make a mercenary profession of the same, turning the establishment into the theatre of an unworthy traffic, replete with most disgraceful abuses. In spite of all the hygienic improvements, as well as with the medical staff, *the degree of mortality is most frightful in this hospital.*”

Of the institution founded by St. Vincent de Paul, the humane originator of these refuges of the infant outcasts of civilised society, a visitor writes :—“It is an affecting sight, from the miserable state of the wretched infants, and the fearful mortality that prevails amongst them.”

From these remarks, we find that, according to the old proverb, “It is not all gold that glitters.” Nothing appears at first sight better calculated to save infant life,—the object of the benevolent individuals who take a deep interest in this forlorn and helpless class of outraged humanity,—than these hospitals, open at all hours, day and night, doing business, and “no questions asked.” But the result is death—death on a gigantic scale—a scale that makes one shudder, and almost denounce it as “infanticide.”

Let us now turn from foundling hospitals abroad to our own Foundling Hospital in Guildford Street, Brunswick Square. The buildings and grounds are so well-known, that I need not attempt to describe them,—rather I will endeavour to give an idea of the system adopted within its precincts. It may not be impossible to derive from the survey instruction at the present critical moment, when the subject of infanticide and its prevention are uppermost in the minds of our philanthropists and political economists. That the institution is a valuable one is certain ; that it has been made as useful as it might be is questionable ; that it would serve exactly as a model for general purposes, few would admit ; nevertheless, it has done and is doing good, and should therefore be carefully examined.

The Committee of Governors meets every

Saturday morning at ten o'clock, to receive and deliberate on petitions, praying for the admission of children, who, it must be observed, can only be received into the Hospital upon *personal* application of the mothers—this *personal* application being the broad line of demarcation between foreign institutions of a similar character and our own. The petitions must set forth the *true* state of the mother's case, and no application is received previous to birth, nor after the child is twelve months old. No child is admitted—and this is a peculiar and very remarkable rule of the Hospital—unless the committee is satisfied, after due inquiry of the previous good character, and present necessity of the mother, and that the father of the child has deserted it and the mother ; *also, that the reception of the child will, in all probability, be the means of replacing the mother in the course of virtue, and the way of an honest livelihood.* This clause necessarily, and perhaps wisely, considering the limited extent of its means of doing good, restricts the action of the institution ; but it gives it a double character—that of protecting the infant and of reforming the young mother, so as to restore her to society and her friends. The number of children provided for is about 500, including the infants at nurse in the country, and those resident in the building in Guildford Street. The mortality during the year 1864, was as follows :—In the country, out of 145 infants, 4 died in the 1st year of their age, 5 in the 2nd, 1 in the 6th year, and 1 in her 14th year, deaf and dumb. Amongst the 300 and upwards stationed in London there were no deaths. It should be borne in mind that the responsibilities as well as the objects of the Foundling Hospital differ from almost every other charity in London. Other institutions receive their children for limited periods, only requiring guarantees for their removal. Here they are received by adoption, and become more or less chargeable upon the governors until they are of age, and in some cases even during the whole period of their lives, should infirmity of mind or body prevent their being placed out in the world. Other institutions have vacations, when the children return to the homes of their relations or friends. Here there is no acknowledged relationship whatever, and consequently no vacations ; the expenses therefore are continuous. At other institutions the reception of children is determined finally by their mental or physical developments ; but here they are received at so early an age as to prevent the possibility of their state in either case being ascertained ; consequently the Hospital is burthened with

objects out of sight, which would under other circumstances become the fitting inmates of institutions appropriated to special cases; thus, for instance, there were maintained in 1864 out of the walls 23 adults, including 7 idiots, 7 deformed, and 1 blind. The whole of these adults are for the most part incapable of labour on account of their various infirmities. Finally, I may add, for the sake of the curious in financial matters, that, taking them one with another, the numbers on the establishment in 1864 cost per head 20*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*—a goodly sum, but which is creditably accounted for. The girls are for the most part brought up for domestic service, whilst the boys are educated to occupy subordinate positions in mercantile houses, or are apprenticed out to trades. Occasionally, now and then, but not very often, the mother claims back her offspring, and then the responsibility of the Hospital over it ceases altogether.

Having thus described the practical working of Foundling Hospitals at home and abroad, let us see if we can fathom the causes that lead to their necessity, and suggest any remedy for the frightful evil of bastardy and infanticide, which is the national stigma of our age. We may look for the origin of the affliction in a thousand social causes, but let us pursue one, let us travel back to the year 1834, the year of the passing of the New Poor Law. Parliament proclaimed its wisdom, foresight, justice, and morality, by adopting the following recommendation of its Commissioners:—"As a further step toward the *natural* state of things, we recommend that the mother of an illegitimate child, born after the passing of the Act, be required to support it, and that any relief occasioned by the wants of the child be considered relief afforded to the parent." By this clause the putative father was relieved of all responsibility of caring or providing for his child, and the result was as follows:—The year before the passing of the New Poor Law, the applications to the Foundling Hospital amounted to 60; last year to 281. The real object of the clause was to "put down" women having illegitimate offspring, as the late Sir Peter Laurie would have put down suicide. It was intended to make the penalty so burthensome to the woman, that she would shrink from the bare idea of incurring it. But Folly, like Wisdom, is justified of her children;

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret,

as is exhibited by the following table taken from the Quinquennial Report of the Registrar-General of Births:—

The number of illegitimate children registered in certain years up to 1863:—

	England and Wales.	Metropolis.
1847	36,125 . . .	2,762 . . .
1852	42,491 . . .	3,354 . . .
1857	43,662 . . .	3,743 . . .
1862	45,222 . . .	4,329 . . .

Nor is this the sum total. It is only when these children are born in workhouses or lying-in hospitals that the record can be relied on. Many women with illegitimate children pass themselves off as married women, and their children as legitimate; many, on the other hand, do not register at all. Taking these facts into account we may assume that at least 60,000 illegitimate children are born every year. The question then naturally arises, what becomes of them? Dr. Bachoffner has revealed some of the secrets of his own parish of Marylebone. He says that, of 1,109 illegitimate children in the rectory district, 820 were born in the workhouse, of whom 516 died—that is, 46 per cent; that in another district there had been 145 births and 87 deaths—or 53 per cent; in another 223 births and 209 deaths—or 93 per cent.; in another 140 births and 129 deaths—or 87 per cent.; in another, which he terms a *moral* district, out of 40 births there were 36 deaths—or 96 per cent. So it is fair to compute that of every hundred illegitimate children born in the workhouse more than half die in infancy. This is one way of disposing of these "wild flowers." There is yet another. By a return of inquests held in 1862, it appears that of 3,239 children not more than a year old 859 were illegitimate. "Surely," writes a gentleman whose experience and position enable him to judge largely and dispassionately of this state of things, "we shall have no occasion to go to the days of Herod for a picture of the 'Murder of the Innocents;' and yet we are told that all this is as it should be; that these are the *checks* which Providence has imposed on licentiousness. On whose licentiousness? Not the child's, certainly; not the father's, for he is all but free from the consequences. On the licentiousness of the mother! Amidst this maddening reflection she has one consolation left; namely, that the Saviour of the world was not a political economist."

Who are the *mothers* of these little ones? Let us see. According to the last census there were in England and Wales about *one million female servants*, and nearly *three hundred thousand dress-makers*; and though we would rather not tell the truth, yet duty compels us to confess that it is in this large class that the seducer finds his most ready prey. Most

women desire to get married ; it is their natural, as it is a most honourable, estate ; and here we have 1,300,000 girls of a marriageable age exposed to the snares of the human, or rather inhuman, fowler. The wonder is, not that they are here and there seduced, but that the chastity of the class is so generally preserved. But let one of the frail ones yield to the allurements of the tempter ; let her listen to the voice of the false charmer ; let her become a mother, and what is her condition ? Helpless is not the word, nor hopeless either ; she finds herself cruelly stabbed and wounded in her tenderest feelings. Her honour has been outraged ; her dearest affections blasted. She has become the victim of treachery and voluptuousness where she fondly hoped to be the object of pure and individual love. She is abandoned to be pointed at by the finger of scorn, to be cast out from every avenue of honest industry ; and in the frenzy of her anguish is it astounding that she curses the offspring that thus rouses society against her, and in a moment of madness becomes an infanticide ? Society proclaims war against her, and, overweighted with a burthen too heavy to bear, she has to fight the battle,—and that battle, too, alone. It is scarcely marvellous, then, that her agony should triumph over her natural instincts, and that she should make away with the burthen and the stain together.

Society is, indeed, to blame ; it is cruel, it is murderous in its prudery, and until it has learnt to judge the mother less severely, and to make the father participate in the support of his child, this Juggernaut practice must go on. One of the objects—we say one, for we do not look upon this as the sole remedy for the prevalence of infanticide—should be to get at the seducer. If the facts were thoroughly investigated, it would be found that cases of infanticide, as a rule, originate with young mothers bearing children *for the first time*. Afford these every facility for affiliating their children, and you will make their cases less hopeless, and administer the best medicine to their miserable minds. The law as it originally stood when passed in 1834, threw the whole burthen of support on the mother. The iniquity of this bargain was soon evidenced in the flagrant evils produced by it ; and in 1844 an attempt was made to rectify the wicked clause by making the father contribute towards the support of his child ; but the allowance authorised is a simple mockery, whilst the difficulties thrown in the way of a woman's proving her case are almost insuperable by reason of the legal barriers erected to screen the man. It has been suggested that as there is a Divorce Court for the rich, so

there should be an Affiliation Court for the poor ; and why should there not be, if equal justice is to be meted out to the woman and to the man ? The magistrate's tribunal is a farce ; besides, what modest girl would consent to carry her shame into a court notoriously thronged by the lowest and most profligate idlers of the metropolis ?

Nor should we shut our face against the Foundling Hospital system ; only, it should be modified. We ought not to encourage the indiscriminate practice of foreign institutions, and the rules of our own are too stringent. A world of good might be effected by a simple alteration of our Poor Law regulations. At present, no child can be received into the Union unless the mother follows it there, and thereby gives up her best prospects of a future livelihood, for few would be willing to receive a servant after the contamination she is subject to in the wards of our workhouses. If there were suitable provision for her child whilst she went to work or service, most girls would gladly pay for its maintenance, and in this way our Unions might be made to serve veritably the purposes of a Foundling Hospital, as they do at present in the case of deserted children. If the Legislature would act with an enlightened spirit in this matter, all difficulties might easily be overcome, and the crime of infanticide be largely mitigated. Wards for children whose mothers are ready to pay so much per week for their maintenance, and, in justice to the woman, increased facilities for the affiliation of children, would quickly lessen the ghastly labours of the coroner, and save society from many a painful shock.

HAROLD KING.

KEPT SACRED.

I.

I CANNOT find the place again,
The olden mark is gone :
I cannot read where we left off,—
We two alone ;
And so I lay the book aside,
For ever done.

II.

All done the story is for me,
So tired grown, and sad ;
Begun but only yesterday,—
Then I was glad.
For two were reading side by side,—
Chief charm it had.

III.

And for the sake of that chief charm,
Within a secret drawer
I keep it out of sight, nor read
One stanza more ;
Yet guard it sacred for the rest
That went before.

L.

A STORY OF WATERLEIGH MILL.

(IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.)



CHAPTER IV.

"MORNING at last," said Talbot, who, over-excited by the events of the day, and perplexed with doubts for the future, had passed a restless night. He dressed himself and went to the room where Cradock slept; the ostler was lying outside the door upon a pile of sacks and horsecloths.

"The prisoner is safe, sir," he said; "he has been as quiet as a lamb all along."

"Keep your watch till I return," Talbot replied; "I am going into the village; I shall be back shortly."

He descended the stairs, and made his way to the front door through a drift of broken crockery, bricks, mortar,—whatever the flood had not washed away.

It was a calm grey morning after the storm. The river had subsided as rapidly as it had risen, and the cottagers were all astir busily repairing the mischief caused by the desolating

waters. As Talbot walked up the village street, he paused to look around him at a place once well known, but now somewhat forgotten.

The church previously under repair had been further dismantled by the storm, and the churchyard, usually so green and well kept, was covered with rubbish. Slates, rafters, planks, heaps of bricks and mortar, encumbered the graves, though here and there a tombstone taller than its fellows cropped up from the strata of *débris* with its cherubic heads and half-obliterated inscription; storm-torn branches from the neighbouring elms and sycamores, with yellow leaves, were strewn around. The old broken-down church in the midst of this desolation seemed about to add her own dust to that of her sleeping children.

Talbot looked into the interior. The same melancholy confusion reigned within; glimmering pools of water were on the floor, and

through the skeleton ribs of the dripping roof the broken sky gleamed and the wind sighed.

"I suppose this will be made straight again by-and-by," he said, as he turned away; "now, all is confusion, like my own affairs. Yes," he continued, half aloud, "I shall be right glad to see my old master and friend Carlyon; I shall tell him everything that has occurred; no doubt he has his opinions; it is extraordinary that he never wrote to me. Ah, here is the parsonage, looking much as usual, a little knocked about by the gale, though."

The maid-servant who answered his summons for admission stared at the unwonted apparition of a strange gentleman calling so early in the morning, and cautiously closing the door until nothing but her face could be seen, inquired what he wanted.

"Pray, is Mr. Carlyon at home?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "master's at home, but he has just stepped out about the church; he is gone to Justice Challoner, sir."

Talbot tore a leaf from his note book, having first written in pencil,

"Mr. Talbot would be obliged to Mr. Carlyon if he would kindly call on him at the Beetle and Wedge in the course of the morning, if possible."

He gave it to the servant; as he left the door he turned to look up at the windows. His eyes rested on one, where the evergreens clustered thickest, where the curtained casement gleamed whitest in the morning light.

"That is her room for a thousand," said he, "I feel it must be so. Dear child, I long to see her; I have no doubt the little angel is fast asleep nestling in her silken curls."

Talbot did not take into account the race of time; the same face, the same sweet innocence were there, but it was the innocent face of the beautiful woman, and not of the child. As he walked on, his mind reverted to his own special interest of the moment.

"Gone to Challoner, is he? I must not fall in with that man at present if I can help it. By-and-by, I shall have a word to say to him, no doubt. It is vexatious that I missed Carlyon; something must be done at once,—I cannot keep this Cradock locked up all day; yet I ought to have a clue to go upon before I examine him. I will try the schoolmaster,—he appeared intelligent, though conceited; he was on the jury, and is, after all, perhaps the best man for what I want. I will seek him at once."

Talbot returned to the Beetle, and inquired for the schoolmaster. Birchbottom made his appearance. Talbot shook hands with him. "I am sorry to disturb you so early, but I

want counsel, and I come frankly to ask it of you. You were giving us an account last evening of a circumstance that occurred in 1855, when we were suddenly interrupted by the downfall of Stockfish's barricade and the water bursting in upon us."

"Ah," said the schoolmaster, "that was a scrimmage; if I live a thousand years I shall never forget the doctor on the chimney-piece. Ha! ha! ha! it was an extraordinary business altogether; very strange thing that cry for help, eh? on the same day and hour too that we heard it nine years ago—it was very queer."

"Very odd," Talbot replied, "both the hour and the man: for you mentioned, just before we heard the call, that Cradock was probably concerned in the miller's death."

"I did not say concerned exactly," said the other; "something there was about him."

"Well," said Talbot, "be it as it may, I have the old bird at the present moment in the inn, and before I lose sight of him, I dare say you can tell me what are the grounds of suspicion; it appears to have been a mysterious business, to say nothing more."

The schoolmaster regarded Talbot with his sharp eyes.

"Have you not some particular interest in the matter?" he replied. "I thought so last night."

"You are right," said Talbot, "I have: so do tell me without reserve what you know, and what you think."

"I will try to answer your questions, lieutenant, as far as I can, but we must be cautious; it is impossible to say who or what it may involve."

"Ah," said Talbot, "I gather, then, that this man Cradock is not the only person under suspicion, and that more people than one were concerned in the supposed murder."

"Murder," rejoined the other, "murder; it is a serious charge, and you are a comparative stranger to me. I see plainly that the interest you have in this business is great."

"Take it for granted," Talbot replied, "that it is as you say; I am deeply interested. I came here to inquire into the matter, and to sift it to the bottom, publicly, if needful, but I had much rather go through the case quietly with you; you may trust me."

"A quiet private inquiry," said the other. "I see no reason against that, and I shall be happy to assist you in carrying it out. I know something of law practice; before I turned schoolmaster I was a lawyer's clerk, and I learned the ins and outs of the craft, and pretty many they were; indeed, most of the business of the office passed through my hands—but how about your case, lieutenant?"

I see you know more than I supposed : where are the points ? have you any depositions ? I shall be ready to examine Cradock or any one ; a private inquiry,—an excellent idea."

"Thanks," said Talbot. "As a soldier, I fear that I have but poor comprehension of legal practice. The questions I shall ask are few and simple. Do you consider this man Cradock guilty ? and if so, was he alone, or had he accomplices ?"

The schoolmaster nodded significantly.

"I have my own suspicions ; you ask me what I think,"—here he whispered in Talbot's ear. Talbot started.

"No. 2," said he ; "then there was, as I thought, a No. 1. Who was it, who was No. 1 ?"

"Hush," said the other, "we may be overheard," and crossing the room, he opened the door, peeped out, shut it, and then closed the casement. "We cannot be too cautious. I believe that Cradock was implicated, but only as No. 2."

"Yes, yes," said Talbot, hastily ; "who, then, was No. 1 ?"

"Stop a moment—not too fast," Birchbottom replied ; "do you know what the verdict was ? The coroner was old and incapable, the inquiry hastily shuffled through ; I thought at the time that underhand influence was at work somewhere. Though Cradock was under grave suspicion, his examination was not half carried out ; scarcely any other witnesses were called ; the coroner summed up the case pretty nearly in these words,—I remember the thing perfectly, for I made a note of it at the time. The coroner said, 'Gentlemen, guided solely by the evidence before you, you will feel no difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion as to the cause of Mr. Greenshield's death, which no doubt was purely accidental. Gentlemen, are you all agreed ?—Verdict, Accidental death.'

"We were astonished.

"'Mr. Coroner,' I exclaimed, 'as foreman of the jury——'

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' he replied, interrupting me, 'you should have spoken before ; the verdict is now recorded, and the case disposed of.'

"So saying, he marched out of the room. To give you an idea of the general feeling, Captain Salter, who was present, called out rather indecorously as the coroner was leaving,

"'I'll be d—— if it was not foul play, after all.'

"What could we do ? There was no one connected with the drowned man to take up the case again. A young lad, his adopted nephew, but who was not really related to him, was away in the army,—where, no one knew ; and

Robert Challoner, the heir-at-law, who succeeded to Greenshield's estates, was also absent from Waterleigh at the time."

"All this was certainly very unsatisfactory," said Talbot interrupting, "but you have not told me who you did really suspect—who was No. 1 ?"

"I am coming to that by-and-by, lieutenant. I did not go to sleep with the rest : I felt, as a lawyer, that there was more than the drowsy coroner could or would see in the case. You ask me for No. 1 ; I suspected shrewdly, I longed to communicate my suspicions, but I dare not ; I had just returned to the parish at that time after a few years' absence, and I thought my recent appointment to the school might be endangered if I interfered, unless on the clearest grounds. I had no one to whom I could look for support in the event of my stirring the matter up ; Challoner had settled himself in his new station very shortly after the miller's death ; he had become rich, and I had my reasons for not applying in that direction. The captain, a fine old gentleman, would have rushed right into the thick of it if I had suggested my ideas to him, but he had neither weight or judgment for a question of this magnitude. Now many years have passed, and the thing comes upon me unexpectedly. I must be cautious ; pray let all I say be entirely reserved." (Talbot nodded gravely.) "I know that gentlemen in your profession have a high sense of honour, on that I rely. Look here, Lieutenant Talbot ; here are facts,—Property, present and in prospect, generally understood to be left to an adopted nephew of whom the miller was very fond, but if there was no will the whole to pass to the heir-at-law, Robert Challoner, now in possession, a magistrate and a man of weight in the district, but at the time we are talking of, a nonentity, a mere foreman overlooking alternately the Waterleigh and Axton Mills."

"Ah," said Talbot.

"Do not interrupt me," the other replied, continuing his eager recital, "a great temptation—the Devil is very busy—evil thoughts arise ; no evidence though, not a tittle at the inquest to complicate the inquiry. Challoner left Waterleigh just before the 21st of October—had not seen or spoken to Cradock until his return some weeks after ; yet, mark me—early that same morning, before the miller Greenshield's body was discovered, a man was seen with Cradock in the orchard behind the mill, and that man was——"

"Challoner !" exclaimed Talbot.

"Yes, but the verdict was accidental death, remember that. We have no evidence as yet except the meeting in the orchard, and in that

there was so much shuffling by the landlord of the Beetle in answer to my inquiries, that it would have gone for nothing in a court of justice. The inquest was held at the mill the same day Greenshield was found drowned ; no surgical inspection was considered necessary. Two women laid out the body ; they ought to have been examined, but they were not called. After the inquest was over, I walked with an uneasy mind along the bank of the river, some hundred yards below the mill, to see the spot where Greenshield's body had been first discovered, washed by the current of the stream on to a spit of land. I made a careful examination of this place. The footsteps of many persons were visible in the sandy loam, all with one exception the footprints of labouring people, easily distinguishable by their nailed soles, and other similar characteristics. In fact, the body was found by farm labourers on their way to their work. Six or eight yards from this spot I observed one footprint of altogether different appearance ; only one. It was as if a person had stepped forward from off the grass, paused, and stepped back again. I examined that footprint carefully ; it must have been impressed that morning, as the river had covered the place the preceding night. There had been much rain, and the waters were then subsiding. It was the mark of a man's shoe or boot, smaller than the others, and with a flat low heel. I hastened to the village for a measuring rule ; when I returned the footprint had been obliterated. I believe that footstep to have been Challoner's ; it was of the same character and size as his, with the same flat heel."

"I do not think," Talbot remarked, "that we can safely draw conclusions from this circumstance ; other persons passing at the time, or just after the removal of the body, would probably have paused in the same manner. All you have related does certainly leave a very uncomfortable impression, but there is nothing as yet upon which to found a distinct charge."

"Distinct charge, no : but if we take into account all the circumstances, I think you will say that it was a most unsatisfactory case, and that further inquiry should have been made long ago."

"I do say so," Talbot rejoined ; "there has been great, very great remissness,—it was not wilful neglect of duty ; many things on my part unfortunately interfered to prevent that which ought to have been done ; now the inquiry shall be full and ample. There may have been nothing wrong, but if otherwise, the wrong-doer must look to himself. You spoke of two women who were employed about

the body, are they still living and to be got at ?"

"One is dead," said the schoolmaster, "but the other woman lives over the way."

"I must see that woman," said Talbot, "before I examine Cradock ; will you come to her house with me ?"

They crossed the street. A small cottage, neater than its neighbours, with slated roof, and small garden in front, was the abode, as a board over the door informed inquirers, of Mary Stitchbone, midwife, &c.

"Mrs. Stitchbone is a person well to do in the world now," observed the schoolmaster ; "people do say that there is an unknown friend behind the scenes somewhere who helps to make ends meet."

He tapped at the door ; it was opened by Mrs. S. herself.

"Well, and if it ain't Mr. Birchbottom ; and how do you do, sir ? I see you have a gent with you ; I suppose this will be for a lying-in case, eh ?"

"Oh, dear no," said Talbot.

"What !" rejoined the matron, "never a laying-out ?"

"It is neither a lying-in nor a laying-out, mother Stitchbone," said Birchbottom. "Let us come inside, and you shall hear all about it."

Mrs. Stitchbone stood back, and her visitors entered. She shut the door and retired behind the three-legged table that stood in the middle of the paved kitchen, and resting her hands on it as on a counter, put her head on one side, assumed a bland professional face, and fixed her greedy grey eyes upon Talbot, who she at once saw was her customer.

"Though our visit, Mrs. Stitchbone," he said, "is not strictly professional, it is something of the sort, and we shall gladly consider it in that light, and give handsome remuneration."

Mrs. Stitchbone set her head on the other side, but made no answer.

"I must first ask you," Talbot continued, "to be so good, my dear ma'am, as to go back in memory a few years. I believe, Mrs. Stitchbone, that you were engaged in rendering the last services, you know—I mean—in short, ma'am, that you laid out the body of Mr. Greenshield, the miller, who was found drowned in October, 1855."

Mrs. Stitchbone's countenance shut itself up, it changed from bland to obdurate.

"Well," she said, "and so I did, and what then ?"

"Why, I daresay, ma'am," said Birchbottom, placing his hands under his coat tails, and rising on his toes in barrister style, "I

daresay, ma'am, that a person of your sharp observation and intelligence, Mrs. Stitchbone, would notice any little circumstances of a peculiar character in the body of the deceased Greenshield that may have presented the... selves at that time: will you therefore be good enough now to describe them to the jury—I mean, to my friend Mr. Talbot?"

"Yes," Mrs. Stitchbone replied, "I do remember something peculiar."

"Ha!" said Birchbottom, "what was that, ma'am?"

"Mrs. Crump was with me, gents, and 'Polly Stitchbone,' says she, 'I have always heard say drowned folks are dreadful stiff to straighten, and see what a pleasant corpse is this, and lays out so very limp. Polly,' says she, 'mind my words, there'll be another corpse very soon, or I don't know my trade;' and so it was, for I remember she was sent for just after to your excellent mother, sir, Mrs. Birchbottom, then in her eleventh labour, more by token, she had the baby christened Onotomany Birchbottom, always considering ten enough. Ah, she was a religious woman, and always called her children at them times about her, saying, 'Come all of you, come and see what your mothers do go through for the love of you.'"

"But, my dear ma'am," interposed Talbot, "about the dead body; you were going to observe——"

"Thank you kindly, sir," says Mrs. Stitchbone. "Oh, yes, I was a going to observe, that just as the baby Onotomany as now is, was born, Mrs. Crump suddenly went off. Some said that it was a fit, some that she took a drop too much of the rum, but I laid her out myself, and I know very well what it was:

'A limp corpse with pleasant face
Brings number two in Death's race.'

"This is intolerable," said Talbot.

"But what about the drowned man?" exclaimed Birchbottom; "did you notice any marks of outward injury—any cuts, scratches, bruises, ma'am?"

"Lauk, gents," said Mrs. Stitchbone, "how can one mind so long ago! It was, as I have said, a pleasant corpse and a limp, and that is all I know about it."

"This is perfect waste of time," said Talbot, "come away; the woman clearly does not choose to tell all she knows, and the neat cottage has probably purchased her silence. I am more convinced than ever of foul play."

Her visitors gone, Mrs. Stitchbone opened a secret recess, and took therefrom a green glass bottle with silver-headed cork; the cork extracted, she raised the bottle to her lips, muttering, "Birchbottom and Co., may they

go to the devil, and a safe and pleasant passage to them!" Having sealed the pious aspiration with a satisfactory clincher, she composed herself in her easy chair for a morning nap.

As Talbot and his companion neared the inn, they heard loud voices issuing from the passage. Hastening to the scene of contention, they found the principal performers were the ostler and the village constable. The former, having slipped his shirt over his head, twisted his braces round his middle, given his breeches a final hitch up, was squaring out in truly scientific style; while the constable, holding his staff in one hand, and a warrant in the other, gesticulated and retreated before his bellicose opponent.

"What is all this about?" said Talbot, "Fall back, ostler."

"I have a warrant to take up Craddock," cried the constable; "he is here in hiding somewhere on the premises."

"Fall back, and be quiet, ostler, or I will make you; and you, constable, give me the warrant," said Talbot. "I see this warrant is signed by a magistrate for the arrest of a man upon a poaching charge,—quite right, no doubt; now go back to the place from whence you came, Mr. Constable, and give my compliments, Mr. Talbot's compliments—to the magistrate,—Mr. Challoner, I think the name is,—and tell him that there are no poachers in this inn."

"And give my compliments also, Bobby," cried the captain, who, attracted by the noise, now made his appearance, "and inform your master that this inn is occupied by officers in Her Majesty's service, and that they are astonished at his impertinent presumption, to send his blackguard thieftakers here indeed; 'gad, it's an insult to the services."

"Oh, humbug," said the constable, taking courage at Talbot's quiet manner, "I am myself a officer, and Squire Challoner says I am to search these premises and to take my man, and I'm darned if I don't."

"My friend," said Talbot, "I shall be sorry if anything unpleasant should occur, but I have already told you that we harbour no poachers here, and I now tell you that if you do not instantly march from this inn, I will send you out double quick."

The constable saw that his opponent was not to be trifled with; he hesitated an instant, but as Talbot drew back his arm for the critical blow, he turned tail and disappeared.

"Landlord," said Talbot, "get the breakfast ready. I will join you presently, gentlemen."

"Very good," the captain replied, "the sooner the better;" and added aside, "A smart

young man, a smart young man, but of the modern school," in qualification of his approval.

As Talbot left the room he whispered to the schoolmaster :

"It is a warrant from Challoner for Cradock's apprehension on a poaching charge. The enemy is awake ; no doubt he has heard of our last night's affair, and that we are keeping Cradock here ; he suspects something, and wishes to secure his man to get him out of the way ; this is more like guilt than anything I have yet heard. I will see Cradock at once ; we shall have another visit from the constable in force shortly ; there is not a moment to be lost."

"May it not be well that I assist you and be present as a witness ?" said the schoolmaster ; "the fellow will require to be scientifically handled to ensure a full confession."

"Thanks, no," rejoined the other ; "I think I shall manage him best alone."

(To be continued.)

PORTER-POKEMEN.

TIMES have greatly changed since the Quay of Newcastle-on-Tyne was thronged by picturesque groups of "keelmen." Steam has done away with "keels," as it has done away with the old stage coaches, and as the glaring red railway hotel has almost driven the cosy hostility of our fathers' days clean out of existence. It is very rarely indeed that a "keelman" is observed at the present day in the streets of the northern capital. We may read the names of keelmen on the grey tombstones of All Saints', or at the unsightly cemetery at the Ballast Hills ; and we may occasionally see them depicted in some of the old etchings, in some odd volumes of Brand and Mackenzie. But it is very seldom now that one has an opportunity of beholding them in the flesh. On a more than ordinarily fine day, an antiquary in search of the marvellous may be fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of a relic, sunning his aged bones, and smoking his customary "cutty" on the hospital steps in the New Road ; but the spectacle is at the best a very melancholy one. Even the hospital, with its grass-plot, on which the grass has long forgotten to grow, and its dial, on which the sun has long refused to shine, seems out of place, and is evidently "tottering towards its fall." The "Quay," once the favourite haunt of the "keelmen," when not upon the river, knows them no more. The sheds, the jetties, and the "chares," are now monopolised by a less picturesque set of men, whose appearance and avocation we are about to describe, and who seem to flourish exceedingly. Steam detracts

not from the value of their labour, or from the fruits of their earnings. The deepening of the bar, the construction of the piers, and the dredging of the river,—enterprises of great moment, about which the Council and the Tyne Commissioners are never tired of talking,—inasmuch as they enable vessels of greater tonnage to reach the wharves, tend only to increase the gains of the porter-pokeman.

Now, we daresay, the reader is at a loss to understand what can be possibly meant by so apparently absurd an expression. The exact occupation of a "porter" is easily determined, and is widely understood ; while the bare mention of a "pokeman" is amply sufficient to make one familiar with the character of his calling. But the conjunction of the two terms, "porter" and "pokeman," serves to compose an industrial puzzle. The porter-pokeman, then, we may say at once, is a very useful, but at the same time a very commonplace and an exceedingly unromantic, sort of individual. He is not so pleasant to look upon as a costermonger, nor is he so amicably disposed as a drayman. There is nothing quaint or archaic about him, as there was about the old keelman of poetic and traditional immortality. In short, the porter-pokeman is, in sooth, a very animal kind of a man. Learning and parts have nothing whatever to do with his business, and he knows it,—about the only thing that he does know thoroughly,—and he treats them both with the most inflexible disdain. All that he requires are breadth of shoulder and strength of arm, and these he unquestionably possesses.

Like the pitman and the keelman, the porter-pokeman affects a peculiarity of apparel ; and so evidently is he enamoured of it, that he sees no reason for diverging from it on Sundays and holidays. He seems to have been guided in his choice of material by the same sound principle that determined worthy Dr. Primrose in his choice of a wife, and worthy Mrs. Primrose in her choice of a wedding-gown, viz., the subordination of a "glossy surface" to "such qualities as would wear well." The porter-pokeman is, we venture to affirm, without any metaphor at all, the veritable "fustian jacket," though we doubt whether the great political reformers would on that account think him specially qualified to vote in the election of a member of parliament. In these days of high living and extravagant tailoring, when comfort is sacrificed to appearance, when it is difficult to tell "Jack" from his master, and when "Jemima" may be pardonably mistaken for her mistress, so long as she keeps her mouth shut,—the porter-pokeman's indifference to the fascinations of

dress amounts almost to a social virtue. He is always what he really appears to be. There is no shamming or deception about the man. When he goes to church, which, we regret to say, is, as a general rule, very seldom, the beadle is never guilty of using any superfluous ceremony with respect to him, but packs him into a free seat in some out-of-the-way place, with a spontaneous decision of character very unusual in beadles; and when he presents himself before the eyes of a booking clerk at a railway station, the hands of the official instinctively wander, before a word has passed between them, to the compartment where the third-class tickets abide. Not only is the porter-pokeman's jacket composed of the most unmistakable and unsavoury fustian, but he appears, when arrayed in full dress costume, to be entirely made up of that article. A small cap, stuck resolutely upon his head, a neckerchief of the brightest scarlet, and with the ends usually loose, and a pair of shoes with substantial soles and upper leathers, are the only things visible about him that cannot be directly charged with a fustian origin.

When a ship reaches Newcastle Quay, it is the interest of the factor to whom the cargo is consigned to get a clearance effected with all possible dispatch. Quay dues are heavy, and the skipper never fails to charge for every day that the cargo is allowed to remain on board. His warehouseman accordingly engages a "meter" at once, and upon him the whole duty and responsibility of discharging the ship devolves. The meter, who derives his name from the fact that he metes or measures the corn, is an exceedingly important personage, though in appearance differing in no essential particulars from the gentleman whom we have already described. He is always "there or thereabouts" when wanted. The person who requires his services may invariably discover him in one of three places: at the pay-house, usually situate in one of the many "dowly," or dark and narrow thoroughfares, locally known as "chares;" in the hold of a newly-arrived corn-laden vessel; or rubbing his precious fustians against the rough surface of a neighbouring dead wall, familiarly known among the tribe as "Neeway." (The name originated in this wise: a P.-I. being asked by a colleague where he was going replied that he was going nowhere, and incontinently placed his back against the wall in question.) Having received his commission, the meter proceeds to hire "a gang" of porter-pokemen, varying in numbers from three to half-a-dozen, according to the exigencies of the moment, with a sprinkling of outsiders to perform the rough or 'prentice work of the job.

We will now suppose a gang of the stalwart fellows to have been engaged for the purpose of discharging the good ship *Seejungfer*, of Königsberg (or thereabouts), of a cargo of Baltic wheat. The first duty of the pokeman under these circumstances is to dispose of his upper clothing, to tuck up the sleeves of his shirt, as if the work he was about to perform was of the dirtiest description, and to substitute a close-fitting skull-cap for his ordinary head-gear. We do not pretend to understand the why and the wherefore of all this extensive preparation, and we dare say the pokeman goes through it all more from the effect of habit than from any rational conviction that it is productive of any appreciable benefit: for carrying sacks of corn to warehouse is far from coming within the category of dirty work, and the linen of the carriers is not generally either of a colour or quality to be speedily injured even if it were. And if we suppose, for the sake of argument, that the P.-P. is actuated by motives of personal comfort, we should be inclined to conclude that the same animal instinct which induces him to roll up his shirt sleeves, would also induce him to forswear the hateful night-cap. Boerhaav lays it down as an axiom that the whole philosophy of health consists in two very simple rules: keeping the head cool and the feet warm. Evidently, therefore, the night-cap is something of an anomaly.

The entire stock-in-trade of a pokeman is not a burdensome matter. His whole equipment would be covered by a couple of shillings. All that he requires to enable him to follow his calling with success and credit are good health, and a sack capable of holding four imperial bushels, neither more nor less. Having tossed the latter over his arm, he is ready to commence operations forthwith.

Considering the agencies at command, the distance that often intervenes between the ship and the warehouse, and the great height which it is sometimes necessary to carry the corn ere it can be deposited in the loft, the expedition with which the work of unloading is accomplished is really surprising. The meter descends into the hold of the ship, provided with a wooden shovel and a piece of chalk. With the first he fills the measure by which the corn is drawn to the surface, and with the last he keeps an account of the number of bushels sent aloft. Simple as this work undoubtedly seems, the rapidity and skill with which it is done can only be acquired, like excellence in any other art, by patience and practice. To such a degree of nicety can some celebrated meters gauge the relative contents of the thing to be filled and the instru-

ment with which it is filled, that when the brim of the measure is streaked before being drawn up, not a grain has been known to fall!

The corn is "whipped," that is, drawn to the surface, by the ship's crew,* whose voices may often be heard as they sing some of their national airs to while away the tedium of their labour. The work of whipping is accomplished by means of a tackle attached to one of the spars, over which a line is passed into the hold. At the other end of the rope three smaller cords are fastened, by means of which three sailors are enabled to whip in concert. A pokeman stands at the top to guide the measure in its ascent, so that none of its contents may be spilt, while another stands with his open-mouthed sack ready to receive the corn as it is drawn up, and convey it on shore upon his shoulders. At the warehouse door the sack is weighed to ascertain whether it contains the requisite eighteen stones nett. Its weight being adjusted, the burden is then turned over to the care of the outsiders, by whom it is conveyed in stages up an almost endless series of stairs to the lofts.

The work of a porter-pokeman is certainly laborious, and somewhat precarious, but it is neither dirty nor dangerous. The only risk he appears to run is that of occasionally tumbling into the river while walking between ship and shore across the plank by which the two are connected, and which at times of ebb-tide assumes a really unpleasant incline. But we have only heard of one case in which a P.-P. was drowned from this cause, and even then it appeared that the poor fellow had fallen while in a fit. The incident, however, made a considerable stir in the town, and produced a plentiful crop of suggestions for the prevention of all such misfortunes in the future. One was that the planks in question should be protected by rails, but the suggestion did not secure the approbation of the men most intimately concerned, one of whom wrote to a local journal to say that the recommendation was wholly impracticable, and for this reason, that in rainy weather the planks require to be turned over to prevent them becoming too slippery to walk upon. Mr. Charles Knight informs us, in his "Passages of a Working Life," that the dry-grinders and needle-pointers of Sheffield peremptorily refused to adopt the mouth-piece of Mr. Abraham, because they believed that their high wages would be lowered if their work were rendered less injurious to their health. We cannot but

think that some such reasoning as the above must have guided the literary pokeman in propounding his objection to the proposed improvement of the plank; for surely few things could have been easier than to have provided against the slipperiness complained of by placing pieces of wood across the gangway about a foot apart. But however that may be, it is certain that the present emoluments of the gang for the time they are employed are extraordinary. While the meter is paid at the rate of sixpence a last of twenty sacks, each of his undertrappers receives fourpence for the same quantity of work. It is not unusual for a gang to make in this way as much as fifteen shillings per man a day. In consequence, however, of the extremely pernicious manner in which the men are accustomed to draw their pay, it is next to impossible for any of them to derive the full advantage of their splendid earnings. While the meter is not paid by the corn-factor the cost of discharging until the vessel has been completely cleared, it is a peculiarity with the trade for each of the gang to insist upon the amount of his earnings being handed over to him at the close of the day. In order to meet these demands an iniquitous system of pay-houses has been established, the consequences of which are alike injurious to the pokemen themselves, and the factors by whom they are employed. It need scarcely be observed that the pay-houses are low public-houses; and when we have said that it is customary for the gang to draw upon the landlords for the amount of the earnings they have made during the day, and that the landlords receive back the money they have in this way advanced, from the meter, at the completion of the job, little more is required to show the disastrous and improvident results of such a system. Had the publican not a peculiar interest in keeping the men hanging about the precincts of his tap-room, he would naturally decline the honour of acting the part of banker. The men have so many meetings for the purpose of squaring accounts, at each of which it is absolutely necessary, in the first place, to drink a certain quantity for the good of the house, and, in the second place, an unlimited quantity for their own gratification, that the wage of the silly fellows are soon frittered away. It is also a circumstance of not unfrequent occurrence for a gang of porter-pokemen, after receiving the amount of their day's pay from the publican, to refuse to resume work until the whole has been spent; by which means the domestic welfare of their families is deranged, and the clearance of a ship seriously delayed.

After these revelations the reader will not

* The "whipping" is borne by the owners of the vessel; but if more than one tackle is required, the extras are paid for by the factor.

be surprised to learn that the P.-P.'s are, for the most part, a brutal and a drunken class of men,—badly dressed, badly educated, and greatly addicted to quarrelling among themselves and with the low Irish of Sandgate, whose Popish proclivities and occasionally riotous propensities they seem ever ready to frustrate by an appeal to force. They are generally regarded in the locality as barren ground, which it is useless to attempt to cultivate. And so perhaps it is,—according to the traditional plan of endeavouring to arrest a river at its mouth. It is of little effect preaching to them, or showering tracts upon them. They will not listen to the one, and will probably light their pipes with the other. They can only be reached through the instrumentality of their animal instincts. Their reformation can only be accomplished by attention being primarily directed to their material surroundings; and the most pernicious of these is the system of pay-houses, by which their moral nature is tainted and turned awry. J.

INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION.

It was proposed some time ago to promote what was termed international education as a means of preventing wars, and extending peace and goodwill between nations. It was thought that a mutual knowledge of each other's language among the nations of Europe would tend very much to this end, but there is this objection, that it might have a directly opposite effect; at any rate, the identity of language even strengthened by the relationship, such as it is, is not sufficient to prevent the growth of feelings far from friendly between this country and the United States, and therefore we may suppose that the effect would not be greater on the Continent. The speech of the French Minister of Education contains little which is interesting to the generality of Englishmen, or to the people of any other nation, beyond an invitation to them to compete educationally at the Exhibition of 1867. His appeal to all European nations to enter into a competition of this kind seems to be about the most impracticable that ever was made; and, if adopted, so far from the space that could be set apart in the Exhibition for the display of examples being sufficient, it is just possible that the whole building would be too small, and an additional acre or two would be found necessary. It is possible, however, that some good may come out of his invitation, though it may not be responded to either so generally or to the extent he wishes.

The subjects to which special attention is

given are not the same in all countries. In this country, and to a greater extent probably in France, the classics are held in the highest esteem, and Hebrew and modern languages are comparatively of small account, though it cannot be denied that the study of the French and German languages is growing very much in this country. In Germany, we are told, the attention given to the study of languages is pretty equally divided between the dead and the living, though there, as in this country, the study of the classical languages, especially the Latin, is profound. In Spain and Italy more attention is paid to the study of the Greek and Latin languages than to other subjects. As regards other matters, Chemistry is thought more of in France than any other, and in Prussia, Natural History is that to which most attention is directed; at the English universities Mathematics stands first on the list, after this no very marked preference is given to any particular subject.

Anything like competition between the students of different countries is almost impossible, for this reason, if for no other, that the Latin of one country is not the Latin of another, and that which one university would regard as a merit would be decried by another as worthy of blame. There would be little difficulty in deciding as to the respective proficiency of candidates who went in for the exact sciences, but inasmuch as the principal subject of study in at least five countries is the Latin language, and as this in an international competition would have to be excluded, or if not excluded could not be decided upon in consequence of the difference of opinion among the judges, it may be safely concluded that a competition of the kind referred to must be very limited in extent. In lieu of a rival exhibition on the part of the students, it has been suggested that a congress of Professors from the different universities at that time might effect some good by imparting to each other the systems they pursue in communicating their knowledge to those whom they instruct. Such an idea is worthy of consideration, and its realisation could hardly fail to be productive of some, if not great advantage.

G. L.

A ROBBER ADVENTURE IN ANDALUSIA.

As Andalusia is the most interesting province of romantic Spain, it may not be unacceptable to the reader to give a short account of an excursion which we recently made into that picturesque land.

Having formed a party of ten, we proceeded from Gibraltar at a convenient hour in the morning to the Cork Wood. Each officer was

furnished with two large holsters, in which, not like Hudibras, "two aged pistols he did stow," but lined with capital beef-steaks, chickens, hams, and with a sufficient quantity of wine and brandy, a far better substitute.

There was nothing interesting for some miles, except the tranquil bay and not distant mountains, checkered by low sand-hills, and here and there fences of the prickly pear, with occasional glowing orange-groves, and purple vineyards. After a very long ride we reached the entrance of the Cork Wood. Now the wild scenery of Andalusia began to open on our view; large straggling cork-trees spread their gigantic masses, not furnished as at home with low underwood, but in its place long plots of parched grass varied the scene. A river winding through the valley, which turned a mill, formed a principal object in the foreground of the picture. We met sometimes a long line of muleteers, the tinkling of whose bells, with the long monotonous chant of their Moorish ballads, brought back to our memories the chivalry of Spain led out against proud Granada and the unfortunate Boabdil, the last of her Moorish kings.

We now reached our journey's end, and were greeted with welcome by our well-known Boniface, the master of the forest venta. Each officer alighted, and took charge of his horse, unsaddled him, put the halter round his neck, and fastened him to the stall; (there were a long range of these, ill-furnished, and all under the same roof as the mansion itself;) then each gave some chopped straw and beans to his tired horse, and afterwards retired to look after his own provender.

Now a solemn council was held about that most important of all subjects, the dinner, when every officer had a particular charge assigned to him. One was to cook the beef-steak, another to make the salad, a third to do the venison chop, which luck threw in our way, and the least artistic to wash the potatoes, cool the wine, and lay the cloth under a wide-spreading cork-tree. I need not say, after our fatiguing journey, what ample justice was done to the dinner, to which succeeded grapes and cooled wines, with a finale of a soothing cigar.

After a good rest, we saddled our horses, and struck out merrily homewards; then began the equestrian sports of the evening. The principal amusement was to join hands, and ride full tilt against the cork-trees, this requiring some dexterity to loosen hands in sufficient time to avoid running a-muck against the tree. The next entertainment was to ride at full speed down a gentle hill. In this race there was one of our party, a Scotch gentle-

man, who was pitched on his head by the fall of his horse, and to our dismay, was lifted up insensible, having probably suffered concussion of the brain. We were now plunged into a sad dilemma; we were at a considerable distance from St. Roque, or from any habitation. After pondering for some time over our difficulty, we by good chance descried two men with a donkey carrying charcoal. We hired them to put our stricken friend on their ass, and carry him carefully to the nearest venta for the night, in the hope that rest might sufficiently restore him to consciousness, and thus that he might be able to resume his journey home next morning.

After some time we approached the venta, and made the landlord acquainted with our misfortune. He expressed his sympathy for us, but regretted he had only one room—a large store-room, at our service. So, consulting what was to be done, we arranged to leave three of our party, of which I was one, as charitable Samaritans, to tend the suffering patient, and allow the rest to resume their journey to Gibraltar. Having made our helpless friend as comfortable as a pillow and a cloak could make him on a bed of beans, we returned to the kitchen, where the reeking smell of a savoury olio attracted our olfactory organs, and to share which we were to our great satisfaction invited by the hospitable landlord; and so palatable did we find it, that we were reconciled to the ill-smelling garlic, the horror of English stomachs. Our repast being finished, we plied our host with cigars, and some of our French brandy. This civility completely opened the Spaniard's heart, whose countrymen are as gentle as lambs, when treated politely and with kindness, but as fierce as their own bulls, when alienated by hauteur and repulsed by rudeness. A long time being spent in discussing our cigars, and the topics of the day, we retired to rest, not to our "thrice driven bed of down," and notwithstanding "the crumpled (not) of roses," but of the beans, we fared like the wet seabo, or rather like Shakespeare's hind, who "Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night sleeps in Elysium."

Before morning we were awakened by loud knocking at the outer door, we immediately started up, dressed ourselves in all haste, and went towards the place from which the noise proceeded. It soon ceased, and we heard the following conversation, between the persons outside and our landlord. "Quien es?" "Amigos!"—"Who are you?" asked the landlord. "Friends," was the answer. "Que quieres?"—"What do you want?"—rejoined the host. "Let us in, and we will tell you," was the

curt reply from the outside. "No, you shall not enter," cried out our friend. "You have English officers within," said the intruders, "Let us in, José, and we will share the booty with you." "They are friends of mine," concluded José, "and you shall not touch a hair of their heads." The robbers, for such they were, began to threaten that they would force the door, and take vengeance on all inside. "My door is well secured," added the landlord, "and I have three boys of my own, besides the English officers." The robbers being daunted by the courage of José, and the thought of the number they would have to encounter, with grumbling and cursing retired.

We promptly came forward, and gave our warmest thanks to our good landlord for his courage and fidelity. As the morning had broken, we did not return to our hard couch of beans, but adjourned to the public-room, the kitchen. After taking a cigar, we gave some obscure hints about breakfast, when our landlord said he had nothing for us but the remains of last night's olio reheated, adding it was quite at our service. With this, bread and Spanish wine, we endeavoured to rough it. We now judged it time to prepare for the road; in doing so, our first thoughts were for our sick fellow-traveller, and we went at once to ascertain if he were fit for the journey. When we reached his room, to our agreeable surprise, we found him sitting up in the bed with his consciousness returned, and only complaining of some confusion of ideas, and a pain in his head.

It is time now to relate what we heard a few hours later befell our comrades of yesterday. They rode forward without any accident till they came within a couple of miles of St. Roque, when, on turning a corner of the road, out rushed from a clump of trees twelve cavaliers of the forest, armed to the teeth. This startling apparition took the breath from the party. They immediately consulted what course to take, when, seeing themselves outnumbered, and without arms, and thinking discretion the better part of valour, they resolved to make a sudden dash through the banditti, and seek safety in flight. This plan was ably disconcerted by the rapid movements of the robbers, who stationed, with the quickness of thought, two men with loaded pistols across the road to prevent escape. The rest, ten in number, rushed two to one against our friends. One officer alone managed to get off by a desperate rush through them, but not without a pistol being fired after him, fortunately without effect, and the blow of the butt-end of a gun given to his flying horse. Then one robber dismounted, and seized the bridle

of an officer's horse, a second robber presented a loaded pistol to his breast, the rest were similarly treated; thus, each of our party had to contend with two opponents. The English officers, being all over-mastered, were compelled to dismount and surrender their horses. A contribution was raised, and all the cash forthcoming only amounted to five pounds. The freebooters whispered together, in seeming doubt what to do. Their first idea was to carry them to the mountains, so they understood, as far as they could catch from their low conversation, and detain them as hostages, till ransomed by their friends. Their final resolution was to be content with the good horses they had captured, and the money they had received, lest the officer who had escaped should bring out the military from St. Roque against them, and capture them, encumbered as they would be by their prisoners; so, taking leave of the officers without any ceremony, they told them to go on their way, not rejoicing! The robbers then struck off at a quick pace towards Algeiras. Our friends faced towards St. Roque, being all crest-fallen and vowing they would never again go so far from home without arms, and, should another opportunity occur, would redeem their present defeat.

Journeying on for some time, regretting the loss of their good steeds, they met an armed force coming up to them from St. Roque, conducted by the officer who had escaped. He had with all dispatch fled to that town, and informed the governor of the misfortune which had occurred, and begged for his assistance. This official in reply, expressing his sympathy, said he could only afford him ten armed soldiers mounted, the rest of his men being engaged in other public business. In addition to these our officer hired four more Spaniards, who had previously been engaged in service in Gibraltar. Thus the band at once started off to the rescue. When they reached the dismounted party, they saw at a glance the situation of affairs, and the leader of this little force inquired the way the robbers had gone. Towards Algeiras, was the quick reply. How long is it since they have gone? About an hour, was the prompt rejoinder. The English then exchanged some hasty explanation with their own officer, who conducted the Spanish soldiers to their assistance, and offered to take the place of the townsmen.

Their offer was civilly declined by the Spanish leader, and they were desired to go on to the inn at St. Roque, where he hoped before long to bring them back their horses.

The Spanish captain ordered his men to start at a quick pace, in order to recover lost

time. The robbers made such good use of the start they got, that the Spaniards had to ride with a free rein for two hours, before they got any tidings of them. At last, on ascending a gentle hill, they met a charcoal carrier, who informed them that the party they described to him were about two miles in advance. This information gave them fresh courage to mend their pace, and after they surmounted the acclivity, and gained a mile beyond it, they descried the bandits in the distance, leisurely riding their horses. Only for this slackening of their speed, they would not have been fortunate enough to overtake them. Our friends advanced with as little noise as possible, on the soft grass, by which they gained on them unperceived, till they came within half a mile of them. The robbers, then perceiving their approach, immediately clapped spurs to their horses, and suddenly turned off to the right, into a denser part of the wood, where our party lost sight of them. Before this change in their route they released the captive horses, the better to favour their escape. The animals, when left to themselves, turned homewards, and they were joyfully captured by the soldiers, as they came towards them. Two men were left in charge of the horses, the rest rode on at full speed to where the robbers had turned off from the regular path. Arriving at this spot they found that further pursuit was useless; but as the Spanish leader, from his own experience, knew there was a cave not far off, the usual resort of the robbers, he determined to search it for the fugitives. He therefore led the way, making his men follow one by one, through a long and devious path. The leader at last pointed out where the cave was. They had now to ascend an acclivity, and so steep was it, that they were obliged to dismount, and tie their horses to trees under a guard. After clambering to the top, they removed, by the direction of their leader, some thick brushwood, which disclosed to them the mouth of the cave. Into this they cautiously crept. All was as still as night. No voice to be heard or human being to be seen in this subterranean abode. There were three rooms, with rude furniture in each, showing the signs of recent habitation. They found guns and other arms in a corner covered by cloaks, and as they carefully examined a remote part of the cave, they touched upon something soft. After poking it a little, a human being started up in the shape of an old woman, and shortly after a handsome young Spanish girl rose, and came forward with much coolness, complaining in an irritated manner that they had disturbed the rest of herself and servant. On being questioned whether she was the wife of the

robber, she denied it, repudiating with a kind of contempt any such connexion; but when the leader said that she did not speak the truth, as he had lately seen her husband and his gang flying from him, and that he had discovered several arms and guns in the cave, she gave up the game, was silent and downcast. The leader then spoke to his men in a low voice, ordered her to be bound, and brought behind one of them on horseback, to St. Roque, exclaiming, "when we catch the she-fox, the male one won't remain long uncaught." At this word of command they were proceeding to execute his order, when the Spanish beauty, seeing the dreadful dilemma in which she was placed, lost all courage, burst into tears, and judging her only chance was to appeal to the English officer, whom she knew from his undress uniform, she flung herself on her knees, and implored his intercession, and besought him, "por amor de dios," to have pity on her and hers; that whatever was stolen would be returned, and they would no more molest their neighbourhood. The English officer at this tender appeal was quite touched with the distress of the Spanish girl, whose large dark eyes were full of tears. With some emotion he turned to the captain, and begged of him, if consistent with his duty, to give her her liberty, as they had recovered their horses, which had been their principal loss; adding, he would take care that he would be no sufferer by releasing the unfortunate prisoner. To second this intercession, the girl put a gold coin into the hand of the Spanish officer. Whether this douceur softened his heart, or the promise of the English officer, or the thought that if they carried off the wife, the husband with a large force would attempt a rescue,—which of these considerations most influenced him, I cannot say; the result however was that he let go the girl, but told her that he would be back in a short time to make further search after her gang.

The poor girl was so overcome with the feeling of gratitude, that she again threw herself on her knees, and kissed with warmth the hand of the English officer, reiterating her assurance that they would give them no more trouble.

They now sallied out of the cave, regained their horses, and had a charming ride by moonlight. It was indeed a glorious night! The moon had just risen, "round as my shield;" in the clear southern atmosphere it sheds such a flood of light as to make every object almost as clear as day; countless stars shone in the firmament, much larger and more brilliant than in our latitude, diffusing a soft and lustrous light through the mild and balmy air.

It was full morning on their arrival at St. Roque; they joined their friends, and by returning them their steeds, made them all "field officers" again. Soon after a rumour was heard that some of the same party had been at the venta, but failed in their object of capturing the sick traveller and his military friends, as has been already related. At this startling news they all quickly left the town, in full force with the Spaniards, to look to the safety of their absent comrades. When, to their mutual joy, they met some way outside St. Roque, they exchanged congratulations, and felicitated with the sick man on his partial recovery. The Spaniards took their leave, all except the leader, who accompanied the officers to the garrison, where they gave a liberal contribution, by a general subscription of their brother officers, for the services they had received from the Spanish party. In conclusion I have only to state that the Scotch gentleman was bled on arriving at his quarters, and in a few days found himself restored to perfect health.

MAGNETIC STORMS.

WITHIN the past few weeks public attention has been repeatedly attracted by the mention of the phenomenon of magnetic storms, in connection with the interrupted efforts to lay the Atlantic Telegraph cable; not a little curiosity has been excited as to their nature, and they have become the subject of much speculative conversation and discussion. That the public, even the more enlightened of its components, know well nigh nothing of the meaning of the term "magnetic storm," we have inferred from having heard a sage remark to the effect that the prolonged absence of tidings of the Great Eastern was doubtless owing to her having been "lost in the magnetic storm!" We have, therefore, ventured to put the following remarks together to give a little insight into the mystery; and we hope to show that, important as magnetic storms are to the conduct of telegraphing operations, there need be no fear of their violence causing the destruction of a vessel.

We all know that a magnetic needle, when freely suspended or poised on its centre, takes a position pointing towards the North Pole, and we are accustomed to think that the compass needle does point invariably to the north. This, however, is by no means the case; the needle, instead of pointing truly to the pole, actually points several degrees away from it, and takes a different position in different parts of the earth, in some places showing a variation between *true north* and north as indicated

by the compass, or *magnetic north*, of forty degrees of angular measurement. This difference is what is called the "magnetic declination," or the angle at which the magnetic meridian *declines* from the true or astronomical meridian; it is by no means constant in amount, but is subject to a slow progressive change in every part of the globe. Three hundred years ago the magnetic needle in London pointed 11 degrees to the east of north. About two hundred years ago it had no declination, but pointed truly north: then its direction passed to the west, attaining its maximum westerly declination, $24\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, in the year 1815. Since that time it has turned again towards the north, its present variation being $20\frac{1}{2}$ degrees west.

Besides this slow and stately progression of the magnetic variation, there are other changes of more rapid character taking place every year, and still other changes occurring every day and every hour, and dependent upon some force or forces exerted by the sun and moon. In fact, a magnet delicately suspended is never still, but is constantly vibrating and varying its direction. The amplitude of these variations is, however, comparatively small, not generally amounting during the day to more than five or ten minutes of arc. Of course, these slight motions are insensible in an ordinary mariner's compass: they are only detected by means of powerful magnets suspended by silk fibres, and carrying "sights" in the form of fine cross wires, which are viewed by a telescope mounted at a distance from the magnet.

But the magnetic needle, or rather needles—for a magnetic observatory contains several, placed in such various positions as to show the magnetic forces that act in different directions on the earth's surface, as the *horizontal* and *vertical* forces—do not always maintain this gentle conduct. There are occasions when they become subject to extraordinary and violent motions, during which they often oscillate through several degrees on each side of their mean position, and dance and shiver about in a most capricious manner. The tempestuous disturbances of the earth's magnetism that give rise to these motions are known as *magnetic hurricanes*, or more generally *magnetic storms*. They must by no means be confounded with atmospheric storms, from which they are quite distinct, and the most violent of which may have no effect whatever on the motions of a magnet, while with a clear and calm atmosphere the greatest of magnetic storms may occur. There is, however, one visible phenomenon with which they are closely connected, and that is the Aurora

borealis, or the Aurora australis, for the south pole has its aurora like the north. An auroral exhibition is always accompanied by a greater or less magnetic disturbance: when an aurora appears, luminous beams of different colours, as is well-known, dart upwards from the horizon; between these beams and the magnetic needle there is a mysterious connection, for the part of the heavens where the beams or streamers unite is precisely that to which a freely suspended magnet will point: and each change in the position of the auroral light is attended with a corresponding change in the magnet's direction.

These storms or perturbations occur at irregular intervals, but with tolerable frequency: they are generally of short duration, sometimes, however, as in the case of the late one, lasting several days, but they are of immense extent, manifesting themselves simultaneously over hundreds and thousands of miles, across land and sea; or propagating themselves in short spaces of time in every direction on the earth. In September, 1841, one of them occurred, which was observed simultaneously in Europe and at the Cape of Good Hope, in China, North America, and Van Diemen's Land, in all the four quarters of the globe.

Too little is known of the primary causes of terrestrial magnetism to render possible any correct explanation of the origin of these disturbances. The Astronomer-Royal, after an analysis, recently made, of a large number—nearly two hundred—of magnetic storms, was impressed with the conviction that some element pervaded the surface of the earth in the nature of a magnetic ether, in which currents were produced by the influence of the sun's radiation, analogous to the currents we observe in air or water; that these, as they reveal their effects regularly and are referable to the sun, produce the regular diurnal variations of the needle; and that they are liable to occasional interruptions or perversions which result in the production of eddies or whirls, far exceeding in violence the general current from which they are derived, and thus constituting the magnetic storms.

But what have these storms to do with telegraphs? Simply this—that whenever they occur spontaneous galvanic currents show themselves in great abundance on long lines of telegraph: and as it has been found that they have their origin in the earth with which the telegraph wires are connected, and are not in any way due to the atmosphere, they have received the name of *earth currents*. From the telegraph wires, they, of course,

pass to the speaking instruments, and there produce such vibrations of the signalling needles as often to cause considerable inconvenience and even serious interruption, especially in the case of submarine wires. The movements of delicate needles submitted to these currents bear so close an analogy to those of magnets influenced by the varying intensity of the earth's magnetism, that it is quite evident that the two phenomena are interdependent, or are due to a common cause. What this common cause is we must wait to learn till Nature unfolds to our view another page of the great book of her mysteries.

J. CARPENTER.

ANA.

A JACOBITE RELIC.—There is now open at South Kensington an interesting collection of miniatures, comprising about 4,000 portraits, many of them of great historical value, ranging from the sixteenth century to the present time. One of these is the portrait of Charles I., set in the King's hair, and which is said to have dipped in the royal blood on the scaffold. It is now an heirloom in the Shelley family, but it formerly belonged to John Winckly, who was executed at Lancaster Castle after the rising of 1715. On the back of this relic are engraved the names of the family, who rose again for the Stuarts in 1745; and the dowager Lady Shelley, to whom it was bequeathed by her father, Thomas Winckley, Esq., of Preston and Brockholes in Lancashire, remembers having worn it when a child on some Jacobite anniversary, some seventy and five summers ago in the world's history.

ONDINE.

WHERE the green cresses glisten in the belt
Of silver streamlet, and white lilies show
Their gold-lined cups, deep-set in broad full leaves,
Pure chalices all shaded 'neath the tongs
Of yon down-bending willows,—there she loves
To linger when the earliest streaks of red
Paint with their carmine the rich glowing east,
When sets the morning star, paling her beam
'Fore the grand orb of day!

In such retreat
Sweet, chaste Ondine, the spirit of the flood,
Her simple toilette makes; laying her feet,
Her pink-white dimpled feet, in the clear brook,
That, spangled in the early sunshine, leaps
And trickles with a thousand murmuring tongues
Over its moss-grown stones.

Her golden hair
Loose o'er her snowy breast the Elf enwreathes
With flowering flags, whose pink and yellow blooms
Blend with the azure of "forget-me-nots"
In a fresh natural crown; anon she stoops
And gathers in her slender fingers rare
The wet, rich-veined pebbles, stays to mark
The joyous swallow on his restless wing

Seyton was utterly guiltless of serious betting propensities ; but for many years he had been wont, immediately after each Derby, to back his fancy for the next one, for one single 50*l.* note. He had been lucky enough this year, as every one knew, to take "forties" about a horse that had been rising steadily ever since, till he stood firm at very short odds ; and Marlshire, thenceforward, became interested in the colt.

"No one is dead, I do hope?"—said the feminine sympathiser.

Seyton recovered himself quickly, and his brow cleared again as he answered—

"I haven't looked among the deaths, Miss Lucy ; and Crusader's all right, Lester, as far as I know. Its another heavily-backed young one that has gone wrong, and for a race that you have never had much interest in ; nor I either, so far. I wish I hadn't, now."

He handed back the Times to the farmer, pointing with his finger to a certain place. There, appeared the Oxford Class List just promulgated ; and there—dividing with about thirty more the doubtful honours of a "third"—stood the name of

Vincentius Fleming, ex Aede Christi.

Honest John Lester looked up into the other's face with a quaint puzzled expression ; evidently overflowing with sympathy, but not knowing why or wherefore it was expected of him.

In spite of his vexation, Seyton almost laughed out, as he said—

"You must remember my brother-in-law ; though he's not been much in these parts since he went to Oxford. Well—almost every-one expected he would have come out among those first half-dozen ; and—you see where he stands. It'll be a bitter disappointment to my wife ; and I don't know how his mother will bear it. As for me——"

That good-hearted Tom wouldn't finish his sentence ; it looked too like hitting a man when down, to confess that his own expectations had never been so sanguine.

The yeoman shook his grizzled head with intense gravity, as if he *now* thoroughly appreciated the whole length and breadth of the disaster ; being still nearly as much in the dark as ever.

"Surely, I remember Master Vincent, right well ; a vory pleasant-spoken young gentleman ; and main clever, I'll go bail. It's cruel hard on him, for sartin. Mayhap, though, he'll have better luck next time."

"I'm sure he will," Lucy chimed in more energetically than was her wont ; "it couldn't be his fault either—whose-ever it was."

This it is that invests feminine condolence with its peculiar charm—the fair partizan is so daringly irrational in her sympathy ; disdaining all forms of argument, save the pure and simple *petitio principii*.

Tom Seyton put both consolations aside, mildly but firmly.

"They don't run those races in heats, Lester ; and they give no Consolation Stakes, up there, for beaten horses. Miss Lucy, it's just like you, to make excuses for everybody. But, if you take the fault off poor Vincent's heart, I fear you'll only shift it on to his head ; unless, indeed, it was our fault, for always over-rating him. Well, I must be starting. I've a heavy message to carry home, and it won't grow any lighter by my loitering. Good-by, and thanks."

So, without more ado, Tom Seyton got to horse, and five minutes later was almost clear of the town. But, before he quite emerged into the open fields, he was fated to meet with a fresh cause for pondering—if not for anxiety.

Tom Seyton was methodical in all things : his present vexation did not make him forget, that his wife had entrusted him with a message to a certain bird-stuffer of local renown. To deliver this, he had to turn somewhat from his direct way home. A bye lane led back by a short cut into the main road ; at a sharp angle in this, he drew bridle, involuntarily.

A narrow footpath, pent in on either side by a dead wall, and an old-fashioned clipped hedge, branched off through a turnstile, to the right : just within this last, a man and woman were standing ; conversing so earnestly, that they never heard the horse's hoofs till it was too late to retreat further into the shadow. No need to ask the subject of their talk : the veriest child could have told that they were practising an early scene in the greatest of all dramas—the only one of which, as actors or spectators, our kind has never grown a-weary ; though its first un-dress rehearsal was enacted before the Seasons began.

Both started, as the tall mounted figure loomed suddenly behind them through the darkening twilight ; but the male culprit—if fault there were—was palpably the most troubled and disconcerted of the twain. As I have said, it was too late to retreat ; but he moved quickly, so as to place himself directly between his companion and the new comer ; bending forward over her, till her face was almost entirely concealed.

In truth, many men might have passed on—uncertain as to the damsel's identity ; but those keen, grey eyes of Tom Seyton's had been trained by long practice in flight-shooting,

till night and day were nearly alike to them : he recognised the pair so thoroughly and instantaneously, that he could hardly check an exclamation that sprang to his lips. After the first emotion of surprise, his natural delicacy reasserted itself ; he looked straight to his front, and passed on without an attempt at greeting, or one backward glance ; feeling absolutely ashamed of his involuntary intrusion. But when he had gone a hundred yards or so, at the same slow pace as before, he drove his foot home in the stirrup with a gesture of angry impatience ; and began muttering to himself, half aloud—

“Then he means to make a fool of himself—after the fashion of his fathers? It must be looked to, at once. And yet one ought to be quite sure, before making that poor mother of his miserable. The boy is nearly out of leading-strings, too, if he chooses to be desperate, and defy beggary. It’s a puzzle altogether : I’ll tell Kate about it : her head is worth a dozen of mine in cases of love-law. Bless her ! I wish that was the worst I had to tell her to-night : as for her mother——” a long low whistle completed the sentence. “Yes, you’re quite right, Minnie ; I don’t blame you for getting fretful : step out as fast as you like now, old lady. It’s the same with trouble, as with a big fence—the more you look at it, the less you like it : I never knew ‘craning’ help a man yet.”

So Tom Seyton gave his mare her head ; and, with more care *en croupe* than he had carried for many a day, rode homewards briskly through the night.

Let us linger, awhile, with the couple whose love-passages he lately disturbed. Inasmuch as to the historic eye all dark things are light, we may pass them under brief inspection, in despite of the gathering shadows.

(To be continued.)

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

“GUSTAV, on Wednesday we must order the sledge at 8 p.m., for the S.’s have sent us an invitation to their ball?”

The said Gustav looked up from the newspaper he had been perusing attentively, and removing his everlasting companion, his pipe, from his mouth, he answered his wife’s query with a gaze, followed by “all right, dear ; but I fear there will be a thaw, to-morrow. See,” said he, rising and looking at the weather-glass, which had risen several degrees, “see, it would by no means be a pleasant trip, if the snow were not perfectly crisp and hard, as you remember by experience, when Fritz and Anna were with us last year.”

Here the conversation ended. A few hours, however, soon materially altered the condition of the glass, and it promised to turn out fine.

In order that the reader may be able to comprehend the pleasure of the prospect of a sledge drive, he must imagine a comfortable-looking vehicle, something like a buggy, but placed firmly on irons shaped like skates. When the snow is thoroughly crisp and hard, not a sound is heard as you fly along with immense velocity ; but if the snow has become sloppy and loose, it sets your teeth on edge to hear the grating over the stones and gravel. Under these circumstances, it was natural that Ida Keim should look forward to the ball with some anxiety on the score of the weather.

It suffices to say that the weather turned out agreeable to all parties, and so after an hour’s brisk drive, they were set down at their friend’s house in the heart of Moscow. They arrived in very good time for the ball, and anticipated an agreeable evening.

I hope, kind reader, you will pardon me for not having given the name of the Russian family, S——, to whose ball the Keims were invited : it is one of those unmentionable names ending in a sneeze, and as too often they try English mouths very severely, I will content myself with using the initial letter.

The occupation of the evening—dancing, soon commenced with great zest.

I shall not try the reader’s patience by describing the ball in question, for as far as I know, Russian balls do not differ materially from English ones. The evening passed pleasantly enough, but towards the close the heat began to get intolerable, and although the gentlemen did their duty well, it is only fair to say, in fanning the fair ones, and bringing them ices, it became more and more oppressive. At last a gentleman braver than the rest—(probably his arm ached)—threw open the top part of a window, and now happened the phenomenon.

A cold gust of wind blew suddenly in through the open window, and the heated air which was congregated in the upper part of the room became suddenly condensed, and descended upon the assembled party in the form of snow-flakes. Probably there was never seen so curious a sight in a ball-room. Ladies and gentlemen in ball toilette, in the midst of a dance, and snow-flakes descending ; and were it not for the incongruity of the attire, more like a skating party. However, to return to our company. The snow-storm was, as may be imagined, the conversation of the guests for the rest of the evening, and of the inhabitants of the town for the ensuing week. On his way home, Gustav was also

busily engaged in explaining the phenomenon of the evening to his wife. His description ran as follows:—Of course you know that light bodies ascend and heavy ones fall by the law of gravitation. Well, a certain quantity of air being shut up in a room necessarily becomes heated, and when heated becomes lighter, and therefore ascends. Then any cold body coming in contact with the heated air will naturally freeze it, and if frozen, can descend in no other way than that of snow flakes. Ida, being satisfied of the truth of Gustav's explanation, and feeling tired, speedily consigned herself to sleep, and did not awake till she found herself at their own door.

M. L. W.

THE GAS POISONS OF OUR DWELLINGS.

I ONCE made a passage across the Atlantic, "slantendicular" down South, in the old days ere steam was on the ocean, when a vessel of 200 tons burthen was considered a very respectable craft "to sail in all this month" to any port, except those of Eastern India, where "floating palaces" were employed of 800 and 1000 tons burthen. Our craft was a scant 200 tons; but there were some twenty or thirty emigrants on board, men and women, for whom a part of the hold was bulk-headed off and floored with a lot of loose deals—part of the cargo. The women were disposed to be neat in their watery abode, and duly swept it out; but they made a discovery that it was much easier to sweep the dust backwards and forwards over the cracks in the planks till it disappeared than to carry it upon deck and throw it overboard. This process was very distasteful to the mate, who every morning would look over the open hatch, and seeing the operation, would call out, "What! you're 'losing' it again." But his efforts were in vain; and the nuisance became considerable when the slops were thrown down the same crevices, and the mate gave it up in despair. It never entered into the imaginations of the good women that they had not lost it, but that it was all there down in the hold helping to increase the bilge water.

Just so is it in our houses. We have dark holes underground in which we try to lose all those substances which are of no apparent use to us. In every house we have one or more sinks. In common acceptance these sinks are a sort of tank whereat servants wash dishes and other things. The etymology of the word we do not study, but it is in reality a hole through which dirty water sinks, and we hope we have lost it. In country towns we find it again running down open drains. In large cities we cover up these drains, and

we are satisfied that it is really lost. But not so: it crops out again in the river. So now we make very long drains indeed, and carry it towards the mouth of the river. There it mixes with salt water, or tries to mix, but the sea will not have it, and washes it back again. Like the ancient Britons in their appeals to the Romans for help, it seems to say, "The savages drive us into the sea, and the sea drives us back on the shore." It will not be lost; and now, after flooding the dirty water with clean till the clean grows scarce, they begin to think of giving it decent sepulture in the earth, in the hope of turning it into a very watery kind of grass, convertible into a very watery kind of milk.

So much for the liquids and the soluble solids of our houses which can be made to float away and try to be lost through underground passages in Stygian darkness that cannot be penetrated or even examined save by breaking into it. But there are also solids that are not soluble in water, and which we cannot hope to "lose" altogether. So we find as dark a hole as we can, and we call it a dust-bin. In small houses a favourite place for this is under an internal staircase in utter darkness, or if not, a dark vault opening into an area at the front or back of the house. By the word dust is meant the ash, cinders, and unburnt particles of coal, which was formerly very valuable in brick-making, under the name of *breese*, probably a corruption from the French *débris*. This matter mixed with brick-earth causes the heat to penetrate easily. In fact, the bricks are burnt by internal heat. But the contents of the dust-bin are by no means dust only, which would be harmless enough, they contain also waste portions of food, positively more injurious to health than the undigested food that has passed through our bodies. In short, the dust-bin is the "kitchen midden," a far worse collection than the farmer's midden, which latter has the advantage of being in the open air. It is composed of bones of animals, damaged cooked meat, fish, wasted cooked vegetables, cabbage leaves, wasted bread, and everything that will not float in water or pass down a sink-grating. And when the bones do not go into the dust-bin, but are kept separate for sale in some closed cupboard, they do not therefore fail to give off their noxious odours separately.

These "kitchen middens" fester and putrefy, and fill the house with poisonous gas. It is supposed that the parish dustman carries them off "Once a Week;" but these good folks are by no means so regular as our publication. They know the value of being free from a nuisance by what people say in the

houses, thinking probably like Mr. Boffin that such people are very fanciful, and they won't come unless they get their "regulars" regularly.

There should be little difficulty in getting rid of our refuse if we only did it systematically. Every day comes into London the food and beverage intended to nourish the bodies of some three millions of people. By boats and ships, and carts and waggons, and railways, this mass of matter arrives, and also through the water pipes. After it has passed through our bodies, it is reduced in bulk and weight by the abstraction of the gases, and the same means that have brought it during the day are more than competent to carry away the exuvie during the night. If valuable enough for the purposes of manure, it should be so carried away night by night, and it should have a receptacle quite separate from that of the coal ashes. We should be surprised how very small a bulk there is, were it dealt with each day, and how very slight a nuisance it would be if not suffered to accumulate beyond the day.

We have tried what the chemists call the wet system long enough. With liquids undiluted the bulk is small enough to deodorise them and run them off to a reservoir, but the huge dilution renders this impracticable, so we turn them into the Thames, or turn the Thames into the sewers. We might try the dry methods with the solids, which are subject to putrefaction. Mr. Glass would say, have a chimney, if of cast iron without the flaws or leaks which brick chimneys are subject to, so much the better. Into this chimney let there be air shafts from all the house drains. Let the lower part of this chimney end in a close furnace, to which gas may be admitted by metre as usual. In this furnace let there be a mouth or hopper to admit coal to be kindled by the gas, so as to give the servant no trouble or motive for shirking. Into the hopper anything capable of creating a nuisance in the solid form may be thrown, and rapidly destroyed, or rather changed into gases and thrown into the upper air, there to play their several parts in creation. A house so treated, with its exuvie burned every night, would be perfectly free from noxious gases of its own production. In country places cottagers keep a furnace of another kind, in the form of a pig, just as the people in Constantinople keep dogs; but we cannot admit pigs into a city in England, and we are not sure that pigs fed on carrion and offal are the best possible human food. We should not like the milk of cows fed on beef tea. In the Pampas of La Plata wild pigs feed on dead mares, as the food of their choice. No one

tastes those pigs twice. When caught, and their carrion food is stopped, they will starve for three weeks ere they will touch maize, and it takes many months ere their flesh ceases to exude a kind of lard, smelling and tasting like train oil.

There would be no difficulty in erecting public furnaces for the destruction of noxious substances. Indeed there would be no difficulty in putting such substances into the ordinary gas retorts, and making them into gas; but a wise man would have his own furnace, and use it as the destroyer of his foul air, shutting out the general supply from the public sewers.

As regards the dust proper, nothing can be purer. It is already in the condition to which it is desirable to reduce the animal and vegetable fragments. There is an important use to which the dust can be turned as an antiseptic: this will perhaps be done in time; but meanwhile destruction of noxious substances by fire is the true and safe process. It would be a blessing to the numerous dining-houses in the city to get rid of their offal, if possible, every hour during warm weather, and never suffer it to be thrown into the "kitchen midden," to the horrible disgust of those who pass by their gaping area gratings. If the offal of London were destroyed, or utilised, and never suffered to get into the sewers, a very large portion of the nuisance would be got rid of without much difficulty.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

THE HACONARMAL.

AFTER THE ICELANDIC BY EVIND SKALDASPILLER,
A.D. 963.

Saddled are the steeds of Fate,
They champ the bit by Asgard Gate;
Their foam shall strew the realms afar.
Guests to-day to summons are
To the Halls of Odin.

Swiftly over earth and main
Ride the Choosers of the Slain,
Till from the lands beneath their flight;
Shouts arise where heroes fight,
Music dear to Odin!

Down the tossing fields of air,
Towards the ringing earth they bear,
To Storda, by the raving main,
Where Norway grapples with the Dane,
Making sport for Odin.

There King Hacon's host they viewed,
Over match'd, but unsubdued,
Well that hero-king they knew,
Worthiest to be summon'd to
The high feast of Odin.

Lightly then the laughter came
To the lips of each stern dame;
Loth they were not to survey
The delight of battle-play,
The high sport of Odin.

Gondul resting on her spear
 Spake at the last to Skogul near,
 "Sister, swiftly wanes the day,
 Call we the weary king away
 To the rest of Odin."

Vext by many a smarting wound,
 Fiercely King Hacon held his ground.
 High the hero's anger rose,
 Hearing the awful maids disclose
 The decrees of Odin.



"Back, Asi, to your seats again,
 Nor meddle in the ways of men!
 Is valour not enough for all?
 By it let heroes win or fall,
 Not help'd nor cross'd by Odin."

Saying, to the fight turn'd back.
 Fast the green worlds their homeward track
 Took the dreaded maids, to tell
 The battle-tale, that pleased him well,
 To Allfather Odin.

"Go, Braga and Hermoder, forth,
Meet ye the Champion of the North :
Nor fitting honours fail to do,
To such high courtesy is due,
From the sons of Odin."

Now to Asgard's portals bright
Hacon comes reeking from the fight :
Blood on his hands, and visage pale,
Sprinkled and splash'd with blood his mail,
To the Halls of Odin.

Odin, the terrible of mood,
High on his cloudy threshold stood,
"Welcome !" he said, "to these abodes
Of highest heroes and of gods,
To the Halls of Odin.

"Since the rising of the sun,
Eight, thy brethren, one by one,
Rich in wounds have sought my gates ;
Now but for thee the banquet waits,
In the Halls of Odin.

"Aside thy batter'd harness lay ;
Wash the stains of war away ;
Great are the chiefs that sup with me,
A fitting place is kept for thee,
At the feast of Odin."

"Odin," the son of Harold said,
"King of the living and the dead !
With thee and mightiest heroes slain
Well may I sit, the mead to drain,
At the feast of Odin ;

"Yet not aside my arms will lay,
Nor wash the stains of war away :
How should a warrior well be dight,
Save in the panoply of fight,
At the feast of Odin ?"

Loud, at that word, laugh'd Odin high,
Dear to his heart was such reply :

"Fifty shalt thou my table grace,
Take at my own right hand thy place,
At the feast of Odin."
F. SCARLET POTTER.

CATTLE PLAGUES.

WHAT a charming sight in an English landscape are "the lowing herds," as they "wind slowly o'er the lea," or dot the green uplands, grazing and ruminating sleepily in the shade of a huge beech or tall Devonian hedge ! How calmly they repose, clustered together on the canvas of a Cuyper or a Cooper, chewing the cud in dreamy lassitude ! The very picture, whether living or not, breathes a contentment we long to share, nor can we imagine the gentle kine as anything save as representatives of peaceful quietude and healthy enjoyment.

"The cattle on a thousand hills." A thousand hills indeed ! Cast a glance over those

vast steppes of Hungary and Russia, where myriads pasture on the uncultivated herbage provided by bountiful nature ; cast a glance over the vast wilds of Siberia and the majestic plains of Eastern Asia, where they cover the earth with their dark swarms ; cast a glance over the vast prairies, and savannahs, and pampas of North and South America, where the buffalo roams in his native ground, and verily the scriptural idea is realised and multiplied ten thousandfold.

"The cattle on a thousand hills : " yet that placid picture of health and contentment, how soon is it dashed to pieces like a mirror ! Those cattle on a thousand hills partake of the penalty of man's curse, and not only are subject to decay and Death, but to Disease in its most virulent forms. Too apt are we, when reading and talking of the Cattle-Plague, to reckon up the loss to Man ; we little dream of the agony and suffering to the poor dumb creatures themselves. They are, however, sensitive to pain and languor, and more frequently attacked than we think with acute ailments. The cattle on a thousand hills have seemed of too little importance for the pen of the historian, though not for the pencil of the artist and the verse of the poet ; yet the chronicles of old, as well as of modern times, tell us something of the ravages which epidemics have spread amongst even the herds subservient to human uses.

The Egyptian murrain spoken of in Holy Writ, it is unnecessary to notice here ; or the pestilence that raged amongst the cattle of the Greeks during the siege of Troy ; nor shall we inquire whether Virgil refers to a bubonic pest or to the epizootic form of malignant anthrax which affects horse, ox, dog, and pig alike ; we have precise accounts of the disastrous effects of epidemics at intervals during a period of fourteen centuries, and to these shall we confine ourselves. One fact is fixed and certain : as the sun moves from East to West, so the plague has invariably followed the course of the sun. The contagious typhoid plague always originates in the East, particularly in Southern Siberia. It spread westward from the banks of the Don and the Volga towards the Danube, accompanying the migration of the people, when the Goths descended towards Constantinople, and were repeatedly repulsed by Theodosius. In course of time it extended itself over the whole theatre of the war, ravaging the cattle of Illyria, northern Italy, France, and Belgium. When Charlemagne attacked the sturdy Danes, he met with his Nemesis in the shape of a murrain which pursued him back across the Rhine to the Loire, and created immense havoc amongst the herds of France.

In 817, the cattle of Hungary were destroyed by the disease, which, not content with its fatal labours in the steppes, crossed the Drave, and once more travelled as far as to the Atlantic coasts. In 1223, Europe was again devastated by a similar epidemic, generated at the foot of the Carpathians, which swept the Magyar herds from off the face of the earth.

Let us descend, however, from the Middle Ages to the seventeenth century. We begin to feel our feet better.

In 1625, the plague entered the north of Italy, and defiled along the banks of the Po, creating serious differences between the inhabitants of Venice and Padua. Some Dalmatian cattle-dealers introduced it into the learned city of Padua, whence it spread its fatal wings over the whole of the Venetian territory. But, perhaps, never has the mortality which took place a century later amongst the cattle of Europe been paralleled. In 1709, the plague passed, like a Black Death, from Tartary through Muscovy, into Bessarabia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, and thence into upper Italy and France. From Hungary it penetrated into South Germany and Switzerland, and from Poland north and south into Silesia, towards the shores of the Baltic. The pestilence then found its way through the Papal States into the kingdom of Naples, where, in a few weeks, the mortality doubled that of the north; 70,000 head of cattle perished. Many thousands died contemporaneously in Silesia. The malady then invaded the Netherlands, where it destroyed 200,000 beasts in Holland alone. It was specially fatal in Holstein, Denmark, and Finland. It then crossed the British Channel into England in 1713, and proved as destructive here as elsewhere.

Nearly a million and a-half of cattle, it is computed, fell victims to the fierce contagion in Europe between the years 1709 and 1713. In 1740 Hungary again suffered, and the pestilence, quitting its native nursing grounds, moved over the whole of Germany—southward into Switzerland, Piedmont, Franche-Comté, and Dauphiné—northward from Poland into Courland, Livonia, Denmark, Sweden, and Holland.

Five years later it again visited the pastures of Britain. There are, however, two versions as to the manner in which it was brought. Dr. Mortimer says that it was imported by means of two white calves which a farmer of Poplar sent for from Holland, and that it spread into Berkshire by means of two cows which came from Essex. Another account is, that a Bermoudsey tanner bought a parcel of distempered hides in Zealand, which were for-

bidden to be sold there, and should have been buried.

It is certain that the pest first appeared in Essex, and that it gradually spread through that county and Hertfordshire, widening its circumference until it embraced the whole kingdom.

For more than twelve years, says Youatt, this plague continued to lay waste the country. The number of beasts that were actually destroyed by it was not, and could not be, ascertained; but in the third year of its ravages, when the Government had so seriously taken up the matter as to order that every beast exhibiting the slightest mark of infection should be destroyed, a remuneration being made to the owner, no fewer than 80,000 cattle were slaughtered, besides those which died of the disease, and which formed, according to the report of one of the commissioners, nearly double that number. In the fourth year of the plague they were destroyed at the rate of 7000 per month, until, from the numerous impositions that were practised, this portion of the preventive regulations was suspended. In 1747 more than 40,000 cattle died in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and in Cheshire 30,000 died in about half a year.

The plague, though it disappeared in one part of Europe, was, like an intermittent fever, constantly showing itself in another, scourging the country with a fatal violence wherever it descended. No less than ten millions of cattle perished in Europe between 1713 and 1796.

In England the wits and politicians made excellent capital out of the national calamity, and attacked with great bitterness the sanitary officials, and the *modus* or rather *modi curandi* adopted by them; nor did the Government escape the lash of these perverse satirists. Even the great Junius condescended to make it a handle for his satire, and roundly rates the Grafton ministry in these terms:—

Yet while the whole kingdom was anxiously agitated with expectation on one great point, you merely evaded the question; and instead of the explicit firmness and decision of the king, gave us nothing but the misery of a *ruined grazer*, and the whining piety of a methodist.

The growth of the scourge was even introduced, if we are to believe a contributor to Notes and Queries, into the hymnology of the day. The following verses, composed by the clerk, were, it is asserted, sung in a village church in the West Country:—

No Christian bull or cow, they say,
But takes it out of hand,
And we shall have no cows at all
I fear within this land.

The doctors though they've spoken all,
Like learned gentlemen,
And told us how the entrails look
Of cattle, red or green,

Yet can they nothing do at all.
With all their learned store ;
So heaven pray take this plague away,
And vex us not no more.

During the memorable historic period from 1792 to 1815, when war and rebellion, invasions and usurpations, were accompanied by misery and famine—we are quoting from the excellent work of Professor Gamgee—pestilence was one amongst the calamities befalling man, and the cattle plague—constant associate of wars in which the Russians or their nearest neighbours took part—broke out. It spread through the Danubian Principalities to the south of Germany in 1795 and 1796, and continued its devastation here and there in an uninterrupted manner up to 1801.

A few years of respite, however, were at hand ; and whilst the operations of war were in a great measure confined to the West, the cattle plague returned to the Russian steppes. But in 1806, when the Cossacks of the Don mustered on the Vistula in obedience to an urgent appeal of Alexander, the cattle plague spread from the desert lands into the agricultural districts of Lithuania, Prussia, Silesia, and Courland. Napoleon's retreat, after the battle of Eylau, favoured the extension of the contagious typhus, and it exterminated the cattle of the above and adjoining provinces for two whole years. When the Grand Army advanced to Moscow, and penetrated into the heart of Russia to meet with defeat and famine, all conditions favoured an extension of disease and a spread of pestilence. Though so few returned to France to recount the hardships they had undergone, this epoch was marked by another extension of the disease of the steppes. In 1813 and 1814, when the allied forces under Schwartzburg invaded France, the Rhine provinces of Switzerland and France suffered immensely from the losses occasioned by the contagious typhus. The most stringent sanitary measures, slaughtering the diseased and isolating the healthy, soon put a stop to it, and no more was heard of it in the western half of Europe for several years.

During the Crimean War considerable alarm was excited in the English and French camps lest the provision of fresh meat should fail, as the cattle of the steppes were dying of the murrain. Mr. Mayer, veterinary surgeon to the Royal Engineers' Field Equipment, says, in the *Veterinarian* for April, 1861, that about

the end of August, 1855, "the murrain was destroying immense numbers of cattle in Asiatic Turkey. By degrees we heard of its nearer approach, and as it was just at this time that we were purchasing bullocks, and knowing that they had been driven some 600 miles from the interior, we became doubly cautious in our dealings. The French, who were also purchasing about the same time as ourselves, and whose camp was a few miles from ours, first received the contagion. I was very suspicious about a lot which we bought the week following, and which I wished consequently to have rejected ; but we were obliged to have them, and in a few weeks the disease made its appearance in our camp also."

To show what havoc war plays upon hapless herds, we may here state, though rather unchronologically, that the contagious typhus followed Napoleon into Italy in 1793, 1794, and 1795 ; and that in those three years Piedmont alone lost from three to four million head of cattle.

These few historic facts will tell, though imperfectly, a tale of bovine suffering which few, we suspect, have ever contemplated or imagined.

Although England, importing largely from almost every port of the continent supplies of cattle, is peculiarly liable to an attack of the Rinderpest or cattle plague, she has been wonderfully free from its invasion. About the end of June last, however, there were ominous whispers that the cormorant disease had visited us. The cows in London and the neighbourhood of the metropolis were mysteriously attacked, and whole dairies were depopulated in a few days. Veterinary skill could do nothing to check its advance and extension. The rumour was, that some beasts, shipped at the port of Revel, in the Gulf of Finland, had brought the plague into the Thames, and that these, conveyed to the Metropolitan Cattle Market, communicated the disease to their healthy fellow-beasts. Others, on the contrary, maintained that the disease was endemic ; that it originated in our own cow-sheds and cattle lairs, which were alleged to be unclean and plague-generating. Professor Gamgee, and others like him, who have thoroughly studied the history of the Rinderpest or Yasva, contend that the contagion was imported, and that the British ports and foreign ports should always be closely watched.

On the 24th of July appeared the first Order in Council, warning cowkeepers and graziers to give notice to the inspectors, should the disease make its appearance on their farms. Other Orders followed, enjoining on railway

Dip in the rivulet, or (living gem!)
The burnished king-fisher his plumes expand
Of glowing green and onyx, vanishing
Like some bright meteor, in a flash of light

From the blue brow of heaven. Bright water-fay,
Fairest of all creations of the brain,
Thy fabled history sets a lasting charm



On the sweet river-scenes of this our land;
Teaching that fiction purely drawn may add
Still one more grace to graces born of earth,—
May lead the yet unawakened soul to turn

Towards the beautiful for beauty's sake,
And, if unreal, lend to real things
The heaven-born influence of a higher world!
ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE SOCIAL BATH.

On the 9th of last August I accomplished a rather fatiguing day's march from Sierre in the Valley of the Rhône to Leukerbad, which is called in French *Les Bains de Loèche*. I knew already that the place was famous for its medicinal waters, and for the practice of social bathing, without distinction of nation, "position, age, or sex." But I did not know the outrageous practices of the bathers, concerning which I propose to "say my say" for the enlightenment of the readers of *ONCE A WEEK*, who may not have been as fortunate as I was on the occasion of visiting Leukerbad, or who may never have visited the place at all. The baths of Loèche have a remarkable distinction among the many hot springs of the western Continent: of upwards of twenty sources, the hottest and most copious has 124° F., so that it ranks the third in order of temperature, Carlsbad having a spring at 167° F., Baden-Baden one at 153.5° F., and Aix-la-Chapelle one at 143° F.

All the hotels at Leukerbad being full, I was forced to put up with a wretched lodging for one night. The following morning being singularly favourable for mountaineering, I snatched a hasty breakfast at the *Hôtel des Alpes*, and set forth on foot for the summit of the *Torrenthorn*. With the exception of the devious giddy mule-path which has been cut out of the perpendicular face of the *Gemmi*, and the road by which I had approached the baths, I found there was but one exit from the rocky *enciente*; unless, indeed, I had chosen to climb the *échelles*, a series of shaky and broken wooden ladders, by which the peasantry are enabled to carry provisions to the little village of *Albinen*. Everyone to his taste! Little as I mind a mountain gorge, or a crevasse, I have no fancy for scaling a Jacob's ladder; so, having inspected the *échelles*, and tried two or three of the series, I abandoned the attempt, and ascended the *Torrenthorn* by the direct mountain route. Arrived at the summit, I found a wooden bench, on which I gladly stretched myself for twenty minutes before commencing the descent. On the back of this bench I observed an inscription, which had evidently been very recently carved. It was in the following words and order:—

BAINS DE LOÈCHE.
GRANDE FÊTE DES BAINS!
LE 10 AOÛT,
À SEPT HEURES DU SOIR,
UNE GRANDE FÊTE
AURA LIEU
DANS LE CARRÉ DES FOUS.
ON Y ENTENDRA LE CHANT DU COQ!

Had I heard Poe's Raven croak out this

announcement in my ear I could not have been more startled. Why the bathers of Loèche should, and how they could, celebrate a festival in hot-water, were to me insoluble questions; and, still more puzzling was it to assign a reason for choosing "*le carré des fous*" for the occasion, or for the selection of "*le chant du coq*" as an agreeable and attractive entertainment. "Perhaps, after all," I mused, "the last announcement is metaphorical, and merely means that the strange festivities will be prolonged till 'cockcrowing' *i.e.*, till early morning."

Whatever this proclamation to the world from an elevation of 9000 feet might mean, I resolved, if any such *fête* took place, to be a witness of it. The bath! what associations crowded my mind as I descended hastily down the snow-capped dome of the *Torrenthorn*! I thought of Archimedes rushing from his bath, with a cry that was to be immortalised by a maker of registered shirts,—the bath was to him what the bed was to Descartes, a resort favourable to speculation. But I never read of the great hydraulist frequenting the *Lutrones* of Syracuse or Athens; though, had he done so, I make no question but he would have dignified social bathing by philosophy, instead of lending his countenance to its debasing follies. The bath! there Seneca gave up the ghost; there Franklin elaborated many of his forgotten crudities, while he was strengthening his body for the more healthy fruits of genius; and there, too, was stuck that hog *Marât* by hands that in dishonouring themselves did him too much honour; there too—and down I came over a little precipice, and sprained my wrist.

Once more at the *Bains de Loèche*, I sought the information I required, and with success. A little Frenchman, whom I accidentally met, told me, in many words and with many gestures, that there was a *fête* to come off that evening; and he not only described the arrangements with eager volubility, but promised to give me the *entrée* to the baths,—not indeed as a bather, but as a spectator. From his description I was led to expect a sort of little paradise of hot water, peopled with steaming Undines.

Soon after seven o'clock I found myself in a long room, two-thirds of which, long-wise, were occupied by four large tanks of hot water. These were called *grands carrés*, and were distinguished by numbers, the first being that patronised by the *élite* of the bathers. It was in this that the *fête* took place. The *carrés* were divided by galleries, which communicated with one that extended the whole length of the room, and this opened on to a large wooden balcony, which "gave on" to one of the *carrefours*

of the village, and commanded, in the language of Dick Swiveller, "an uninterrupted view of —of over the way," the only "contingent advantage" being fresh air, which you certainly could not get inside. Two doors opened into each *carré* from the dressing-rooms devoted to the ladies and gentlemen respectively.

The only illuminated part of this room was the *premier carré*. At the further and darkest end was stationed a band of musicians, upon whose lungs and spirits the hot steam seemed to have had a most depressing influence. All the available standing room in the neighbourhood of the *premier carré* was occupied by the friends of the bathers, porters and waiters, bathmen and bathwomen, chambermaids and laundresses, and their numerous kith and kin, who were all eagerly looking down into the tank where the festive proceedings were toward. Into the midst of this throng I made my way, but as I could see nothing of what was going on in the tank, I climbed on to a table which was already sufficiently charged with spectators. I must own that the sight which met my eyes was one of the strangest I ever beheld. The tank was decorated with wreaths of pine branches, and lighted by a circular chandelier, extemporised out of festoons of green boughs. The bathers were already arriving, every one in some absurd masquerade. Not a minute elapsed but some new character emerged from the dark recesses of the dressing-rooms, and was greeted with shouts of applause. Around two sides of the *carré* stood a common deal table, immersed in water nearly up to the slab. Subaqueous seats surrounded the tank on all sides, and those which were behind the table were soon closely filled by the ladies, among whom were reckoned, by courtesy, a Baroness who wore the dress of a sailor, and a Maréchal de France who was habited after the traditional fashion of Mrs. Gamp. Among the motley throng was an English lady, the wife of a clergyman, who had left her at the baths, and gone his way for an excursion in the Oberland; she wore the kerchief of a gipsy, and told fortunes in English, which no one understood. But the strangest apparition was the head of an enormous cock. This being the first time I had seen a human being served up *à la coq*, I was at first in some doubt as to the humanity of the object: but a succession of præternaturally loud crowings betrayed the featherless biped, and resolved the mystery of the "*chant du coq*" on the Torrenthorn. Immediately after the manifestation of this unseasonable chanticleer, the head of a still more anomalous visitant peered into the *carré*,

strongly and unpleasantly reminding me of an illustration to "The Husband's Petition" in Bon Gualtier's "Book of Ballads." This new phenomenon was none other than a sheep's head and shoulders, surmounting what I presumed to be another human biped, who waddled across the tank bleating plaintively in the face of each young lady, to her no small discomfiture. I felt like one in a feverish dream, and almost involuntarily exclaimed, "*Mais comment ce monsieur-là peut-il manger avec la tête de mouton?*" an inquiry for which I was laughed at. The fact is, that while I fully realised the possibility of the one mummer disembarassing himself of his enormous cock's head, I completely identified the sheep's head with its wearer, and no more thought of his dispensing with that than of his performing the famous miracle of good St. Bernard. Then there was a handsome old Italian Abbé disguised as a village mountebank, and a judge from one of the courts of Turin wearing the shako of a Cossack. Among many other ladies, whose dresses my space forbids me to describe, were two beautiful girls, of about fourteen summers, dressed in white muslin vests and wearing wreaths of green leaves round their heads.

The tank being *complet*, the banquet with all its appurtenances was let down from the galleries to the bathers, who laid their own service and spread their own viands. Then the sheep and cock discarded their heads; the removal of the one revealed the hard features and dark moustache of a Sardinian officer, while the removal of the other disclosed the face of a vivacious Frenchman, whose hair was tied up in small bunches of pink ribbon. The latter began forthwith to play the clown with an energy which was amazing, and his efforts did not flag for an instant during nearly four hours. Shouting, singing, crowing, and bleating continued throughout the banquet. That being despatched, it was super-eded by the dessert, the *pièce de résistance* being a large piece of confectionery, said to contain a motto; this was distributed, and the motto fell to the share of a French lady, who read it aloud: "*La folie est une chimère*." Being doubtful of the rendering, I demanded a translation, when two were vouchsafed: "Folly is all nonsense" and "Madness is chimerical." This incident made me doubt whether, after all, the *carré des fous* was not a serious description of the place, and I almost feared to think that I was witnessing a banquet of lunatics, whose keepers were ranged round the tank. Certainly, I argued, if their madness is chimerical, their folly is the worst nonsense I ever happened to meet with.

The confectionary soon disappeared. Then

the champagne flowed freely, too freely, I thought. Then the table was carried out bodily, and more champagne was brought in, till the row was frightful; still, I must own, the bathers were not inebriated, for the feats they performed would have been impossible to people who had not the full use of their senses. For instance, the Sardinian officer challenged a friend in the gallery to drink, thereupon he filled a glass of champagne and flung it charged into the gallery, where it was dexterously caught with scarcely the loss of a drop.

Next followed a ball, a ball in hot water; and more uproarious dancing I never witnessed. During the first quadrille I heard loud cries of "*Assis! assis! assis!*" from all sides, and wondered what was the meaning, not indeed of the word, but of its application. How could people dancing like mad in hot water sit down? I asked for an explanation of a bystander, and was told that all these good people were performing their evolutions *on their haunches*; and that whenever anyone showed more than head and shoulders above water, he was thus requested to resume his normal squatting posture. Then coffee was served; other amusements followed, diversified by snatches of airs from "*Norma*," sung in unison; but the favourite songs were an Italian *chanson*, "*Buon-di, buondi*," and a French round of a very peculiar structure. In every verse of this round there was a hiatus of words and music to be supplied by a chorus imitating the vocal peculiarities of animals, a different name being called out for each verse. By eleven o'clock the festivities were brought to a close. Such was a *fête des bains dans le carré des fous*.

I subsequently became a bather of the *premier carré*. When I took my first bath, that distinguished tank had, with the exception of a little ornamental foliage, resumed its every-day aspect. All four *carrés* were occupied; though to judge from the numbers then bathing in the first, that seemed the favourite. The bathers in their brown woollen gowns were lounging and floating, some reading, some sipping coffee and munching biscuits, some engaged in the discussion of a substantial breakfast (*à la fourchette*), a greater number in the discussion of the topics of the day, others lying across floating tables, dozing; the majority, for want of something better to do, exhibiting their proficiency in squirting water through their fingers into each others' faces at a long range. In one *carré* a martyr to neuralgia in the temples was absorbed in the occupation of letting the water drop gently from a small sponge upon the part affected,

which already exhibited an extensive eruption. In another the game of "hunt the ring" prevailed, and in another water gymnastics were in vogue. The sturdy *chant du coq* of the Frenchman resounding "with lively din" from the *premier carré*, was promptly responded to by the crow of an unhappy cochin-china in the seedy fourth. Of course I saw and heard all this before descending to the dressing-room and entering the *carré*, and I must confess the *coup d'oeil* was as disagreeable and repulsive as it was eccentric and grotesque. I had now an opportunity of perusing the laws adopted by the authorities for the regulation of the baths; these were suspended against the wall opposite the main entrance to the *salle des bains*. Amongst other prohibitions the bather was forbidden to spit, smoke, or discuss religion. Other rules more immediately related to decency and morality, and the plain French in which these were expressed would have astonished anyone who had not been accustomed to the still grosser *défenses* which everywhere adorn the walls of a French town. These prohibitions did not impress me very favourably as to the general conduct of the bathers: for a preserve implies a poacher, and a fence a trespasser. Experience soon showed me the necessity of something more stringent than printed regulations.

On entering the *premier carré* I was greeted with loud cries of "*Assis! assis!*" "Sit down!" This order I found it difficult to obey, for I could not squat without tumbling over, and it was some time before I found the seat which surrounded the tank. I was soon in conversation with the old Abbé, who was a most agreeable companion. He explained to me fully the action of the water upon the skin: "*Il faut que vous sachiez*," he said, "*que la poussée se présente presque partout sur la peau après l'expiration de la bonne part de la série de bains*." I was puzzled, and asked: "*Mais qu'est-ce que veut dire 'la poussée'?*" The Abbé kindly explained: "*Cela consiste en petits boutons rouges qui arrivent—se poussent—à la surface du corps. Voyez*," he exclaimed, and lifting his leg out of the water he offered it for my close inspection. He told me that the baths were resorted to for the most part for obstinate neuralgia and rheumatism, as well as for scorbutic and cutaneous maladies. This was not a pleasant reflection, though it served to account for the anxiety some of the ladies had shown to impress me with the poignancy of their neuralgic sufferings; for in this matter the gentlemen had a decided advantage, since they could, it seemed, without impropriety, afford the stranger ocular demonstration of the purity of their skins. I remem-

bered, too, that diving was a favourite diversion with some of the bathers; and that some wore skull-caps; and I had an uncomfortable suspicion that the pride they took in exhibiting their proficiency in that art, or even the skull-cap, might dissemble "French crowns" and other ailments that could not be acknowledged.

The doings of the patients of Leukerbad have been too often described to need any particular exposition here. I will simply add, that on the fifth day of my course of baths, finding that I had not developed *la poussée*, and judging from that fact that I had acquired no malady which necessitated the tedious process of *débaigner*, I left the Bains de Lœche without regret; for

Facere hoc non possum quinque diebus
Continuis : quia sunt talis quoque testis vitæ
Magna.

Which, for the benefit of the unlearned I translate : "No decent person could continue a course of baths there for five days; for what with *ennui* and disgust, he would be literally bored to death." C. M. INGEBY.

DINAN.

"Now by the testament of good Saint Luke,"
Thus to his younger brother swore the Duke,
"And by the bones of Paul I do design
To make the lofty walls of Dinan thine,—
Thine the bold hill with stately strongholds crowned,
Thine the deep valleys and the plains around;
And if thou choose thyself a fitting mate,
And keep thee honestly to that estate
Which I do yield thee of mine own free hand,
Thou shalt have peace and honour in the land."
And Gilles laughed, and shook his curls of brown,
And thanked his royal brother for the town,
Nor would deny that in the busy north
Lived a fair maiden of transcendent worth—
A blue-eyed German maiden, whose true heart
He claimed and owned; and straight he would depart
To bear across long leagues of sunlit foam
This northern lily to his southern home.

I married them; and blessed the fair-haired child,
Whose happy eyes through tears sought his and smiled;
I heard her voice its low love-music speak,
I watched love-roses kindle on her cheek,
Nor dreamed to see, ere half a year had gone,
Or ere the first bloom of their love had flown,
Her stiffened fingers, rigid with despair,
Rend the pale splendour of her golden hair.

I curse him!—he, the dark Italian fiend,
Who, by his mask of seeming virtue screened,
Dropped subtle poison in the weak Duke's ear
And stirred him with unceasing hints to fear
The growing favour which his brother gained.
For ere these six slow moons had grown and waned
We heard at Dinan how the court had turned,
And with a secret aspiration burned
To curb our ancient city's rights and powers,
Level her walls and sap her rock-built towers,

Lest that her ruler should no longer brook
The confines authorised by the Duke,
And growing strong, should use his strength to fling
From off his arms their lawful manacling.

And Gilles heard the murmur'd threat from far—
The hollow tramp—the sound that preludes war—
Of horsemen answering to bugle-calls—
And straight therewith he fortified the walls,
Strengthened the ramparts round about the town,
Summoned in haste his warriors of renown
From forth their castles in the wooded vales,
From northern uplands and from southern dales,
Until adown each narrow stony street
Echoed the measured martial clang of feet;
And all the air grew hoarse with loud commands,
And in St. Sauveur's square met armed bands:
The Place du Guesclin moved with lines of red,
The houses shook in answer to their tread,
And Dinan, gazing southward without fear,
Waited the tidings of her fate to hear.

In vain I counselled him; in vain I strove,
Grown bold by age, grown vehement by love,
To show how this most innocent defence
Might to the Duke afford a fair pretence
Why he should strike aside his brother's crown,
And lay in dust the strongholds of the town;
For well we knew the foul Italian fiend
Had of our doings such particulars gleaned,
That, by his cunning so arranged, combined,
They might reveal how Gilles had designed
To pluck the kingdom from his brother's hand,
And wave rebellion's flag throughout the land:
Too true the warning: ere a look could tell
Swiftly the thunder-bolt among us fell;
And each man, silent, sought his neighbour's face,
As if some further danger there to trace—
Some shadow of that cloud which seemed to brood
And fill the awe-struck town with solitude.

For ere we saw a foe approach our gates,
Gilles was summoned by the Breton States,
And southward drawn by this invisible hand,
(Such was the means the deep Italian planned,)
Alone and unbefriended, there was tried
For raising insurrection far and wide
By covert means within the Duke's domains,
And seeking English aid to share the gains!
He, silent-struck with wonder and surprise,
Answered them only with indignant eyes:
Nor deigned to question but with looks of scorn,
The lies unsparingly by traitors sworn.
Enough! he was again to Dinan sent,
But with the brand of life-long imprisonment,
Struck from the holy light of God's free air,
Down to eternal darkness none might share,—
Not even she whose fitful colour came
To tell the troubled joy she dared not name—
Joy that beneath this sorrow's iron yoke
Grew faint and died, and then her young heart
broke.

I served him—I— from early dawn till night,
I saw the caged lion spend his night
In fruitless boundings 'gainst his prison bars;
For when I spoke to him of distant wars—
How Norman nobles sought to raise turmoil,
And glut their castles with our gossily spoil,
His dark eye burned, and shook his large-veined
hand
With fierce pulsations he could scarce command;
And his proud nostril sniffed the din, the life,
The passion and insanity of strife,

And rose a hectic fervour on his face,
With such intensity of warlike grace,
That I, an aged friar, before I died,
Prayed God to see him into battle ride !

Nor his, but mine the fight ; from day to day,
I strove with that which filled me with dismay—
How dared I trust his life to one around,
When thrice, I say, I deadly poison found
Within the cup that nigh had met his lips ?
Yet vain my care ! A darkness—an eclipse
Upsprung from hell appeared to hover there,
Infesting with a plague the wholesome air ;
And as we walked or talked 'twas in a swoon,
That hushed our very voices, while the moon
That crossed the courtyard with its glamour pale,
Saw shadows moving there in coats of mail.
O God ! the terror of that blinding morn,
When from his face the ghastly sheets were torn—
When daylight streamed upon the prison bed,
But could not thrill the eyeballs of the dead,
That still glared up in agony of pain,
In dull, dry agony that shrieked for rain
Of tears to cool the parching throb beneath,
The throb that vanished with his dying breath :
Smothered !—yes, smothered ! such the sudden doom
That crushed his life into a yawning tomb,
That smote from earth a form so fair and young,
And left a horror, pallid, writhed, and wrung,
Dark-veined and twisted by that hideous gasp
That forced the clenched fingers to unclasp,
And laid them cold and nerveless by his side—
He who but knew the dawn of life, and died.

Yes, I am old and weak ; and scarce know how
My soul was moved with anger to that vow
Which bound me as with galling chains of steel
That broke not, bent not, till I could reveal
The horrid thought that like an adder crept
Down to my heart, and there imprisoned slept.
At length he came : I saw him, as of yore,
Pacing his proud-eyed charger on the shore ;
The purple sea was rough with curling white,
That smote the distant cape and sprang in light ;
The sky up-gathered heavy folds of cloud,
And hung them, like a melancholy shroud,
Above the deep that rose in scorn and hurled
Tempestuous waves against the rock-bound world.
He came—I knew him—François First—the Duke
Who knew not me, but somehow durst not look
Nor me, nor any man, straight in the face :
Perhaps 'twas affection—or a grace
To shield us from the overwhelming nod
Of him who ruled viceregent here of God !

Alone he came ; his bold brow blanched with care,
His face fixed ever downward in despair ;
Remorse had cut the wormy wrinkles deep
Above those eyes that seldom closed in sleep ;
His listless fingers idly clasped the rein
That drooped and fell athwart the charger's mane.
Then I, who saw him, in my heart's core thrilled
To curse him for the brother whom he killed ;
But as I paused with human purpose weak,
And felt the growing pallor of my cheek,
Lo ! sudden strength possessed me, and there came
From out of Heaven a message like a flame
That kindled all my soul : the splendour broke—
A wind of God blew through me, and I spoke !

I cursed him not ; I seized his restless eye,
And with wild words that came I know not why,
Nor how, nor whence, did smite him in the teeth,
And bade him, François First, prepare for death,

Yet, within forty days.

They came, they went,
These unknown words ; and, with the warning
spent,
I swooned and fell as dead upon the shore,
Nor longer heard the sullen breakers roar !

Duke François gave a feast unto his court ;
He talked, he laughed, he swore in royal sport,
He bade be joyous with a stormy shout,
Nor ceased to urge his nobles round about
To pledge him in full flowing cups of wine,
And drink the love of azure eyes divine !
But I, from one dim corner of the hall,
Counting the minutes, saw each pleasure pall
Or ere it touched his lips ; and as a man,
With fevered fingers and with visage wan,
Would gasp and sicken in the country air ;
So he, amid the glitter and the glare
Of lamps and faces on that radiant night,
Grew dark within the halo of delight ;
Yet all the more he clutched the golden bowl,
Lest he should hear the mournful music toll
A sad, slow dirge to kill the clashing sound
That whirled the gauzy dancers round and round.
At length he rose, and all the music ceased—
“ Look you, my lords and ladies, at our feast,
It were but well fit honour should be given—”
And as he spoke the blasting curse of heaven
Withered his tongue, and struck his glazed eye,
While from his lips burst forth an awful cry,
“ O Jesu, save my soul !” And as he fell
That unknown power commanded me to tell
Aloud his crime and punishment ; but he,
Gazing across the lone eternal sea,
On brink whereof he stood, nor seemed to hear
The voice that rang his doom into his ear.
For paler grew the face, duller the eye,
Quicker the breath of him who would not die,
But still would wage with God a fearful fight
And clutch with dying hands a beam of light,
Until an unseen bolt from Heaven sped,
And François lay in darkness of the dead !

WILLIAM BLACK.

SUSSEX, PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is not a more picturesque county in England than Sussex, or one that possesses a higher degree of interest to the historian, and holds forth more tempting sources of research to the antiquary. Standing upon the crests of one of our glorious South Downs, and looking over richly cultivated plains, it is no easy matter to force the imagination backwards to an age of primeval forests, to resuscitate the spirits of a past generation, and re-people the country with the rude and lawless inhabitants of a barbarous age : it is no easy matter to follow the index of generations, picturing, step by step, the gradual development of civilisation, with all its multiplying demands, awakening new powers of mind, and opening up new and endless resources.

Generations pass ; the work that made the wonder of its age crumbles down into dust ; war thunders through the land, and a merciless soldiery deface the labour of a century.

Here and there are left solitary monuments of days gone by; standing grey and solemn landmarks, proving themselves rallying points from which emanate many a picture of the life led by our forefathers, and data setting at rest many a long vexed historical question.

Time was when these same verdant and corn-clothed plains of Sussex were covered with a dense natural forest, a forest which gradually fell beneath the axe of the woodman, to supply the enormous demand for fuel caused by the iron forges of the Weald, and which, from a period antecedent to the Roman invasion, supplied the kingdom with iron, and continued to monopolise the manufacture of ordnance as far down as the seventeenth century, the last forge being extinguished about 1700, and that only from the economy of the smelting being so much greater where coal took the place of charcoal.

Very different must have been the aspect of our quiet downs in that iron age, when, as Drayton sings in his "Seventeenth Song of the River Thames,"—

These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breasts had long their grief conceal'd),

Foreseeing their decay, each hour so fast come on,
Under the axe's stroke fetch many a grievous groan.
When as the anvil's weight and hammer's dreadful sound

Even rent the hollow woods and queachy ground,
So that trembling nymphs, oppress'd with ghostly fear,
Ran maddening to the Downs with loose dishevell'd hair.

Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veined elm, the softer beech,

Short hazel, maple plain, light ash, the bending wych,
What should the builder serve supplies the forger's turn,

When, under public good, base private gain takes hold,
And we, poor woful woods, to ruin lastly sold.

The forgers of those days brooked no law, cutting and felling as their convenience suited, reckless of waste, or the wants of coming generations; time after time did the officers of the crown interfere, and we read proclamations, strongly worded enough, but apparently of little avail, the destruction still went on, the destroyers laughing at empty threats. So completely, however, have all traces of this ancient source of wealth passed away, that, saving for the cinders turned up on the sites of the forges, and the local names of Hammer Pond and Hammer Post, the farmer in the nineteenth century might easily forget that a day ever existed when the guns which thundered forth defiance to the world were moulded in his peace-loving down country.

The name of Hogge, or Hugget, rendered immortal by the distich,—

Master Hugget and his man John,
They did make the first cannon.

still clings to the blacksmith of the Weald, affording a curious example of how tenaciously a family will follow up one trade. The name, though well known in many parts, is very common round Busted, where stood the forge of "Mr. Hugget and his man John," an iron plate with a rough casting of a hog, and bearing date 1581, marking the site of his home, and beside it the remains of a hammer-post; the pond has been drained; not so, however, those where stood the Royal Ordnance Works in St. Leonard's Forest, there they still lie, embosomed in wild and lovely woodland scenery. The transport of the iron was tedious and difficult, generally accomplished by water, the roads being almost impassable, except during the frosts of winter; and in spite of a wise law, compelling all occupiers of iron forges to lay down a load of gravel or stone for every six loads of coal and every ton of iron drawn, the ways continued in such a deplorable condition that when Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth made a royal progress through the county, we find her chronicler reporting that the delay incurred by the Queen was by no means pleasing, and induced a comparison to the roads near the Peak, then considered the wildest and worst in England. At a much later period, Prince George of Denmark took six hours to go nine miles on his way to Petworth, and that too notwithstanding the aid of a body of countrymen, who propped up his coach with their brawny shoulders, at such times as the depth of the ruts rendered an overturn to be apprehended. Within the remembrance of people still living, residents five or six miles from Chichester had to lay in stores for the winter, it being a matter of extreme doubt whether the housekeeper could make a journey during that season; and the origin of the horses' collar bells, still now and then to be heard making music along the Sussex roads, dates to the time when the roads afforded only occasionally a passing way, and this made it necessary that due warning should be given of an approaching team. Such being the case with these great arteries of civilisation, the rudeness and backwardness prevailing to a surprisingly late period in Sussex creates less wonder; besides, the Parliamentary wars had ruined or banished most of the influential families, and devastated the country: trade there was little or none, employment consequently ceased, and honest men became scarce.

Smuggling had long existed, the records of the reign of Edward the First showing that an inquiry into the illegal export of

wool from Shoreham and Steyning was brought before the jurors of the hundred rolls. This kind of smuggling arose from the large export duty imposed upon English wool. The history of this trade, contained in Smith's "Memoirs of Wool," is a curious and interesting picture of the times, and well repays a perusal.

For many years and during several generations the woollen trade formed an important item in the prosperity of English commerce, until it became evident that the facility with which the trade was supplied, the small amount of manual labour necessary, and the increasing conversion of tillage into pasturage, was working a revolution in the state of society, and that the labouring class were being left without employment. At this juncture Henry the Eighth framed a law, limiting the number of sheep kept by a tenant farmer.

The Romney Marsh men, who attained the most notorious reputation of those lawless days, were mostly natives of Sussex, and made midnight journeys into their native country, for the purpose of buying up the flocks of the South Down farmers, and it is stated that these "Owlers," or wool-smugglers, would in a few weeks shear and export 150,000 sheep. So late as 1731, the men of Sussex are supposed to have smuggled upwards of 150,000 packs of wool by the year, and the smaller landed proprietors whose "estates bordered on the sea-coast were too much influenced by a near but false prospect of gain." Large fortunes were accumulated thus in East Sussex; nor did the "free-trading" cease until the war in 1793, existing during its later years contemporary with another and still more disastrous system, namely, import smuggling, Romney Marsh still leading the van, the captain of the band being a man named Hunt, who became mixed up in the political disturbances of his time, the smuggling fraternity having none of them any objection to turn a penny in conveying either letters or passengers, when the chance offered.

In proportion as the duty upon imported goods increased, so did smuggling flourish, and so reckless did its followers become that they enlisted in bands under captains, and established for themselves warehouses and dépôts; they attacked, broke open, and ransacked the custom-houses, frightening, or in some cases bribing, the farmers and tradesmen to keep neutrality. The Treasury papers of those years became absolutely amusing, detailing, as they did, the doings of these gangs.

Life was taken or risked, as the case might be, with equal disregard, and there are few among our downy exempt from the traditionary

gibbet, once decorated by a smuggler's body hung in chains. The old folks point out scenes of midnight "runs," and chuckle over the way in which they have helped to hoodwink the custom-house officers; and among the villagers near the coast, nicknames, invented as blinds, still adhere to families, descending from father to son.

Many a wild ghost story owes its birth to the smuggling days; it being a very usual plan to resort to some supernatural history, or appearance, in order to ward off unwelcome visitors, and keep the coast clear as a nocturnal rendezvous. "Ghostesses," according to popular belief, once existed very widely in Sussex; nor indeed is the belief yet extinct, although schools, railways, and good roads have mightily enlightened the rising generation; and if you venture to ask one of these for the whereabouts of some old-world ghost, you are generally greeted with a grin, and probably set down as some ignorant "furreneer." Yet, with all this march of intellect, the poorer orders retain strong faith in charms; few will venture through a churchyard or past ruins after nightfall; and until quite lately a sudden blight or sickness among crops or cattle was pretty certain to be laid to some old woman's door, and many experiments were tried to convict the "witch."

Fairies and greenwoods are always inseparable. But, alas! the poetic day of fairy lore is gone. Faygate was a noted place; but here, not many weeks ago, a smock-frocked labourer said to me, when I asked, "Had he ever seen a fairy?" "Noa, be Job! Pharisees be all drayed." "But a friend of mine told me they were still seen here," I persisted, determined to get at his real opinion in the matter. The fellow burst into a laugh, pulled off his cap, and scratched his head fiercely as he replied,—"Den he doe be a gurt grumet, he doe! The parson, he reads about dem Pharisees, but nobody don't think nothing on 'em."

Legends abound, one of the most romantic being that of St. Leonard's Forest, which was famed as the abode of a horrible dragon; an uncouth, loathsome creature, neither fish, flesh, nor yet fowl; an animal which, eschewing the possession of two legs, dragged its unwieldy length serpent-like along, and made a trail somewhat resembling a gigantic snail. It was endowed with the power of elongating itself, and of casting forth a certain poison or venom, that caused instant death to whatsoever it touched; its voice resembled that of a mighty cataract, and its "presence was so terrible, that the eye could not dwell upon it," and the dread of it drove the dwellers in or near the forest far away, so much so, that the

country was becoming unpopulated, and the reclaimed land falling back into its original condition. At this juncture St. Leonard came to the rescue, and, arming himself, he sallied forth to destroy this terror; and it is said that for six days he searched the forest before he fell in with his enemy; when he did so, the battle lasted nearly as long, until at last the saint prevailed. The legend,* I am sorry to say, goes on to record that, though wherever the good man's blood had sunk in the green turf, lily of the valley sprang up, he begged as a reward for this chivalry that nightingales should never be permitted to disturb him by their midnight muse. Hence the couplet,—

That here the adder never stang,
Nor the nightingale ever sang,—

and, as far as we could learn, the sweet bird of night never pours forth "its out-sobbing songs."

Mayfield and its legend of St. Dunstan is, we believe, better known, but becomes much more interesting when you have visited the fine old palace, and seen the veritable anvil, pincers, and tongs, made use of by the saint, when he "took the Devil by the nose," and have stood by the window out of which His Satanic Majesty, when released, took his famous long stride to Tunbridge Wells, to cool in the sparkling spring his tortured nasal organ, and bestow,—we should presume unwittingly,—the sulphurous element to which posterity owes much exemption from the ills that flesh is heir to. But, though conquered, Satan was not beaten off the ground, as when the church was being built he, remembering his old grudge against the patron saint, made a point of undoing by night what the workmen accomplished by day, so that it was only by working day and night that the building was completed, and the print of a cloven foot was long shown as proof positive of the accuracy of the story.

The labourer in Sussex speaks a provincial dialect, interlarded with early Saxon and Norman French; he is very much addicted to long and strong words, which, having found and "made a note of," he brings into his conversation with a sublime disregard to all meaning. For example: a clergyman once told me that, going to inquire for a sick parishioner, he was told by her sister "that she died in the night, quite *apropôs*!"

In all old-world customs Sussex is still rich, and some of the most curious of those we have been enabled to pick up may be interesting. Apple-howling is one: this is a charm supposed to increase the fruitfulness of the

orchard, in which a number of lads congregate, and surrounding the tree sing,—

Stand fast, root, bear well top,
Pray God send us a good howling crop;
Every twig apples big,
Every bough apples enou;
Hats full, caps full,
Tall quarters, sacks full.

Death generally brings to light some traces of superstition in all parts: here the ceremony of "awaking the bees" is always performed immediately after any one in the house has breathed his last, and it is done by tapping gently, and telling the industrious little inmate that Death has been there. When a young unmarried female dies, virgin wreaths are suspended in the parish church.

The custom of Borough English* prevails more extensively in Sussex than in any other county; so much so, that it may be looked upon as the common law regarding copyhold and other tenements. Among the tenantry customs, we shall only mention that of "Drinker Acres," so named from the practice of having a "drinking" by spending the rent arising from particular pieces of land, locally called "Drunkers, or Drinker Acres."

Sheep-shearing was wont to be a season of great merriment, and the late Duke of Richmond took no small pains to keep up the old county custom, by encouraging the captains and the sheep-shearing bands to bring their men to Goodwood on a certain day, and compete for prizes, a supper finishing off the festivities of the day; songs expressly adapted for the occasion are sung, some of them quaint enough, though we cannot say very much in praise of the poetic vein of the South Saxons.

Christmas mumming and carol-singing is still kept up, though the legitimate carols are generally discarded in favour of some popular London street song of the day, or the Christy Minstrels' melodies.

I. D. FENTON.

HOW I WAS WOODED, BUT NOT WED.

At the period of my life about which I am going to write, I was not young, neither was I very old. In years, I certainly was not aged, but having been thrown upon myself at a very early period, I had learnt to feel older than I really was. However, a lady's age is not, at best, a pleasing theme, at all events to herself; suffice it to say that I was fast approaching what is termed a "certain age;" so that in regard to matrimony it was no longer a question of "whom I would take," or even, "whom I could get:" I had arrived at the last and

* Borough English, according to "Kitchener on Courts," is "a customary descent of lands or tenements in some places, whereby they go to the youngest son: or, if the owner have no issue, to the youngest brother."

least agreeable stage, viz., "who would take me?"

I had a comfortable business in the stationery line, in a quiet little street in the suburbs of the town of E—— in Scotland. My business was not extensive, but hitherto I had always managed to make ends meet, and live comfortably, though frugally. My father had been in the business before me, but apoplexy carried him off very suddenly one day, and my mother having died when I was a child, I was left alone in the world, saving the companionship of my good old servant, Peggy.

I had been brought up an Episcopalian, Peggy was a rigid Presbyterian, and I may say with truth that this was the only point on which we differed. Peggy hardly believed in the possibility of salvation beyond the pale of her own Church, and so, being really fond of me, it was not unnatural that she should take a deep interest in my spiritual welfare.

But I must not linger over these details. After my father's death I had taken a seat in the organ-gallery of a small Episcopal chapel. The organist, an old acquaintance of my father's, was quite an elderly man; an original-looking being enough. His name was Adam Gibson, he had been a writing-master, had a good ear for music, and was clever in mechanics, but with all, there was a strong taint of eccentricity about him.

He was a short, wiry-looking man, his face deeply wrinkled, and his eyes, which were naturally small, looked still smaller from a constant habit of rapid winking. His hair was white, even at the period I now write of; his figure was peculiar too, the body being long, and the legs rather short. When he was animated or excited he would rock himself in a most remarkable manner on his heels. Young ladies will, no doubt, be disposed to look upon Adam Gibson as but a sorry hero of romance. In myself, I suppose, the romantic had worn itself out, although I remember the time when grace of figure, curling locks, and soft blue eyes, had a charm for poor me, and when the embodiment of these cost me many a sleepless night and aching heart; however, that was in the days when I had to consider "whom I would take." Now that I was an old maid, an unprotected female, what right had I to expect much? Adam was attentive in his way. He jerked out little sentences intended to convey the existence of stronger feelings than those of friendship on his part towards me. He used to sit in my little back parlour, enjoying a cup of tea and butter-toast, while Peggy looked after the shop; and there it was on one occasion that he jerked out the expression of his unalterable love, and made a

formal offer of his hand, which I accepted. Now Peggy did not love Adam, she said he was "craukety," "camstery," and many other things that were not flattering, and thought I was foolishly throwing myself away in accepting him as my suitor. But Cupid had kindly fixed the bandage over my eyes, and I was effectually blinded for the time.

Peggy was, as I have hinted, a good faithful creature, but outspoken, as is not unusual with Scotch servants, when taken into confidence. I had been invited to a little tea-party at Miss Tightfit's, the dress-maker, in our street. Adam Gibson was of course to be amongst the guests. I flattered myself, as I put the last stroke to my adornment, that I was a very imposing-looking personage. I had always preserved a fresh complexion, although I never flattered myself I was good-looking; but my father had been particular about small points, such as neat, smooth hair, cleanliness, and tidy dress. But, to return to this memorable occasion, I was arrayed in a black satiu dress which had belonged to my mother, and on my head there was an exuberant development of stiff lace and white ribbons, in accordance with the fashion of the day. Peggy having, as she termed it, hooked my back, (meaning my dress,) I asked her with no small complacency what she thought of me. "Hech, sirs! Miss Marthy, but ye're jist like a hairse." "Like a hairse, Peggy!" I cried, "how dreadful!" "Na, na, bairn, it's no that ye're that awfu' looking, but ye're gran', gran', jist like a hairse." Well, it was not flattering, but there was no help for it. I had no time to remove the funereal-looking garments, and moreover if I had, I had nothing to substitute for them, so I sallied forth to Miss Tightfit's.

Here I found Adam Gibson, ready to play the devoted admirer as far as he was capable. He had rocked himself for a time on his heels, and now he was seated in a corner, with a blue and white spotted handkerchief hanging over his left knee, engaged in his favourite pastime of cracking his fingers; crack, crack, went the muscles, as he jerked and twitched his knotty, knobby digits. His hands were dry and shrivelled, and every joint was a knob, no doubt owing to the constant cracking. Presently we all drew round Miss Tightfit's hospitable board. Adam Gibson was seated opposite to me; most of the company being aware of the state of things between us. Adam sipped tea, and ate muffins, &c., and when he had concluded, turned his cup upside down on his saucer, laying the spoon on the top of the cup. I was surprised to see this performance in company, although I was used to it in private. Presently Miss Tightfit begged Adam

to take another cup of tea, but was met by a steady refusal with thanks; however, in her hospitality she again pressed him to partake of another cup, whereupon Adam turned round, saying sternly,—“Ma’am, I said no, and when I say no, I mean no; no ma’am, no ma’am, no ma’am!”—the last accompanied with an emphatic application of his fist to the table.

Poor little Miss Tightfit was effectually silenced. I knew the old man meant no harm, and told her afterwards that it was only his way; and nothing aggravated him more than being pressed. Cards soon appeared, and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly by. As Adam escorted me home, it was settled that our wedding should take place after the new year.

On Christmas-day I went up to Adam’s house, a strange, quaint old place down a dark close, up a still darker stair in the High Street. The rooms, however, were cheerful enough, when you once reached them, although the access was certainly not pleasant. They contained all kinds of queer things: there was an organ, an old-fashioned spinnet, several clocks of different patterns, all going, old china, shells, tools, barometers, thermometers, a squirrel, and a canary bird.

Mr. Gibson revered all these his possessions, but the squirrel and canary were past all price in his estimation, and looked upon almost as sacred. The canary was tame, and flew about the room, singing away right merrily.

The little children of a very kind old friend of Adam’s arrived to pay him their yearly visit. They came in, all bright and rosy, ready for enjoyment. It was to be my duty to see that the little fingers were not too busy among the valuable relics. Adam disappeared within a large press opening in the wall, and presently there issued sounds of glasses jingling. There was evidently a polishing process going on behind the scenes. One of the small boys, prompted by curiosity, wickedly peeped in to discover the nature of Adam’s occupation, and speedily rushed out, and communicated the result of his observations to his sister, which was received with many wry faces. It consisted of an allusion to the means used for polishing the glasses, for little Charlie imitated an operation of breathing upon his hand and then rubbing it with his pocket handkerchief.

Adam shortly appeared with a tray covered with glasses and decanters, and again with another containing shortbread and bun, the Scotch Christmas cakes. The children soon forgot the polishing process, and freely partook of the good things. After which Adam exhibited several of his treasures. He played

the organ, also the old spinnet, and really he did not play badly, the only drawback to it was the jerky, twitchy way he had about him, and which characterised even his playing. The squirrel next made its appearance, and went through a performance; a clock was shown, which Adam assured his young friends went so well that “the sun might go wrong, but not his clock.” No one disputed this statement, and at length the young people departed, and were driven home in their father’s carriage.

Adam had put little canary-bird back in its cage, and left me to take myself home as best I could, pleading as excuse that the hour for the practice of his church music had arrived. Punctuality was strongly developed in Adam, and of course this was rather a virtue than otherwise, although I must say I felt, considering our mutual position, and that I had come solely for his convenience, he might at least have escorted me safely down the dark stairs and close. But this did not occur to Adam. I remained to put on my bonnet and shawl, and what possessed me at the moment I cannot say, for I never was given to practical jokes, and by no means fond of mischief. No doubt it was a latent feeling of resentment for what I deemed a slight, that prompted me to remove the innocent canary from his cage, and carry him home in my handkerchief. Arrived at home, an old bird cage was speedily pressed into the service, little birdie installed, and safely hid away in Peggy’s room.

I must say I began to feel some remorse on noticing the extreme enjoyment my mischievous joke afforded Peggy. I took my usual place after tea behind the counter, and attended to customers till the hour for closing arrived. Our little errand-boy put up the shutters, and was retiring with his bit of bread-and-cheese, with which Peggy rewarded him when he was what she termed a “gude bairn.” Suddenly Mr. Gibson entered the shop, looking pale and haggard, and in a state of wild excitement; I at once guessed the truth, but said not a word. Adam sank upon a chair, and exclaimed,—“O Martha, my canary is gone! the little bird I have reared and loved, fed and cared for, taught to sing, and made the companion of my life, is gone, and where I cannot tell!”

It was truly piteous to see the old man’s grief. There really seemed to be a glimmering of sentiment in this love for his birdie. I was dumb, and felt my position acutely. Peggy suddenly came to the rescue, exclaiming,—“Hoot, man, ye’re na gawn to break yer heart for a bit birdie; peety me, ane wad think, to see ye, ye had lost Miss Marthy.”

The contemplation of this contingency did

not seem to move him much. I ventured to hint that birdie might come back again, that he had dropped asleep in some quiet corner; but Adam was certain that could not be. "My bird is gone, my little pet birdie," and he wept like a child. Peggy, losing all patience with him, neither sympathised nor pitied him. My position was becoming momentarily more painful; unable to bear the sight of the poor old man's grief, I made my escape, and returned with birdie safe and happy in my cage. I had expected that Adam's delight at the restoration of his darling would completely remove all anger for my share in the cause of his anxiety, but I was mistaken. He deliberately placed the cage on the counter and opened the door. Birdie hopped on his finger, and he deposited it safely in his blue and white spotted pocket-handkerchief, he then took up his hat, and turning to me, said,—“Madam, you have shown yourself unworthy to be Adam Gibson's wife. You have played a heartless trick, and if you can do this much before marriage, what would you not be capable of after? We never meet again, madam, but mum's the word with me, ma'am, mum's the word with me. If the world hears of our rupture, it will be through yourself, not from me.” He put his hat on his head, and I saw the last of Adam Gibson.

Peggy laughed outright, and I was ready to cry, not so much from vexation at the loss of a husband, but that I was conscious I had not acted well. Indeed, on after reflection, I was not really sorry that our engagement was broken off. Mr. Gibson's eccentricities proved far more numerous and trying to others than I had at first imagined, and I had also discovered that he was so stingy as barely to allow himself the necessaries of life.

Thus ended my wooing. I am a spinster still, and shall probably die one. Peggy and I jog on together as usual, now and then laughing over the little episode of my wooing.

A CHAPTER ON SHOES.

THE shoes of the ancients, as our own, seem to have been generally made of leather. Martial commends the wit of a person who, meeting the subject of one of his epigrams with a cap of kid's skin, observed, that his head was well shod. They were also made of the bark of trees, but especially of the papyrus. Plautus in the “Bacchides” mentions one who wore soles of gold, an extent of luxury almost incredible, until we read of shoes encrusted all over with precious stones.

The form of the Hebrew shoe is yet undetermined by the Rabbin. The Roman shoe

reached half way up the leg. In front it was open to the ankle, and there joined with lace or ribbon. To be *bien chaussé*, a tight-fitting shoe was indispensable. It appears to have been *de rigueur*. Dinarchus, in the “Truculents,” is made to exclaim in his utter misery, “I've become desperate—and now I haven't the slightest bit of concern what sort of shoes I wear.” So Ovid advises the lady of his love never to let her foot “wallop about, losing itself in the shoe down at heel.”

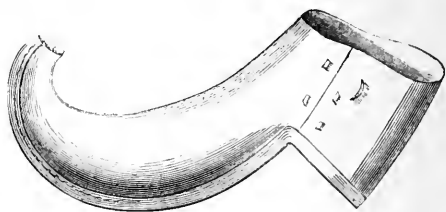


Fig. 1. Calceus rostratus repandus.

Roman shoes were also made as fig. 1. Tertullian, adverting to the curvature of this shoe, considered it better to have the feet exposed to the coldest winter. The Roman sandal, or *solea*, was a piece of wood or leather placed under the feet, and bound on by thongs

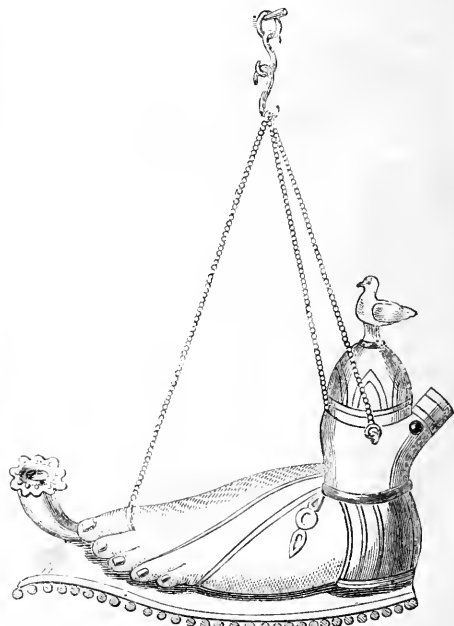


Fig. 2. Caliga Militaris sub lucernæ specie.

of linen or other stuff passing between the toes, and fastened at the ankle. This seems to have been originally a fashion used only by women. In the impeachment of Verres, Cicero particularizes the fact of his wearing *soleæ* when prætor. They seem to have been

worn by men only on occasions of festivity. The reproach attached to Verres, would be like that attending a clerk, who went to daily business in slippers, with the additional idea of effeminacy.

Military and theatrical shoes were distinct from others. We have given a representation (fig. 2) of a lamp in the shape of a *caliga*, or military shoe.

Women's shoes were generally white, those of the senators black, and of the curule magistrates red.



Fig. 3. Ancient Shoe (French and Spanish.)



Fig. 5. Ancient Shoe (Turkish.)

At one time red shoes among the ladies of Rome were the exclusive privilege of the demi-monde. They were, however, adopted by the more virtuous portion of society, long before Aurelian allowed their use to women, at the same time denying it to men.



Fig. 4. Ancient Shoe (Venetian.)

St. Chrysostom regarded all ornamental shoes as an invention of the evil one.

The military heels—we think that is the technical expression—which are affixed to ladies' boots of the present day, seem to be an imitation of a custom of the Persians, who delighted not to honour short statures. They appear ever to have been used by coquettes at festive assemblies, by actresses at theatres, especially

in tragedy, and if one may link together things so infinitely opposed, by priests at the altar.

Figs. 3, 4, 5, are pictures of boots anciently worn respectively by ladies of France and Spain, of Venice, and of Turkey. The Venetian appears to be the most elegant, and the upper part, that encircling the leg, is not unlike a fashion sometimes used at the present

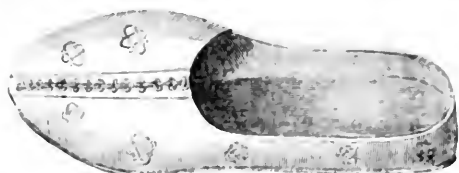


Fig. 6. Calceus Silvestri Page 1.

day. The Turkish bears no remote resemblance to a patten.

The thick and coarse sandals worn in all probability by the Apostles, were converted by the Popes into slippers of white linen, ornamented with embroidery, and not unfrequently precious stones. The whiteness of the linen signified purity from any stain of evil in the

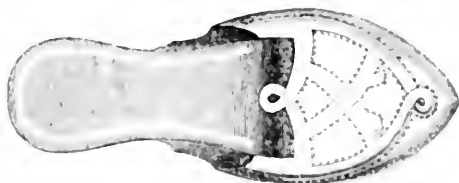


Fig. 7. Calceus Martini Page 1.

person wearing them. Afterwards purple shoes, with crosses of gold, came into fashion with these principalities.

Slaves did not wear shoes, they were called for this reason *cretati*, *pi's pondiens*, which latter appellation was bestowed on one of our ancient counts of record incident to every fair



Fig. 8. Calceus Honori Page 1.

and market, and of which the steward of him who owned the toll was the judge. It had jurisdiction of all causes arising between the dusty-footed frequenters of his domain. Cato and Phocion are said by Tacitus to have gone without shoes, but their example was not generally followed; only in some time of extraordinary calamity, or in some ceremony

of religion, the people went barefooted, as at the washing of Cybele, the grandmother of the gods, or in the sacrifices of Vesta. Horace tells us that Canidia occupied herself in her magical incantations with naked feet, in order to succeed the better in her desires. The Turks of the present day put off their shoes at the doors of their mosques.

In the ninth and tenth centuries the greatest princes in Europe appear to have worn wooden shoes,—or at least wooden soles with the upper part of leather.

We are told by historians, that in the reign of William Rufus, a man of fashion, known as Robert the Horned, from his invention, was in the habit of wearing shoes with long tapering cavities stretching out from the toes. These cavities were stuffed with tow, or other soft substance, and by some ingenious contrivance twisted into the shape of a ram's horn. The ecclesiastics of that day, considering themselves aggrieved by these ram's horns—though it is difficult to understand why, unless they considered them as savouring too much of worldly luxury and pride,—declaimed against them with considerable vehemence and animosity.

The length, however, and tortuosity of the ram's horns continued to increase till the reign of Richard II., when they appear to have reached a maximum. Those males of the human species, who are now the ardent votaries of fashion, would, had they lived then, have tied up the points of their shoes to their knees, with chains of gold or silver, or perhaps aluminium, or copper gilt. The upper part of these shoes, in the time of Chaucer, seem to have been cut in imitation of a church window ; therein not greatly differing from the shoe of Martin I., which we have referred to above. Chaucer's spruce parish clerk, Absalom,

Had Paul's windowes corven on his shoes.

They were called *crackowes*. They continued fashionable for three centuries, notwithstanding the bulls of popes, the decrees of councils, and the declamations of the clergy. At length the parliament of England thought it not beneath its dignity to interpose, and by an Act of about A.D. 1463, the use of shoes or boots with pikes—this appears to have been the technical term—exceeding two inches in length was prohibited under severe penalties. Shoemakers also by the same Act were restricted by similar penalties from making shoes or boots of this character. But so strong was the vitality of the pikes, that law and religion were alike disregarded. At last the sword of excommunication was brandished against the contumacious, which in those days could settle all *points* whatever—and the pikes gave in.

The buckle, whose composition, form, material, and colour, were causes of great solicitude to many of our ancestors, was first attached to the shoe in the reign of James II.

The shoes or slippers of the Japanese are made of rice straw woven. The shoe consists of a sole without upper leather or hind-piece, and is crossed forwards by a strap of the thickness of a finger, which is lined with linen ; from the tip of the shoe to the strap a string is carried, passing between the great and second toe like the Roman sandal, and thus keeping the shoe fast to the foot. When the Japanese walk, they make a noise like washerwomen in pattens. These shoes are soon worn out, and a man going on a short journey generally takes two or three pairs with him. He changes them when convenient, and the old shoes remain by the wayside. He never enters a house with his shoes on, but leaves them at the door—like a Turk entering his place of prayer,—lest he should soil his own mats, or those of his friend, a mat being an article to which the Japanese pay almost a religious regard.

Shoes are not without their share of superstition. The casual putting the left shoe on the right foot was thought to be a forerunner of evil. Butler in his "*Hudibras*" adverts to an accident which occurred to a Roman emperor through inattention to this important matter.

Augustus having b'oversight
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutinying for pay ;

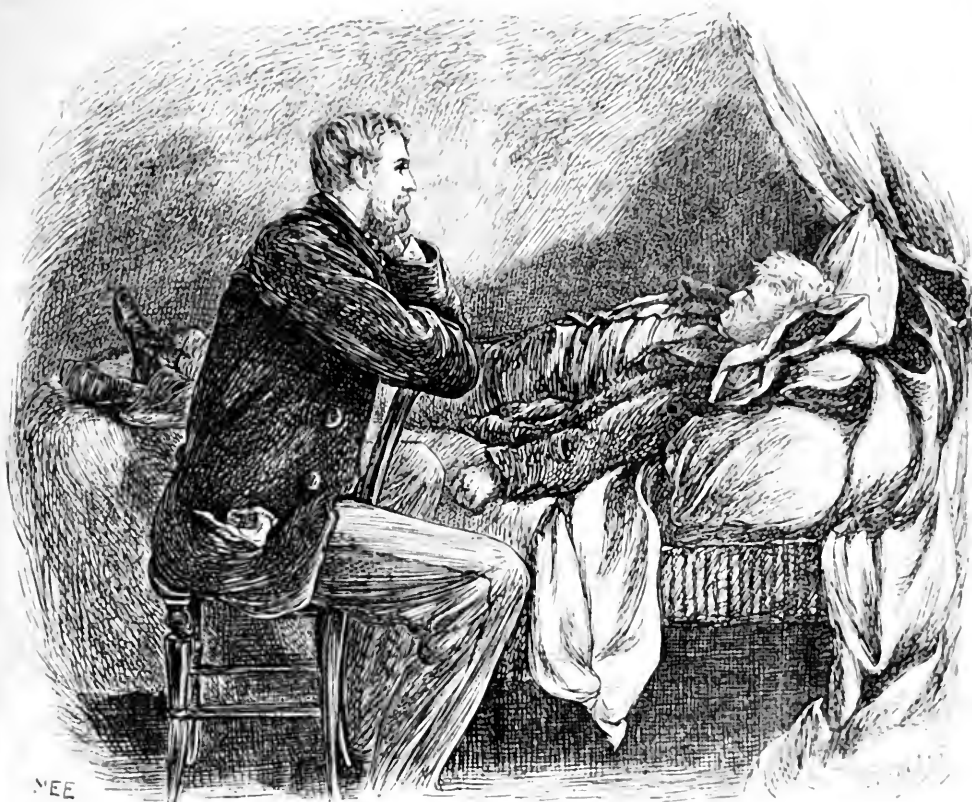
—that is, on the day on which the oversight occurred.

The throwing of a shoe is attended, according to the imaginations of the throwers, by widely different results. The shoe cast over Edom seems to have been a sign of contumely and reproach, which can scarcely be the case with a shoe—the old shoe—cast after a happy pair who have just been going through the form of the solemnization of holy matrimony. The object in the latter case appears to be to ensure "good luck" to the parties to the contract. The throwing is not confined to marriage, but occurs among uneducated people on any critical occasion. It is invariably designed to secure prosperity.

It is said that there was once a ceremony in Ireland of electing a person to a certain office, by throwing an old shoe over his head ; but an excited elector once throwing a little too low a boot furnished with iron spikes, the gentleman on which he wished to bestow the favour of his support was killed, and the custom soon after fell into disrepute. J. M.

A STORY OF WATERLEIGH MILL.

(IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.)



CHAPTER V.

TALBOT hastened upstairs, and unlocking the door of the room, walked to the bed whereon Cradock had thrown himself the night before, worn out by fatigue. As he drew the curtain aside, the silvery light of the grey morning fell upon the unconscious face of a toilworn broken man wrapped in deep sleep. Though the face was common-place and rugged, sleep had imparted to it somewhat of nobility ; the profound repose softened the meaner characteristics of life. This is not a murderer's countenance, nor a murderer's sleep, thought Talbot ; and yet so strongly do I suspect that I almost fear to waken him. The clouds that all the morning had obscured the sun rolled away at the moment, and his golden rays streamed full on Cradock's motionless countenance ; one side of the face was in deep shadow, on the other the sunlight rested in broad flakes, and with its glory awoke the

sleeper. At first he gazed vacantly ; then, as the image of his visitor became more distinct on his half-conscious brain, he raised himself slowly in the bed, and fixing his eyes intently upon Talbot, exclaimed,

"Oh, God, have I dreamed it? I do dream it now."

Talbot was silent.

"I dreamed he came to me last night, and I did not know him ; now he is come, and I do know him."

He pressed both his hands upon his eyes ; then suddenly removing them he fixed an inquiring gaze upon Talbot, as if more fully to satisfy himself that it was a real presence before him.

"Yes, it is he. Oh, Master Harry, would to God you had never left us ; but are you really come back after so many years? I heard that you was shot dead in the wars."

Talbot replied : "My life has been spared

through many a rough day, Cradock, and I am here on purpose to see you ; things have gone badly for you and for me, and now that I am in the old place again, you must tell me everything that has happened in my absence." Cradock's countenance fell ; presently, looking up with something of a wistful gladness in his face, he said,

"I wouldn't mind to die now that I have seen you again, though things have gone wrongful with me while you was away. I am old and ill, Master Harry, nigh drowned last night ; I prayed God Almighty to help me in the storm, for men seemed to have cast me off altogether."

"He did raise up aid in that storm," Talbot replied. "Your life was spared, it was partly through me that you were rescued. I was with you then, and I am with you now,—do not interrupt me. You say things have gone wrong. I am come here from over the sea to have them set to rights, and you must help."

"Yes, I will help, sir, that I will," (then hesitatingly) "all that I can, sir, but I am a poor miserable man, and I want to get back to my hut."

"Well, well," said Talbot, "you are alive, and that's something. You owe me a life, you know."

"Yes, I do owe you a life, Master Harry, I know that ; nobody else would have stirred a bit for me ; but you was always a brave lad, and if it hadn't been for you I should be dead now. I haven't a friend left in the world to look to," and the tears were in his eyes.

"Come, be a man," said Talbot ; "it is no good to lie whining there. I saved your life last night : in return you tell me all,—you know what I mean ; I ask you a plain question, and I expect a plain answer."

"There's nothing to tell you, sir ; things have been going on, ups and downs, sir."

"What !" cried Talbot, "do you try to humbug me. I came to England on purpose to see you, and I am not to be trifled with in this way. I will know all before you leave this room, sir. Now, mark me, you have a dreadful secret."

Cradock raised his clasped hands.

"You have had it for years ; part of that secret I know, and I look to you to tell me all. What, silence ? Come, man, out with it, treat me on the square ; you will find me an awkward customer by-and-bye if you play this secret game with me ; there is a warrant out for you already—you will go before the justice, and thence to prison."

"What to Challoner ?" he wildly exclaimed, "Oh, save me from Challoner."

Talbot saw his advantage. "When the constable comes——" a knock at the door interrupted him.

"All is ready below, sir," said a voice outside.

"Come, my man," urged Talbot, "there is not a moment to be lost ; confess to me the whole truth, and as far as my duty permits I will stand by you."

Cradock twisted his fingers in the bedclothes the picture of wretchedness and imbecility ; Talbot regarded him in silence.

"Master Harry," at last he faltered, "I am bound by a dreadful oath. I never hurted him."

"There is no oath," Talbot rejoined, "against telling the truth. Your duty is clear enough ; the whole thing must and shall come out—you cannot help it. Remember, Cradock, who I am ; when I was a child you loved me, and would have laid down your life for me ; think of that now, man, and tell me your sin and your sorrow."

Cradock fell back in the bed, and in a broken voice told his miserable story.

"Yes," he said passionately, "the oath that I have carried in my breast so long that it has nigh choked me shall hold me no longer. Why did you leave us, Master Harry ? If you'd been here I had never gone wrong ; I'd never have had that oath then. Hear the whole, it shall all out. The master lost his life through Challoner and the papers ; there, that was it."

"Who killed him ?—what papers ?" exclaimed Talbot.

"I didn't kill him : you don't think I killed him ? Oh ! I wouldn't have hurt him ; he was a good master to me, God knows. Hear how it came about. I will out with all ; hear the whole. I got into bad hands unawares, part pride. Challoner, overseer here and at Axton, was a hard chap, a proud dog, that scarce noticed me ; sudden, he grew friendly, the villain, and took to joining company of evenings, going home after sluice time. Says he, 'I want to see some papers that I think are kept in the mill, you can tell where they are.' And so I could, for being in the master's trust when you was a little boy, I knew a good deal ; besides, when you went away, the master, very sorrowful, said to me, 'Cradock, mind that box, if I die, then Master Harry will be sure to come home, and no one must touch it till he comes.'"

"My poor uncle," interrupted Talbot, "no one there to comfort him : would to God I had never left, and all would have been spared."

"You was best away, Master Harry," said Cradock, "I misdoubt Challoner ; you

would not have been safe after the master's death, and you are not safe now ; he said you was dead all along, after you had been gone a year or two."

"Never mind all that, go on with your history."

"One night as we went through the close by the river, he was very earnest, 'Jem,' says he, 'what stuff it is ; thee's best do what I tell thee, or it won't be so pleasant at the mill.' I asked him what he wanted with the papers. He said 'The mills are to come to me by law by and bye, and I just want to see all's right, and I don't like to ask the master ; I'll look in to-morrow night, Jem, after sluice time, before you lock up. The master won't be by then, he'll be at Axton over the river ; mind, I'll meet thee to-morrow night.'"

"I well remember that night, there was thunder and lightning, the waters were out, and a roughish time it was of wind and rain. I saw nothing of Challoner, and I went round to lock up ; just as I put the key in the lock out pokes his head, and says he, 'don't lock me up, Jem, but come inside.' I mind his face now, mortal pale ; he knew he was in the wrong way, and I knew it too, but I went in, God forgive me, little thinking what was to come. We crept about, the night was heavy with clouds and storms, but the moon was nigh the full, and we could see our way in the mill. When we got to the counter, he turns short round, and says, 'Now where's the papers kept ?—don't you think to come it over me. There's no harm ; I will see them, and if you don't tell me, I'll walk you off the premises. I do believe you are here now trying to steal something, and pretending all the while. You tell me where are the papers, there's nobody here to know about it.' I grew timid all alone with Challoner,—I was afeerd of him in that dark place, and I says 'the papers are in the chest up in the loft, but the box is locked.' 'Oh !' he cried, 'I'll see the box ; let's up, Jem.' So to it we went. Just at that time the moon shone out, and the sky grew clear.

"When we got up Challoner opens the doors of the loft to let in the light, goes to the chest, whips out his knife, and shoots back the lock. The first things were the papers. 'Here they are,' says he, 'and a pot of money besides.' He takes the papers to the open doors, to look them through by the moonshine, which was uncommon strong just then ; he turns them over. 'Here, Jem, I've got what I want, toss the others back into the box.' I chucked them in, when at the nick up comes the master, who we thought was at Axton. The waters were out in the meadows, so he

turned back, and, seeing the loft doors open, runs up unawares. I was so frightened, a straw would have knocked me down. 'What now,' he cried, 'Challoner—Craddock—the chest open, and the things about ; you are robbing me, villains ! I'll have you to prison for this.'

"Master grips hold of Challoner to get the paper from him, and they twists and rampages about like mad ; at last, being spent, he cries, 'Craddock help me !' No help came,—God forgive me my sin ! oh, God, forgive me !—though help was at hand, none came. I let him cry on, I did nothing when I could have saved him. Challoner was young and strong, and he never had a chance. Challoner drove him pretty nigh to the loft doors that were open, then jumping back clear of him he hit him with his fist right out through, and with a wild cry the master went down into the black pool below."

"Do you say that he did this, and that you stood by ?" said Talbot quickly, with compressed lip, and sparkling eye. "Do you mean to say that you stood by while my uncle was murdered ?"

"I was fear-struck, fear-struck, sir. I saw him go down into the pool as helpless as a sack of flour, it makes me shake to tell on't. I saw his face as he sunk under the water, and it has served me worse than the oath, for I see that face night and day,—always the same ; it don't change winter or summer, there it is, the same to-day and the same to-morrow, looking up at me sorrowful from under the dark pool for ever.

"We both stood shaking and shivering, staring down at the splashing below that grew quieter and quieter till all was still.

"Sudden, Challoner, as if just awake, turns round, and darts at me like mad. Laying hold of me, he cries, 'Swear by the God above that you won't peach, or I'll pitch thee straight out to h—after him, I will ; swear to stand true,' he says, tightening my neckerchief till I was nigh choking, so for dear life's sake I swore to keep it hid for ever."

"Don't talk to me of such an oath as that," said Talbot, "Challoner shall pay for it with his life."

"There'll be two lives to pay then, master," Craddock replied, "for Challoner said, 'if I hang, thou hang'st too, and if false, I'll shoot thee like a rat, mind that.'"

"Of course he said so. You, Craddock, were the only man alive that by telling the truth could pull him from his perch, and send him to the gallows ; all that he knew right well. As for his threats, no good man would have cared a farthing ; you let him murder my uncle to rob me of my inheritance."

"Master Harry," said the other, "I never knew it was your money, I never did, so help me heaven."

"Well, you know it now, and half knew it before. Go on, sir: what next after the deed?" Cradock tremblingly continued his recital.

"We listened, all was quiet. 'Where's the paper?' says Challoner. We looked about, we could see it nowhere. 'We must be off,' said he, 'some one may have heard the cry, and be down upon us.' So we clapped to the chest, slipped back the lock again, shut the loft doors, and off quiet, but all confused, creeping out in the moonlight to the meadow, not daring to look to right or left for fear we should see it, but I saw it, so did he, and I see it now——"

Cradock covered his face with his hands, and was silent. After a pause, Talbot said:—

"This is a shameful history, and one of you, if not both, ought to die the death for what was done that night. I believe you have told me truly, it is well that you have, for I knew more than you thought: murder will out sooner or later. I will not say that my uncle's death is entirely on your head, but you stood by and saw him murdered, quite enough to bring you to the gallows." Cradock, with his hands still pressed on his face, said nothing. "There is yet one chance for you," continued Talbot, "and that is to help bring the villain to justice who murdered your master and my uncle, and who has heaped years of misery upon your own head; Challoner shall not escape."

"Oh! Master Harry," said Cradock, "I don't now care much what becomes of me, but that Challoner, for all he do seem so fair outside, is a desperate chap, a secret wicked man, and nobody knows it better than he that's gone; he fears neither God nor devil. He has rid me tight enough body and soul ever since that bad time; I am never out of his eye, he spys upon me night and day, and if he knew that we were consorting, he'd kill us both like rats."

"Challoner has more to fear from me than I from him," Talbot replied, "let him look to himself; my uncle's death shall surely be avenged. Sent to his account without a moment's warning, the murderer now fattening on his wealth, and holding up his head shameless before the world—it maddens me to think of it. Now finish the story, man, let me have the rest of this horrid business."

"It nearly kills me to hear you talk so, Master Harry," Cradock replied; "I've told too much already, you'll never forgive me. I've heard say,—I've heard the parson say, that forgiveness comes down from Heaven to

them that confess their sins and repent, and now when I have repented all along, and confessed the truth to you, I'll never be forgiven in this life nor in the next. I've been a miserable broken man ever since, and lonely, no friends, no comforters, and I can't pray," and Cradock wrung his hands.

Talbot was touched. "Cradock," he said, "I cannot talk of forgiveness yet; it may depend upon yourself by and bye; but now go on with this wretched story."

"It is bad to tell it, Master Harry, but you shall have all. We saw something dark floating about among the reeds below the pool; the moon was shining faint just then through a shower of rain, but we knew what it was, and crept away to an outhouse behind the mill, there we waited, both full of fear, not liking to part company. At last we took heart, and slipped off, he to Mother Stitchbone's, and I to my hut. In the morning I went down to the mill to unlock as usual, as if nothing was amiss; in the orchard I saw Challoner hiding, he beckoned me over. 'Where's the paper?' says he, 'the paper that we lost last night. If that paper is fished up we shall both be hung. I've been down the river bank for half a mile before it was strong light, but it's nowhere thereabouts.' And he said, 'Jem, if you'd not go to the devil before your time, mind you keep sharp look out for what's lost; search the loft, and spy about, it's there somewhere; keep all hid till I come, I'm off now for a bit; I know nothing of you nor you of me. There will be a horrid row presently, but you keep steady, and all will be right. I shall have an eye upon you.' Then he sneaked off. I unlocked as usual, and before the other hands came to work, ran up to the loft. There was the paper, sure enough, on the floor in a corner."

"Did you read it?" Talbot asked.

"I am no scholar, sir, I can't read; but Challoner was so earnest, that I thought there was something in it, and I minded not to give him that writing. I thought perhaps something might turn up one day or other."

"Where is it now, then?" said Talbot.

"Up in the loft, in the hole where I put it; and if not eaten by rats, or spoiled by damp and cobwebs, there it will lie hid safe enough till the day of judgment. Challoner kept on tormenting about it for a long while afterwards."

"I suppose," said Talbot, "you could easily find this paper for me, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but I fear it is spoiled after so many years."

"Cradock," Talbot asked, after a pause, "do you think Challoner had it long in his mind to kill my uncle?"

"Perhaps not just then; but I don't want to say any more," he replied evasively.

"Speak to the point; you have done well in telling all, give me the rest."

"Well, not just at that time," said Craddock. "But, oh, God!" he exclaimed passionately, "don't go on worretting me in this way; I can't bear it, sir, it's like killing him over again. Challoner is a bloody murdering villain, sir; he wants my life; he will kill me yet, and if he don't, you will. I'll answer no more, it's too bad harrying a poor devil in this way. I will answer no more." Craddock sobbing, turned his face to the wall.

"Come," said Talbot, "don't be a child; you have done your duty in telling me what you have, let that comfort you, man. I feel that through you my uncle's blood, so long crying for redress, shall be avenged; let us work together then, and act like men. If Challoner gets you into his power, there's an end of you; I would not then give a farthing for your life, and he may be down upon us at any moment. Rouse up out of this, you must be off directly. Get up, dress yourself as fast as you can, I will return to you in a few minutes."

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH PEERAGE.

DID we not know but too well the history of Ireland for the last five hundred years, as having been, till a very recent date, the worst governed country in the world, and never having been allowed to draw her fair share of the profits arising from her partnership with England, it might possibly strike us as a somewhat strange and unaccountable thing that, while the English Peerage is all but exclusively English, and while the possession of a Scottish Coronet argues an unmistakeable Gael, the roll of the Irish Peerage presents us with a strange medley of Englishmen and Scotchmen,* the native Irish element being scarcely represented in it at all. It contains indeed many families of the purest "blue blood," and of undoubted antiquity, but few of these are sons of the soil itself, few whom the Roman of Latium would have styled "Indigenæ," or the ancient Greek worshipped as "Autochthones." It would indeed be difficult for Mr. Lodge or Sir Bernard Burke to point out among the oldest of the nobility houses which have struck their roots deeper into the middle ages of Irish history, or whose names have come down to us along the stream of time with a brighter lustre, than those of Ormonde, and Clanricarde, Kildare and Kinsale, Nugent,

and Fitzmaurice. But all these are of English origin—the first of the Ormondes who went over to Ireland having been, according to Sir Bernard Burke, the chief "Butler" to King Henry. But not only the Butlers of Ormonde, but the Talbotts of Malahide, the Plunkets, the Fitzwilliams, the St. Laurences, the Prestons, the Aylmers, the Blakes, the Bourkes, the Barnewalls, and the Dillons, are originally of Norman stock, and eight centuries ago were as much strangers to the Emerald Isle as the Hellenes when they settled in the ancient Pelasgia. They are part of a horde of immigrants into Ireland, who emigrated from the shores of England in the old Norman times to better their fortunes. Many other families, who now enjoy the highest titles and the largest possessions in Ireland, are merely branches of old, but untitled, English families; such are the Beresfords, Chichesters, Boyles, Pakenhams, Annesleys, Bingham, Southwells, Colleys, Fortescues, to say nothing of a host of others. But unquestionably the greater part of the entire number are sprung from families who emigrated to Old Erin from England and Scotland either in the reign of Elizabeth, when the Queen transported thither, and permanently located, a large army to oppose "the rebellious natives," or else during the unhappy civil wars of the succeeding century, in which Ireland played so conspicuous a part. As to many of these adventurers (for such they were) it must be owned that, until they came to the green shores of Ireland, they were too often obscure and unknown. Many of them gained the honours of knighthood and the peerage by means of their sycophancy, by playing the part of flatterers to the reigning powers, and by worshipping the rising sun of the Tudor or Stuart cause. They were soldiers of fortune, contractors and commissioners, civilians and placemen, individuals who, according to their own personal qualities, their industry, their good luck, their powers of adulation, or their skill in making money, found themselves in three or four generations lifted into titles and political consequence by the lever of property and prosperity. Thus, for example, the Colleys, from whom the Duke of Wellington is sprung, trace their descent from a person of that name who went from Rutlandshire to hold a post as captain in the army of Queen Elizabeth in 1599; and the first of the Beresfords went from Westerham, in Kent, under her successor, James I., to carry into effect the "plantation" of Ulster. The first Irish Ponsonby was a follower of Oliver Cromwell, and the first Knox a Glasgow merchant, who settled in Dublin in the reign of Charles II.

Indeed, in looking over the hereditary

* The Duffs, Earls of Fife, are peers of Ireland, not of Scotland.

descent of the Irish peerages now in existence, some 150 in number, I am struck with amazement at finding only one of which it can be said that it is of genuine Irish and Celtic extraction. I believe that since the extinction of the grand old title of O'Neill (some ten years ago), O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin, the elder brother of the late Mr. Smith O'Brien, is the only Irish peer who truly represents by unbroken male descent an original Irish family. The O'Flaherties, once princes in the south, the O'Donovans, the O'Mores, the O'Gradies, the O'Reillies, and the other heads of ancient Irish Septs, (as the clans were called,) and the rest of the old Milesian aristocracy, are indeed "conspicuous by their absence," and exist but sparingly among the landed gentry and the county families, their broad lands having been lost by repeated confiscations, and their owners being forced—too often by their own fault, we must allow—to go forth into exile, on account of their adherence to a foreign and proscribed religion. But every one knows that the possession of an Irish title is by no means an equivalent for the enjoyment of an English or even a Scottish Coronet. The truth is, too, that very many even of the present Irish peerage are comparatively poor and landless, besides being unconnected with the Emerald Isle; and this fact tends to confirm the want of *prestige* under which it must be owned the Irish peerage labours. But perhaps the greatest slur upon the Irish peerage is one which dates only from the former half of the reign of King George III: I allude to the years anterior to the "Union" of 1801.

"Throughout his whole reign," says Sir Nathaniel W. Wraxall,* "George III. adopted it as a fixed principle that no individual engaged in trade, however ample might be his nominal fortune, should be created a British peer. Nor do I believe, that in the course of fifty years he ever infringed or violated his rule, except in the single instance† before us. He was not by any means so tenacious of the Irish peerage. In fact, on the very same day on which Mr. Smith had been raised to his English dignity, another commercial member of the lower House of Parliament, Sir Joshua Vanneck, was created a Baron of Ireland, by the title of Lord Huntingfield. Indeed, previous to the union with the sister kingdom, in 1801, an Irish peerage, if conferred on an Englishman who possessed no landed property in that country, could be regarded as little more than an empty honour, producing, indeed, rank and some consideration in society, but conferring no personal privilege; neither securing his person from arrest in Great Britain, nor even enabling the individual to frank a letter by post."

Sir Nathaniel might have added that, some ten years later, Mr. Thellusson, a wealthy London merchant, and of foreign extraction, was raised to the Irish peerage as Lord Rendlesham; and, curiously enough, after half a century has passed, both of these families still hold their broad acres, not in Ireland, which probably they have never seen, but in Suffolk, where they hold the highest position after the Herveys and Rouses.

To show the humble estimate in which an Irish Coronet was held in the time of our grandfathers,—the good old days when George III. was king,—it will be sufficient to tell the following story on the authority of Sir N. W. Wraxall:—

"I cannot advise his Majesty," said Lord North in 1776 to a Welsh baronet, "to allow you a private entrance to your house in St. James' Place through the Green Park, but I will get him instead to create you an Irish peer." After some hesitation as to the value of the equivalent offered, the matter was compromised on these terms, and Sir Richard Philipps, of some un-Hibernian place in Pembrokeshire, was straightway gazetted "Lord Milford in the Peerage of Ireland, with remainder to the heirs male of his body." In fact we are continually reading of individuals who, unable to effect an entrance into the British House of Peers, were forced to content themselves with an Irish coronet. How cheap these coronets became at the time of the Union is a matter of history, and need not be repeated here. English gentlemen by shoals were on that occasion created peers of Ireland, and peers of Ireland in their turn were advanced in "batches" of no small numerical amount, to the peerage of England. The misfortune (from an Irish point of view) was that in either case the gain was British and the loss Irish. The Saxon gentleman became not a whit more Celtic than before; he frequently owned not an acre of Irish soil, and never even visited the country which so freely bestowed her coronets on his friends and relatives. But the Irish peers, *per contra*, on accepting an English title, were fairly absorbed by wholesale into the peerage of England: they came to St. Stephen's, and—perhaps very wisely—there they stayed.

As an illustration of the above remarks, let us take a short retrospect of the history of the Fitzgeralds, of the ducal house of Leinster, and we shall see that even this, in more than one sense perhaps, the most illustrious of Irish families,—if we may be pardoned for the "bull,"—is not really Irish, but English, not Celtic, but Anglo-Norman. There is indeed no name in the ranks of the Irish peerage, as

* "Posthumous Memoirs of his own Time," vol. i., p. 66.

† The instance alluded to is that of Mr. Robert Smith, M.P. for Northampton, who, at Mr. Pitt's urgent and repeated request, was created an Irish peer, as Lord Carrington, in 1796, and advanced to the English Peerage, by the same title, about fifteen months afterwards. It is always thought that Mr. Pitt was under deep pecuniary obligations to this gentleman, which he could not pay by any other means.

Thomas Moore remarks, that has been so frequently and so prominently connected with the political destinies of Ireland as this race. They have generally been distinguished alike by their generous dispositions and manners, and their hatred of English domination. Many of them have suffered death, and some of them attainder too, in attempts to break off the yoke from the necks of their fellow-countrymen; and their family annals for more than six centuries past furnish ample illustrations of the mistaken policy of England towards the sister country. In later times more than one of the Fitzgeralds has been honourably distinguished. When Ireland, after the long sleep of exhaustion to which a code of tyranny, unexampled in history, had doomed her, was again beginning to exhibit some stirrings of national spirit, again was the noble name of Fitzgerald found foremost among her defenders; and the memorial addressed by the first Duke of Leinster to George II., denouncing the political Primate, Stone, as a greedy Churchman investing himself with temporal power, and affecting to be a second Wolsey in the state, marks another of those chapters of Irish history in which all the characteristic features of her misgovernment are brought together in their compendious shape. This honest remonstrance concludes with the following words:—"Your Majesty's interest in the hearts of your loyal subjects is likely to be affected by these arbitrary measures, as few care to represent their country in Parliament, where a junta of two or three men disconcert every measure taken for the good of the subject, or the cause of common liberty. Your memorialist has nothing to ask of your Majesty—neither place, civil or military—neither employment or preferment for himself or his friends; and begs leave to add, that nothing but his duty to your Majesty, and his natural hatred to such detestable monopoly, could have induced your memorialist to this presumption." The name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died of wounds received by him in resisting an arrest on the charge of high treason during the viceroyalty of Lord Cornwallis in June, 1798, is but too well known to all our readers.*

The attainder passed upon Lord Edward Fitzgerald without a previous trial and conviction remains a sad blot upon the escutcheon of the House of Peers, who assented to the act, though, with better sense, they subsequently agreed to its repeal. His eldest

brother, Lord William Robert Fitzgerald, the father of the present duke, was unanimously chosen General-in-Chief of the Irish Volunteers in 1782, and, notwithstanding some marked faults and failings, his amiable manners, his honesty of purpose, and his well-attested patriotism, endeared him to the Irish people. He succeeded to the dukedom in 1773, and died in 1804, leaving his eldest son, the present duke, then a youth of some twelve years old.

The family of Fitzgerald, we have said, are of English extraction; in common with the Fitzmaurices (now represented by the Marquis of Lansdowne as Earl of Kerry), they are descended from one Maurice Fitzgerald, who ably supported Henry II. in his conquest of Ireland. This Maurice is said to have been a son of the then Castellan of Windsor, and to have traced his origin to the princes of South Wales. For his services he received a grant of the town of Wexford, and the baronies of Offaley and Wykenlooe, now called Wicklow; and being appointed one of the governors of Ireland, slew O'Rourke, Prince of Meath, who had rebelled against the English invaders. His eldest son, Gerald, defended Dublin against O'Connor, King of Connaught, and was created Baron of Offaley. His son Maurice, who received a grant of Maynooth and the adjoining lands from Henry III., is said to have been the first who brought over the Friars Minor into Ireland, and eventually became Lord Justice of the kingdom. His elder son, Thomas, surnamed the Great, married an heiress who brought him large possessions in the county of Kerry; his grandson, by a similar alliance, added the lands of Decies and Desmond to the family estates, and married for his second wife an Irish lady, the daughter of Hugh O'Connor, by whom he became the ancestor of the White Knight, the Knights of Glyn and of the Valley, and the Knight of Kerry, or the Black Knight. He was killed with his son at Callan, fighting against Macarthy More, and was succeeded by his grandson, named the Ape, according to Burke, from the fact of an ape, or baboon, having run away with him as he lay an infant, deserted in his cradle, and carried him up to the steeple of the Abbey at Tralee, where he bore him round the battlements, and after showing him to the gaping crowd, brought him down again in safety, and laid him in his cradle again. From this fact two apes have been adopted as supporters to the arms of Fitzgerald. The child thus wonderfully preserved became ultimately Prince of Munster, and was the ancestor of the Earls of Desmond, whose descendants, having ranked as the most

* He was the husband of the celebrated Pamela, who is often (but erroneously) stated to have been an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Orleans. We learn from Madame Genlis her true story—namely, that she was the daughter of English parents of the name of Sims, from whom she obtained her, and took her over to France to be companion to the Duke's daughter, the Princess Adelaide.

powerful of Irish nobles for more than two centuries, were attainted by Queen Elizabeth on account of the rebellion raised against her rule in Ireland by the sixteenth earl, who was slain in a foray, and his head sent over to England by the Earl of Ormonde, and set upon London Bridge. His son became a Protestant, in the vain hope of obtaining the reversal of the attainder, and was recognised as Earl of Desmond by the Queen, who sent him back to Ireland to bring back his father's followers to their allegiance. But Burke tells us that when he came hither and attended Protestant worship at Kilmallock, the crowds who followed him withdrew; so that he was forced to return to England, defeated in his proselytising objects, and died there in 1601. The old Roman Catholic leaven, however, was not extinct in the Desmond branch of the Fitzgeralds; they migrated to Spain; and the last male heir of one branch of that noble house died in Germany in 1632, having borne the title of Earl of Desmond among the Roman Catholic nations of the south of Europe, and held commissions as an officer in the armies of the King of Spain and the Emperor of Germany.

We must now return to the elder branch. Their history is not without interest to our Irish readers. The Gerald above mentioned, having challenged the Lord of Kildare (who refused the challenge), and having been in consequence possessed of his manors, was ultimately created Earl of Kildare by Edward II. Some generations later the seventh earl held a parliament at Dublin and at Naas, in which it was resolved, that, as no means could be found to stop the carriage of silver out of Ireland, a fine of forty pence should be imposed on each pound carried beyond the seas. He subsequently became Lord Chancellor of Ireland, but was involved with the Earl of Desmond, and attainted in 1467, though subsequently pardoned and restored. His son, the eighth earl, was deputy to the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant under Henry VII. He assisted in the proclamation of Lambert Simnel as King Edward VI., and was present at his coronation in Christ's Church, Dublin, when the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Meath. The ninth earl revolted against Henry, in company with his five uncles, and died a prisoner in the Tower, with his honours attainted. Of his second son, Gerald, eleventh earl, we find a remarkable account in the pages of Stoyhurst, a contemporary historian. At the age of ten he was preserved from the vengeance of the king by the care of his relatives, and sent abroad. He wandered about from court to

court until Cardinal Pole sent him to Italy to complete his education. He married Mabel, daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, and, through that connexion, obtained the favour of King Edward, and the reversal of his father's attainder. In the following reign he was restored by letters patent to the Earldom of Kildare, with his original precedence; and it is not a little singular that, though attainted by Act of Parliament, this Gerald actually sat as a peer in the parliament of 1560, and that it was not until the eleventh year of Elizabeth's reign that the attainder was formally reversed by Act of Parliament.

From this Gerald the title descended regularly to the sixteenth earl, the first of the family who conformed to the established religion, in which he was reared by his Scottish guardian, the Duke of Lennox. He married a daughter of the first and great Earl of Cork; his second son, Robert, took an active part in effecting the Restoration, but was stripped of his employments and estates by James II. He was in prison in Dublin when the news of the defeat of James at the battle of the Boyne was brought; and bursting forth from his dungeon, by his prudence and courage, saved Dublin from being sacked. He also had the honour of presenting the keys of the city of Dublin to William III. on his landing there. It was his only surviving son, James, twentieth earl, who was created a peer of Great Britain in 1746, and twenty years later was advanced to the dukedom of Leinster, the only Irish ducal title existing. His grandson is the present duke.

RALPH DE PEVERELL.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

THE picture which has been drawn of the free Brazilian negro cutting a melon in half, and seating himself in one portion and holding the other over his head to keep the sun off, and eating out the inside for his maintenance, is highly suggestive of the luxuriance of the vegetation and the happy condition of the descendant of Ham in Brazil. I cannot say that I ever saw a negro enjoying a melon in the attitude described, but it certainly was not because of any difficulty in finding a specimen large enough to admit of it.

On first seeing the town of Rio Janeiro from the deck of the steamer, the mind of the voyager is filled with admiration at the glorious picture it presents. Not that there is much to admire in the town itself, it is the beauty of its surroundings; the brilliant blue of the islet-dotted sea which fills its bay; the picturesque appearance of the Paõ d'Assu-

car, at the entrance of the port; the white sails of the vessels skimming along under the steady pressure of the breeze; and, beyond the city, the various tints of the foliage of the magnificent trees, and the fantastic shapes of the hills, which stand out so charmingly against the rich blue sky. Seen from this position the town itself looks pretty, and there is a general eagerness to get ashore, which is only equalled by the desire to get away from it after a lengthened residence therein. Badly-drained dirty streets, abounding in smells—compared with which that rising from the mud-banks of the Thames in the hottest weather is a refreshing perfume—mean-looking houses, and a not over clean population, do not make a very favourable impression on the stranger when he gets among them. It is true there are a few buildings, public and otherwise, which present a respectable appearance, but these are not in sufficient number to redeem the less attractive features of the city. It possesses, however, one important element in abundance, which somewhat blinds an Englishman to its drawbacks in other respects, namely, water, which is brought into it by a fine aqueduct, the idea of which the Portuguese colonists probably brought with them from their native land, where about the finest structure of the kind in the world exists. Bahia, too, which is another of the principal cities of Brazil, presents a beautiful appearance from the sea. Fine churches, fountains, and groups of sculpture, ornament its streets; but the streets themselves are narrow, stinking, and perfect hotbeds of fever. The remaining city of importance is Pernambuco, which bears a greater resemblance to Venice than any city I have visited, and contains more and finer buildings along its numerous quays than either of the cities above mentioned. In the matter of buildings, there is a great resemblance between the Brazilians and the Portuguese. They have built a fine opera-house, and we hear of enormous sums being paid to *prime donne* and such a tenor as Tamberlik, but no model lodging-houses, or anything resembling them. Also, they are apt to begin the foundations of a building on a grand scale without counting the cost, and are brought to a standstill from want of funds, thus furnishing a convenient refuge for bats, toads, and all kinds of vermin. The same want of foresight prevails also in the matter of roads and bridges. You meet with roads, broad at the beginning, and leading nowhere except among trees and underwood; and bridges, or, to speak more exactly, the piles of bridges, which have long been abandoned and will probably never be com-

pleted now. The same ambitious desire to do things on a large scale is visible in other matters. I have heard of a body of learned men organised in such a complete manner for an expedition that, after spending several thousand pounds in preliminary explorations, the design had to be given up from want of funds to carry out the main object; and a Frenchman relates that it was within his own knowledge that in one institution, the Fine Arts School, if I remember rightly, there were nine professors, who had only three pupils among them.

The empire of Brazil is very far indeed from being the compact country it appears on the map, and its immense extent renders the want of roads more seriously detrimental to its prosperity. So difficult is it to travel in the interior of the empire, that a very long time is occupied in the transmission of a despatch from the seat of government to the most distant province and the return of the messenger. Practically all communication between the capital and the immense basin of the Amazon is by sea, and until recently there was immense difficulty in passing from the cities on the coast to the dwellers on the higher plateaux, and a good deal of danger, the forests which intervene being occupied by wild beasts and Indians. This is being, to a certain extent, remedied, thanks to our countrymen who have superintended the construction of, and found the capital for, the Brazilian railways; and it may be expected that in a few years the exports from Brazil will be very considerable indeed, especially as the planters pay great attention to the cultivation of their estates and care very little indeed about politics, divisions among themselves on such small matters being regarded by them as absurd in the face of the great danger with which they are constantly threatened,—namely, a war of races; that is to say, a combined rising of the blacks, the half-castes, and the Indians.

As regards the number of these, there is very great difficulty in forming even an approximate estimate. I know some authorities who assert that they comprise one half of the entire population, which would be about 4,000,000; that is to say, 3,500,000 slaves, and 500,000 Indians; but I am more disposed to accept a figure between this and the government estimate, which gives the number of slaves as 2,500,000, a number derived from the returns of the planters, who have a double interest in concealing the truth—that arising from a desire to prevent the slaves from knowing their strength, and the evasion of the payment of the capitation tax. These slaves are of every hue, from the deep

black of the imported African to the sallow complexion of the planter himself, and but for the suppression of the slave trade, they would have soon outnumbered their masters, as indeed they do already in the coast provinces, and then we might have expected a servile war and a repetition of the horrors of St. Domingo and Hayti, for these slaves are far from having the cur-like attachment to their owners which the slaves in the North American States appear to have had. Brazilians generally are said not to have the slightest idea that there is anything wrong in holding a fellow-man in bondage. The State itself, we are told, possesses slaves, from whose labours it derives a portion of its revenues; convents have them, and hold them as the property of the particular saint to whom the establishment is dedicated; the Foundling Hospital occasionally buys slaves as wet nurses; and speculative doctors are said to buy those that are sick, on the chance of restoring them and making a profit by their sale. It must be said that none of these treat the slave with animosity. They regard him with the same kind of feeling as that with which we look upon a horse or an ox, and treat him with so much indulgence that in some respects his condition is better than that of the European labourer. Besides the Sunday, he has several days in the course of the year on which to enjoy himself, and in many cases he gets in addition, to enable him to cultivate his own little piece of land, the Saturday also. The cities are full of slaves and free coloured men. Walking in the neighbourhood of the quays, you meet with troops of these, headed by one of their number rattling a calabash containing pebbles or shells, carrying loads which would astonish even a London coal-heaver, singing the while and moving with surprising ease and elasticity. So general is this noise that it is a thorough nuisance to a European of susceptible nerves, and even Brazilians who have been accustomed to it all their lives complain of it, and the legislature once ordered it to be put down; but, strange to say, the effect of this edict was so injurious to the slaves that it had to be repealed. They lost their animation and their strength, moved about like dusky spectres, and wasted so rapidly as to make it quite painful to look at them. The restoration of their music and permission to sing operated like a miracle, and gave the physiologist an opportunity of arriving at some wonderful conclusions respecting the power of the nervous system over the physical. A very large proportion of the coloured population of the cities are free; those who are slaves being for the most part at liberty

to employ themselves as they please, subject to the payment of a fixed sum per day to their owners, the rest of their earnings being at their own disposal, and as the value of an able-bodied slave seldom exceeds 200*l.*, it is in the power of almost all of them to purchase their freedom at some time or other. Meanwhile they are at full liberty to cultivate their intellect if they feel disposed, the man who instructs them being under no apprehension of receiving a dressing of tar and feathers, or a gratuitous ride on a Lincoln rail, for so doing. The shameful relationship, which is as common in Brazil as in other countries where slavery exists, of a man being the slave of his own father, and liable to be sold like a beast of burden, is greatly mitigated in practice by the emancipation of the slave where the owner is a man of property; when his means are scanty, the son can only obtain his freedom by a course of self-denial and labour, which, after all, may not be without its moral and physical advantages. It will thus be seen that the position of the slave in Brazil is by no means so bad as in other countries, and his position when he becomes a free-man is superior to what it is in the American States. If he enters the army or navy he may, and often does, rise to the position of an officer, and consequently commands men of white descent. The liberal professions are open to him; and though the law is an obstacle to his becoming an elector or a representative, where his colour is less than black he has little difficulty in procuring the documents establishing the purity of his origin, which opens the door of the legislature to him, and he is treated by the title-bearing members with at least as much consideration as is accorded by the high-born members of our own House of Commons to a fellow-member who has risen from the ranks of labour.

Nevertheless, though slavery exists in its mildest form in Brazil, it is still slavery. The owner has no more scruple about selling a slave than I have in selling my horse when it is my interest or my whim to do so; thus the parent may be separated from his sons and daughters, and carried away to a distant plantation, without the remotest hope of ever meeting with them again, at all events on this side the river which runs beyond Beulah.

Neither is the unfortunate slave protected from the violence of the master who happens to be a brute; who may kick, buffet, or wound him with impunity, or if he prefers to torture him by deputy he has only to send him to the house of correction, with a written request in his hand that he may be punished, and he will be at once operated upon by the

flogger maintained at the expense of the government. It is, however, the female owners of slaves who give the most employment to these functionaries.

Nor is the condition of the slave in the interior nearly so favourable as in the cities. Everybody who reads must be aware how energetically England acted in putting down the slave trade between Brazil and Africa, even to the extent of following slavers into Brazilian harbours and ports, and seizing them under the very eyes of the authorities. The emperor and his government have for a long time seconded the exertions of our people, and it is supposed that very few Africans are now imported into the country. State policy may have had more to do with the faithful performance of the conditions entered into with us under the treaty than humanity, as very little consideration must have satisfied a statesman of the most obtuse understanding that if the planters were allowed to import slaves to any extent they pleased, the empire would very soon be overthrown and a nation of blacks substituted. The consequence of this observance of the treaty is a scarcity of labour on the plantations and a great outcry on the part of the planters. This shortness of the supply of slaves is in one way injurious to the slaves themselves, since it increases their value, and thus renders it more difficult for them to work out their freedom. I have no doubt, however, that this will be to a great extent remedied by the formation of the railways. Planters will find it comparatively easy to hire free negroes from the cities to cultivate their estates, and the facilities offered by steam in conveying their products to a market, by enhancing their profits, will more than compensate for the dearth of free, as compared with slave, labour.

The wealth of some of these planters is enormous. Standing at his door, many a one can turn in every direction, and far as his eye can reach, cannot see beyond his own domains. He looks on miles and miles of land, thousands of cattle, and hundreds of human beings, and says to himself, "All these are mine!" He is, therefore, more than a king when he is at home, and his respect for the emperor is very similar to what was felt by the great English barons for their monarch, in the days of that John whose name is associated with Runnymede, or by the Scottish nobles who acknowledged Mary's son as their sovereign. We in England know little of the efforts made by the Brazilian Government on the continent to turn the tide of European emigration to Brazil. Why they have not

addressed themselves to Irishmen is a mystery, seeing that the flaming accounts they give of the productions of their country and the prospects of the emigrant are enough to entice the sober Englishman, and the cooler Scotchman, to go there. The pictures which used to represent the emigrant lying on his back idly watching his bread growing on one tree, and a robe resembling a shirt growing on another, with numerous cattle disporting about and wanting him to kill and eat them, are tame and unattractive as compared with the statements put forth in newspapers and pamphlets touching the earthly paradise open to him in Brazil; but the allurements offered have not been very successful, notwithstanding that the German or the Swiss, or any other man, was offered a passage for himself and family from Hamburg to the empire, and might, immediately he arrived, begin cultivating ground on his own account, or take service at a liberal rate of wages. But the result to himself is very much the same in either case. Without capital of his own, he commences with the weight of a debt on his shoulders, then he takes the fever of the country, and probably his family does the like, and he rises from a sick-bed with a heavier load than ever to bear. Depressed by this and the change of climate, he is apt to become hopeless, nostalgia ensues, and he either pines and dies or makes his escape from the country. Of course there are exceptions to this, and a mechanic may do well there, but so he might if he stayed at home. I might give many painful details touching these emigrants, but it would occupy too much space; moreover, what I have already said is sufficient to place intending emigrants on their guard against the wiles of the agent, if they are prudent, or the enticing allurements of a Brazilian Colonisation Society, until they have satisfied themselves by careful inquiry, of the truth of the representations made to them. At the same time, while I advise the emigrant to be on his guard, it is only fair to say that there are certain parts of the empire of Brazil which contain German colonies in a highly prosperous condition; but these colonists, with few exceptions, landed as free men on government domains, and were allowed several years to pay the moderate sum demanded for the location assigned them. The greater number of these colonies are in the province of Rio Grande; and the independent bearing of the members who have been for any length of time in the country, their success and consequent power, combined with an increase of numbers, may one day produce in Brazil the

state of things which until recently existed in North America, and we may see one portion cultivated by slave labour and the other by free, and the inhabitants of the respective divisions engaged in mutual slaughter. Already in many instances, from the refuge which these colonies offer to fugitive slaves, planters have been obliged to retreat to other localities, so that a blow has been struck at this domestic institution, which is pretty certain to be followed by others increasing in force at every repetition.

ARENENBERG.

THE visit lately paid by the Emperor of the French to the Castle of Arenenberg has justly brought into notice a place whose associations are already historical—a place in which the Queen Hortense spent the years of her exile, and her illustrious son the years of his early youth.

The mother of the Emperor bought this castle in the year 1817; soon after she was exiled from France. The price of it was thirty thousand florins. Arenenberg is within a very few steps of the Lake of Constance; a lake more resorted to by French and German than by English tourists; yet very worthy to be seen by these. The situation of Arenenberg, says Monsieur Fourmestreaux, in his interesting book, "*La Reine Hortense*," is one of the most charming in Switzerland. The house is built upon the side of a hill, over which great trees throw their shadows. On one side you may see the little Island of Reichenau, with vines along the shores of it. On the other side the view is more extensive: and you see the Rhine, that, escaping from its narrow bounds, rushes towards the falls of Schaffhausen. Still further, your eye may rest upon the misty outline of the Black Forest, or on the towers and spires of Constance, which are reflected in the clear lake waters. In the gardens of Arenenberg the visitor's attention was sure in the old days to be attracted by the beauty and variety of rare exotics; and in the saloons there were plenty of objects of art to prove the good taste of the Queen.

A life calm and meditative—such as she could hardly fail to lead in Arenenberg Castle—gave back to the exiled lady the love of her old pursuits; more particularly her devotion to the arts. Drawing and music occupied a great portion of her time; and loving art herself, she did her best to foster the love of it in others. Arenenberg gradually became the rendezvous of many men of genius. Now it was a famous poet, now a rising painter, now

an old hero of the grand army, who was the guest of Hortense. Literary men, artists, "distinguished foreigners"—all took away with them feelings of sympathy and respect for their hostess.

Life at the Castle of Arenenberg was not the life of ancient times; it was the life of modern days in plan and detail. Nor was there anything in the building itself to recall feudal associations. The castle was not a fortress: there were no towers nor battlements. It was a modern structure, and admirably adapted for the life that was led there. The Queen occupied the principal pavilion, when first she came there, with the Prince Louis, and the ladies who lived with her. But afterwards she arranged for the Prince a separate and convenient suite of rooms. On the ground-floor of that part of the house which was occupied by Hortense, were the drawing-room, the billiard-room, the library, and the little room which the Queen was fond of calling her atelier. In this suite of apartments were to be seen several excellent examples of the old masters, and there was also a collection of precious objects, a part of which had belonged to the Empress Josephine. In an ante-room there was a splendid portrait of Josephine, from the pencil of *Proudhon*. This portrait is now hanging on the wall of one of the Emperor's private rooms in the palace of the Tuileries. Other portraits were to be noticed in the salons of Queen Hortense; and there were some remarkable busts—among them a bust of Lord Byron, whose works the mistress of the Castle read frequently, and admired as it was the fashion to admire them thirty years ago.

Guests at Arenenberg were perfectly free to do as they chose during the long hours of the morning. They generally read, or wrote, or walked, or joined in some excursion, until dinner-time; and dinner-time was early—about five o'clock. After dinner, of course, they remained together, and tea was served at eight. They did not keep late hours, in any particular, at the Castle of Arenenberg. But now and then they would arrange, after tea, for a representation, in the drawing-room, of a one-act comedy that had lately been played at the *Français*, or of some little piece just produced at the *Vaudeville*. Nor was music neglected in the retreat of the Queen Hortense: it was scarcely likely that it would be, in her home who gave the French nation the popular air, "*Partant pour la Syrie*." From time to time eminent composers and performers came from France and Italy, and were heard—by no mean judges—in the Castle of Arenenberg.

In fine, one might repeat that the home of Queen Hortense was for many years the home of good taste in everything that concerned art. And when that home was broken up, there was lost to men of letters, to painters, to musicians, one more house in which the objects that chiefly interested them were objects of paramount importance, and which the disturbing political questions of the day were not permitted to invade. It was at Arenenberg that Queen Hortense died; in the year 1837. She had only reached the age of fifty-four years. She was buried at Rueil, by the grave of the Empress Josephine; and thus was realised that desire to be laid in the soil of France which she had expressed in the lines that follow—lines that may well end this slight notice of Hortense and her place of exile:—

Dans le cours de ma vie,
Si je ne puis revoir
Cette France chérie,
Objet de mon espoir,
Puisse un jour cette terre,
Autrefois mon berceau,
A mon heure dernière
Etre encore mon tombeau.

T. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MARY ANN.

SHE is right weary of her days,

Her long lone days of dusty kneeling;
And yet "The thoughts of you," she says,
"Has took away my tired feeling."

"For when I've done the room," she says,
"And clean'd it all from floor to ceiling,
A-leaning on my broom," she says,
"I do have such a tired feeling!"

But he, the other labourer,
Has left behind his moorland shieling,
And comes at last to comfort her,
Because he knows her "tired feeling."

"I know'd you was to come," she says,
"For why? I see'd the swallows wheeling;
And that's a sign to me, I says,
"I soon shall lose my 'tired feeling.'"

"I'll ax my Missis leave, I says;
"I canna work; my heart wants healing:
She give it me, and smiles and says,
"Well, that'll cure your tired feeling."

"And so it will! For days and days
I'm strong again, and fit for kneeling;
The thoughts of seeing you," she says,
"Has took away my tired feeling."

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

THE TWINS.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"THANK GOD! we have one friend left," said my father, with the first smile I had seen since our troubles came upon us. At the same time he handed me a letter which I eagerly grasped. It contained an offer of a clerkship

in one of the wealthiest houses in Liverpool, coupled with an assurance that if I was steady and industrious my fortune was as good as made. The writer concealed his name, and begged my father not to endeavour to discover it, but to rest assured that the mystery would one day be solved. In the meantime, if I accepted the appointment, we were to write to the merchant direct.

His name was Crump!

There was a bathos in the word—a discordant tone which jarred with the gentleman-like letter I had just read. The name was so thoroughly plebeian, that for a moment I felt that my aristocratic notions and Eton education would not permit me to fraternise with Crumps; and a fancy portrait of the rich merchant rose before me in the shape of a stout personage with a red face, and redder nose. Imagination carried me so far that I already felt the grasp of his hand, as he welcomed me with a jolly laugh, and in a tongue which knew not the letter "h;" but after a second's thought on our fallen fortunes, Mr. Crump's fancied appearance vanished in the thought of his yellow gold, and brimming purse.

"What a glorious offer!" I exclaimed with the semblance of a satisfaction I did not feel.

"Then you accept it, Percy?"

"Accept it! I should in deed be a fool if I let such a chance slip through my fingers."

"You have taken a weight off my mind, my boy; I almost feared you might think a clerkship beneath you."

"Pride and poverty are bad companions, father, and I intend to banish the one, till I can get rid of the other. I am longing to set to work, and if a stout heart and a willing hand are at a premium in the money market, I shall not be long in making my fortune. Have you no idea who our benefactor is?"

"Not the faintest! God bless him, whoever he is!"

"I suppose we must postpone our thanks; in the mean time, father, will you write to Mr. Crump and say that I accept with gratitude the vacant clerkship, and that I shall be ready to commence my duties this day week."

"Sharp work, Percy."

"Hardly sharp enough for me; the sooner I begin to mount the ladder, the sooner I shall reach the top; but I must run and tell mother of my good luck."

My mother was not so easily imposed upon as my father; she read in my face my dislike to my new calling; but promised to help in keeping up the imposition. Nothing could be more distasteful than a sedentary life to one so devoted to field sports and open-air pursuits; but beggars must not be choosers, I remem-

bered, and determined to concentrate all my energies on one object—the restoration of our lost fortune.

Our ruin had been the result principally of the knavery of our man of business, partly of my father's extravagance (if hospitality can be called by so harsh a name). But it matters little how our ruin was effected, it is enough

to say that Sir Philip Harrington, from being the richest baronet, and the owner of the finest estate in the midland counties, was now the tenant of a small cottage in Gloucestershire. Fernley Hall had been brought to the hammer, and fetched enough to satisfy all creditors, leaving a small surplus barely sufficient for our daily wants. Utter seclusion after his



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former bustling life, and the thought which perpetually haunted him, that he had been the cause of depriving my mother of her home, and myself of my inheritance, weighed on his mind so heavily that he became a shadow of his former self, and no one would have recognised the portly owner of the Fernley hounds in the wasted man who moped about the lanes of Gloucestershire. My mother for a while

bore up wonderfully ; but the sight of her husband's sad state was too much for her weak frame, and at last I had the double pain of watching the declining strength of both parents. Such was the melancholy state of affairs at the cottage when the anonymous letter arrived, bursting like the sun from behind a cloud, and turning our darkness into light. My father's health began from that hour to im-

prove, and my mother's soon followed suite ; indeed the change was so wonderful that I felt no uneasiness in leaving them, and started in wild spirits for Liverpool and fortune.

A letter from Mr. Crump had informed me that all arrangements were made for my reception into his office, and a salary was named, which exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The letter contained also an invitation that I should remain the guest of the writer, till I was provided with suitable lodgings, and wound up with a promise that my life should be made as pleasant as possible. On reaching Liverpool, I drove accordingly to Rosebank—a distance of three or four miles from the town. On passing the lodge gate I found myself approaching a magnificent mansion, which seemed a palace as soon as I had entered the hall—mirrors, paintings, statuary and marble columns were on every side, and yet nothing was overdone. Everything was in such perfect taste and keeping, that no one could accuse the owner of the house of any attempt at display.

"Can my portrait of the Liverpool merchant be correct?" I asked myself. "My ideal merchant could not flourish in such an atmosphere of refinement."

While I was looking round in astonishment, the butler informed me that Mr. Crump was out, but that one of his clerks was waiting to receive me in the drawing-room. I had determined to keep all clerks at a distance, and accordingly I made my back as stiff as possible as I entered the room. I found a young man, much about my own age, lolling on a sofa. He threw down his novel and came forward to welcome me. I could not refuse the hand he offered, but I did my best to shake it in the most freezing manner, and to return as short answers as politeness permitted, to his enquiries about my journey. The refrigerating process, however, took no effect on my new acquaintance, who would not see what I was aiming at—the more stiff I became, the more genial was his smile, and the more amusing his remarks. His manner was so irresistibly fascinating, and his joyous laugh so contagious, that before ten minutes had passed, no longer a would-be icicle, I was laughing heartily with him, and rapidly gliding into intimacy. Robert Ramsay was strikingly handsome, and even had his features been less regular than they were, his large blue eyes, and the indescribable expression of fun which twinkled round his mouth, would have made them pleasant ones to look on.

"If these are specimens of a merchant's house, and a merchant's clerk, what will the merchant himself turn out to be?" was my

thought as the door opened and Mr. Crump entered the room. How different the real from the ideal! My new master bore himself like a prince. He was tall, and in his youth must have been a very Hercules, if broad shoulders are a fair criterion of strength; his hair was curly, carrying out the idea of strength, and snow-white, making his dark eyes seem darker from the contrast. His features were statuesque, straight and sharply cut, his high forehead spoke of great intellect, and as he welcomed me to Liverpool, I observed that his dialect was pure, and his voice singularly sweet.

So much for my flight of fancy!

The dinner would have done credit to a Francatelli. The table flashed with glass and silver, and conversation flowed briskly with the wines—Ramsay was the life of the party, and his eccentric remarks and ridiculous stories kept not only ourselves but the servants in perpetual merriment. I never passed a pleasanter evening, and when the time arrived for Ramsay to leave us, I found myself shaking his hand as if I had known him for years.

"Well, Mr. Harrington, what think you of Ramsay?" asked Mr. Crump.

"I never met a more gentlemanlike and agreeable fellow."

"I am delighted, Harrington, to hear you say so, for he is a great favourite of mine. I want you to be great friends, and I have a proposal to make which I hope you will approve. I am afraid you will be very dull without a companion, and I think it would be a capital plan if, when you leave me,—which I hope will not be in a hurry,—you will lodge in the same house with Ramsay: there are rooms there now disengaged. What say you to my plan?"

"But will Mr. Ramsay like such an arrangement?"

"To be sure he will—the truth is, it was his idea."

"That being the case, Mr. Crump, I shall be only too delighted to become his companion—and friend—if he will allow me."

"All is arranged, then—and if you do not consider me too recent a friend to have the right of giving you advice, I would recommend you to follow in his steps: be as steady, work as hard, and your fortune is made."

Mr. Crump insisted on my not leaving his roof for a few days, and to prevent my finding, he said, an old man's society very dull, Ramsay was invited every evening to meet me: pleasant evenings they were, doubly pleasant after the confinement of the office. I felt however that I was encroaching too much on Mr. Crump's kindness, and at the end of the week sent my traps to my lodgings in Liverpool.

When Ramsay and I became more intimate we told each other our stories ; and as the smoke of our cigars curled into the air, we painted bright pictures for the future, Chinese pictures without any shade, for we both thought that we had had enough misfortunes to last our ordinary lives. His history was very like my own : he also was an only child, the supposed heir to a fine fortune ; but an unknown claimant had risen up and proving himself a descendant, by a Scotch marriage, of an elder branch of the Ramsay family, turned them out of house and home. The blow was too great for Ramsay's father, he died within the year, leaving his wife and son well-nigh destitute. Lord Pitcairn proved himself a true brother, giving Mrs. Ramsay an ample allowance while she lived, and at her death, some four years after that of her husband, taking the orphan, educating him, and placing him finally with Mr. Crump. Trump, Ramsay always called him, for he shared with me the dislike of his real patronymic. At last we never called him by any other name, and never was a cognomen more applicable. Crump was indeed a Trump.

Ramsay could tell me little of Mr. Crump's antecedents, except that he had made a fabulous fortune and was a widower with two daughters who were being educated abroad : report said they were handsome, and Ramsay and I agreed that if they were only half as good-looking as their father, and half as agreeable, they would greatly add to the charms of Rosebank. We little knew how soon our wishes were to be fulfilled.

Six months had elapsed since I made my debut as a clerk—and much had been done in that short time. I had mastered my work, and had received more than one compliment from Mr. Crump on my capacities for business, while home letters informed me that wonders had been wrought at the old cottage, for both my father and mother were restored to health and cheerfulness. Mr. Crump often made enquiries about them, and always seemed pleased with my good reports. Ramsay and I were constantly his guests, and I began to think that I was creeping into his good books, as he seemed to take almost as much interest in me as in Ramsay, though I was such a much more recent addition to his dinner-table. It was after one of these dinners that he announced his intention of leaving home for a week or two. He hoped we should not be disappointed at hearing that this was to be the last of his bachelor parties, which he trusted we had enjoyed as much as he had done ; he thought however that we should find the society at Rosebank more agreeable for the

future, as his daughters would return with him, and he knew when he was young he preferred the companionship of young ladies to that of old men.

This was good news. In due course the Miss Crumps arrived, and what was more to the purpose, we were to be introduced to them at once. I will not say how long Robert was occupied on his back hair and white tie, lest he might take it into his head to retaliate ; it is enough to say that we did our best to make a favourable impression—for are not first impressions everything ?

Two *débutantes* on a drawing-room day could not have been more excited, than Ramsay and myself as we made our first bow to the fair Miss Crumps : fair indeed they were—more than fair, surpassingly beautiful. They were evidently twins, for at a first glance it was impossible to detect the slightest difference in form or feature. Their beauty was of a dazzling order—each possessed the same graceful figure, the same rounded bust, small hands, and faultless arms. Each head was wreathed with thick rolls of sun-bright golden hair, giving a classic finish to their profiles. Their eyes, like their father's, were dark and melting, shaded with dark lashes, rarely met with when the hair is light—and looking all the darker for their brilliant complexions. No one who had seen those eyes could ever forget them, so strange was their expression. Neither of the twins could direct their eyes simultaneously on one object. This obliquity of vision was equally disfiguring to each of the twins ;—in the mildest language *they squinted—squinted fearfully*. But Nature never does anything without a reason, and here she had placed the only distinguishing mark between the sisters : the eyes of one had an antipathy, those of the other a partiality for each other—in plain terms Geraldine's eyes turned to the nose, Aimée's away from it—Aimée squinted out—Geraldine squinted in.

At the dinner table Ramsay was seated next Geraldine : Aimée was my companion ; and though the *cuisine* was as excellent as usual, and the wines as rare, I must confess that I thought more of the fair girl beside me than of the delicacies before me, and Ramsay seemed more occupied with his neighbour than with his knife and fork. In a short time we were all on the most friendly terms ; Ramsay, as usual, taking the lead in the conversation, and keeping all alive with his witty sallies. He found his match in Geraldine, who was no mean hand at repartee, whilst I conversed in lower tones with Aimée, who was more retiring than her sister ; and though our communications were not as brilliant, or our laughter as

loud, I flatter myself that we enjoyed ourselves quite as much as the noisier pair; their good father seemed to enjoy himself as much as any of us, and to look with no angry eye upon the intimacy which had sprung up so exotically between his twin heiresses and his two poor clerks.

"What lovely girls!" I exclaimed, as we started on our walk back to Liverpool.

"Lovely," was Ramsay's reply.

"What a pity they should squint," I observed.

"What a grumbler you are, Percy! Why, if their eyes were straight they would not be women; and you know that 'the loves of the angels' are not considered correct. I must say I prefer an inward squint."

"What a sweet name is Aimée," I suggested, rather hurt at the last remark.

"Sweet name, indeed! What a romantic old fellow it is. I hate romance; and so I will rechristen the Miss Crumps on the spot—from henceforth let them be, 'Eyes in' and 'Eyes out'—'Eyes in' for ever, say I; there's no nonsense about her, I can see."

"I suppose you mean to insinuate that there is some nonsense about her sister—if so, I think your remark impertinent," said I, very much galled.

"Hurrah! I have got a rise out of you at last. I thought you were rather spooney; but I had no idea things had gone so far, old boy. I shall have to write to the governor and break to him the sad news that his son is in love with an *out-cast*."

I could not help laughing at the wretched pun, and reached our lodgings quite exhausted, for my brother clerk was in wild spirits, and his jokes had kept me in a perpetual roar. Another cigar and another chat over the oblique-eyed beauties sent us to bed to dream,—Robert, of two glorious eyes engaged in an amicable staring-match; myself, of two bright orbs struggling to avoid each other's glances.

Invitations to Rosebank became more and more frequent. Weeks flew faster than ever, now that our labours were rewarded by smiles from the beautiful twins. Was it to be wondered at, then, that we both fell over head and ears in love? I felt sure that our feelings were reciprocated, at least it was evident that Geraldine was never happy unless Robert was by her side, and I fancied that Aimée's eyes grew brighter when I approached. This pleasant state of affairs lasted for three or four months, and yet neither of us had breathed a word of love, however much our looks had betrayed us. At length one bright summer evening the happy quartette strolled into the garden after dinner in search of the river

breeze, leaving old Crump to write some letters. By some accident we separated; Geraldine and Bob taking one path, Aimée and myself another. An inward sensation told me that my hour was come: I gave a twitch to my wristbands, and a tug at my collar, and plunged in *medias res*. There is no occasion to chronicle here my words or actions; it will be enough for the purpose of this true history to say, that I returned to the house the happiest man in creation, for Aimée had promised to be my wife.

My heart and step were light as I left Rosebank that evening, and I could not help observing that there was an unusual elasticity in Ramsay's tread. I detected him also repeatedly smiling to himself, an insanity of which I found myself equally guilty. I tried conversation, but our questions and answers were perfectly inappropriate, and at last I thought it best to be silent, though I longed to tell him of my happiness. But Aimée had asked me not to mention our engagement till I had spoken to her father, and I meant to be discreet.

"I can bottle it up no longer, old boy," cried Ramsay, suddenly, "I must make a clean breast of it. I have proposed to Geraldine, and what's more, have been taken at my word."

"What a strange coincidence, Bob! Why, I have proposed to Aimée, and have been accepted."

"Give me your hand, brother-in-law! I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart,—are not we lucky dogs, you and I? Thank the gooseberries for my good fortune!"

"Gooseberries! are you cracked?"

"Yes! Gooseberries, it was all that gooseberry bush. I suppose I must explain, or you will think me a gooseberry fool. Well, Geraldine and I have long had our eyes on a particularly fine bush, and we thought that the fruit would be ripe enough to-day for our dessert: we were right, they were delicious, and as Geraldine and I were bending over the bush, our faces touched each other, accidentally, upon my honour. The result may be left to your imagination, and Geraldine, in her endeavours to punish me for my temerity scratched her poor little hand with a thorn. I grew bolder, and seizing the wounded member refused to let it go till she had promised to let it be my property. I'll wager, old fellow, that your little affair was more sentimental. Where did you propose?"

"Amongst the roses."

"I thought as much, Percy, you are so sweetly sentimental; but let's have the particulars."

"I have nothing to tell, except that Aimée promised in the rosary to be my own dear wife. But tell me, Bob, do you think their father will give his consent?"

"Of course he will! he will be only too glad to hear that we have come to a decision so speedily."

"I hope he will not think that I love Aimée for her money. Heaven knows, if she was penniless, I should love her all the same!"

"You might love her, but you would not marry her—stick to prose, Percy. Crump has more money than he can manage to spend, and he wishes us to share it with him: he thinks we are two very good-looking fellows, well born, well bred, and tolerably steady, and he has fixed upon us for his sons-in-law. I do not think he has shown bad taste in the selection, do you? And as exchange is no robbery, I mean to give a pedigree as long as my arm in return for his long purse, and shall condescend to marry his daughter. We will ask his consent to-morrow, and depend upon it we shall get it."

Bob was right. Mr. Crump offered no opposition to the double marriage. He gave us a willing consent, and a hearty blessing. He wished to see his daughters happily married before he died; and he did not know two young men to whom he could so safely entrust them: we were poor, he knew that, but what did that signify? had he not enough for twenty sons-in-law? From that hour he should look upon us as his sons, and expect to be treated as our father. And then he led us into the drawing-room, kissed his daughters, and blessed us all again. Was there ever such a Trump in the world?

I wrote a rapturous letter home, expatiating on Aimée's beauty, her father's kindness, and my own happiness, and begged both my father and mother to write to my fiancée, and offer her a corner in their hearts. I pictured their joy at my prospects of happiness and prosperity as they read and re-read my letter. Next morning's post brought me two letters. I tore open the one from my father first, and, to my horror and dismay, instead of finding a blessing, the letter contained a peremptory order to give up all ideas of such a marriage, if I ever wished to see my parents again. Did I wish to break his heart by bringing disgrace upon a family whose blood had never been polluted by a *mésalliance*? Did I forget that I was a Harrington of Fernley?

My mother's letter was all affection. She said that my father was very indignant, but that she would do her best to soften his an-

tipathy to my marriage with Miss Crump. It was certainly not a connection that she would have wished for me, but as she saw that my happiness was really concerned she would love her new child for my sake. I must forgive her not writing to Aimée just at present, as my father had forbidden her to do so; she begged me to come home at once; she would give me all the assistance in her power, and perhaps we two together might make him relent. She ended by sending in the postscript her love to my Aimée.

I showed my father's letter to Ramsay, who treated the matter as a good joke; he had no idea that my father was such a disciple of the old school; we must open his eyes and teach him a thing or two some of these days. He suffered from the gout, did he? That might account for his writing so severely. I had better go at once to Gloucestershire, and get over the governor; he wished me good luck, but he would rather I had the job than himself; he would as soon face a boa-constrictor as a Tory with the gout.

I determined to lose no time in taking his advice. I told Aimée that I must leave her for a few days, as I had some business to transact in the country. I gave her my mother's love, so that she had no suspicions that anything was wrong in that quarter; but Mr. Crump, in giving me a ready leave of absence, bade me not to be cast down even if my father stood out against the marriage, for, if the worst came to the worst, he thought a line from himself would set all straight. There was a peculiar expression on his face which showed me that I might rely on his words, though I could not fathom them.

It took me three days' hard fighting to get over my father, but I did get over him at last. My mother was my aide-de-camp, and did me great service; she pretended to take neither side, but with a woman's cunning always sided with me, without seeming to do so. My father persisted in declaring that the family escutcheon would be tarnished, and I persisted in asking what was the good of an escutcheon to a beggar, at the same time painting such a glowing picture of my Aimée's beauty and refinement, and her father's noble bearing, that I saw my words were beginning to tell, though they were received with a semi-groan, which always terminated in the word "*Crumps*." The fourth day the enemy surrendered; my father supposed he must sacrifice his family pride to his affection for his son, and gave his consent and his blessing. I was so eager to return to Liverpool, that my parents had not the heart to press me to

remain, and I returned next day on the wings of the express, with a store of affectionate messages for my fiancée, and polite speeches for her father. My heart was almost bursting with happiness; the train, as it rushed past towns and villages, seemed far too slow for my new existence. At length the journey came to an end, as all journeys must; my fellow-passengers must have thought me mad, as I rushed to get my portmanteau, pushing everyone unceremoniously out of my way, and the cabman must have thought me madder as I flung it into the cab, and breathlessly muttered, "Rosebank: a double fare if you drive fast."

It was lucky that we met no members of a certain excellent Society to stop us in our mad career; we richly deserved a summons, for the horse was covered with foam when we drove up to Rosebank. I threw a piece of gold into the driver's hand, telling him to ring, and give the portmanteau to the servant. I could not wait for the bell to be answered, but flew round to the drawing-room; the windows were, as usual, open, but the room was empty. I entered, and in my passage, knocked down a statue and a table. I could not stay to see what damage I had done. I passed through the hall, took the staircase in a few strides, and found myself at the boudoir door. I burst into the room, eager to press my Aimée to my heart.

Good heavens! the sight was enough to madden me! There was Robert Ramsay seated by my Aimée: his arm was twined round her slender waist: his face was close to hers—he kissed her, yes, by Heavens, he kissed her: there could be no mistake about the fact; if my eyes could have been deceived, my ears could not. Oh faithless Aimée! perfidious, treacherous Robert Ramsay!

Horror-stricken, dismayed, I stood for a moment petrified at the door, but only for a moment. Maddened with fury, I rushed into the room, and called Heaven to witness how I had been deceived in friend and fiancée. They looked conscience-stricken—Aimée blushed in her confusion. At the sight of my rising anger, Aimée gave a piercing shriek, and threw herself between us: her eyes, which before seemed to me so sweet and gentle, blazed with anger as she stood like a lioness at bay to protect her new lover from the blows of the lover she had so recently discarded.

The sight was too much for me! I tried to shut out the vision with my hands, and then rushed from the room with the intention of ending my life and my cares in the neighbouring river. On the landing the rustle of a silk

dress caused me to look up—Geraldine, Bob's Geraldine, was before me.

"What is the matter, Percy dearest?" she cried. "Good heavens! there is blood on your hands; has anything happened—are you hurt?" and the brazen hussy, with one of those loving glances so lately lavished on Ramsay, tried to throw her arms round my neck.

I pushed her from me with disgust, and rushed from the house.

A BATCH OF WELSH SAINTS.

I AM inclined to think, on due reflection, that the expression "the good old times" is a truer one than the scoffers of the present age generally admit. Certainly they were not so wealthy, so practical, so fertile in everything that man wants (and does not want), but for contentment, innocence, and delightful credulity, commend me to the first half-dozen centuries *anno domini*, when the great bulk of the saints, particularly Welsh and Irish, flourished.

If it is true in fact that a good father makes a good son, Wales must be everything that is perfect, for the number of saints that have had their history written, and their pedigrees chronicled, is no less than 490. I am rather afraid that the fact of having had such a lot of super-excellent pastors and masters produced somewhat the same effect that we see when a family is brought up too strictly: for Giraldus Cambrensis, in his *History of Wales*, declared that the Welsh were notorious liars, whose word weighed nothing in their sight, and who were not to be trusted. But Giraldus was too hard upon them, for considering that the Welsh are Celts, they are not a bit worse than their Irish neighbours, and Giraldus himself wrote a book about Ireland, which was proved by Mr. Flahertie, in his "*Cambrensis Eversus*," to be utterly unworthy of credit. Giraldus retorted that Flahertie himself being a Celt was consequently open to the national feeling of lying. But whatever were the rights of this pretty little quarrel, let me return to my saints, of whose lives some passages are so peculiar, that I have selected a few, in the hopes that they may interest my readers. At all events they are interesting as bearing upon national characteristics and religion, for, putting aside the legends, partly miraculous and wholly amusing, there is no doubt but that the greater number of these saints were holy men, who, with the practice of great self-denial, went through a life of austerity and labour, and by so doing, gained great influence over the rude people

amongst whom they lived, partly by true holiness, and partly by a strong will and a shrewd capacity for governing their fellows. The greater number of them perpetuated their names by founding a church, called after them, with the prefix "Llan" attached to it, signifying first of all enclosure, then churchyard, and finally church. Such are Llandeilo, the church of St. Teilo; Llangattock, the church of St. Cadoc, and so on. Sometimes, however, the name of the founder was too long and too hard for even their modesty to append it, such as the case of Llangollen Church, which belonged, if we may believe the local historians, to Collen ap Gwynog ap Chyldwg ap Cowrda ap Caradoc Freichfras ap Llyr Merini ap Emiri yrth ap Cunedda Wledig.

The first-named, St. Teilo, ranked deservedly high amongst the natives, not only for his world-wide eloquence and learning, but also for his power in waging war with pestilence, which was rife in those days. He was made the third Bishop of Llandaff, his predecessor having been the holy Dubritius; and soon after his instalment a frightful disease called "The Yellow Pestilence" (probably a severe form of jaundice) made its appearance, devastating the land, utterly resisting all the efforts of St. Teilo, and carrying off Maelgwyn Gwynedd, King of North Wales. Sanitary arrangements being doubtless defective (as they are still) at Llandaff, St. Teilo, like a prudent bishop, beat a retreat into France, whence too he did not return till the pestilence had abated. Before he came back he performed a useful service to the country of Armorica, by taming a terrible viper which had been depopulating the district; and this was done by a process as simple as any of old Rarey, viz., by taking off his breeches and tying them round the viper's neck. When one comes to think of it, the novelty of being dressed in a bishop's clothes was quite enough to tame any beast.

On his return, St. Teilo was welcomed by a very large crowd of his congregation, and soon obtained supremacy not only of his diocese of Llandaff, but of the whole of the south of Britain. In addition to his eloquent preaching and his powers of healing the sick, he possessed an extraordinary bell, which had the sweetest tone ever heard, and also the valuable properties of sounding the hours quite of its own accord, and instantly detecting a liar, in which last attribute one cannot help fancying it must have had a large practice in that locality.

But the greatest curiosity was to come at Teilo's death, for in answer to the earnest

prayers of three churches, he promised each of them the privilege of obtaining his body, which difficult problem he solved, to prevent quarrelling, by granting three bodies, one to each place. The clergy then retired with their precious load, each satisfied that they had the true relic, and that the others had been humbugged. These three churches were Llandaff, Llandeilo, and Penally near Tenby.

I believe that Llandaff was really the lucky one. At all events there is his tomb in the cathedral, and there is not the slightest doubt but that diseases were cured and blind people made to see by touching it. It is singular that even within the memory of persons living, it was invariably the custom that every bargain, such as a purchase, &c., should be ratified at this tomb; but this could scarcely have taken place in the "good old times."

The first Bishop of Llandaff (St. Teilo having been the third) was Dubritius, who was endeared to Welshmen as the founder of most of the great colleges of the day, which, if all accounts were true, far exceeded in numbers any of the single colleges of the present time. That of Llanilltyd embraced 2400 members, "100 being employed every hour, in order that the praise and service of God might be continued day and night." This large body of people required 400 houses to live in, the foundations of some of which may even now be traced in the little village of Llantwit, in Glamorganshire. Then there was the college of Bangor Iscoed, in Flintshire, where the number of scholars and students was 2300; and Dubritius is said to have had in addition a small school of some 3000 pupils at a place called Henllan. No wonder that with such store-houses of learning, such a swarm of British saints issued from thence. Dubritius, who was Archbishop of Caerleon as well as Bishop of Llandaff, finding old age creeping upon him, retreated to the Isle of Bardsey, which then, as now, occupied a position some few miles from the extreme point of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by a tidal current of such force, that the Welsh name of the island was Ynys Enlli, or the Isle of the Eddy. To die, or at least to be buried in Bardsey, was the last wish of all the saints, who with a view of obtaining this boon crowded its limited shores to such an extent, that it is said that the corpses of 20,000 saints lie there. This assertion, however, is a little too much for the belief of old Fuller, who satirically observes, that it was much easier to find graves for so many saints, than saints for so many graves. Bardsey had some decided advantages as a residence, for it was perfectly free from frogs and snakes, and nobody could

die there as long as there was an older saint than himself on the island, an arrangement which would doubtless be a convenient one in the present day, and save a deal of uncertainty.

The virtues of St. Dubritius did not cease with his life, for on the arrival of his bones to be laid with solemn ceremonies in the church of Llandaff, a heavy storm of rain took place, which was gratefully received, as there had been a drought in South Wales for more than two months. As soon as the sacred bones arrived at the church, they were put into water to be washed after their journey, when a singular phenomenon took place,—the water bubbling up and becoming very hot, and the bones moving about of their own accord. This fact, it is related, much surprised the dean, who returned thanks for so great a miracle—why, it is not stated. As in all other trades and professions, there were in those early days big saints and little saints; by the former of which I mean those who by birth, circumstances, or superior learning, became of importance in the social polity of the church, such as archbishops, bishops, heads of colleges, &c. Amongst them are the well-known Welsh names of Teilo, Dubritius, David, Padarn, Michael, Illutus or Iltyd, Cadoc, and so on. The smaller saints were doubtless equally good as far as piety or morals went, but had a smaller sphere of action, and shuffled off their mortal coil after giving their names to two, three, or more country churches. Some of the so-called Welsh saints were natives of Brittany or Ireland, who came over to preach, and took up their residence altogether in Wales. Others who were Welsh, left it to preach in foreign districts, such as St. Aidan, a pupil of St. David at Menevia (now St. David's), who went over to Ireland, carrying with him all the bees—so that the unfortunate inhabitants of St. David's have ever since been obliged to buy their honey. St. Stinian, on the contrary, was born in Brittany, and receiving a divine injunction to go and preach, landed near St. David's. Here, it is related, that his preaching made him many enemies, who became so violent towards him, as to attack him and cut off his head. But St. Stinian was equal to the occasion, for he at once proceeded to walk down to the sea-shore with his head under his arm, while from the place on which the head had fallen a fountain of sweet water immediately sprang. A legend not very dissimilar to this is told of St. Winifred, to whom the holy well in Flintshire is dedicated; but the story is so well known that we need not repeat it here.

The story of St. Cenau, or St. Keyne, is less sensational, but more interesting to the

scientific reader. It is related of her that she took up her abode in a place beyond the Severn, which was so infested with serpents that neither man nor beast could inhabit it: whereupon she changed all the reptiles into stones, and there they are to be found at the present times in the shape of ammonites, which, the legend tells us, "do resemble the windings of serpents through all the fields and villages, as if they had been framed so by the hand of the engraver." However plausible this explanation is, it is to be feared that it will not be altogether accepted by the geologists.

One of the prettiest achievements of the saints was that of St. Monacella, the daughter of an Irish monarch, who wishing to devote herself entirely to religion, retired into the recesses of a forest near the Berwyn Mountains, in North Wales. But one day, Brochwel, Prince of Powis, was out hunting in this very wood, and was surprised to find that the hare had run for protection to St. Monacella, that the hounds were unable to approach her, and that the huntsman could not even take his horn from his lips. From that time forth St. Monacella became the patron saint of hares, and there is a lingering superstition in the parish of Pennant Melangell (in which this occurrence happened), that if any one saw a hare pursued by dogs, and cried "God and St. Monacella be with thee!" it was sure to escape. A rood-screen in the little church commemorates the whole of this pretty story in its carving.

It would seem that the Welsh legends of saints always apply to some era in the history of the church over which they presided, such as its foundation or building; or else to the establishment of springs and wells (both most common in Wales), which have had miraculous properties attributed to them, from their well-known powers of restoring health. Perhaps this cannot be so much wondered at, when we remember the rude and uneducated character of the age, and that even in the present enlightened days we occasionally find amongst the lower classes a tendency to ascribe everything that they cannot understand to supernatural causes. Again, with regard to the building of churches, we find that the general run of them in the infancy of religion was of the rudest form and smallest size, probably little more than cells or oratories. It need not therefore excite much wonder that whenever any particularly enterprising saint erected a church beyond the proportion of the times, some extra manifestation should be sought for to mark either the cause or the event, as in the case of the fine old church

of Clynnog, in Caernarvonshire, the building of which by St. Beuno was characterised by the constant appearance of a bird, which warbled such delicious strains that the masons invariably forgot their work, and gave themselves up to the musical treat, to the great disgust of St. Beuno, who finding the work at a stand, prayed earnestly that the dangerous songster might go, which it did incontinently, and was never again heard of. The moral of this story might apply in two ways: either that the sweet strains of the bird were a device of Satan to hinder the progress of the church, or to show us that duty comes before indulgence. There is scarcely a parish in Wales which has not its holy spring or well, or perhaps the equally efficacious monument of the saint, as at Christchurch, in Monmouthshire, which contained the tombstone of St. Colmer, where persons were accustomed to sleep on

the night before Trinity Sunday, and by so doing lost all their infirmities.

One of the saints, St. Cynhaval by name, possessed the curious *spécialité* of curing acute rheumatism; and there is a singular MS. poem extant, of the date of the fifteenth century, full of allusions to his successful treatment, and relating how a "hoary giant," Enlli Gawr by name, sought for relief from the saint, who instead of granting it, filled his body with fire, driving him in his agony to the waters of the Alun. But the river, perhaps instructed by St. Cynhaval, dried up three times, and so the giant's bones were consumed—no doubt as a frightful example to giants generally. Thus we see that the saints were occasionally instruments of vengeance as well as mercy—a necessary and salutary power which the unlicensed spirit of the age often called into action. G. PHILLIPS BEVAN.

BALLOONS AND AËRONAUTS.

IN TWO PARTS.



Ad Astra.

PART I.

THE Ettrick Shepherd says somewhere in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, that "the agriculture of the sea has been waefully neglectit." What are we to say, then, to the neglected cultivation of those azure fields, so boundless and so near us, property in which must be measured by the mile cubic,—those ethereal plains without horizon, landscaped with

vapoury Alps and other air-scenery,—flecked by white-fleeced clouds, or spanned by the evening rainbow? What use have we yet made of the atmosphere, except in its lowest stratum? What researches have we as yet timidly instituted into its overhanging depths, save a few private, disjointed, and rather aimless essays?

Several circumstances have combined to dis-

courage explorers of the sky from pursuing their investigations to any great extent. First, the apparent, and in a degree real, dangers of acrostation; secondly, the expensive nature of the pursuit; thirdly, the small results yet attained in reducing air-navigation to any certainty or security; fourthly, the toy-like character of balloons, and their unfortunate connection with tea gardens, Odd Fellows' fêtes, and fireworks generally; and lastly, the difficulty, almost amounting to an impossibility, of conducting experiments in private; entailing the necessity of all inchoate designs being observed at once, and often laughed down.

Nevertheless, "the air hath bubbles as the water hath;" and acrostation has always numbered its devotees long before Rasselas tried to escape on wings from the Happy Valley, even from the day of the more daring flight and deeper fall of Icarus.

The science of ballooning—for it is not yet an art—has also its enthusiastic students; and we are indebted to a young English officer for the most complete historical survey of the subject that has ever appeared.* When we state that Mr. Hatton Turnor's volume, in boards, weighs exactly nine pounds four ounces, it will be apprehended that light as is the subject-matter of his treatise, a considerable weight of literature has already been accumulated on acrostation. As Mr. Turnor's

laborious and abundantly illustrated book is necessarily too expensive to be in the hands of very many readers, we shall make use of it as a valuable mine of information, collected with great care; and, with the author's kind permission, illustrate this paper with some of his engravings.

All aerial locomotion may be divided into two classes—that depending on the specific levity of the balloon which gives ascending motion; and that produced by the resistance and displacement of air in any direction, whether lateral, descending, or upwards. The first is represented by fire and gas balloons; the other includes all flying-machines, whatever their detail, and parachutes.

Flying-machines long preceded balloons in point of time. Until Dr. Black's period, the discovery of hydrogen and the method of producing and collecting it, the only balloons were those elevated by rarified atmospheric air. But a locomotion which should rival the bird's flight through



Witchcraft.

the sky, and which should imitate the bird's method of flying, was a frequent and favourite dream with thoughtful men in all ages; and, on the whole, it was not an unreasonable one. We will not go so far with Mr. Turnor, as to assert that when King David cried out in the bitter weariness of his spirit, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away, &c.," he referred to artificial means of flight; nor are we at present near the time when, according to the expecta-

* "Astra Castra." By Hatton Turnor. Chapman and Hall. 1865.

tion of Bishop Wilkins, men will as usually call for their wings as they do now for their boots; but no impossibility has been shown that mechanics may not lend man such a mastery over the air that he may be enabled to dart and course, rise and sink in it, at will, by means of appendages to his limbs, in the same way as snow-shoes give the power to travel over soft snow, or bladders assist the tyro in swimming. Aulus Gellius mentions an automaton dove constructed by Archytas of Tarentum (400-345 B.C.); "so contrived, as by a certain mechanical art and power to fly; so nicely was it balanced by weights, and put in motion by hidden and enclosed air."

Cardan, speaking of this same dove, stumbles at once in his wisdom on the crucial difficulty attending all flying-machines, namely, the proportion between the motive power and the weight of the machinery necessary for producing that power. The great philosopher, magician, physician, and madman, says:—"We see no reason why such construction should not be put in motion, particularly by a favourable breeze. . . . The light construction of the body would contribute to this result; as would likewise the largeness of the wings and the strength of the wheels: . . . and it is probable that this pigeon would take its flight in a certain fashion, but with a wavering motion, as lamps do. Thus it would occasionally mount upwards spontaneously, flutter its wings, then leave off suddenly, and fall—its motive power being unequal to the weight."

Many others exercised their ingenuity in devising air-locomotion. Quick-sighted as some of these speculators were, from want of knowing what we now call the rudiments of physical science, they are "like children crying in the dark," or lighted with flickering rushlights only. Lauretus Laurus says that the shells of hens' eggs, properly filled, and well-secured against the penetration of the air and exposed to solar rays, will ascend to the skies; and, he adds, will sometimes suffer a natural change. He does not tell us, however, what the transformation is likely to be. As to the filling of the "eggs of the larger description of swans, or leather balls," the confusion is remarkable. It is to consist of "nitre, the purest sulphur, quicksilver, or kindred materials which rarify by their caloric energy." Mendoza hit upon the rarification of air by heat; and showed the analogy between a hollow vessel floating in water, even though made of brass, and of a properly-constructed ship brought to the top of the "aërial superficies" (for these early thinkers supposed the atmosphere to terminate sud-

denly in a surface like water), "and filled with elementary fire."

The art magic was, as usual, pressed into the service for the invention as well as the explanation of facts. Thus Remigius quotes Barbelina Rayal, "that tubs turned upside down were propelled through the air by sorcerers, assisted by demons," and the like. In Charlemagne's reign, Agobard, the enlightened Bishop of Lyons, saved the lives of some poor persons who had been made to ascend in an *aërostat*, or flying-machine. They would have been burned for sorcerers, but for the good bishop's better sense. He wrote on the occasion a work on superstition, and demonstrated the impossibility of rising in the air. No doubt he overshot his mark in ignorance of physical possibilities. Mr. Home might, however, profitably (or perhaps unprofitably) study this treatise, which teaches that it is an error to believe in the power of magic, which has its existence solely in the credulity of the people.

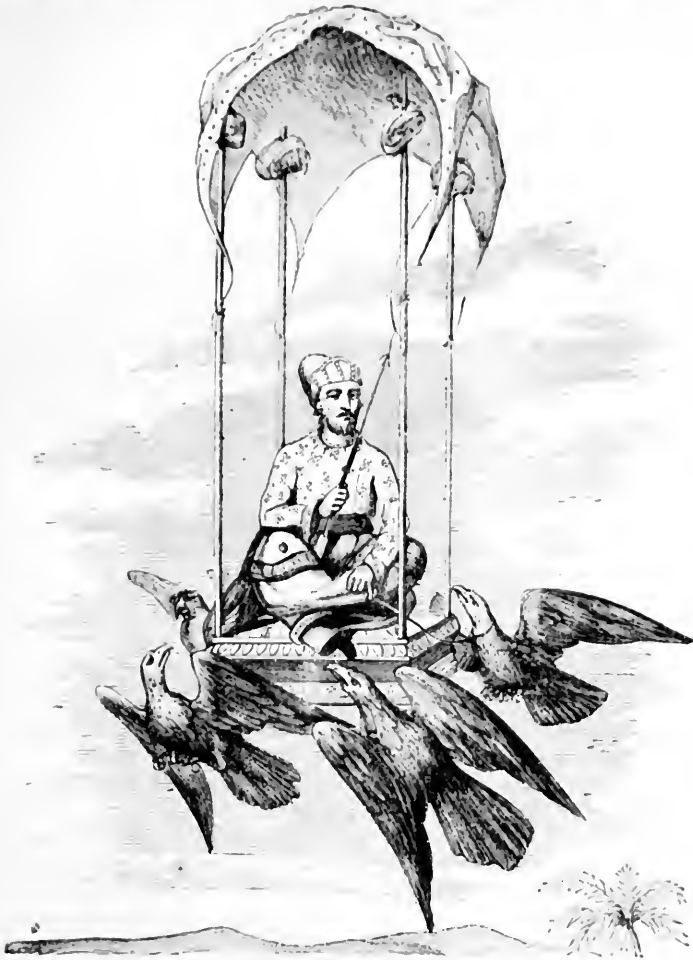
As a contrast to imaginary flying, we come, in later times, to actual attempts to overcome the force of gravity by means of wings or sails. In *Notes and Queries*, September, 1864, an extract from a letter dated 1607 is given, relating to *aërostation*:—"The greatest newes of this country is of an ingenious fellow who sailed or went over a high steeple in a boat all of his owne making; and without other help than himself in her, conveyed him above twenty miles by land over hills and dales to the river, and so down to London." This "ingenious fellow," the annotator, seeks to identify with Peirescius (Peirese), who came here in the French Ambassador's suite, and who is described as going to Holland, and there seeing the sailing chariot invented by Simon Stevinus. It does not seem to strike the writer of the note that a boat which would navigate the air, and pass over a high steeple, is not to be identified with a chariot propelled along roads by means of sails.

Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, who died 1672, reviewed in his "*Dædalus*" the various methods of air-navigation. Setting aside the flight of spirits or angels, he reduces these to three, viz.: flight by means of fowls; by wings fastened to the body; and by flying chariots. To drive a four-in-hand of eagles, or to harness a hundred doves to a post-chaise, is at least a poetical suggestion, but these steeds would require careful driving and good breaking. If the atmospheric way is unvexed with turnpike gates, it is also deficient in hedges, ditches, and other definitions.

Many of our readers will remember the picture of "*Persuasion Better than Force*," in

which a restive donkey, indifferent to the blows of a stick, is led vigorously onward by a bunch of green food fastened to the end of

the same cudgel, and which the rider suspends six inches beyond the ass's nose ; the animal always pursuing a horizon of cabbages which



Kai Kaoos.

always flies before him. Acting exactly in the same way on the blindness of animal appetites,

Kai Kaoos, an ancient king of Persia, invented a means of ascending in the air, by



M. Besnier's Method ; see next page.

binding four eagles to the corners of a frame which supported his seat. Four javelins rising from the corners, upheld a canopy, and served

also for the motive power of the carriage : on the point of each spear was transfixed a piece of flesh, and as soon as the eagles grew very

ravenous, the king took his seat in his chariot, and the deluded birds flying upwards to reach the food above them, carried the car and the king high into the air. The experiment proved too successful; for the tantalized birds still soaring up to their ravin, carried Kai Kaoos high and far, till their strength being quite exhausted, king, birds, and chariot were precipitated from the sky upon a dreary solitude in China. The narrator of the story has omitted to say, as a sequel, whether the king ate the eagles, or the eagles dined off the king.

The application of wings or sails to the body, with a mechanism to which the limbs gave motion, has had many advocates. In Edward the Confessor's time an English monk, provided with wings, flew from a church tower to the distance of a furlong; and in other countries similar feats were performed. An Italian exhibited in Scotland, before James IV., his powers of flight. His wings were composed of feathers; but in his attempt to fly he fell to the ground and broke his thigh. He was collated to the Abbey of Tunland in Galloway. In the reign of Louis XIV., a similar accident befell Allard, a rope-dancer, whilst making a similar attempt to fly. Borelli, however, showed the impracticability of human flying, in his work, "*De Motu Animalium*," by contrasting the prodigious power of the pectoral muscles of birds, with the comparatively small force which can be exerted by those of man. M. Besnier made, notwithstanding, some rather successful efforts in this direction; but his wings, seen in the cut in the previous page, did not serve to raise him from the ground, though they allowed him to fly across a river of considerable width.

Mr. Wise, an American writer on *Aërostation*, names Father Lana, a Jesuit, as the person who verified by accurate experiments the discoveries made in the seventeenth century concerning atmospheric pressure; and he, probably following up Torricelli's method of obtaining a vacuum, proposed an *aërostat* consisting of a car or boat, and four exhausted spheres of copper, which were to take the place of Kai Kaoos's hungry eagles; and since in both cases nature abhors a vacuum, they were, in rising to find their level in the atmosphere, to raise the whole apparatus. The plan failed, though the conception was ingenious. A Portuguese friar followed up the idea in the year 1709, and obtained from his king a patent or conception for his invention of a machine to carry passengers through the air: certain emoluments and places were to be granted to him, and any one transgressing the king's order was to be punished with death.

The experiments or the dreams of the Portuguese friar are leading us towards the era of balloons. When once the analogy was traced between the elements of air and water, various hints would be given by the phenomena of the latter to thoughtful persons as to the sustaining powers of the atmosphere. A ball of cork liberated at the bottom of a vessel containing water ascends rapidly to the surface; and the essays mentioned above, to give exhausted vessels of metal a levity greater than the air, were proceedings running parallel with the actions observed in water of bodies of less specific gravity than that element. But not for about half a century after Friar Gusman did men begin to work with atmospheric air artificially heated, or with gas of low specific gravity. It is true that in 1755 Father Galien of Avignon wrote upon "*L'Art de Naviguer dans les Airs*;" and his plans related to rarified air as the motive power; but then he proposed the impracticable method of "first catching your air," by climbing up high mountains, and enclosing the light ethereal air of those altitudes in canvas bags, and bringing it down for future use! Dr. Black made his suggestion as to hydrogen gas in 1767; and in 1783 the Montgolfiers constructed their first balloon. Mr. Turnor gives an interesting sketch of the Montgolfier family, which was noticeable some four centuries before the culminating point of the balloon ascent. Montgolfier had previously tried to raise balloons with heated air and smoke; but after the researches of Watt and of Cavendish into the composition of water, it was determined, at the instigation of M. Faujas de Saint Fond, to experimentalise with hydrogen. "A shout of joy," says Mr. Turnor, with scientific enthusiasm, "rang through Europe at the news of the success of this great experiment, and reached the ears of the aged Euler on the banks of the Neva." It appears to have had a fatal effect on the laborious octogenarian; for turning his attention to the subject, he dictated to his sons, between fits of vertigo, calculations he had made on *aërostatic* globes; and life and calculations stopped at the same moment.

To raise the balloon Montgolfier, 498 lbs. of sulphuric acid were poured upon 1000 lbs. of iron-filings; and the filling the balloon occupied three days and nights. On the 26th of August, 1783, the machine was moved to the Champ de Mars in Paris, with a procession of torches (exceedingly dangerous on such an occasion), and a *cortège* of horse and foot guards. In the silence and enthusiasm of the hour, the very cab-drivers, not usually known as a religious body, stopped their carriages, and threw them-

selves on their knees, humbly, hat in hand, whilst the procession was passing.

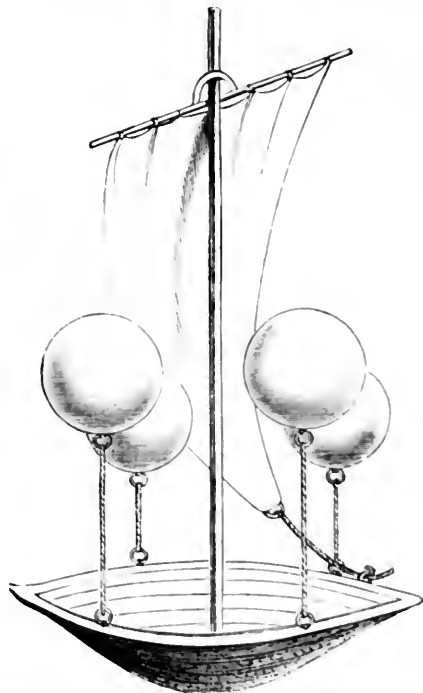
No aeronaut ventured to go up with this balloon, which ascended 3123 feet in two minutes—a minute observation, when we are told that the sublime body, which had risen in a pouring rain, then entered the clouds. It fell, in three-quarters of an hour, at a village fifteen miles distant from its point of departure.

The next French experiment appears to have been made by Montgolfier with rarified air; a fire being made under the balloon. A sheep, a cock, and a duck were sent up in a wicker cage attached to the balloon; and La Fontaine missed a good fable by dying half a century before the ascent. All that is known of the three companions, is that on reaching the earth the sheep was found to have kicked the cock, and was then feeding; but what conversation had preceded the aggression, the "ten witnesses" who certify to it do not inform us.

The name of Pilâtre de Rozier must be mentioned with honour as the first person who made a balloon ascent. It was in 1783, when, in a fire-balloon constructed by Montgolfier, he, first alone, and afterwards with M. de Villette, rose to heights increasing till they gained 330 feet of elevation. The balloon, 74 feet in height and 48 in diameter, was confined to the earth by ropes, and was sustained in the air by M. de Rozier throwing bundles of straw on the fire to continue the rarification of the air contained in it. About a month later the bolder experiment was undertaken of ascending in an unconfined balloon, and navigating the skies. The weather proved unfavourable: rain fell, and there was too much wind. Nevertheless, the bold aeronaut, accompanied by the Marquis d'Orlandes, and after an adventurous journey of upwards of five miles, descended in safety; but that safety several times depended on De Rozier's boldness in throwing fresh trusses of straw on the fire which burned in the car or gallery below the machine which also contained the voyagers.

The first experiment in England dates in the same year and month. Count Zambecari constructed a balloon of oil-silk ten feet in diameter, filled it with hydrogen, and let it rise. The next year the enthusiastic Lunardi ascended, after innumerable difficulties and delays, from Moorfields. Hydrogen had now superseded heated air as the motive power, and in 1785, Blanchard and Jeffries succeeded in crossing in a balloon from Dover to Paris. Emboldened by these successes, new attempts were made in France and in England, and now the number of fatal accidents attending

them bore a larger proportion to the experiments instituted, the enterprising De Rozier, with M. Romaine, being the first who lost their lives in pursuing this branch of science. In June, 1785, during an attempt to emulate Blanchard in crossing the Channel, the balloon took fire half-an-hour after the ascent was commenced, and the two voyagers were precipitated to the earth, together with the fragments of the machine. Among the first ladies who ventured into the air, we read with interest the names of *La Marquise* and *La Comtesse de Montalembert*; but the balloon in which they ascended was confined by ropes to the earth. M. Charles invented the valve for allowing the escape of gas, and other in-



Father Lima's Design.

genious additions, and gas balloons were for a time named, after him, *Charlières*.

Contemporaneously with these European efforts to navigate the air, experiments were being made in the United States. Rittenhouse and Hopkins, in Philadelphia, constructed a machine in which forty-seven small hydrogen balloons were attached to a car or cage. A carpenter named Wilcox was courageous enough to ascend in this machine, and after having been nearly drowned in the Schuylkill river, he cut some of the balloons, and descended so rapidly that his wrist was dislocated.

Balloons were first used for strategic pur-

poses in 1794, when the French reconnoitred the enemy's position at the Battle of Fleurus by this means.

In more modern times the death of Madame Blanchard in 1819 was the most striking event; the balloon, which was surrounded by fireworks, took fire. The longest aerial voyage on record is probably that accomplished by Mr. Wise, in America. He ascended from St. Louis, and after travelling 1150 miles, descended in Jefferson county, New York.

The first *éclat* of a new scientific invention being over, and the extreme curiosity it occasions having been satisfied, ballooning passed into another phase. The machine had been rendered, for ascents and descents, pretty perfect, its form was beautiful, and its employment was always

attended with a charming amount of personal danger. It now entered the stage of amusement, sensation, and profit. It was the accompaniment of Freemasons' festivals; the crowning gem of Vauxhall Gardens in their spasmodic decadence. Mr. and Mrs. Graham did their Darby and Joan ascents; the venerable aéronaut Green went up for the two hundredth and somethingth time; and the suburbs of London were often awakened at five or six o'clock of an afternoon by the well-known cry, "A Bloon! A Bloon!!" and the sight of boys and maidens rushing away to be in at the

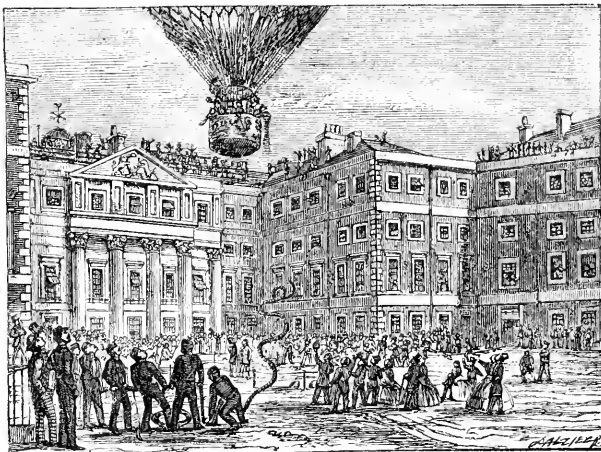
death, or to gain the immortal honour of holding a cord, whilst the etherial navigators, who had paid ten pounds a-piece for their seats in the car, stepped out smiling, and said their ride had been very enjoyable, and asked for a sip of brandy. Additions to excitement became wanting. Fireworks were displayed from the car at night ascents, and there were equestrian risings. Mr. Green went up on "A Steed," as the broadsides called it, but which was, in fact, a very small and very depressed pony. At Cremorne, Madame Poitevin rose as Europa,

in pink fleshings, on a bull. Other horses were lifted through the air struggling and frightened, till the feelings and morality of the public could bear it no more; and when they were told the scientific fact that the sufferings of the steeds were enhanced by the gravitation

of the earth acting on the iron of their shoes, the magistrates rose *en masse*—we are speaking metaphorically—and put a final stop to that business.

It is in the last quarter of a century that balloon ascents have become common. Previously to 1845, we understand from Mr. Turner that the number of personal ascents did not exceed fifty. We leave the subject of aéronautics for the present as having entered into its "debased period:" when we again revert to it we shall see the chrysalis give signs of a new and more useful existence.

MANLEY HOPKINS.



Ascent from Winchester Barracks, 1865.

THE COMBAT À L'OUTRANCE.

He slandered Mabel, then I smote
The knave upon his loathsome face.
I was her husband; how they sneered
To see me champion her disgrace!
I bore her clinging to my breast,
The cowards all around her pressed.

He came a golden type of Mair,
A mummer's king barred up in mail
Studded with silver rivet-stars,
His banner flapping like a sail.
His housings were all striped and spangled,
With broidered pearls and rubies tangled.

His burgonet was beaten off,
This axe soon swept away his crest;
My mace struck twice, a ghastly stab
Two inches wide gaped in his breast;
And, from his vizor beaten in,
Blood smeared his cold and sallow skin.

And that was how I left the beast
Who spat upon my Mabel's fame;
I tore his flag in two, and trod
Upon the shield that bore his name.
Then spurning praise, and gift, and feast,
I mounted for the blessed East. W. T.

A STORY OF WATERLEIGH MILL.

(IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.)



CHAPTER VI.

WHILE Cradock was dressing, Talbot ran down stairs. He found the captain and Birchbottom sitting at the table, waiting; they were in a bad state of mind.

"Mr. Talbot," said the captain gloomily, "in all services there are regular hours appointed for the mess. Here have I and my messmate been sitting no end of time rubbing our hands, with empty insides and the victuals

staring us in the face. I sent the hostler to you half an hour ago."

"I beg a thousand pardons," replied the offender, "but business of great importance,—in short, Captain Salter, particular service has detained me, and that you know permits no delay. I shall hope, gentlemen, presently to lay before you my information, and ask for advice."

"Yes, yes," said the captain hastily; "a meeting of officers, very proper; but, school-master, for God's sake pour out the coffee, and hand over the victuals. What now?" he roared, as Talbot, seizing half a loaf and other things, hastily bore them off without a word. "Gad!" cried the captain, "this is a smart officer; there's something in the wind. Birch-bottom, no more waiting; hand a couple of eggs, and then help yourself at once, or by Jove he'll make clear decks of it." Talbot hurried back with the spoil to Cradock.

"Are you ready, man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then get out, and drop from the window, it is low enough. Slip through the garden, and make for the wood, there lie closely hid near the old oak; you remember it?—our play place when you were a better fellow than you are now. I will follow you there: be quick, or we shall have Challoner's people upon us. You see, my man, that I am trusting you, and I will try and do what I can for you if all goes right. Take this with you for your breakfast, and keep snug under cover till I come." Cradock stole away, and Talbot, returning to his party, met Mr. Carlyon in the passage. "The very person of all others I most wished to see," he said, shaking him by the hand; "pray come into this private room." Mr. Carlyon followed Talbot, wondering at the familiarity of the stranger. He did not remember the man with whose boyhood he had been long and intimately connected. Mr. Carlyon was the rector of Waterleigh, a non-complaining clergyman-of-all-work, at wages of 150*l.* a year. He was a widower. The loss of his young wife a year or two after marriage had marked its history of sorrow in his thoughtful face; sharp lines and wrinkles were there; it was well for him that he had a daughter, otherwise so loving and true a heart might have given way. Talbot saw the same spare form, pale face, and brown eyes; his head was silvered, but, with that exception, he was the same as he had left him twelve years before.

"I see, Mr. Carlyon, that you do not recollect me; twelve years have changed your thoughtless pupil, Henry Haviland, into a grave old soldier."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the other. "Ah! I see it now; I wonder I did not sooner: but such an alteration! Welcome, my dear Haviland, most heartily welcome; but if time has changed you, it has not changed your name I hope; I read it Talbot in your note."

"I dare say you wondered who I was," he replied; "but you must know that I am here as a detective, and find it needful to remain for a time incog. I will explain all to you: it is a long story, and I will make it as short as I can. But first tell me how is my little play-mate Blanche? Though I have grown into a rough soldier, and have gone through many a trying day since we met, I have never forgotten her sweet face."

"All is well with us, Haviland, thank God. By-and-by you shall see your little playfellow. But do let me know; I trust nothing serious has occurred. Why are you here in another name, and what has happened? You say you want help, how can I serve you?"

"I shall have to ask your friendly counsel and support," said Haviland, for we must now call him by his right name. "I really am in trouble about a thing that happened long ago, I mean my poor uncle Greenshield's death."

"Yes," said Carlyon, "an awfully sudden removal; it must have much shocked you at the time. You were very fond of your poor uncle, and he of you; he always spoke most tenderly of you. And now, my dear Haviland, as a mutual friend, let me say,—for I am aware that your uncle died without a will, and that his property passed into other hands,—that if there is any present need, I shall be so glad to—"

"Thank you heartily, most heartily," Haviland replied, interrupting him; "I understand your kind thought, it is just like you, but you mistake me; it is not about money that I am in trouble. You must know that I am a major on full pay, and that I want for nothing but your kind counsel: it is a far more serious matter that now disturbs me; certainly I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth: my father, an officer like myself, lost his life in action when I was a mere child, and left nothing behind him. Greenshield, who had received great favours from him, adopted me, brought me up, and gave me my commission; but all this you know. I loved my uncle dearly; he was a second father to me as long as he lived."

"He owed everything to your father; your uncle told me all about it; and I certainly understood from him, that as his adopted nephew you were to have been amply provided for at his death. Greenshield's property was con-

siderable, not only from the profits of the two largest mills in the county, family possessions through many generations, but from other sources also, and it was generally considered that all would in the end be yours."

"I thought so too, Mr. Carlyon, when I joined my regiment; then came foreign service, the Crimean campaign, in the middle of which I had a letter from Challoner, to say that my uncle was accidentally drowned, and, as there was no will, he had as heir-at-law succeeded to the property. This was a great distress to me, but I had little time for grief,—death was everywhere, the duty stern and incessant. Next came India, and its trials and anxieties——"

"I must interrupt you, my dear Haviland, but you do not speak of having heard from me; I wrote to you on the subject of your uncle's death at the time, and other letters since, advising you to return to England if possible, to inquire closely into the circumstances."

"I never had a line from you," said Haviland; "I suspect that my letters were intercepted, and I should have been in India at this moment had I not accidentally fallen in with a fellow from your neighbourhood, a soldier in the 60th. It was from what he said of strange reports about my uncle's death that I determined at once to apply for leave of absence. I arrived here only last evening, and in the few hours that have since elapsed, an extraordinary combination of circumstances has led me to a most painful conclusion. Does it not strike you, Mr. Carlyon, as something very strange indeed that my uncle should have made no will after what he told me?"

"I thought so at the time, Haviland, and it was strange; but people act very oddly about their wills. Honest in intention, but infirm in purpose, they put off from day to day, not only their temporal affairs, but also their eternal interests, all the while forgetting that in the midst of life we are in death."

"Very true, you are right. But to return to the question, Mr. Carlyon, has the suspicion crossed your mind of anything wrong?"

"God forgive my evil thought," he replied, "such a thing did cross my mind."

"A mysterious death no doubt," Haviland observed; "may there not have been foul play? Remember the stake."

"Oh! no, no, not in that shape did it enter my mind, I thought only of a suppressed will. It is a horrible suggestion, most horrible, and should not be made without the surest warrant."

"But I have the surest warrant," exclaimed Haviland, starting up, "the surest warrant

in the world, the confession of the murderer's accomplice made to me half an hour ago."

"What, murdered?" cried Carlyon.

"Yes, sir, murdered for the inheritance, and Challoner the murderer. Listen," said Haviland, after a short pause, to allow his auditor to recover from the shock of the communication, "listen!" and he detailed to him the principal points of Cradock's confession.

"Dreadful indeed—most horrible!" exclaimed Carlyon. "But are we sure? are we right in thus hastily accepting this man's confession? May he not be an untrustworthy or malignant witness?"

"I believe him," Haviland replied, "though, had I not been instrumental in saving his life last night, I suspect I should have got nothing from him; the natural weakness of his character and his fear of Challoner would have kept him silent. My arrival here at the moment I did seems like a direct interposition of Providence."

"It does," said the other earnestly; "and yet it is terrible to think that this Challoner, a man of seeming integrity, of apparent sincerity in religious duty, munificent to the church, the repairs now going on are at his expense ('Conscience-money,' muttered Haviland),—should have been thus permitted for years to wallow unscathed in his iniquity; but the decrees of Providence are not thus to be questioned. Lead us, O Lord, that our feet slip not; without Thee who shall walk upright! Oh, my dear Haviland, this man's sin will prove a great scandal to the parish; do you feel assured that it is as you say?"

"Yes," said Haviland, "and my duty is clearly before me."

"Why," continued Carlyon, "this man is a magistrate, and, though undoubtedly of imperfect early education, is regarded with consideration in the neighbourhood; he actually made proposals to my daughter."

"What," cried Haviland, "to *Blanche* Carlyon?"

"She did not accept him," said the other hastily; "she always disliked the man, and never gave him the slightest encouragement. But what will you do? what steps will you take, my dear young friend, in a juncture so appalling?"

Haviland, flushed and angry at the insult offered to his dear little *Blanche*, curtly replied:—

"The provost-marshal and a halter. But we must proceed with caution; the culprit is already alarmed, and has issued a warrant for Cradock, hoping thus to have him in his own hands, when he would take the opportunity to dispose of him speedily in one way or other;

and, as there is no deposition or other evidence, the game would be all his own. For the present I have defeated this move ; Cradock is in hiding until dusk, then I purpose to take him with me to the mill to search for the paper which he says he has secreted there. If I succeed in recovering this paper, I shall be master of the whole position : meanwhile the utmost caution : please do not whisper one word to any living creature. Challoner, a bold, desperate fellow, driven to bay, would not hesitate to commit any violence if he had the opportunity ; I shall therefore keep Cradock out of the way, until I can safely produce him and denounce the murderer, and then my uncle's shameful death shall assuredly be avenged."

"Vengeance is the Lord's," said Carlyon solemnly.

"Quite true," Haviland rejoined, "and in this case it shall be man's also, if a scoundrel has his deserts."

After further consideration, it was finally agreed that Haviland, when he had visited the mill, should return to the parsonage, and that he and Carlyon should then settle what next was to be done.

With this understanding they separated. Haviland rejoined the Captain and Birch-bottom, who had finished breakfast, and were engrossed in their pipes. The latter, leaning back in his chair, with his feet upon the window-sill, realized the unwonted luxury of a whole holiday, as he lazily listened to the distant voices of his scholars at play upon the village green. The Captain regarded Haviland earnestly and in silence, emitting the while convulsive puffs of tobacco smoke in rapid succession, a phenomenon which indicated a disturbed state of mind. At last he spoke.

"That was a saucy business this morning ; the snob Challoner must be pulled up, you understand—eh ? Hang me, sir, I'm your man." Relieved by this terse expression of feeling, he immediately resumed his usual serene aspect, and went on sedately with his pipe. Haviland nodded to him significantly, exchanged a few words with the schoolmaster upon the present aspect of affairs, finished his hasty breakfast, and set out for the wood.

The sun was shining with white tempered rays in a misty blue sky. It was a perfect calm. The trees stood motionless, but their storm-torn leafless branches told how roughly the October winds had dealt with them. The narrow grassy path, sodden with the night's rain and strewn with broken boughs, was scarcely passable. Haviland remembered the locality well. As he entered the damp cool wood the low light and freshness of the place fell gratefully upon him after his long stay in

India under a tropical sun, and he felt that it was no longer in dreams that he revisited his fatherland. He recognised in the glistening white trunks of the ash and beech, in the dark green holly, red with early berries, the familiar friends of his childhood. In former days he had wandered in the wood with Cradock, who, considered by Greenshield as entirely trustworthy, was in the habit of accompanying his little nephew on his rambles. Now he was about to meet the same man in the same place, but in how different a spirit ! These thoughts were in Haviland's mind as he stood before the appointed oak. Cradock, who had concealed himself in an adjoining thicket, made his appearance.

"Oh ! Master Harry," he said, "it is a long time since you and I were here. Oh ! how I do wish it was as it used to be when you were little, and I was always about with you ; then, so long as I took care of you, there was nothing on my mind, now I am afeard to see you, sir."

"It is through your own wicked conduct, Cradock, that this misery has come upon you ; however, in unburthening your conscience you have at last done what is right, and your mind will be easier."

"It is so already, Master Harry ; I do feel more of a man since I told all ; my thoughts don't terrify me so much as they did before. I think, if my life is spared, I may be able to do some good to make amends, and perhaps have your forgiveness."

"I can't say how that may be ; it may partly depend upon your own future conduct," said Haviland. "But now attend to me. You are to stay here in close hiding until sunset ; when the sun is fairly down, break cover very cautiously, and creep from bush to bush to the withy-bed by the dam ; lie close there until I whistle, then you shall go with me to the mill to show me where the deed was done, and search for the paper." Cradock shrank at this announcement.

"I don't much like the loft after dark," he said ; "'tis an ugly place, nobody has been inside it for many a day."

"It can't be helped, come you must, whether you like it or not ; you will be safe enough in the mill, I shall be with you ; but I can't answer for it if Challoner should spy you on your way there, and I advise you for your own sake to keep a sharp look out as you go down to the willow-bed."

"I'll take care," said Cradock ; "I am an old fisherman, but I have done a little business ashore on the sly now and then, and I know every bit of cover on the road." He crept into his place of concealment again, and Havi-

land, quitting the wood, returned to the Beetle. As he entered the inn he was met by the landlord at the door.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "I am glad you are come. Here is Squire Challoner, with his men, kicking up a precious rumpus. He says you have bullied the constable, and prevented him from capturing Cradock, and he threatens to take us all up instead. This way, sir. He is in the parlour."

Haviland followed the landlord into the house. "This is unlucky," he thought; "I did not want to meet the fellow just yet, I am not quite ready for him; if he discovers who I am it will be awkward." When he entered the room Challoner confronted him in an offensive manner. There was something peculiarly unpleasant in this man's general aspect, though hard to define. "Light hair, close shaven whiskers, dark eyebrows, blue eyes, a slight cast in one, waxy pinkish complexion, strongly built, nearly six feet high, age forty years:" would have been his description in the Hue and Cry. "No doubt the same uncomfortable-looking fellow as of old, but attempting the gentleman," thought Haviland. "Will he know me, I wonder? No, he does not recollect me."

Challoner, who previously to Haviland's appearance, had assumed the high horse, now drew in a little.

"Is this the party you spoke of, Mr. Landlord, who assaulted the constable to-day on your premises?" he said, as if to make it appear that the responsibility of giving the information lay with the innocent Stockfish.

"That is the gentleman," he replied, "who is staying in my house, sir."

"I shall be glad to make this as short as possible," said Haviland. "I hear you wish to see me; will you be good enough to say what you want? Is anything the matter, sir?"

"Anything the matter!" exclaimed Challoner, "a great deal is the matter. I have been informed, sir, that you, assisted by the hostler there, this morning forcibly prevented the apprehension of a man charged with poaching, the constable being duly provided with a warrant, signed by a magistrate for the purpose. Unless you can give me a satisfactory explanation of your conduct, I shall have to detain you on the charge of an attempt to rescue a prisoner from the hands of justice."

"Really, sir," Haviland replied, "I do not admit the right you assume to inquire into my doings, and I decline any explanation; as for your threat of detention, I take it for what it is worth."

"Are you aware, sir," said the other, "that you are speaking to a justice of the

peace? I am the magistrate whose warrant and signature you thought fit to treat with contempt."

"Well, sir, whoever you are," Haviland replied sharply, "you have my answer; at the right time I shall be ready to explain my conduct." Then turning to the schoolmaster, who with the Captain had just entered the room, "I believe, Mr. Birchbottom, you can state to this gentleman that I had sufficient reason for what I did in the case of the man Cradock this morning, and that my object was not to obstruct the course of justice."

Challoner's countenance changed, in spite of his effort to appear unconcerned.

"Do you insinuate," he said, but in a less assured tone, "that justice is not fully administered at my hands?"

"I make no insinuations, sir," replied the other; "you heard what I said, and you may take it in any way you please."

Challoner was perplexed and alarmed; he did not know what to make of it; he felt there was a game playing against him, but he could not see the moves. He had no immediate suspicion of Haviland as a principal, but thought it probable that he was employed by some person unseen as an agent in an inquiry hostile to himself. He had heard of the boat expedition of the previous night, and that Cradock had been detained at the inn all night.

This was quite enough to rouse his alarm, and the present aspect of affairs in no way reassured him. Cradock was Challoner's perpetual curse; if he lost sight of him, or if a stranger talked to him alone, he was tormented with sickening apprehension. He knew right well that his status, property, nay, life itself, were in that one man's power; and he had gloomily contemplated more than once his removal by death, if opportunity offered. Though now full of anxiety, and panting to secure Cradock to himself, he felt the necessity of caution, and thought to try another tack.

"Sir," he said, "as a magistrate, I am at all times ready to attend to charges brought before me. Possibly, in this case of a notorious poacher and ill-doer, you may have some special reason for this reserve, or a prior charge to make against the man; if you will accompany me into another room, I shall be glad to speak with you in private, then I dare say we shall understand each other better, and thus facilitate the ends of justice, the object now in view, and" (speaking in a lower tone and confidentially) "if I can be of service, I shall be glad to assist you."

"I must decline this proposition also," said Haviland coldly; "have you anything more to say, sir?"

Challoner was check-mated. "The man," he thought, "has surely something in his head about me; is it possible that he is connected with the boy in any way? It shan't appear, however, that I am to be cowed by him. Cradock must be secured, or all is lost. Whoever you are, sir," he said authoritatively, "this is a most unsatisfactory business. First an attempted rescue, then a courteous proposal to confer privately with the magistrate contemptuously refused. These circumstances, added to the fact that you, sir, a stranger, are found here wandering about the neighbourhood, associating with poachers and vagabonds, render you a fit subject for magisterial inquiry. Pray who are you, sir?"

"'Pon my word, sir, I hardly know who I am; you will find out by-and-by, no doubt."

"This is evasion, sir; who are you? Does any one here know him?"

"I know him," said the Captain, "and if I had been he, I would have pulled your nose long ago, my boy; how dare you bully a gentleman staying in this house?"

"Pooh, Captain," replied the other, "keep your big words till they are wanted; we all know you." Then turning to Haviland. "As for you, sir, I have good reason to believe from your present conduct and other circumstances that you are connected in some way with the person we are in search of, who I have no doubt will be speedily apprehended, when I may learn your proper character, and have to summon you before me. Now, my men, away, lose no more time, search the premises, and secure your prisoner, who I am well assured is concealed somewhere in this public-house or its immediate neighbourhood;" and Challoner abruptly left the room.

When they were gone, the landlord raised his voice and his hands.

"Troubles never come alone. Truly this is an afflicted house. Cellars half full of water, officers of justice ransacking the premises, and, worst of all, an ill name given to a noble hostelry. This inn and tavern that has stood untarnished for two hundred years, he called it a public-house."

"Do hold your whining tongue, Stockfish," said his wife, "get down-stairs, and bale out the cellar like a man: by-and-by, when these justice matters come off, we shall have a pretty burst of business and no beer. A thirsty trade is the law, what with informers, attorneys, and other cattle of the kind; and when it comes to the hanging, then everybody drinks, of course, a safe and pleasant passage to the culprit. Stockfish, you are indeed a poor thing, and I am ashamed of you."

While this conversation was going on, Haviland whispered to Birchbottom,

"Pretty decided, I think, eh? I have my man safe for the present, but I must be sharp, or the crimps may get him yet; Challoner has a dangerous look about him."

"Very venomous," replied the other, "take care or he'll nab the fellow; like a hound he'd run him to the death if he once got the scent."

"Let him look to himself," said Haviland, "I will bring him to the block, or it shall go hard with me. I go to reconnoitre," and he went to the room where Cradock had slept the preceding night. The window looked out upon the wood, and he stationed himself there upon the watch. After some time spent in hunting for the fugitive, and in noise and squabbling, the constables quitted the inn, and searched the garden unsuccessfully. They went off in the direction of the river, probably thinking to find Cradock at his old haunt on the island. Haviland now vaulted from the window, and unnoticed hastened to the wood, that he might be near Cradock to warn him of approaching danger. Concealed in a thicket, he remained on the watch till the day was pretty far advanced. Just as he was about to quit the cover, he was startled by Challoner, who, unconscious of his propinquity, passed near enough almost to touch him. Haviland was struck by the expression of his countenance. The pink waxy face was deadly pale, the dark eyebrows were contracted over his rimmed eyes, the corners of the mouth depressed. "Stop," thought Haviland, "where have I seen that face before? Why, it is the very aspect of the spy we hanged at Balaklava. Horrid as it was, it was not more so than this man's. If that face is a trustful witness, there is murder past and present in it. I must be careful. See, he is going along the skirt of the wood, and through the meadows to the river. It may be well to have some one at hand to-night while we are in the mill. But who to ask is the question. The doctor is a talking fellow, ditto Birchbottom, and a coward besides; the old captain is the best of the lot, though of course non-combatant, but he will do to raise an alarm if needed. I will get him down on some pretext or other. For the present, I think all is safe in this direction, so now to dinner, and to keep my friends quiet."

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING THE GOOSE.

THE month of September is happy in its objects of ornithological interest. None other of the twelve divisions of the year can boast

of two anniversaries of such universal observance as the 1st and 29th of this month. The former of these days, looked forward to with feverish anticipation for weeks and months by the votaries of the fowling-piece, send thousands, yea, tens of thousands, scouring through the country, to gather health and strength in the stubble field, and bag their prey by dint of unerring aim and steady touch; while twice and three times their number anxiously await at home a participation in the results of their prowess. The latter date, again, though attended with less of outward demonstration and preparation, kindles in the breasts of millions a no less enthusiastic feeling. The 29th, while bringing with it such other associations as are generally connected with quarter-day, has this further attractiveness, that it ushers in among the pleasures of the table that succulent bird, the goose. And although it does not quite awaken what Shakespeare calls the "liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity, and a green goose a goddess," yet there are doubtless few families, possessing the means, who do not feel it incumbent on them on this day to roast a goose. The connection between this opening of the goose season and Michaelmas Day is said to have originated in the custom adopted by landlords of regaling their tenants, who came to pay their rents on this day, with a dinner off this bird;—an excellent practice and worthy of all imitation. But this peculiar deference and partiality to the flesh of the goose is by no means of modern origin or growth. From very early times all honour was shown to this bird as a contributor to the pleasures of the palate. It will be our purpose in this paper to state somewhat of the past history and importance of this bird.

Doubtless among the many animals that went in two-and-two into Noah's Ark, the goose, with measured tread, waddled solemnly into that place of refuge from the approaching flood, unless it can be shown on the theory of "natural selection" that the genus *anser* was not then in existence. It is true, however, that in all the sacred writings there is no mention made of this voluptuous creature. Whether it was considered by the Jews a clean or an unclean animal, no where appears from Holy Writ. In Levit. xi. 18, the swan is enumerated among those fowls that were to be held in abomination, and, therefore, as unfit for food. Some may perhaps be inclined to include the goose under this head.

The earliest nation among which we have any positive mention of our bird are the Egyptians. That wondrous people, who cradled religion in its infancy, and nurtured the

arts and sciences to a gigantic growth, were evidently well aware of the nutritious and intrinsic value of goose-flesh. Herodotus (ii. 37) relates that the Egyptian priests were sustained at the public expense, and that each man of them was daily supplied with an abundance of beef and geese-flesh. This is a high compliment to the subject of this discourse, for the priests, as always, fed on the fat of the land. Again, Diodorus Siculus informs us that the goose was a regular and favourite dish with the Egyptian kings (ii. 3.). And, higher honour yet, on several monuments among this ancient people priests are represented offering the goose in solemn sacrifice to the gods,—evidently a dish to please both gods and men.

Following down the course of time we come to the celebrated race of the Greeks. This nation, it is well known, derived most of their customs, religious as well as civil, from the Egyptians. Their founder, Cecrops, whether a myth or a reality, evidently migrated from the country of Isis and Osiris. Many customs and traditions, whose original *habitat* was on the banks of the Nile, were transferred to Greece, continental as well as Peloponnesian. Reverence and respect for the goose were among these. The Lacedæmonians, self-denying and vigorous as they were, thought it not beneath their dignity of character to evince a fondness for this succulent bird. Were it not for a slight difference in the spelling we might pardonably have assumed that the Solan-geese was named after Solon, the celebrated lawgiver of Athens.

In what way the Egyptians "cooked their goose," gastronomically speaking, we are not told; nor yet whether they held any one part of the bird in higher estimation than the rest. The Greeks, however, were undoubtedly in the habit of feeding up their geese on figs, a dietary which had the effect of enlarging the livers of these downy birds. Such enlarged livers, though very inconvenient doubtless to the animals themselves, were considered by their clothes-wearing fellow-creatures a very dainty dish. Horace (II. Sat. viii., 88), in describing a banquet at the house of one Nasidienus, mentions, among other delicacies well calculated to excite the interest of any modern Epicurean, a dish composed of the liver of a white goose fattened upon figs. We may as well remark here, by the way, that for the purposes of the table the white goose seems to have carried off the palm among the classic ancients.

The highest honour yet paid to our bird was that given to it by the Romans. They held it in estimation for other than its gastro-

nomical attractions. From time immemorial this people dedicated the goose to the service of Juno. Holy geese were kept in the Capitol at Rome, set apart for the worship of this goddess. It was once the good fortune of these sacred birds to be the salvation of the city. The occasion was as follows, as every school-boy knows. It was in the year B.C. 390. The Gauls, numerous almost as the sands upon the sea-shore, had overrun the fair plains of Italy. They invested Rome itself, and committed the city to the flames. The Capitol alone remained intact, defended by about 1000 sturdy Romans. The invaders, finding all other means in vain, determined to reduce this stronghold by famine. They settled down around it, and day after day narrowly watched its defenders. Meanwhile, the neighbouring states, led on by a thirst for revenge, united their forces, and signally defeated their ruthless invaders. Tidings of this welcome event were brought to the besieged in Rome by a daring youth, who swam across the Tiber, and climbed by a hazardous path into the Capitol itself. The enemy, however, had perceived it. Soon they discovered the way, and one night, befriended by the darkness, attempted to imitate his example. Already they had gained the top of the rock on which the citadel was situated. The vigilance, not only of the sentinels, but also of the ever-wakeful watch-dogs had been eluded. The lives of the gallant defenders seemed at length at the mercy of the foe. But deliverance was at hand from an unexpected quarter. A flock of geese, sacred to the service of Juno, was kept in the Capitol. Amid all the pinchings of famine these birds had been kept intact, and now they preserved their preservers. The foremost Gaul was already within the fortifications, when the geese, by their cackling, or by the flapping of their wings, aroused M. Manlius, who forthwith gave the alarm, and, rushing upon the foremost invader, hurled him backwards upon his companions, who were following in Indian file along a narrow and precipitous pathway. The whole band fell in one confused mass to the bottom of the rock, and Rome was saved.

But the high gastronomic honour did not remain without variation with the goose. Under the emperors our bird seems to have fallen from its high estate as a noble dish. Petronius Arbiter, who lived in the times of Nero, speaks of the partiality for white goose, and the duck with painted wings, "as savouring of a vulgar taste." Probably the rage for peacocks and other rare birds and beasts, introduced as delicacies of the table within the previous century, had something to do with

this deposing of the goose from his lofty Epicurean pedestal. Succeeding generations, however, restored him to his wonted place of pre-eminence. The Emperor Geta, who flourished in the beginning of the third century of the present era, gave injunctions to his cook to serve up his dinners in alphabetical order. One day every dish on the table was to begin with an "a," the next day with a "b," and so on through the whole alphabet. Under him, therefore, the goose (*Lat. anser*) had the honour of beginning every cycle of repasts.

The Emperor Alexander Severus, the exemplary successor of the abandoned Heliogabalus, in accordance with the judicious training of his prudent mother, Mammæa, set a pattern of temperance and moderation, as in other things, so in the matters of the table. His usual dinner was made off a chicken, but on special occasions, on days which he wished to mark with singular honour, he added to his usual dinner our favourite bird the goose.

Not always, however, was the goose eaten alone in its entirety and simplicity. Messalinus Cotta, son of the orator Messala, introduced a dish, consisting of the feet of geese and the crests of cocks, grilled together. Not having had the pleasure of tasting this concoction, we cannot speak of its peculiar attractions or otherwise.

So much for the ancients. Following their example in this as in other things not quite so harmless, the moderns have continued unabated their allegiance to the goose. It has been consecrated, as of old to Juno, so of late to St. Martin. Medals have been struck, representing on one side a goose, on the other the word "Martinalia." A Christian bishop and a heathen bird! Strange association! Misfortune brings together strange bed-fellows. But what brought together these entities on the same medal? The answer is given as follows:—St. Martin, from whom the festival of Martinmas derives its name, was a bishop of Tours, in France. He distinguished himself by destroying all the heathen altars and images remaining in his day, and died, after this signal service, in the odour of sanctity, A.D. 400. An annual festival was decreed to be held in honour of his name on the 11th of November. So popular, however, was the memory of this sainted bishop, that his feast or festival had an *octave*; that is, it was continued for seven days successively. It was an accepted rule with his devotees to roast a goose for the family dinner on the day of his anniversary. Now, this festival falls exactly when geese are in season, and it was always celebrated with a

voracity the more eager as it occurs on the eve of the *petit carême*, when fowls could no longer be presented on the tables of a religious age. One individual was, it seems, troubled with qualms of conscience as to the propriety of eating goose-flesh, even on the eve of this "little lent." Martin Schoock, a Flemish monk, was this individual. However, after diving deep into the weedy pool of casuistic argument, this delighted devotee emerged with the permission to *roast his goose*. And thus the goose came to be a standing dish on the Continent at Martinmas, as it is in England to this day at Michaelmas.

Among imperial admirers of this famous bird, we must not omit to mention the celebrated Charlemagne. He peopled the ponds of his various residences with these birds, and, by his fondness for them as a dish at his table, contributed to give them an additional vogue among his subjects. At one time the principal poulterers in France were called, by way of distinction, *oyers*.

The manner of cooking a goose is too well known to need explanation or comment. A boiled goose is seldom seen, but a roast goose, with all its accompaniments of "sage and onions and port wine," is a dish meet to set before a king. These birds are eaten young, under the name of green-geese. According to Shakespeare, the spring-time is the season for breeding.

The spring is near, when green-geese are a-breeding.
"Love's Labour's Lost," act i. sc. 1.

They are eaten adult under the name of stubble-geese. Goose-dripping is said to be excellent sauce for a Norfolk dumpling.

Leave we now the culinary aspects of our bird, and consider it under the various other associations with which it is connected. The earliest of these in most minds is doubtless the voracious nursery rhyme, which attributes to the goose vagabond propensities, with a preference for performing its ambulatory exercises "up-stairs and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber." On what incident in goose-life the author of these memorable lines founded his legend, or what particular goose it was that so had the run of the house, has not been handed down to memory. Certainly in these days such privileges are not vouchsafed the anser tribe.

The story of the goose that laid the golden eggs, and the tragic and untimely end it was thereby brought to, are too well known to need recapitulation here. It is a credit to the species, certainly, to have been selected as the medium for conveying so edifying a moral, though some, doubtless, will be inclined to

say that none but so silly a bird would be found at the game of laying golden eggs. But that the goose is not always silly, may be learned from the following story. A goose was once brought as evidence in a trial where Lord Erskine presided, and he was so delighted with the bird's sagacity, that he determined to adopt one of his race. He chose from a flock a creature in all things most like the goose in question. He then lived at Hampstead. He grew excessively fond of the goose, made it his constant companion, and took it in his carriage, on all occasions, to Westminster Hall. But a carriage drove over, and ended the life of the poor goose, "which," said Lord Erskine, "was a fortunate thing, for its wisdom was making me superstitious."

While the beautiful symmetry of this bird, and especially the undulating movements of its arched neck, can never fail to attract notice and awaken admiration, it can never be said that its voice can excite anything but unmitigated disgust. The serpentlike hissing by which it signifies its aroused wrath, or the ordinary cackling by which it gives vent to its ordinary feelings, can neither of them be considered at all musical sounds. According to *Portia* (Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," act v. sc. 1), this goose-cackle is not only not musical in itself, but is the cause why other things should lose their music. Thus she discourseth,—

I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

It is strange that while the swan, which draws so near "to the complexion of a goose," is accredited with powers of song, and is even dedicated to Apollo, the god of song, the sister bird, the goose, is always spoken of with disparagement on that point. Virgil (*Ecl. ix.* 26) speaks of himself, in comparison with other poets, as a very "*anser argutus inter olores*."

Among other distinctions conferred on our bird, it ought not to be omitted to be mentioned, that it has even been made the object of adjuration. The eccentric Socrates is said to have made the goose the object of his asseverations on some occasions: "By the goose, yea," or "nay," being a favourite oath of his. In ridicule whereof the comic Aristophanes has introduced, in one of his plays, one *Lampon*, a soothsayer, using the same mild form of swearing.

In conclusion, we have but to notice that this bird's usefulness does not cease and determine with its death. Even after its fleshy part has disappeared, and gone to assimilate

itself with the fleshy parts of other its biped fellow-creatures, its unfleshy parts, its outward covering, continue to render aid and comfort to mortal man. The sluggard, as he turns in his bed, and says to himself, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," may remember, that it is to this "downy bird," he owes the comfort of his position. The literary man, the author or journalist, as he wields the "pen of the ready writer," should raise his voice or thoughts of praise to the furnisher of his "grey goose-quill." Nor is it any disparagement to the subject of these lucubrations, that an age of manliness is discountenancing feather-beds, and courting the hard mattress of the soldier, or that steel-pens are rendering the very name of "quills" obsolete.

UNDER THE SEAL.

THERE is no more lovely village among the Pyrenees than C. Nestled in the bosom of the mountains, with a brawling torrent running through it, it lies a little fair and pleasant spot of human life in the midst of shadowy solitudes. For much more than half the year the roar of the avalanche, and the rush of the water alone break the deep surrounding silence. The southern sun woos the snow for long before she consents to sink into his embrace; but at length he is successful, and late in the summer the little town wakes into sudden movement. A gay little place it is then. The shops open their bright eyes, and become brilliant with many-coloured goods of Pyrenean wool. A little crowd round each arriving diligence indicates the competition of the different hotels. Before and after the great heat of the day, omnibuses ply incessantly to and from the springs, and the principal street becomes thronged by visitors, attracted as much by the beauty of C. as by the reputation of its healing waters. In the months of July and August, the whole population seem to spend their lives in this same street; for even the shops are left to take care of themselves, while their owners, for the most part, lounge about the doors with cigars in their mouths, turning in with complete satisfaction to show their wares to a customer, and equally content if the day ends without profit. C. is the holiday resort of the inhabitants of Pau; and in their un-English fashion they contrive to enjoy themselves thoroughly without disdaining to earn an occasional five-franc piece at their usual business. Their daughters, brilliantly dressed, and with sometimes a shade of more than mountain bloom, hover about their own and their neighbours' shops; and as one of the most

profitable occupations in the place is letting out horses to tourists, there is often a stray steed to spare for them, on which to make a magnificent appearance at the springs in the morning. Besides these, there are great numbers of French visitors who come less for the waters than to escape the great heats of the South of France; a sprinkling of English, as where is there not? and many guides in their brown coats and dark blue *Bérets*, ornamented with red and blue tassels, with the scarlet jacket of an Eaux Chaudes guide, making here and there a bright spot of colour among their groups. But above all are to be met at C. scores of priests of every age and denomination, from the snowy robed Franciscan, to the jolly Abbé scouring the mountains on his pony, with his gown pinned up, in search of wild flowers and rare insects. The waters of C., however, are a renowned remedy for complaints of the throat, and the priests seemed to flock there chiefly for purposes of cure, belying thereby the legend which saith that the "clergyman's sore throat" is a judgment of Heaven upon the Reformation.

It was here, in the autumn of 185— that an old priest finished his course. I had visited C. regularly for many summers, and had known him well, better, indeed, than almost any one in the place, for he shunned society, and dreaded making new acquaintances, which each year had to be broken off. Having come to C. originally for health, he had for many years taken up his abode there, and did duty as resident Curé—a good simple old man, not "passing rich," but living comfortably on forty pounds a year, with a little garden and meadow on a slope of the mountain so steep that the mowing of his hay was to me an annual miracle. An old deaf housekeeper and a couple of immense Pyrenean dogs were his sole companions. Many a cigar had I smoked at the good old man's fireside; many a long talk had I had with him; and many a time had I been shamed out of my Protestant intolerance by the simplicity and charity of the old Curé. And now he was gone, and I was truly grieved. I followed the remains of my poor old friend to the grave, and then returned to try to console poor inconsolable old Julie, who met every attempt in that direction with the reply, "Je n'entends pas, et je'n'ai pas besoin d'entendre, puisque M. le Curé est mort." The young Abbé who had performed the funeral, at last persuaded Julie to give him her master's keys, and allow him to look over his papers and see if there were any of importance, and he invited me, as an older friend, to join him in the examination. There were not many to go through; one or two requests—a provision

for Julie—a few letters, and several papers, bearing date many, many years before, relating to histories imparted to him in the confessional. The young priest glanced at these at first as if he feared to commit sacrilege by doing so; but they all began with the words, "Since every person connected with these events is dead, I consider that this history is no longer under the seal of the confessional."

I easily persuaded him to bestow them upon me, the more easily as they evidently savoured too much of the "shop" to be valuable possessions to himself. On returning to my hotel I examined these papers; they proved to be chiefly memoranda, uninteresting to one to whom the persons were unknown; but there was one story longer than the rest, which I thought worth preserving, and now offer to my readers. It was in a woman's hand, and was headed by a few words in the good Curé's writing, to the effect that the emotion of his penitent Madame de M. rendered her spoken narration so unintelligible, that he had been compelled before giving her absolution, to beg her to state her case in writing, pledging his priestly honour, at the same time, that all she might write should be considered equally "under the seal." That seal is now removed. Here is the record of a sad little tragedy, which took place years ago in this corner of the globe, unsuspected by all the world save the priest and the two or three persons immediately concerned. May they all have got happily through their allowance of purgatory by this time, and be now sleeping in profoundest rest!

You have bidden me write my history, my Father, before I die, and I accept the penance, but it is the bitterest you could have inflicted. You have seen how my tongue failed, and my lips refused to speak, when I strove to tell you by word of mouth the history of the last few weeks of my life. The last, do I say? Ay indeed the last, for I know well that I shall never leave this bed till I seek rest in one narrower and darker. Oh, that my soul might sleep there with my body! Oh, that eternal forgetfulness might be mine, instead of eternal memory and wakefulness! But if even now I never close my eyes without the scene of my crime and my agony being present with me—if I never sleep but to dream of it—how far worse will it be when the faintness leaves me which is now my only relief? Oh! it is terrible to think of existing for years, perhaps for centuries, with my brain and heart on fire with pain as they are now, and that without the body which at length gives me rest by refusing to suffer more. Yet if I die without his forgiveness—my Father, I dare not face the future.

I will strive to collect my thoughts, and relate all that you would know.

I was born in Switzerland, in a little village on the shores of the lake of Geneva. My father was a doctor, and as he possessed a little property of his own, we were rather better off than our neighbours, and I was sent for my education to one of the best convents in the neighbourhood. Here I passed my time peacefully for several years, and on leaving it at fifteen I learnt that my parents had promised me in marriage to a young lawyer, the son of an old friend of my father's. I saw him for the first time the next day. He was tall and handsome, and at fifteen a girl's heart is easily won. We loved each other almost from the first moment of our meeting, and it was agreed that our betrothal should take place as soon as the few months had expired that were wanting to complete the year of mourning for his mother. According to the rules of etiquette, we should not have been allowed to be alone together till after that ceremony; but my parents were not strict, and I used to wander for hours with André by the shores of the lake, listening to the songs of the birds, and to the sounds of the sweetest voice, save one, I have ever heard. One afternoon towards the end of May, we were strolling there as usual. The heat was unusually great for the time of year, and we had been sitting close to the water's edge, listening to its soft cool murmur, and watching its tiny waves rippling in the sun. Ah, how happy we were! We wandered slowly on, saying a word now and then, until we came to a large old tree, at the foot of which a man was lying apparently asleep. We had passed him, when something in his attitude attracted André's attention, and he turned back and touched his shoulder. No movement answered. I stood a few paces off, trembling I knew not why. André bent down for a moment and looked at his face; then he turned to me. "Marie," he said, "I fear he has had a sun-stroke; he has fainted. He ought to have medical advice at once. I can easily carry him to your father's. Go on and prepare them—it may save his life." A cold chill seemed to come over me and my happiness, but I obeyed in silence. Of course, living where we did, I had seen persons suffering from sun-stroke before. I knew what a dangerous thing it was; and with a heart full of compassion I hastened home, and before André could arrive with his burden, my mother and I had made our only spare room ready to receive the sufferer. My Father, surely I may hurry over what followed. That was not my crime, and I do not think that to dwell upon it need be a part of my penance. The young stranger was a Frenchman; and for

many and many a week I helped my mother to nurse him. His illness was long and dangerous, but he had youth on his side, and a strong constitution. My father at length pronounced him convalescent. Alas ! I helped as well as I could to amuse his slow recovery ; and before he was well, before—I must do him the justice to say—he had heard of my engagement to André—he had asked me in marriage from my father ! Poor old father, he was dazzled, and so was my mother, by the stranger's proposals. Perhaps so was I, too, for I did not make the strong resistance that might have turned them from their purpose ; but it is not the custom in Switzerland for a girl to dispute her father's will in the question of marriage. Enough. Before the day came that was to have witnessed my betrothal to André, I was married to Monsieur de M., heir presumptive to one of the noblest titles and finest estates in France. He explained his prospects to my father with the utmost frankness. He was heir to his cousin, the Duc de B., who with his wife was already passed middle life and was childless. I believe the idea of what my son would succeed to was even then the prominent one in my mind, as it certainly was in my father's, who exulted in the thought that a grandson of his should be born to such greatness. We were married ; and lived—well not unhappily—for about a year, when my husband, who had never quite recovered the effects of the sun-stroke, was attacked by a fever, which in a few hours was fatal, and, oh I shame to say it ! his loss was hardly enough to cloud my supreme joy and pride in the birth of my baby-boy. My treasure ! my own darling ! I think you would forgive your wretched mother even now if you could know the immense tenderness and devotion that filled my heart to overflowing every time that I looked at you, or held you to my breast in those first days of your life. I was so proud too—so proud of my baby, and so proud of his prospects, for they were very brilliant. His cousin was now upwards of fifty, and had the reputation of having amassed great wealth during his long possession of the B. estates, and though he considered my husband's marriage a *mésalliance*, and never took any notice of me, yet as my boy grew up he sent for him to Paris, and undertaking the charge of his education, publicly proclaimed him his heir. I let him go, my darling, and never once murmured at all those long years during which I scarcely saw him. Was it not for his good that he should be separated from me ? The Duchesse de B. had died, and it was natural that the Duc should wish for the society of his heir. I had moved meanwhile to this neighbourhood.

These springs had been recommended for my health, and the journey hither from Switzerland was too long to be undertaken every year. At length the time came when my boy was twenty ; and his cousin placed him in the French Army. He wrote to me that he was coming to pay me a visit—coming to show himself to me for the first time in his uniform. I shall never forget the day when he arrived. I had expected him all the afternoon ; and at last when night began to fall, I fancied he would not come till the next day, and was sitting wondering what could have delayed him, when the ring came at the anteroom bell which announced my boy's arrival. I flew to the door, and stopped, trembling, when I saw the tall strong form standing on the threshold. Could *that* be my boy whom I had rocked on my knees as it seemed but yesterday ? A second decided it.

"My mother !" he said, and almost lifted me in his arms.

"My son !" And in a moment the time since we parted was all nothing. How noble he looked in his blue uniform, with his bright brown eyes and black curly hair. And yet when I came to watch him quietly, there was something in his look which troubled me. He was much handsomer than he had been when he left me, but his expression then had been all sparkling gladness and merriment, while now there was a look of grief about the lines of his mouth when in repose that made me feel a vague uneasiness lest he should have some sorrow which I did not know.

After supper, we were sitting over the fire, chatting dreamily of one thing and another, when my boy roused himself suddenly, and said, "Of course, you have heard the great news, mother ?"

"What news ?" I asked. "You forget what an out-of-the-way place this is—the last that news comes to."

He paused an instant, and then said with an effort, "Only that the Duc de B. is going to be married."

Heavens ! how the blood seemed to rush from my heart, leaving me pale and sick. The news I heard seemed ruin to my boy ! Could it be true ? Was it, indeed, for this that I had deprived myself of the very light of my eyes for so many years ? I tried to speak calmly, but the words came slowly, and my voice was thick.

"To be married, and at his age—impossible !"

"Too true, however, my mother," said Henri. "He will be a young bridegroom of just seventy-two. Monday week is fixed for the marriage. I shall go up in time to drink my fair cousin's health at the wedding."

The bitterness of my disappointment would no longer be repressed.

"Oh, my boy, my boy! how cruel! how terrible for you! Why did I ever send you away to that hateful Paris, to be separated from me for so long, and ruined at last!"

"Ay, why, indeed, mother?" he answered lightly, and yet with a sort of earnestness in his voice. "It was a grand mistake, but it is too late to think of that now. Don't you want to know something about the bride? How happy *she* must be to-night, eh, mother?" and there was something like a sneer upon his face.

"What do I care about her?" I answered, gloomily, "well; who is she?"

"Mademoiselle Caroline de D., aged seventeen, six weeks ago. Bah!" he added, rising and walking up and down the room, "it's a bad business. These marriages de convenance are hateful things—a blot upon France. Well, my news is told now, and we won't talk of it any more. Why, I came down here on purpose to forget it and enjoy myself."

Then he stooped and kissed me, and no more was said; but it was a heavy, heavy heart that I carried to my bed that night.

My boy stayed with me till Sunday week, and then returned to Paris, unaccountably, as it seemed to me, to attend his cousin's wedding, and I was left alone to cherish all the bitter feelings excited by the news he had brought. The marriage duly took place. I read the account of it in the paper—the description of the bride's beauty, and the list of her splendid presents; and about a year and a half later, I read in the same paper the birth of her son, the boy who was to snatch the inheritance from mine. My Father, I believe the devil entered into my heart that day, and instead of driving him out, I welcomed him, and nourished my impotent anger against the authors of my grief, until it became a consuming fire. Ah, how rapidly and how fatally it has consumed all my happiness.

In the morbid state of my mind at that time, I used to read greedily all news of the de B. family that I could find in the papers—the rejoicings at the birth of the heir—the feastings at the family place; and then I heard no more of them for some time, except that the old Duc had had a paralytic stroke, and was now a cripple, although still in perfect possession of his mental faculties. At length, about three years after the birth of the baby—oh, my Father, little more than a month ago—I received a letter which threw me into an indescribable turmoil of mind. It was from the Duc de B.; a few short and cold lines, saying that his infant son, having

shown signs of delicate health, had been recommended mountain air by the physicians, and he therefore trespassed upon my well-known kindness so far as to request that I would receive the little boy at C. and take charge of him for—an indefinite period. The letter concluded by saying that as the Duc felt confident that I should not refuse to do him this favour, he should not think it necessary to await my reply, but should send the child by the first opportunity, and as would be no doubt most agreeable to me, he would entrust the selection of an attendant to my care, and the child would be left at my house quite alone. The next day he arrived—a fine, rosy, healthy boy. Bah! they could not deceive me by the shallow pretence of ill-health. I felt at once that the father must want to be rid of the child, or he would never have sent it to me—to me who hated it. Heaven help me! I believed, fool that I was! that it was his love for *my* son, the heir he had educated and cared for for so many years, that had poisoned his affection for his own child! . . . I swear before God, and to you, my Father, that I had no thought of killing that innocent baby. It is true that the care of that child became to me daily a more hateful burden from the constant reminder it brought of what was, and what might have been. It is true that, as day by day passed on, and no letter or message came from Paris, I became more and more convinced that my feelings were shared by its father; but still, when the baby lips touched mine, and the baby arms clung round me, I relented, and even felt a sort of compassionate tenderness for a being so helpless and so tender thus consigned to the care of its bitterest enemy.

One day I took the boy out upon the mountains, chiefly because I was myself so restless and uneasy that the confinement of the house was intolerable. A thunder cloud lowered in the distance, but the sky over-head was clear and blue, and the torrent sparkled brightly in the sunshine. The street was crowded with joyous groups, and many peals of gay laughter rang in my ear. Little Bernard was excited and happy, and his merry shouts oppressed and irritated me. We rambled on until we came to one of the waterfalls, of which, as you know, there are so many in this neighbourhood. It was a lonely spot, and very beautiful. A rock covered with grass and ferns stretched over the torrent, and below the water rushed, throwing up clouds of spray in which a rainbow shone. I sat down on this rock to rest, holding Bernard by the hand. Dark thoughts were brooding in my heart. My Father, at

times I think that insanity was so near me then that I was hardly responsible for my actions. Presently the boy grew restless, and attracted by the rainbow, he tried to pull me to the edge of the rock. I resisted for some time, but at length I grew tired of holding him back, and rose. We walked to the very brink of the precipice. Some flowers grew just below the rock on which we stood; before I saw what he was going to do, Bernard stooped to gather them, throwing himself forward over the rock, with his whole little weight on my hand. Father, I think the pangs of death cannot be worse than those I feel in writing of that moment. The thought flashed like lightning into my mind, suppose Bernard were to fall? An accident to him at that moment would make my boy's prospects all brightness! The horrible suggestion came to me, I know not whence, to let the child go. An irresistible impulse swept over my soul, and seemed to hold me powerless in its grasp; a dimness came over my sight, and something seemed to relax and then stiffen the muscles of my hand. The boy was still leaning over the precipice; one moment more—a slip of the little feet—one little cry, and all was over! He was dashed on to the rocks below! For an instant I was scarcely sensible; the next all the guilt and horror of my crime rushed over me. As far as I can recall the sensations of that awful moment, what I felt was not so much regret as a wild longing to follow Bernard. I was in the act of throwing myself over where he had disappeared, when a strong arm grasped mine. I turned, and saw my son—his face livid, his mouth working with passion. I struggled to free myself. I tried to break from him, and rush back to the torrent; but his strength was too great; he held me fast until he had dragged me out of the reach of danger on the nearest footpath. Then, when I had ceased to resist him, he threw me off with a movement of horror, and as I reeled from him, I heard his voice—*his* voice say,

“Unnatural woman; hear what you have done. You have murdered my child!”

Without knowing what I did, hardly understanding the words, I threw myself on the ground before him, and tried to cling to his knees, but he spurned me with his foot.

“Listen,” he said, “for by heaven you shall never hear my voice again. I loved Caroline de D., loved her so that when she was forced to marry that fool de B., I could not lose her. I was constantly in my cousin’s house—her child was mine. He discovered it a month ago, and threatened to divorce his wife, but had he done so, I, the seducer, was his heir. He consented to forgive her on con-

dition that he should never see the child again, and demanded where I would have it sent; and I thought, God forgive me, that my mother and its grandmother would treat it tenderly, and care for it as her own. I followed you here to-day to see my child. Wicked woman, I demand its life at your hands! I thought to see my mother, and I find a murderess! May heaven forgive you—I *never* will.” . . .

I remember no more until I found myself here in bed, and oh, but for the future, would God that I had never come to myself again.

(What follows is in the Curé’s handwriting.)

I had just finished reading the above melancholy history when a messenger summoned me to the death-bed of this unhappy lady. I hastened at once to her house, and meeting the doctor descending the stairs, I drew him aside, and asked after his patient.

“You are not too late,” he replied, “but she will not last through the night; she is sinking fast, and the pulse has almost stopped at the wrist. It is a case of collapse, and I confess I hardly understand it, for the symptoms have not warranted such an end. She is still young; only forty-one, she tells me. She must have gone through a great deal to have so exhausted nature. She must have suffered. Ah, well, I will not detain you, Father; there is no time to be lost.”

I had just administered the last rites of the Church, and Madame de M. lay back in her bed fainting, when a knock came at the door of the room. I went to open it, for it was not fitting that she should be disturbed in her last moments. On the threshold stood a young officer in blue regimentals. I knew him instantly, of course, though I had never seen him before, and admitted him in silence. He entered without a word, and walked to the bed. Roused by the movement, Madame de M. turned her head and saw him. With a loud cry she lifted herself up, and with a great effort threw herself towards him. He received her in his arms, and bent his head down over her.

“Mother, I am come to forgive you,” he whispered solemnly. “I also have sinned.”

We never knew whether she heard those words. When her son laid her gently back on the pillow she was dead.

THE TWINS.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

WAS I dreaming? was I mad? and then the truth in all its nakedness flashed across me, and I understood the miserable perfidy of the sisters.

In my absence they had come to the singular determination of changing lovers. Aimée was to be Bob's, Gerabline was to be mine—a cool arrangement, to say the least of it, to which I could not understand Bob's agreeing without first consulting me. The case, however, was too clear to admit of a doubt, and I resolved never again to trust a woman's love, never again to believe in a man's friendship. Wretched is the man whose faith in human goodness is shipwrecked. I was miserable, I had nothing left to believe in. I was glad, however, that I had found out in time the

worthlessness of the woman to whom I was plighted before I was bound to her for life: and yet such was the love I bore her, that I verily believe had she asked my forgiveness I should have taken her back to my heart again.

Before leaving the grounds, which would never be entered by me again, I took one long last look at those walls within which I had spent so many happy days, and then like one in a dream walked back to Liverpool. I looked neither right nor left; I heard nothing, saw nothing; and it has often been to me a matter of astonishment how I reached my



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lodgings in safety. I nearly upset my old landlady, when she opened the door, in my hurry to reach my room. There I locked myself up, and longed for my mother to comfort me, but the only comforter I had was Mrs. Buggins, who followed me up-stairs as fast as her obesity would permit, and knocking at my door, entreated me "like a dear good gentleman to take a bit of something to eat."

I told her that I could not eat, and begged to be left to die in peace; and I really did my best to die of a broken heart, but death would not come to me when I called. I lay on my hard

horse-hair sofa for some hours, refusing all Mrs. Buggins's entreaties to open my door, but at length with darkness came hunger—I groped my way to a drawer, and fortunately found a biscuit, which kept my cravings quiet for a while, only to return, however, with renewed force after a space. I was thinking of following the example of pious Aeneas and his comrades who, were driven "consumere mensas," but it struck me that my mahogany would be tough, and at the same moment a delicious clatter of plates reached my ear. I could not resist those dulcet sounds, and crossing the room on tip-toe I

turned the key gently in the lock, the bolt slid back, and there was no obstacle but a door between my hunger and the food that would satisfy it. Mrs. Buggins must have heard the turning lock, for immediately the door opened, and my nostrils were saluted with a savoury smell. I heard the sound of a tray laid upon the table : I could not wait for a light, but groping with my hands, seized the first eatable that came in my way, and when she returned I was gnawing ravenously at a small leg of Welsh mutton, when she returned with a moderator, the light from which displayed to my astonished eyes Robert Ramsay calmly seated in my arm-chair.

This was impudence ! impudence without a precedent ! I stood aghast, my mouth was too full to permit of articulation, and I had to wait for some seconds before I was able to splutter out a command that he should leave my presence. He smiled, and was on the point of speaking, when, unable to restrain any longer my indignation at his insolence, I hurled the loaf at his head. He ducked and escaped the blow, and I was preparing to attack him with my fists, when my legs began to fail me and I fell fainting to the floor.

"How dare you show your false face in this room, Robert Ramsay ?" I whispered, as consciousness returned.

"Percy, you make a mistake. Before ten minutes are over I shall have all the apology I want ; but you are too weak to talk, my poor fellow, let me lead you to a chair, and I will talk to you."

I was too weak to resist, he placed me in an arm-chair, and took a seat near me. Nothing I knew could explain away what I had seen with my own eyes, but still I wished to hear what he had to say without pretending to listen ; accordingly, I feigned sleep, but though my eyes were closed, my ears were on the stretch not to lose a word of Bob's narrative.

"You are quite worn out, I see, Percy," he began, after throwing his cigar into the grate ; "so I will make my story as short as possible. I must begin, however, from the first, and tell you that on returning from seeing you off, I found a note begging my immediate presence at Rosebank. Old Crump, I knew, had left Liverpool for a few days, and, thinking that the girls wanted my escort for a ride, I obeyed the summons at once. I found them in their walking dresses ; they wished me to take them somewhere, where, they would not say, till I had promised to accompany them. I promised rashly, and then they told me that they were going to consult an oculist, of whose arrival they had just heard from their maid. I begged them to pause before they placed themselves

under the care of a man of whose capabilities they knew nothing ; but they said, and said rightly, that he could not make their squints worse, and he might make them better. They told me that no one knew how much they felt their misfortune, and that they wondered how you and I could marry such frights, and then they pictured yours and their father's joyful surprise, if, on returning, you and he should find their squints cured. They quivered all over with the very anticipation of such an event. I could resist no longer. I took them to the oculist, who said the squints were perfectly curable, and that a slight operation would set them right. They offered to undergo it at once : Geraldine sat down like a heroine and hardly winced when the lancet touched her eyes, Aimée was nearly as good, though she had not your hand to hold. Bandages were placed on their eyes, not to be removed for a couple of days ; we returned in a cab as far as the garden gate, and there we got out, as they wished no one but their maid to hear of their adventure. With much laughter I led them through the garden, and handed them over to her care. I was not to see them, they said, till the time arrived for removing the bandages, as they intended to keep to their own room. The time passed quickly. When I returned the second day I found them in great excitement, eagerly anticipating their cure. I was to remove the bandages ; I untied the knots with trembling fingers, and looked at their eyes, but, alas, saw no change. My look of dismay showed them that the operation was unsuccessful : they looked at each other, and then ran to the mirror, when each uttered a piercing shriek. Aimée rushed into my arms, Geraldine fell fainting on the sofa. I was at a loss to understand why your Aimée had so honoured me, but soon all was explained, for she whispered in my ear, 'What shall we do, Bob dearest ? our squints have changed places.' It was indeed too true : Aimée squinted in, Geraldine squinted out."

I started from my pretended slumber when I heard the strange *dénoûment* ; and, burning with mingled shame at my disgraceful conduct, and joy to find that Aimée loved me still, I threw myself at Bob's knees and implored his pardon, and humbly apologised for my ungentlemanlike behaviour.

"Shake hands, old fellow," he replied, kind heart that he was ; "shake hands, all is forgiven and forgotten. I dare say I should have acted just as you did, for appearances were terribly against us, though I hardly think I could have believed that either you or Geraldine was false. You have spoiled my beauty for a week, that is all. Now go to

bed, and get a good night's rest : you must go early to Rosebank and make your peace with Geraldine, who does not like to see her lover with a swelled face and black eyes. But I will guarantee that you are soon forgiven, there will be no time for Geraldine to waste in anger ; we have all of us to consult how we are to acquaint old Crump of what has befallen his daughters. Go to bed, there's a good fellow, I am going to turn in early. Good night."

I was so worn out that I slept like a top, and believe I should have been sleeping now had not Ramsay insisted on my jumping out of bed, and, after a hurried breakfast, accompanying him to Rosebank. Without his protection I could not have faced the sisters, so utterly ashamed was I of my conduct. Bob almost dragged me into their presence. Aimée flew into my arms, and asked me how I could have doubted her ; but Geraldine received me very coldly, and looked at Bob inquiringly. He pleaded for my forgiveness, and assured her that I had suffered far more than he had done. This she did not quite seem to believe, but at length she was pacified, and once more a united party we sat down to consult about the common weal.

We agreed that their father must not be kept in the dark, but all were unanimous in wishing to keep the story from the ears of Liverpool gossips. Bob and I were therefore obliged to give up all ideas of vengeance on the quack, who would not have had a whole bone in his body if we had had our way.

It only remains to add that about three months afterwards Bob and I led our respective brides to the altar, and that although we are some years older now, we do not regret our choice.

J. B.

CARICATURE.

It would hardly be too much to say that, of all the different branches of the pictorial art, caricature has been, and is, the most generally popular and attractive. And any explanation of this fact which might be founded on the notion that it is a low style of art, and, as such, appeals to the multitude rather than to the more educated classes, would be very fallacious both in its premises and its conclusion. For, in the first place, though it certainly does not require in the artist the same description of genius which inspires a great landscape or historical painter ; though it does not call forth the same acute and ever-watchful eye for the ever-varying tints of nature, united with that mastery of colour, that delicate but decisive firmness of touch

which have been so conspicuous in Claude, or Salvator, or, above either, in our own Turner ; though again the fervid appreciation of all that is noble and majestic, tender and engaging, of all in short that bears the stamp of any kind of beauty, be not, at least in any high degree, necessary to the caricaturist, as they are to him who would reproduce on his canvas the great characters or events of history ; and though, were his genius in his line ever so consummate, these gifts cannot be displayed by him with the same loftiness of idea, and perfection of execution, which are the glory of Raphael and Leonardo ; though of the lifelike softness of Correggio, or the fiery energy of Michael Angelo, he has alike no need ; yet must he have gifts of his own of no ordinary frequency, and of no contemptible order, if he would achieve high popularity in his own day, much more a permanent renown with future generations ; if he would not be content with the temporary gaze of lookers into shop-windows, but if he rather aspires to a place in the portfolio of the collector or in the library of the historical student. And what those gifts are we shall see more clearly, if we examine first what are his objects, and the limitations under which he seeks to attain them. His aim is to excite a laugh (so far indeed he appeals to the taste of the multitude, who certainly prefer laughing to crying, or even to serious thinking) : but to this must be added, that the mirth which he desires to call forth is only directed against what deserves to be laughed at. He aspires to be with the pencil what the satirist (of the school of Horace, not of Juvenal) is with the pen. He believes with the merry little "pig of Epicurus's sty," that for many faults and follies and weaknesses, ridicule is a more efficacious correction than sterner reproof ; and just such are the food which he selects for himself and the public. For with great crimes he has nothing to do ; they are beyond him. If breaking a butterfly upon a wheel would be a senseless waste of power, it is equally such, in an opposite sense, to prick with a lancet atrocities which require to be extirpated by the axe. Treasons therefore, murders, and the like, deeds of blackness such as the law deals with, he leaves to the law : but deceit, and treachery of all kinds, whether of actual turpitude or such as originates in mere vanity and snobbish pretension ; intrigue, in either sense of the word ; inconsistency, whether of character or of political profession ; vagaries of fashion, of eccentricity, of affectation, are his legitimate game ; nor to these does he disdain occasionally to add marked peculiarities of feature or manner. To do justice upon offences such as these, he

must be endued with a keen appreciation of men and things; with a vivid sense of the ludicrous and contemptible, combined (and this not only for the purpose of contrast) with an equally just perception of what is dignified and respectable. For it is not more requisite, it is not even nearly so indispensable that he should omit no opportunity of showing up the wrong, as it is that he should never, under any temptation, assail what is right. To these faculties the political caricaturist (and he is the artist in this line whose subjects are of the most enduring interest, and who has consequently the best chance of earning a long-lived reputation) must add skill of a high class in portraiture, enabling him to bring unmistakably before the eye not only the features and the expression, but the figure, the gait, the attitude, the whole character, in short, of his subject: preserving the resemblance amid all the exaggerations of burlesque. Moreover, he must be rapid both in conception and execution—catching his victim on the wing, and bagging him before he gets out of sight; and he must be able by skilful grouping, and the judicious use of accessories, to make his work tell its own story: for an old joke is no joke at all, and still less is that one whose point requires formal explanation to render it intelligible. In short he must be a man of an instinctive sense of propriety, of wit, of humour, and of unfailing readiness; uniting to these qualities the draughtsman's attributes of correctness of eye and deftness of hand.

It is not, of course, meant to be implied that all these qualities met in the earliest practitioners of the art: indeed it appears to have come into existence at an era not particularly adapted for the development and display of some of them, namely, at the close of the middle ages, when refinement and delicacy, even among the noblest in birth or the softest in sex, were at the very lowest ebb; and when natural, and political, and, still more, religious animosities exercised a dominion very unfavourable to scruples of taste. In his elaborate, and, we must add, most amusing history of the art, Mr. T. Wright tells us that the kind of drawing which we now speak of as caricature, originally obtained vogue in Germany among the heats engendered by the Reformation, crossed the Rhine into France during the furious civil wars which were the sequel of that great movement, and first obtained a solid footing among us when the kingdom was divided against itself in the Great Rebellion. The mere drawing of grotesque figures was, of course, no new practice: indeed it is one which, from the

imitative disposition of mankind in general, we might expect to have been almost coeval with the use of the brush or pencil. And accordingly we find many examples of such figures on the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum, though living characters and existing customs do not appear to have furnished the subjects. Jestings on such, we may well conceive, was too dangerous a pastime in days when Caligula burnt a man alive for a bad pun. But the gods and ancient heroes had no such champions, and so the wags of Rome and Naples broke their lances, that is their pencils, on their mythology, and made fun of Æneas fleeing from Troy or from Dido, and of Jupiter courting Danaë, or bringing Minerva from his pericranium. In a similar spirit the mediæval jokers set to work, though it may be pleaded in their defence that they were not at first quite so irreverent, since their principal butt was the devil himself; and in very unprepossessing guise were they wont to represent him. Horns projected from his temples, his ears were those of an ass, his skin was that of a goat; for feet and sometimes for hands he had cloven hoofs; his forked tail, hairless as a rat's, hung between his legs like a turnspit's; his teeth were tusks, his ferret eyes mingled cruelty with their cunning. At other times he was a fox, or a wolf, with the addition of griffin's wings, or some equal monstrosity. And yet, however terrible his form or apparent means of mischief, he was generally rendered even more ridiculous than formidable, as being overreached by the superior cunning of man, or vanquished by some recipe of especial sanctity and power. If he went to steal beer, the holy water with which the barrel had been sprinkled held him as fast to its hoops as birdlime. Did he try to secure a repentant and fugitive adherent by a grab at his raiment, his victim escaped him, not, like *Mawworm*, by the sacrifice of the tails of his coat, but, by the aid of the Virgin, who whisked him away out of his reach: while sometimes an adversary of unusual boldness would turn the tables on him, catching him by the leg in a trap, or, as is reported of St. Dunstan, by the nose with nippers as hot as if they had come from his own fireplace. But, when Luther began to unchain men's minds, those who were inclined to his doctrines found persons whom, if they feared them less than the devil, they hated more; and the stories of the rapacity and sensuality of the monks and friars were embodied in many a satiric cut, in which the Pope himself was not spared; while the Romanists retaliated with corresponding sneers at Luther and his nun-wife, or at the differences between the

various sects of the Reformers, whom they portrayed, under many a figurative allusion, as interrupting their warfare against the Pope to turn their arms against each other.

From Gormanly caricature passed, as we have said, into France; from France, in the middle of the seventeenth century, it spread to ourselves. Nor could any country at any time have been richer in subjects for a humorous pencil than England then was, when the dissolute habits of the Cavaliers, and the atrocities falsely imputed to them, afforded subjects for one side; and the sour looks, the ungainly apparel, the studied rudeness and blasphemous hypoocrisies of the Puritans furnished still more genuine matter of contemptuous mirth for the wags of the other party,—who even combined their indulgence of it with one of their favourite amusements, making their playing cards vehicles for it, in which we may easily imagine how many characters of that day must have jostled one another in their claims to be portrayed as the knaves of the pack. From this time forward the growing taste was continually fed by the principal events of our history; many of which contained indeed no small portion of comical ingredient. The Popish plot; the frauds imputed to the Roman priests (even the Queen herself, Mary of Modena, not being spared); the scandalous jobs perpetrated by William for the enrichment of his mistresses and Dutch favourites; the parsimony of Marlborough; Dr. Sacheverell's sermon which, according to the artist who painted the trio in council, was the joint production of the parson, the Pope, and the devil; the South Sea bubble with the insane expectations which it engendered and fostered, and the strange vicissitudes of fortune which it produced, all furnished prolific themes for the caricaturists of those ages, and make their works a running record of the times, and of the feelings with which those transactions and the principal actors in them were generally regarded; while one of the pictures in which Law himself is portrayed is further remarkable as proving how firmly the popularity of what may not unfairly be looked upon as the greatest of literary caricatures, Don Quixote, was already established among British readers; since the Great Projector himself was represented as the Knight of La Mancha (perhaps with some allusion to the woful countenances worn by too many of his followers), mounted however not on Rosinante, but on his esquire's Dapple, giving a more unmistakable hint of the characters of those who suffered him to ride them to their destruction.

If the classification be correct which calls some of Hogarth's works caricatures (and cer-

tainly his "March to Finchley," "Beer Street," "Gin Lane," and his prints of Wilkes and Churchill seem to come under this description), the art in the next reign received its crowning compliment in the accession of so great an artist to its ranks; but the example was never followed by men of equal eminence, though more than one of our Academicians has shown as jealous and irritable a temper. The close of the life of George II., and the opening years of his grandson's reign, with the corruptions of the elder Fox, the official power of Lord Bute, and the cause to which that nobleman's influence at Court was usually attributed, were tolerably prolific of caricatures, though almost barren, if we compare them with the period of the Peace of Paris, and the struggles between the Pitt and Fox of the second generation. It was then that Gillray rose into notice, an artist whose industry and fertility for a time gave him almost a monopoly in the line of the profession which he had selected. He was an artist of real humour, quick in seizing suitable objects for his ridicule, and very skilful in grouping his figures; but coarse in taste, and coarse in execution. He was almost exclusively a political caricaturist, and began his career as a partisan of the Minister, so vehement indeed and bitter, that suspicions were even intimated that he was in his pay. But that this idea was entirely groundless is proved by many of his works, which attacked Pitt himself whenever he seemed in danger of losing the public confidence. The truth rather seems to be, that he was a dissipated, and therefore a needy man, with no settled principles, but ready to assail whichever side seemed at the moment to be least popular. Accordingly, on Pitt's first appearance in the Ministry, he drew Fox as the devil, looking at the Prime Minister and the new Chancellor of the Exchequer with the same envy with which Milton describes Satan as regarding Adam and Eve in Paradise; six years later, when the impending Regency appeared to threaten Pitt with political extinction, Gillray painted him as a vulture trying to fix his claws inextricably in the crown. When the Prince's extravagance began to excite murmurs, His Royal Highness was produced in the character of *Charles Surface* selling the portraits of his father and mother. But, when it became necessary to apply to Parliament to pay off the debts contracted on the Civil List, the King and Queen themselves were spared as little as he had been.

After a time Gillray had some rivals; especially Rowlandson, a man of almost equal celebrity, whose inclinations apparently led him in the opposite direction to attack Pitt rather

than Fox ; but whose equally loose habits led him in a similar degree to sacrifice his political partialities to his necessities, and often to be guided by what would pay best, rather than by any other consideration. Gillray died in 1815, and the same year saw the first works of one who was, almost from the first, allowed to possess power superior to his, or to any that had as yet been exercised in that line ; and who, though it is now half a century since he first displayed his talents, still uses his pencil with undiminished vigour, though no longer in the same style. Political caricature indeed George Cruikshank practised but a few years ; perhaps he had hardly gall enough in his nature to relish even the harmless personalities of such an art ; though the changes and extravagances, or, as he named them, the "monstrosities" of fashion supplied him with subjects for some time longer. It is impossible to have been happier than he was in his portrayal of the rapid and fantastic alterations of dress that milliners and tailors devised for the perplexity of their customers in his early manhood : from long waists to short waists, from tight sleeves to gigots, which might well have held a leg of mutton, or bishop sleeves, which by themselves might have furnished materials for a chapter ; from Oldenburg bonnets, like a kitchen coal-scuttle, to flat-brimmed hats, which looked as if their model had been formed in the frying-pan. It must be added that, as we may judge from other products of his pencil, if the male sex are, as they are wont to boast, less whimsical in their changes of attire, it is since Cruikshank's day that they have learnt that wisdom. Certainly, unless the artist allowed himself an unusual license of exaggeration, man, with his head firmly held in its position by his buckram cravat six inches high, cut almost in two at the waist by stays, with padded hips, and padded shoulders, tightly laced up, tightly strapped down, had but little cause to laugh at his fair sister ; and might wish that the humourist, whose correct and ready pencil transferred his follies to the copper-plate, had had less of the skill which has secured them an immortality of fame.

But Cruikshank had hardly deserted the path of caricature when the vacant place was filled by one who, though inferior to him in originality and force, must yet be admitted to rank in many points as the first of political caricaturists. We allude to Mr. Doyle, long known only as H. B., the popularity of whose works may at first have been enhanced by the *incognito* which for some time he so skilfully preserved ; since the curiosity thus excited as to the author caused them to be attributed to more than one leader of fashion or aspiring

politician, who was either known to handle his pencil with skill, or supposed to be endowed with humour sufficient to inspire it. His fertility of invention was absolutely unparalleled. In a career of full twenty years, he published above 900 engravings, or nearly one a week, of which few indeed were point-less, many were exquisitely felicitous ; faithful in his likenesses, admirably correct in his drawing, he was also gifted with a taste so polished and true, that, while rarely missing his object of exciting a laugh, he scarcely ever descended to exaggeration or burlesque. He was the Lawrence of caricature, and he has his reward in a still enduring popularity ; complete collections of his works selling now for a price scarcely below that at which they were originally published. In one point especially he differed from Gillray and Rowlandson,—in his political consistency. He was a Tory, and the shafts of his ridicule were never directed fiercely against that party, though, at times, the changes in their position, or the embarrassment of the chiefs, furnished temptations to a sly hit which he found irresistible. Mr. Twiss has preserved a letter of Lord Eldon's, of the year 1828, in which he describes his dissatisfaction at the composition of the Duke of Wellington's Ministry, which, he reports, he told the hero himself, "was a d—d bad one." But the story had got abroad at the time, and, long before Mr. Twiss's volumes appeared, H. B. had stereotyped it in a sketch which admirably portrays the very questionable satisfaction of the Duke himself at his own arrangements, and the unhesitating discontent of the old Chancellor. So too, when, in the autumn of 1834, King William turned the Whigs out of office, and, during the interval that elapsed before Peel returned from Italy, the Duke took upon himself the whole burden of the Government, H. B. could not resist backing up the clamour of the partisans of the late Ministry with his pencil : yet if there was fun, there was surely no irreverence in his drawing of the Cabinet Council, in which the Duke of Wellington presided as Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary was the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, the President of the Council was the Prince of Waterloo,—the whole Cabinet, in fact, except the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Great Seal, being able to put their heads into one hat. There was often a sort of special adaptation to his subjects in the *character* of H. B.'s sketches as well as in their meaning. While the sordid, unscrupulous O'Connell was "Satan playing with man for his soul," the courtly Lord Melbourne, whose chief faults as a Minister arose from his indolent *insouciance*, was portrayed

as "the Royal Cosset," fed with dainty bits by the Queen's own fingers, with some of his colleagues, who mistook their greater restlessness for greater capacity, enviously looking on; or, when in the last stage of exhaustion, restored to temporary animation by the tender care of the ladies of the household.

H. B. is still alive; though it is many years since he laid aside his pencil,—it is said in a fit of disgust at the cold reception accorded to a caricature of Dr. Cumming and one or two other champions of Exeter Hall, he himself being a staunch Roman Catholic. But some years before that a fresh artist, or rather a body of fresh artists, came into the field, working together in the purest spirit of caricature; and, from the varied talent which numbers bring to a work, touching on a greater variety of subjects than any single workman could deal with, however brilliant his versatility. The brotherhood has been subject to occasional changes; at times, as unhappily in the past year or two, to losses through the hand of death; but fresh recruits have brought to its service talent not perhaps inferior to, though naturally different from, that of its original members; and, though it can be no joke to have to find a sheet full of jokes every week, Punch cannot be said as yet to show signs of any decay of his powers; but Tenuiel, Pritchett, and Keene are no unworthy successors (*dissimiles magis quam dispares*) to Doyle and Leech. Though the son of H. B. was at one time among the most distinguished members of the band who adorned his pages, Punch was so far different from that renowned artist that his political bias was Liberal rather than Conservative. But it was by no means always discoverable:—and Lord Brougham and Lord Russell have furnished him with even more subjects for his mirthful satire than Peel and Disraeli; while, so thoroughly good-humoured has the satire been, that the victims themselves must often, their very warmest partisans must generally, have laughed at their counterfeit presentment. If Peel was admirable as the modern Ducrow, trying to ride at the same time two horses so difficult to keep on one track as Free Trade and Protection; if the portrait of Lord G. Bentinck as the new John Gilpin, riding hard to ruin on an express engine, mingled a lesson of real prudence with its humour; if Mr. Disraeli as the political cheapjack, offering his "Bucks an assortment of pledges warranted never to break," must have raised a smile on the countenance of every freeholder in the country: so, on the other side, Lord Brougham himself must have twitched his applauding nose at that best of all caricatures, his own portrait, or portrait

gallery we might call it, as a Citizen of the World, here in his national costume, plaid trousers included,—there in the French blouse and cap of liberty; in one corner with lank hair and queer-shaped hat, his eye twinkling with the sly cuteness of the Yankee; in another with turban and chibouque subduing his restless features to the otiose gravity of the Turk; while the painter has ventured to represent even the greatest personages in the land smiling at "the new pupil in Political Economy, or Lord John in Peel's clothes." Wobegone and helpless indeed does the new Minister look in the ill-fitting raiment; the hat coming down over his eyes, the tails of the coat tripping him up, the waistcoat covering his knees, and the trousers tucked up so high as to show only too painfully how little the legs are able to fill them. And his more recent displays present the character of these his earlier efforts. In fact, Punch is not properly a Tory or a Whig; but, like most of his countrymen in their hearts, something made up of both,—Liberal of his jokes, Conservative of his good temper, and as impartial as the Speaker himself. One day Mr. Disraeli, after a defeat by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is consoled by Mrs. Gamp as "having done his werry best to win, wich that Master Gladsting is such a huncommon strong boy;" the next, Gladsting himself with an awkward seat, and whip up in the air so as to frighten his new steed, "Democracy," is agonising Pam the starter, who screams in vain that "it is not time to go yet;" while happier still (in one sense of the word at least, if not in the other) is Britannia herself boxing Johnny's ears, while the unhappy urchin's dirty fingers and stained pinafore show as plainly as the old lady's scolding, what "a nice mess he has got himself into" by dabbling with pen and ink.

That a publication distinguished for such good-humoured fun should be generally prescribed in France, is the strongest and strangest proof how insecure the ruler of that country must in his heart feel his position to be, when he can dread its merry comments. But, at the risk of having ourselves included in the same sentence, we cannot forbear to recall the recent cartoon of Liberty *à la Persigny*; in which the Duke, as a sculptor, is busily engaged on a statue of the goddess who, as he carves her, has her mouth gagged and her hands manacled, while her feet, equally chained, are trampling on the Press. No wonder that Liberty herself is frowning, or that the visitor to the studio, a Mr. Bull, with whom our readers have some acquaintance, and probably some sympathy, tells the artist that, "if that is his notion of liberty, it ain't his."

It may be owing to this difference in our notions of liberty, that the Charivari, though Punch's elder sister, is so greatly inferior to him, both in conception and execution. A Frenchman, if disposed to be mirthful, or at least to record his mirth in black and white, may not laugh at the Ministers, for they are the Emperor's servants; nor at the Opposition, for they may become Ministers; nor at an ecclesiastical vagary or imposture, for the Church is the main prop of the Imperial throne; nor at a novelty in female fashion, lest it should be patronised by the Empress; nor at a fresh decree for boy's clothes, lest it should conceal a jest on the Prince Imperial; nor at the stage, because it is supported by government subventions; nor at the army, lest it should remind the Carbouari of the garrison at Rome; nor at the navy, lest it should imply a hankering for the Prince de Joinville; nor at the law, since that would show an irreverence for the Code Napoléon; nor at the police, since they are but officers of the law; nor at the city of Paris, because it is the Emperor who has made it what it is; nor at the country, lest a hint that grass or trees are green might contain a covert allusion to the intellect of those who dwell among them. So that, with all these subjects barred, our good neighbour, Jean Crapaud, is forced to subdue his sarcasm to a very gentle simper, lest anything more demonstrative should find its end in that unpleasant laughter which is popularly said to come from the wrong side of the mouth.

In whatever country it may have been born, whatever people may have fostered its rising vigour, in its manly maturity caricature is wholly our own; and the gentleman whom we have named as our latest artist in that line is, in one of his characters, no unfit emblem of what it always should be. Punch, as mixed by Parson Adams, and commended to his taste by the favourable silence of Holy Writ, is best made by adding lemon to brandy, correcting the lemon with sugar, and seasoning the whole with a judicious sprinkling of finely grated spice. Just so a caricature should have strength such as that of brandy, pungency like the lemon, which the admixture of sugar prevents from being overpowering; while the aromatic spice of wit flavours and adds a relish to the whole. We are not ignorant that some punch-drinkers of doubtful sex add a cup or two of water to the liquor, as some artists, by themselves called good-natured, but feeble by others, dash their caricatures with milk and water. But we confess our own adherence to the maxim of the Irishman, that, if the ingredients which we have named are

properly compounded, every drop of water that is added spoils the Punch.

C. D. Y.

CHESS AMONGST THE CELTS.

THE ancient game of chess was a great favourite with the Celts in former times. The amusements, as indeed everything else connected with this ancient race, which once inhabited all these countries, have been almost completely hidden from modern notice. Mr. Tom Taylor's beautiful translations of the Breton Lays cannot fail to excite an interest in everything relating to the Celts. We purpose to collect some of the statements that we have met with at various times, and in different quarters, about Celtic chess.

There was a prince of Hy Many, a territory situated in the modern county of Galway, who was surnamed "the chess-player," no doubt from his being skilled in the game. In the same principality the officer who kept the chess-boards was the same that had charge of the gold and silver—in fact the treasurer.

In an old will of one of the kings of Ireland, Cathair, he is reported as leaving to one of his sons, "a man intelligent in chess-playing," who seems, by the way, to have been good for nothing else, only his chess-board and chess-furniture; which, it may be presumed, was an antique and elegant way of telling him to live by his wits, and thank God that he had them.

There is an old historic tale which gives us the following passage, quoted in the Introduction to the Book of Rights, one of the Celtic Society's publications, in which *fithcheal*, or chess, is thus mentioned:—

"'What is thy name?' said Eochaidh. 'It is not illustrious,' said the other, 'Midir of Brigh Leith.' 'What brought thee hither?' said Eochaidh. 'To play *fithcheal* (chess) with thee,' replied he. 'Art thou good at *fithcheal*?' said Eochaidh. 'Let us have proof of it,' said Midir. 'The Queen, said Eochaidh, 'is asleep, and the house in which the *fithcheal* is belongs to her.' 'There is here,' said Midir, 'a no-worse *fithcheal*.' This was true indeed: it was a board of silver and pure gold, and every angle was illuminated with precious stones, and there was a man-bag of woven brass wire. Midir then arranges the *fithcheal*, 'Play,' said Midir. 'I will not, except for a wager,' said Eochaidh. 'What wager shall we stake?' said Midir. 'I care not what,' said Eochaidh. 'I shall have for thee,' said Midir, 'fifty dark grey steeds, if thou winnest the game.'"

In the Book of Rights itself the game is several times mentioned. Chess-boards were

common present from the kings to their chiefs, and if they were like Midir's, of gold and silver, they formed a valuable part of the stipend paid by the king to his chiefs. Many such entries as the following occur in the Book of Rights :—

Entitled is the king of Ui Brinain of fene
To five steeds and five mantels,
Ten swords, ten crooked drinking horns,
Ten bondmen, ten chessboards.

The same king, the King of Connaught, who gave the above present, gave also to another king two, and to another ten, chess-boards.

Amongst the directions for a banquet at Tara, the following must be noted :—

Wine is to be dealt out to them at Tara
Until their spirits are increased ; (*sic*)
Variegated drinking horns with their peaks,
Sets (of chessmen) with their chessboards.

A chess-man made of horn, elegantly carved to the form of a king sitting in a chair of state, was found some time ago in a bog in the county of Meath. This is, we believe, the only known relic of the ancient game of chess in Ireland.
C. S.

SUMMER DAY NEAR MAIDSTONE.

Few towns in England are more pleasantly situated than Maidstone, and few there are whose immediate neighbourhood contains more that may interest the geologist, the botanist, the agriculturist, or the archeologist in his ramblings. The town itself, with its fine old parish church,—which is said, by the way, to be one of the largest in the kingdom—the remains of its archiepiscopal palace, and of the college founded by Archbishop Courtenay in the reign of Richard II., as well as many other interesting remnants of buildings of bygone ages,—contains much that will well repay the trouble of a visit. As our object, however, is to take a day's stroll in the country round Maidstone, we will not here enter into any historical details of the town, but at once set forth on our pedestrian tour.

Leaving the town on the northern side, and passing the cavalry barracks, we proceed for about a quarter of a mile along the Rochester road, where a pathway through a cherry-orchard takes us in the direction of the river Medway, which flows silently along in the valley on our left. From this point a short walk over some gently undulating meadows, from which magnificent views of the surrounding country are obtained, and passing by one or two hop-gardens and filbert-plantations, soon brings us in sight of the venerable ruins of Allington Castle. This building is situated on the left bank of the Medway, and can be easily reached

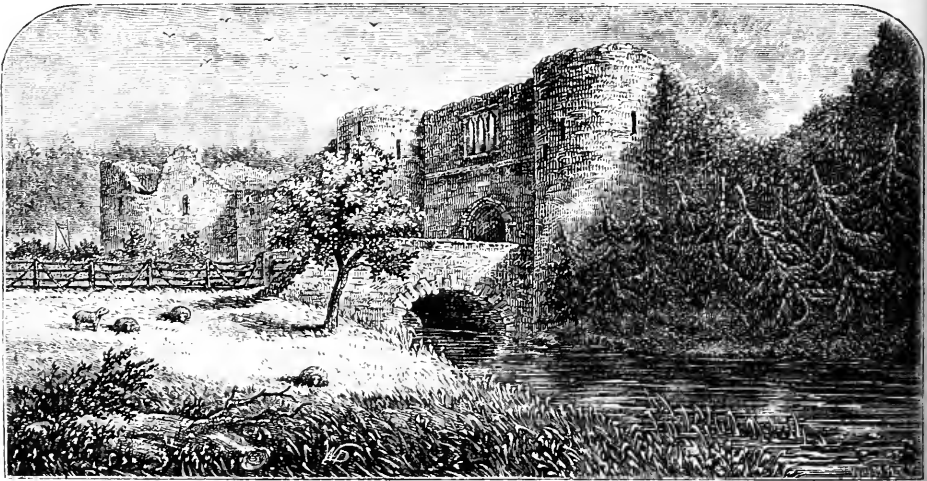
by crossing the river in a ferry-boat which is kept for that purpose at the Gibraltar Inn. The remains of the fortress are of considerable extent, and many of the external parts were till recently in a state of good preservation. It is constructed in the form of a parallelogram, having massive round towers at the corners, with others of smaller dimensions stationed at various parts. The gateway at the northern extremity—which is the principal entrance to the building, and that represented in the accompanying illustration—is even now tolerably perfect, and is approached by a small stone bridge over the moat, with which the greater portion of the castle is surrounded ; it consists of an archway, with grooves in which the portcullis once was lowered ; this gateway is flanked on either side by circular towers lighted by narrow loopholes. With the exception of a small portion of the building which dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and which is now cut up into two tenements, Allington Castle may, indeed, be described as nothing more than a crumbling ruin, and truly can we say of it, in the words of Mason, that—

Time, by his gradual touch,
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible.

Although a castle is said to have been erected on this spot as far back as the Saxon era, the embattling of the present edifice appears to be of no earlier date than the reign of Edward I., for in the eighth year of that reign, A.D. 1281, Stephen de Penchester, constable of Dover Castle, obtained the royal licence to fortify and embattle his "mansion house at Allington," and by this means the place acquired the name of Allington Penchester in several records. This castle was afterwards held by the Cobhams, of Rundale, in Shorne, by whom the gateway above-mentioned appears to have been erected, and subsequently by a family of the name of Brent, from whom it passed, in the reign of Henry VII., to Sir Henry Wyatt, who was in the service of the king, and who, for his attachment to that monarch before his succession to the throne, is said to have suffered frequent imprisonment, and to have lost "seventeen manors, and his liberty, for engaging in the plot against Richard III., in favour of the Earl of Richmond." A curious anecdote is related of Sir Henry Wyatt, to the effect that he was once confined in a "cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth." Here he would no doubt soon have perished, had he not been providentially supplied with birds brought to him by a fa-

vourite cat. For this service, Sir Henry in his prosperity—for he afterwards succeeded to several posts of honour, including that of Privy Councillor—is said ever to have “made much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture any where, but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with his cat beside him.” On a monument to the Wyatt family, in Boxley church, the above statement is to a certain extent borne out by the figure of a cat being there represented. He married Anne, daughter of John Skinner, of Reigate, Surrey, a lady of indomitable spirit, as will be seen from the following incident. During Sir Henry’s attendance at court, she appears to have kept up such a liberal hospitality at Allington Castle, as to render her household celebrated through-

out the country, and on one of these occasions there was amongst the guests the abbot from the neighbouring abbey of Boxley; he, it seems, not content with the good things provided for his entertainment, sadly disgraced himself by making too free with the maid-servants, and for his folly he was condemned by Lady Wyatt to be taken forth from the castle, and there, in the presence of a laughing multitude, to do penance in the stocks! The Privy Council were afterwards appealed to by the abbot for redress, and Sir Henry, in his answer to the charge, is said to have replied somewhat after the following manner: “My lords, if any of you had angered my wife in her own house as that abbot has done, I verily believe she would have clapped you in the stocks directly. If you,” he continued, “should



Allington Castle.

seem to allow the abbot to play with my wife’s maids, will not your wives think that you love the sport yourselves, and allow yourselves as great a liberty?” Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet-lover of Anne Boleyn, was the son of this strong-minded lady, and his son—called Sir Thomas the younger—was subsequently owner of Allington Castle, which, on his attainder for high treason in the first year of Queen Mary’s reign, became forfeited to the crown, but was granted by Elizabeth, in her eleventh year, to John Astley, Esq., master of the state jewels. From the Astleys it passed into the family of the Lords Romney, and is now the property of the present earl.

Allington church, which is a very mean-looking structure, situated at a short distance

west of the castle, contains nothing to call forth special mention.

From this point a pleasant walk through Allington woods takes us to the locks, crossing which, we continue our course along the bank of the Medway towards Aylesford, the scenery on the right being exceedingly picturesque, backed as it is by the range of chalk hills known as the “back-bone of Kent.” Through the trees before us an occasional glimpse is obtained of the pleasantly-situated village of Aylesford, with its church standing on an abrupt eminence high above the house-tops,—so high, indeed, that persons standing in the churchyard can almost see down the chimneys of the houses below. The elegant mansion called Preston Hall, the seat of E. L. Betts, Esq., occupies a proud position on the oppo-

side of the river, in the centre of an extensive park well studded with stately trees, passing on through the village, which consists principally of one long street, we have the church on our right. This sacred edifice, dedicated to St. Peter, is a handsome building, recently restored, and contains several magnificent monuments to the Colepepper, Banks, Ryea, and Sedley families. Until within the last few years, several ancient helmets, shields, banners, gauntlets, &c., had for ages been suspended from the walls of Aylesford church. Beneath the wide-spreading branches of a venerable yew-tree near the southern porch, there is a gravestone to the memory of a blacksmith, having upon it the following somewhat singular though well-known epiphany:—

My sledge and hammer lyes declin'd,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my Vice is laid :
My coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my Work is done.

Quitting the churchyard, and proceeding about a quarter of a mile along a pleasant shady lane,—dotted at intervals on the left-hand side with handsome villa residences, whose flower-gardens and lawns slope gently down to the water's edge—we arrive at the entrance to the Priory, or, as it is generally styled, “The Friars.” This interesting fabric, which stands upon the north bank of the river, was erected upon an estate granted by King John, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, to Richard, Lord Grey of Codnor, who was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle, and who, having been sorely wounded in the Holy Land, where he was tended by two Carmelite friars, on his return to England in 1240, in gratitude for their services, founded this priory, said to be the first house of the Carmelite order established in England. At the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII., Aylesford Priory shared the fate of the other monastic establishments, and its possessions became forfeited to the crown. It was soon afterwards granted to Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, of Kingston Castle, at whose death it passed to his son Sir Thomas, but again reverted to his own, together with his other estates, on his pardon for high treason, as already stated.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Friars were granted to the Sedley family, and here was born the famous wit and court gallant, Sir Charles Sedley, who became a great favourite of Charles II., and who was frequently visited by the king at the Friars. The bed used by His Majesty during these visits is still scrupulously

preserved. “Fair Mistress Catherine Sedley,” a daughter of the above Sir Charles, by Catherine, third daughter of John, Earl Rivers, who is said to have inherited the wit and vivacity of her father, and whose portrait now graces the walls of one of the apartments in the building, was a particular favourite of James II., by whom she was created Countess of Dorchester.

Sir Peter Ryea, father of the celebrated eastern traveller of the seventeenth century—Sir Paul Ryea—next owned this estate, after which it underwent several changes in the way of ownership, and finally came into the possession of the Earls of Aylesford, in whose hands it now remains; the earl, however, does not reside here, the mansion being held by a private gentleman, who has greatly embellished the interior, in a manner strictly in keeping with its ancient grandeur. Many of the buildings, dating from the fifteenth century, are in good preservation; the massive oak joists, although upwards of four centuries have elapsed since they were fashioned, are now to all appearance as sound as when they were first put up. The entrance gateway, which is exceedingly fine and entire, with its towers on either side thickly coated with ivy, opens into a large square court, wherein appear the doorways conducting to the cells. The principal part of the priory,—namely, the hall, chapel, and cloisters—were converted into stately apartments by Sir John Banks, one of its possessors, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the cloisters being enclosed and paved with black and white marble. The great hall or refectory was to the left on entering; it is now divided into chambers; whilst the kitchen, as appears by the large fireplaces still remaining in one angle, was on the east side of the square. The chapel in the original building occupied that part of the structure standing east and west, parallel with the river, which flows along on its southern side. This portion of the edifice forms, as it were, a separate wing, and the upper chamber is now used as a drawing-room; it is a noble, richly-carved, oak-panelled apartment, and is fitted up and furnished in a most magnificent and costly manner, and contains an interesting collection of coins and other objects of antiquity. In a secluded part of the garden, supposed to have been near the priory burial ground, and probably the site of an old summer-house, a small square excavation was discovered by the present tenant during the progress of the renovations carried on by him; it was about a foot below the level of the ground, and paved with innumerable “knuckle-bones” arranged in a circular pattern.

Retracing our steps as far as the village of Aylesford, a pleasant country lane on the left, soon after passing the church, takes us in the direction of the hilly ground which forms the northern boundary of the parish. At the entrance to this lane a row of substantial stone-built houses is observed, with a neatly-kept garden before them sloping down to the roadway. This is the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, founded by John Sedley, Esq., in 1605, for six poor and impotent persons; it was further endowed, and almshouses built by Sir William Sedley, in 1607. Although the endowments made by Sir William Sedley were of the "clear yearly revenue of three score and sixteen pounds," and although it was intended that this charity should have "continuance for ever," this foundation was for several years appropriated to private purposes, until, through the interposition of Mr. Thomas Robinson, in 1841, it was restored by order of the High Court of Chancery.

Continuing our ramble up this green and shady lane, overhung at intervals by towering trees, and edged in by mossy sandbanks, we soon arrive at a road branching off towards Tottington Farm, near which there is a large stone, which, from its peculiar shape, has been called the coffin stone; it is upwards of fourteen feet in length, six in breadth, and about two feet in thickness. Still further on, on the right, in the centre of a field immediately adjoining the lane we are now traversing, a confused heap of stones, of various dimensions, attracts our attention. This remarkable group of stones has received from the peasantry the appellation of The Countless Stones, from the belief that they can never be correctly counted. "This," observes Mr. Thomas Wright, in his "Wanderings of an Antiquary," "is not an uncommon legend connected with such remains. These stones are evidently the remains of one of those huge complicated cromlechs, consisting of more than one sepulchral chamber, with an alley of approach, which in Brittany and the Channel Islands are popularly known by the title of Fairies' Alleys." According to Thorpe's "Kentish Antiquities," "this cromlech consists of eight or ten stones, now lying in a confused heap, it having been thrown down about the beginning of the last century, by order of the then proprietor of the land, who is said to have intended sending the stones to pave the garrison at Sheerness, after they had been broken to pieces; but that this design was prevented by the extreme hardness of the stones, which are of the same kind with those of the other cromlechs that abound in this neighbourhood, and, together with them, were

most probably dug up in the immediate vicinity, as the soil for some distance round is found to abound with similar huge and independent masses." Some writers have asserted that this monument of antiquity may have been demolished by some persons digging a trench beneath, in expectation of finding either treasure or something that might lead to the discovery of the purpose for which the stones were placed there, and that, "the trench being left open, an elm tree sprang up, which by degrees raised the stones and threw them to the ground."

Leaving this spot, and regaining the road that we have before traversed, a short walk to the right brings us to the foot of the chalk hills, which rise gradually for the distance of about a mile. Here again leaving the roadway, we enter a corn-field on the left, and having taken breath, commence the ascent. The ground here is anything but pleasant for our pedestrian tour, as it consists chiefly of a stiff chalky soil, intermixed with flints and boulders. Having reached the top of a high and steep knoll, which forms, as it were, the base of the hill known as Blue-bell Hill, we arrive at the far-famed cromlech called Kit's Coty House. This monument—which occupies a boldly prominent position, commanding towards the west a very extensive view over the valley of the Medway, and being backed on the east by the chalk hills above mentioned—is composed of four huge unwrought stones, three standing on their ends, and inclining inward to support the fourth, which, lying transversely on the top, leaves an open space below. Of the two side-supporting stones, one measures seven feet by seven and a half, and is about two feet in thickness, and the other is eight feet by eight and a half, and its thickness two feet, the computed weight of each being somewhat more than eight tons; the centre stone is very irregular, and is supposed to weigh about two tons; but the enormous capstone, or impost, which is also very irregular, is twelve feet by nine and a quarter, and about two and a half feet in thickness, and its weight is computed at ten tons and a half.

Whatever may have been the origin of these cromlechs, nothing with certainty appears to be known, and many have been the conjectures and the controversies to which they have given rise; some historians affirm that they were originally Druidical temples, others that they are the remains of sepulchral chamber of the ancient Britons. "There can be little doubt," writes Mr. Thomas Wright, "that the monuments of this description belong to the ancient Britons, because they are certain

not more modern than the Roman period, while they are as certainly not Roman, and they are found in great numbers in Ireland, where a Celtic population was established. The old antiquaries, who were accustomed to form theories without sufficiently examining into facts, called these monuments Druids' altars, believed that they were used for human sacrifices, and hazarded strange descriptions of the rites which were supposed to have been celebrated upon them. But the increased knowledge on these subjects has left no room for doubt that the cromlechs are nothing more than sepulchral chambers. The ashes of the dead—for in most of these interments we find that the bodies of the deceased have been burnt—were collected into an urn of rude pottery, and placed, with a few other articles, within the chamber, and the whole was then covered with a mound. In opening many such mounds in different parts of the kingdom, the cromlech, with the sepulchral deposit within, have been found perfect; where the cromlech is now found exposed to view without a mound, it has been robbed of its covering of earth, by accident or design, at some remote period."

Some writers have supposed Kit's Coty House to have been a monument erected to the memory of the valiant British chieftain, Catigern, who was slain in a single-handed combat with Horsa, the Saxon chief; this, however, appears to be but an imaginary legend, based upon the ancient recollections connected with the site, and as such, must be received with caution. Recent research has proved that Kit's Coty House forms but one of a considerable group of monuments, the remains of which are scattered over the fields below, and which may even be traced as far as Addington Park, some eight miles distant, where there are two circles of large stones, and near them an isolated mass of similar stones which appear to be the covering of a subterranean chamber. "From a tolerably careful examination," says Mr. Wright, "we were led to believe that there had once existed an avenue of stones connecting the cemetery around Kit's Coty House with that in the parish of Addington—together they seem to have formed the grand acropolis of the Belgian settlers in this part of the island. The whole district is thus interesting as one of our hallowed sites, while the footsteps of the wanderer are drawn to it by its rich scenery, diversified with pastures, corn-fields, and hop-gardens, plentifully intermingled with woods and copses."

We will now proceed a short distance up the hill-side, for the labour of accomplishing the task will be well repaid by the magnificent prospect that there presents itself. Stretch-

ing away in the hazy distance, ever and anon sparkling in the sunshine, and having the appearance of miniature lakes, the river Melway,

Like a liquid serpent, winds its silvery tail.

The foreground of the picture on the left is formed by a huge chalk pit, by the base of which the old Maidstone road winds its rugged course down the hill, passing a commodious roadside inn, yeleft "The Kit's Coty House," at a short distance beyond which it unites with the new road near the Lower Bell Inn. At our feet several dark spreading yew-trees raise their hoary heads, amidst which the cold grey stones of the cromlech above-mentioned may be discerned, standing like a giant sentinel to guard the ashes of the mighty dead, whilst in the hollow beyond, the roadway towards Aylesford can be distinctly traced, dotted at intervals with pleasant homesteads, the background being completed by the park-like grounds of Preston Hall on the one side, and on the other by the open country extending for several miles.

Here the eye,

Unchecked, its vision far around can throw
Upon the bird's-eye view spread out below,
Where far beneath us lies the flowery mead,
This field well cropp'd, and that prepar'd for seed;
Where the old farmhouse comes before our ken
With granary, high-roof'd barn, and huddled pen;
The group of corn and hayricks neatly thatch'd,
With here and there a single one detach'd.

While hill and dale, and waste and woodland blend
Their varying beauties to the picture's end.

Descending the hill, and passing the Lower Bell Inn, we follow the course of the road for some distance along its base, when, turning sharply to the right, a short walk brings us within view of all that now remains of the once-famous Abbey of Buxley. Scarcely any trace exists of this venerable pile, beyond fragments of the garden wall—which, however, encompass a considerable extent of ground—a part of the ancient gateway, with portions of an arch of red brick springing from either side, and a long building with narrow lancet-shaped windows, now used as a brewery. The centre of the abbey enclosure contains a modern brick-built mansion, encircled by a neat flower-garden, and shaded by lofty elm-trees. The situation of the abbey is low and flat, the grounds being well watered by clear running streams; whilst on the north side, the hills, clothed with rich and luxuriant foliage, rise gradually to a tolerable height. It appears to have been founded in 1146 by William d'Ipre, Earl of Kent, for monks of the Cistercian order, and to have been dissolved by order of Henry VIII., at the general "dissolution." The abbey church in its prosperous days was

greatly celebrated throughout England for two remarkable images that it contained ; one was a small image of St. Rumbald or Grumbald, which had attributed to it the power of testing the virtue of the fair sex, by being immovable by those who had ever sinned in the least degree. It is said to have been fastened by a wooden pin, movable only from behind, and, as may be imagined, such as could pay the priest well, could remove the image with ease, whilst others, not being able to produce the necessary coin, although perhaps possessing a greater stock of chastity, might tug at it to no purpose. The other image alluded to, styled the Holy Rood of Grace, was alleged to possess extraordinary and miraculous powers, even to the healing of the sick. The story of the manner in which it came into the possession of the monks at Boxley is somewhat singular, but of too great length to be narrated here ; suffice it to say that in Ellis's "Letters Illustrative of English History," appears the following concerning this celebrated Rood, or, as Lambarde calls it, this "ungracious Rood of Grace :"

"Upon the defacing of the late monastery of Boxley, and plucking down of the images of the same, I found in the image of the Rood called the Rood of Grace, the which heretofore hath been had in great veneration of people, certain engines and old wire, with old rotten sticks in the back of the same, that did cause the eyes of the same to move and *stere* in the head thereof like unto a lively thing, and also the nether lip in like wise to move as though it should speak ; which, so famed, was not a little strange to me, and other that was present at the plucking down of the same."

On being examined about these ingenious contrivances, the abbot and other monks declared themselves to be perfectly ignorant of the same ; but it does not appear that they explained in what way, save by these contrivances, the image was enabled, "To bow down and lift up itself, to shake and stir the hands and feet, to nod the head, to roll the eyes, to wag the chaps, to bend the brows, and, finally, to represent to the eye both the motion of each member of the body, and also a lively, express, and significant show of a well-contented or displeased mind ; biting the lip and gathering a frowning, froward, and disdainful face, when it would pretend offences, and showing a most mild, amiable, and smiling cheer and countenance when it would seem to be well-pleased."* The "miraculous" powers of this image caused great numbers of people

to flock to the abbey, and the result was a considerable increase in the revenue of the establishment ; but the deception having been discovered at the period of the "dissolution," the Rood was, by order of Henry VIII., in the year 1538, publicly exposed in the market-place at Maidstone, and afterwards conveyed to London, broken to pieces, and consigned to the flames, before a prodigious multitude, at St. Paul's Cross. Since the above period, the abbey itself has fallen sadly into decay—

The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Grey moss has clad the altar-stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,

The bell has ceased to toll ;
The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrine to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk ;
God's blessing on his soul.

As the shades of evening warn us that it is time to draw our ramble to a close, we cannot do better than shape our course through Sandling Woods, from which the view at sunset is truly magnificent, when a short walk brings us into the Rochester Road, traversing which, beneath the overhanging branches of trees that surround the grounds of Park House, the seat of the Lushingtons, we soon arrive once more in the town of Maidstone, and thus bring to a termination our day's excursion through the "pleasant fields of Kent."

WM. DAMPIER.

MY MOTHER.

It is my mother with her raven hair.
Her thoughts are with the dead,
Are with the lately dead !
Gentle ever ;—sitting weeps she there,
Weeping, weeping,—silently ever.

There is a band of children romping mad :
Amid their gambols wild
She marks her only child ;
Kindly ever ;—watching, smiles, tho' sad,
Smiling, smiling,—mournfully ever.

Hark to the jocund bells' triumphant sweep !
She greets the bride in white,
Foretells a future bright ;
Cheerful ever ;—kneeling, prays she deep,
Praying, praying,—hopefully ever.

What horrid grief was that I had to show ?
A tale too often told !
My mother, though so old,
Truest ever ;—clinging, soothes my woe,
Soothing, soothing,—tenderly ever.

It is my mother with her silvern hair.
She was my All on earth ;
I never knew her worth !
Loving ever ;—waiting, rests she there,
Resting, resting,—peacefully ever.

VERE HALDANE.

* Lambarde's "Perambulations of Kent," 1576.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER I. TORRCASTER.

THE expert, in matters architectural or ecclesiological, will easily point out to you some difference, marked and material, in the aspect of each and every one of English cathedral towns. But, to the uninitiated observer, a weary monotony of colouring seems to pervade them all. It is well with us, while we stand in the shadow of the huge western towers, or of the soaring minster-spire when the sun is low. Setting aside all reverence—the very sense of seclusion and severance from the buzzing world outside must needs be pleasant, while it lasts; mind and body alike, are content to rest for awhile in the midst of peace, that is not of our time.

It seems to me that the *Religio Loci* may subsist wholly independently of creed; it may prevail in any spot girdled by the grandeur of ancient stones, where multitudes have worshipped in singleness and sincerity of heart—however false or mistaken their faith—till it needs an antiquarian's eye, to trace among ruins the outlines of a place of prayer. Only, to the building, whatsoever it may be, there must attach the grave dignity of age; there must be wealth of shadow, not less than of light, within its precincts; eccentricities of architectural bad taste are scarcely more fatal, than the glitter and glare of novelty. Devotion has so little to do with the feeling of which I speak, that the sternest Puritan—an iconoclast in intent—might be subjected to it unconsciously, under the portico of St. Peter's, whilst testifying fiercely in his heart against all the abominations of the Seven Hills, past, present and to come: it might steal over a missionary to the Moslem, whilst resting in the shadow of an eastern mosque: I myself have felt it—leaning against the fragments of an altar, whereon no fire has been laid since the death of Pan. But, most pious of all possible renders! I defy you to feel it, if you gaze, till your eyes are dim, on the last new conventicle, with walls scarlet as sin, and ceilings white as sepulchres.

Of course, such sensations are not necessary

or universal (you have only to go into any famous foreign cathedral, when the long-vacation army has gone forth, to be aware of this); but, I fancy, men often miss them—like other pleasant things in life—from being in too great a hurry to rest and ponder. Ponder! Why, Pascal himself could not be expected to meditate, with “Murray” in his hand—lost luggage on his heart—a wife, querulous or curious at his side—and a cicerone droning into his ear discourse, in worse than an unknown tongue. Yet things are better, even now, than they were wont to be. Remonstrance has done much—ridicule more; let us hope that the roving Cockney will ere long constrain himself, to walk with uncovered head where some others kneel and cross themselves; not to trample upon worshippers with whom he cannot sympathise; and not to prattle, an octave higher than the priest is singing.

So, it is likely that even a very practical layman, with no local or professional interests to bind him to the spot, may issue from the archway of the close, after the briefest tarrying there, in an unusually placid, if not pensive frame of mind; not repining—though perchance slightly inclined to regret—that fate should keep no canonry in store for his own declining years. In truth, it would be hard to find a more enviable asylum than those quiet mouldering walls—the natural home of all lichens and mosses and ivies—where the favoured church-veteran rests from his labours; with just enough of duty in prospect to give dignity to his office, and salve the scruples of the conscientious sinecrist.

But, before the stranger has left the cloisters a furlong behind him, be very sure his mood will change; the venerable quickly merges into the respectable; the dullness, which some reprobates maintain to be inseparable from respectability pure and simple, settles down on all surrounding objects, like a dense grey cloud. The citizens may be pleasant enough after their fashion; indeed, as a rule, they are much given to hospitality, and entertain aliens with no small kindness; they are no more to

be blamed for being slightly lethargic, than the dwellers in Sleepy Hollow; if there be a lack of enterprise and visible stagnation in trade, that, surely, is no affair of ours, who travel for no "house" in particular, and whose interest in the Bankruptcy-list is, at least, deferred to a future day. It is hard to say, why, in such places, one should get bored so soon. Nevertheless, it is so. After a sojourn of ever so few week-day hours, we begin—not without some self-reproach—to feel as if we had been dining with a very old family friend, whose port and prosings are alike undeniable; and begin to be ungratefully ingenious in inventing excuses for speedy departure.

Now Torrcaster—wherein this tale shall open—is not, socially speaking, a whit better or worse than its fellows. It has, of course, every now and then weeks of chartered festivity; when some Society—choral or archaeological—holds decorous revel there.

Then, in gloomy wainscoted parlours and passages, there is a ceaseless rustle of soft trailing raiment; a shimmer of jewels, and a glitter of eyes brighter yet; musical trills of laughter; and the light fall, rather imagined than heard, of dainty feet, as they sweep out to conquest or in to repose—the fair guests, whom the master of the quaint old house delights to honour. Then does clerical stock go up with a rush rapid and resistless; while the honest Plungers (Torrcaster is a cavalry head-quarters,) are constrained to submit to temporary eclipse; being put on escort duty, only *faute de mieux*, or on the morning of the inevitable ball, where they hope to reassert themselves—if not to retaliate. Then does the good old family solicitor, born and bred within the cathedral shadow,—a man usually slow and solemn, beyond the telling, in gait, and speech and manner; ultra-canonical in his portly presence; whose crown of white hair is venerable as a mitre—break into a fever-fit of activity, and work with head and feet, and voice and hands, like a machine endued for the nonce with forty manager-power; as, in truth, there is great need; since the reverend senior has to do all the work of two score well-meaning but helpless committee-men. Then does the whole city break out into a general extravaganza of flags and flowers; going in for pleasure with a perseverance that ignores fatigue and satiety. Fortunately for the constitutions of every one concerned, the curtain must drop on the Saturday at latest; when visitors and residents go, each to their own place; divided between satisfaction at a great success, and half-formed resolves never to undergo the like again.

But such festivals come not even biennially; so that Torrcaster has ample time to recruit its energies in slumber. The placid city accepts her position very contentedly, and nods on, from year's end to year's end; saving and except a dozen hours in each week, when she wakes up quite briskly from her doze, relapsing again, before curfew-time on market-day.

This hebdomadal up-rousing is common of course to all towns such as I have described; if Torrcaster differs at all from others in the same class, it is, that the county element is, on these occasions, more prominently represented there. Not only do the great stock-farmers and corn-growers flock in to their 'Change; but many never fail to be present, whose interests are only remotely, if at all, bound up in agriculture. It has been a custom, time-honoured throughout the county far beyond the memory of man: Torrcaster market reckons on the countenance of all such Marlshire magnates as reside within reasonable distance, by road or rail; and rarely reckons in vain. The lords of the soil acquiesce in the arrangement very readily; if it entails any inconvenience, it is no worse than their fathers went through before them, or than their sons will undergo when they come into their heritage. So, there, you will find the same cheery faces, old and young, to the fore—be the weather wet or dry: you never hear of a crack fixture of the M.F.H., nor of a favourite cover being shot, on the day devoted to Pales.

And the squire-archy has its reward. I am not aware that rents are lower, or land more profitable, in Marlshire than elsewhere; but, of a surety, the farmers grumble less; they support even the ravages of four-footed game with average equanimity,—one might almost say, magnanimously;—and burn with righteous indignation against poaching, well nigh as hotly as their landlords. With this comfortable state of things, I do believe these meetings in the market-place have much to do.

Then yoke the mules of winged pace,
And, Phintis, climb the car with me:

we will drive into Torrcaster with the rest of the world, and see what is a-doing this bright winter afternoon.

CHAPTER II. SHADOWS IN THE CAMERA.

CHOOSE any coign of vantage you please—not hard to find, since the ground rises steeply on either side of the market-place—and wait and watch awhile.

At the first glance you will be struck, I think, with the *foreign* look of the whole scene. That strange jumble of architecture

all around, where the builders seem to have had but one fixed idea—to make each house the strongest possible contrast to its neighbour; those sharp gables, with beams showing through the masonry, lighted here and there by latticed casements; those low beetle-browed pent-houses; those clustering booths, each with its own canvas covering;—surely, all these things we have seen a score of times in our wanderings beyond the seas, when some grand old *rath-haus* filled the background, or the *carrillon* of a Belfry was chiming noon.

But soon you begin to realise that you are actually and thoroughly at home. There is not a trace of the brilliant medley of colours, that would at once attract—if it did not fatigue—your eye, in a similar scene abroad. You might look in vain, here, for the quaint coifs, the cap-towers of stifflened muslin, the gay kerchiefs twined through shiny hair, the glitter of metallic ornament,—for any, in fine, of those characteristics of costume which the Continental peasantry have cherished for ages. Even in holiday time, the Marlshire dames and lasses scorn to enhance their native charms, by the slightest sacrifice to the picturesque. In spite of contrasts of colouring in her attire, sometimes almost grotesque, she that was homely remains homely still.

Should any illusion as to your whereabouts linger in your fancy, it will vanish very quickly, as scraps of discourse come floating up from the Babel of tongues below. Babel, though, is a misnomer; for all are speaking not only the same language but the same dialect.

Now the Marlshire accent is by no means so marked in its peculiarities as that of many other districts. After a moderately long sojourn—say a couple of years or so—in these parts, one, not in the country born, will be able to converse easily enough with a native of low degree; yet it is as unmistakable as any *patois* under the sun.

Years ago—shooting in French Flanders—I came suddenly upon a railway bridge then in course of construction; and, being hot and weary, sat down in a shady nook to rest. There was a great clatter of tongues overhead, amongst which perhaps the Irish predominated (the contractor himself was an Emerald, and patriotic as far as the main-chance would allow). Something had evidently gone wrong. I daresay about three score voices might have been going together, best pace; yet, amongst them all, I recognised that one familiar accent—long-drawn, deliberate, unmusical as ever. Nevertheless, it brought back some very pleasant memories; so pleasant, that incontinently I arose, and, to

his great surprise and jubilation, bestowed on the honest Marlshire man a not illiberal *trink-geld*, for lang-syne's sake.

The market-place is not very crowded now; for the bustle of serious business was over before noon. That throng that circulates to and fro is made up chiefly of idlers, and of the domestic commission-agents who have not yet completed their purchases; nor is it dense enough, to prevent you distinguishing individual figures easily.

One, immediately beneath us, is worth noting, were it only for the peculiarities of its attire. The broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, long-skirted coat, and drab nether clothing, were familiar to our forefathers; but to us, in this century born, they have much of the effect of masquerade. There is a good deal of character in the rugged features; and the massive head, framed in long unkempt hair—rich brown once, but sun-bleached and weather-stained now, even where it is not thickly flecked with grey—forms a fitting capital to the square Doric column, so solidly set on its sturdy pedestals. No one can look at Harold Ethelstone, without thinking of his own pollard oaks.

In spite of all this, and an exceeding uncouthness of voice and manner, you are not much surprised when you hear that no English house, from Severn to Tweed, can boast of purer blood than flows in that old man's veins. Through good and evil fortune, through the chances and changes of dynasties, the Ethelstones of Holt have held and hold a large portion of the lands that they tilled under the Heptarchy; and—what is stranger still—with hardly a break in their direct lineage.

Walking through the portrait-gallery of any ancient family—you will remark, that certain peculiarities of feature and expression reproduce themselves, almost exactly, after the lapse of many generations. Perhaps there are moral, no less than physical, cycles. If it be so, surely the spirit of some ancestor must have animated the rough-hewn carcass of Harold Ethelstone. In truth, his manner of life very much resembles that of a Thane. He is out amongst his flocks and herds, or riding through his shadowy woods, soon after sunrise; he sits down soon after noon, to a patriarchal meal of mighty joints, washed down by floods of heavy Marlshire ale, to which any comer, on whatsoever errand, or of whatsoever degree, is welcome; and he goes to his rest soon after curfew. Much given to field sports in his youth, he had sold on shot and never hunted of late years; for his whole soul is wrapped up in agriculture, of which he is a shining light,

albeit somewhat old-fashioned in his prejudices. Be the season foul or fair, old Harold grumbles consistently; but they say that, with wheat even at 40s., the books of the great home-farm have shown a steady profit-balance at the year's end.

While good dame Eleanor lived, there was ever a regular interchange of hospitalities between Holt and the other great houses of the county, to which Squire Harold submitted with a sufficiently ill-grace; but, since her death, many years ago, he has grown more and more solitary, not to say boorish in his habits; till now his intercourse with those of his own degree is chiefly confined to greetings in the market-place, or a passing nod on the road. He is much more at home with the farmers, who treat him with scarcely more deference than one of their own order: his own tenants are the only exceptions to this rule; for Cedric or Hereward did not rule their *ceorls* more absolutely, than does the squire his dependents. He is a kind landlord enough; never unjust or tyrannical; and obedience may spring not less from love than fear; but—be his behests for good or evil—there never was man born on his broad lands that twice said Harold Ethelstone nay.

The eldest of six stalwart sons married a lady of high degree, and lives on another of the family estates in a far-off county. He seldom comes to Holt. Albeit there is no feud betwixt them, the old man ever frets and fumes in presence of his first-born; he is so fond of his acres that it chafes him to look on the face of their future lord: it is not the revenues of Holt—for he is open-handed to prodigality with his children—but the tillage of all those fair swaths, and the pruning of those flourishing woodlands, that Harold half begrudges his heir.

A strong contrast with the squire, is the man with whom he is now conversing earnestly—so earnestly, indeed, that a fierce light flashes, ever and anon, out of his broad blue eyes, as he emphasises his words with much energy of gesture. A very dapper and debonair little person—a genial smile always hovering about his handsome mouth—whiskers almost too carefully curled for unassisted nature—dressed in the perfection of quiet sporting taste: indeed, that riding-coat is worthy of Saville Row; the drab cords fit like an easy glove; and the brilliant polish of the butcher-boots gleams through the thick mud-flecks that tell of long and fast horse-travel.

That is Mr. Chalkley, of Northam Hall, owner, in fee-simple, of 2000 acres of the best land in Marlshire, and tenant farmer of as many more. He seldom misses a meet of

the M. F. H., riding undeniable cattle, of whose necks he is not sparing; his wife's ponies are almost as pretty, in their way, as their fair mistress—no small word: looking to the quality of the liquor (to say nothing of the liberality of its dispersal, wherein there is no comparison at all), I would liever dine with him any day than with his landlord,—though the last-named banquets under a roof, groined, gilt, and armorially panelled, lofty enough for the Earl and K. G. that he is; while the ivy has not so far to climb before it tops the grey gables of jolly old Northam Hall.

Yet is Arthur Chalkley very wise in his generation. Though things have gone prosperously with his family for many years, so that its importance has been surely, and not slowly, waxing; he writes himself down yeoman, as did his fathers before him; and never—with his goodwill—will his son struggle into squire-archy. He finds time for work, be sure, as well as play; or his name would not stand where it does in agricultural chronicles. Not only from distant English and Scottish districts, but from far beyond the four seas, do strangers come, to be initiated in the wonders wrought in high-farming by the scientific development of drainage, and sewage, and steam. Ay, and—with all his pleasant smile and genial careless manner—there are few in Marlshire keener at a bargain than *ce cher Chocklêe*, as his foreign admirers call him. In that one that he is now driving with Squire Ethelstone, it would be hard to say which will get the best of it: about even betting, I think, with, perhaps, the old one for choice.

You would guess, at once, that the occupants of yonder sober brown barouche, drawn close up to the pavement a few yards further on, are people of weight and importance. So, indeed, they are. Sir Pierce Peverell represents the county; and his wife would fain rule it. Many years ago she signed her own commission as Lady Lieutenant; and since then, under her tyranny, there have been many malcontents—few rebels. The dames of higher degree who might well have disputed the supremacy, have always been too idle, or too timid, for serious rivalry.

Taking the baronet first: you see a man rather advanced in years, with small white whiskers hardly trenching on broad sanguine cheeks; glassy grey eyes, very prominent and lustreless; with no particular expression on his face, save lethargic good nature. In his present posture, you hardly realise his great stature and lankiness of limb; but when erect, his huge head, overlapping a narrow

carcase and neck unnaturally prolonged, looks as if it were set on a spear. When you hear that Sir Pierce Peverell has sate amongst our legislators for more than a quarter of a century, you are irresistibly reminded of Oxenstiern's hackneyed truism—"See, with how little wisdom this world is governed." Of a truth, the poor baronet is so exceedingly dull of comprehension and slow of reasoning, that he finds life anything but play-work: yet he plods through his daily round of duties very conscientiously; and is generally to be found at his proper posts—striving hard to look as if he understood the business in hand, and ever ready to record an honest, if a silent, vote.

Of a very different stamp is the dame who reclines at Sir Pierce's side. There are traces of beauty still in the gloomy face; though, with that dead-white complexion and dull black hair, it must always have been of the funereal order; but the first thought that strikes you is—How could that woman have been wooed or won? Surely, no whisper of endearment can ever have escaped those thin cast-iron lips that, even when they smile, seem to be performing a set, distasteful ceremony; far less could they have moulded themselves to meet or return a kiss: the stiff straight lashes that shade, without softening, hard cold eyes, can never have wet with tender tears.

After one passing glance, you feel disposed to credit all the tales that are abroad about her ladyship's temper. It was born with her, no doubt; for the ancient North-country family from which she sprang, has long been evilly notorious for the savage outbreaks of passion, which have brought not a few of its members to a violent end. In old times, men were wont to say, that the sun never went down on a Churston's wrath, but there was sure to be bloodshed before morning; and not a very remote ancestor of Lady Peverell's, with the certainty of the scaffold before him, went on straight to his revenge.

When Sir Pierce brought his bride home, her fame had preceded her; there was much speculation, and not a little wagering, as to which would take and keep the lead; the odds being heavily in the grey mare's favour. Truly, at first, the race seemed all one way; her ladyship went off as if she never meant to be caught; but she had to deal with a stubborn, if not a swift, opponent, who fairly collared her at last, and ran the longest. Putting metaphor aside—she did lead Sir Pierce a terrible life for some three years after their marriage; then the domestic broils appeared to cease. If common report is to be believed,

peace sprang out of the bosom of war—in this wise.

On a certain memorable occasion, the lady was irritated by Sir Pierce's stolid indifference into forgetfulness of both self-respect and self-command; it is possible that an accidental side-view of the vast red vacuous face was an irresistible temptation: be this as it may, the story goes that she suddenly raised her hand—no light or frail one—and smote her liege lord on the cheek, a good, hearty ringing blow, that made the ears of those who only heard of it to tingle. The baronet was staggered, but not perceptibly startled or surprised: he paused a little, ruminating silently, as was his wont, before any active movement whatsoever; then he laid an iron grasp on either shoulder of his assailant, and shook and swayed her to and fro till she grew faint and breathless, and could scarcely stagger to her sofa, to crouch there, shivering and moaning. And, all the while, the heavy benevolence of his own countenance never changed a whit. This very unromantic episode is to be taken with several grains of salt; inasmuch as it rests on the unsupported testimony of a discharged waiting-woman, who professed to have assisted at it through the half-opened door of a neighbouring chamber; but it had no gross elements of improbability, and has ever been currently believed throughout the country-side. Certain it is, that, from that particular epoch, Sir Pierce has been allowed to 'gang his ain gate' without active molestation, and even to exercise paramount authority over all important movements of his household.

But, with this half-submission to her husband, Lady Peverell's scanty power of conciliation and forbearance seem to have been exhausted: with all the rest of the world she preserves, at best, an armed neutrality. She is fond, and proud, too, in her own cold way, of her son—a very type of herself in feature and temper; but the pair are always snarling and snapping at each other in a truly wolfish fashion; while her daughter (there are only two children), who is unfortunately unattractive in her appearance, has such a time of it at home, as falls to the lot, I hope, of few plain, marriageable maidens. It is well for Janet Peverell, that she was born with an excellent constitution, a brave, hopeful heart, and a keen eye for silver linings in clouds. As it is, she seems to have her fair share of life's sunshine. Were it not for her mother's taunts, I doubt if she would remark the tardiness of wooers or occasional absence of partners; nor even thus, is she inclined to repine. She only shakes her comical little head, and says, with her own honest laugh, "Never

mind, mamma : my turn will come soon." To which let all her many friends say Amen, cordially.

That small wizened man, with the restless, twinkling eyes and bird-like face—he always seems to *peck* while he is speaking—who leans over the barouche door, talking eagerly to Sir Pierce Peverell, is the Reverend Randal Sherrington, the great oracle of Marlshire ; whom the natives point out with pride to all new-comers as a very prodigy of eloquence and learning. Indeed, there is no subject under heaven that he will not discuss, with bewildering, if not convincing, fluency. One curious in statistics once took the trouble to note down the heads of our parson's discourse for the space of twenty minutes or so. The foreign policy of the Ministry—the costumes at the last country ball—the merits of a new top-dressing for heavy land—the decipherment of Runic inscriptions—the orthodoxy of a certain prelatial pamphlet—the best way to beat a noted cover for cocks—on each and everyone of these topics did he deliver oracular judgment, to the perfect satisfaction of himself and his audience. It is a quarter-sessions question that he has mooted with the baronet ; if you ever watched the action of a boring tool on very tough limestone, it will give you some idea of the process, whereby the Reverend Randal is striving to drive his own view of the case into the porches of the other's sluggish brain.

Further on yet, close to the arched entrance to the chief inn of Torrcaster, you see a little knot of loungers ; in the midst of whom stands a burly, middle-aged man, taller by half a head than any of his companions. That is Mr. Braybroke, of the Grange—"Frank" to his cronies—"The Squire" to all the rest of the world down here. He holds his precedence rather by virtue of office than of position ; for there are half a dozen others, of like degree, of larger territory, and more ancient name (indeed, though they have taken root so kindly in the county, the Braybrokes were *novi homines* to the grandsires of many now living). But the present owner of the Grange has borne on his own broad shoulders all the management, and half the cost, of the Marlshire hounds since he came into his inheritance. He has had a difficult and delicate game to play ; some of the Marlshire magnates are unusually keen in shooting rivalry, and can hardly comprehend the co-existence of pheasants and foxes. But his tact, and perseverance, and good humour, have been too much for the most crabbed of the game-preserving sceptics : his hounds are never stopped whilst running

now, let them head whithersoever they will ; and vulpecide is a crime only darkly hinted at, even by keepers in conclave.

Time was when Frank Braybroke's bluff, handsome face—very like some portraits of our Eighth Henry—and bright brown eyes, lingered long in certain womanly memories, and may have caused more heartaches than ever he wist of ; but the boldest of matrimonial speculators have long ceased to conspire against his peaceful bachelorhood. There is little of the saint, much less of the misogynist, about the burly Squire. Whispers—italicised with nods and winks of deeper meaning than words—have been afloat not unfrequently anent his frolics in foreign parts ; but—whatever may have been his youthful frailties—The Squire has never ventured 'to dash violently against the throne' of Social Justice. The most rigid upholder of conventionalities, need have found no stumbling-block in such mild misdoings as his county was bound to be cognisant of. He is steady enough, now, even the scandal-mongers will affirm—and with reason good ; for there are broad streaks of silver in his thick chestnut curls, and he rides three good stone heavier than when he wound his first blast on the Master's horn. He knows every gate and gap in the country, as well as a hare does her favourite meuse ; so that he can always keep within a reasonable distance of his hounds ; but he owns to shirking stiff timber and blind ditches, and looks rather more for shoulders than for jumping-power in his weight-carriers.

There is a knowing smile on the Squire's lip just now, as he watches the slow approach of another Marlshire celebrity, who is hobbling up, evidently with an eye to business. The new comer is no other than Tony Cannell, whose name is a very household word amongst all such as delight in horse-flesh.

An elderly man of monstrous obesity—unhealthily pale and utterly beardless—whose vast, pendulous cheeks seem to sway hither and thither with every motion of his ponderous limbs—yet the face is not exactly repulsive. There is a merry gleam in the small deep-set eyes, and a humorous expression about the mobile lips, that remind you, at once, of a certain famous Liberator. Think of such a flesh-mountain as that being—'a jockey well versed in numbers' (*vide Bonnycastle, passim*). One might as easily fancy dear John Falstaffe, a captain of light cavalry. Of a truth, it is many years since Tony has aspired to witch the world with any feats of activity whatsoever : occasionally, with many grunts and groans and maledictions, he heaves himself into the saddle of a

stolid cob very much of his own build ; but, as a rule, he risks his precious carcase in nothing more perilous than a capacious, well-cushioned gig, with a moderately fast trotter in the shafts. But he is a wonderful judge of horse-flesh : those little twinkling eyes of his will pick out every good and bad point, from crest to fetlock, almost mechanically ; whether the animal be made up for sale, stale from hard work, or rough from the straw-yard. Once having heard Tony, over a deal—you cease to marvel at his professional celebrity. Since the days of Ulysses, surely no mortal tongue ever moved on such well-oiled hinges : in spite of ghastly faults in grammar, and an intense vulgarity of manner and tone, you would stand entranced at the easy flow of his magnificent mendacity, as you would listen to the gurgling of a swift deep river. That brief funeral oration which another less famous couper pronounced over his own first-born, might well be spoken over Tony's grave. "Bless him ! There never was so sweet a liar !"

Hark to him now, as he sidles up to Frank Braybroke, and beckons him a little aside from the rest, with a certain mystery in his manner.

"Mornin', Squire. I was half afraid I shouldn't find you ; they said you was going out early. Might I ask you to drive round by my place ? I wouldn't trouble you for nothin', you know ; but there's a picter up there as is worth lookin' at ; one of your own sort, if ever I see one, and I've known your stamp these twenty years. Sixteen hauds, dark chesnut—your colour again, Squire ; legs as flat as my hand and clean as a foal's ; as to weight—why, I wish I durst ride over a country,—he'd carry me as safe and easy as a chair. All this week, they've been comin' to me with money in their hands and tears in their eyes ; and 'Tony,' says they, 'that horse I must have, whether or no.' 'But, excuse me,' I says ; 'I won't pull him out for no'er a one of ye, till The Squire has looked him over.'"

The orator is compelled to halt here, from lack, not of matter but of breath, and Braybroke's deep, mellow laugh breaks in.

"Sounds tempting, Tony, certainly ; and your thoughtfulness for me is really touching. But I'm afraid I haven't a guinea to part with, nor a tear to shed. We're very full at home, just now, and I've had an extra pull or two lately ; I can't afford such luxuries as you're talking of. By-the-bye, how did he come to you, if it's not a delicate question ?"

A fat smile of contentment overspreads the dealer's vast visage, as oil diffuses itself over placid water ; he knows, right well, that the

customer who stops to parley is already within his meshes.

"Lor' bless you, Squire ! you may ask what you like, and welcome. I aint got no secrets from you. I stopped at Blechynden last week for the second day's racin' ; there I met young Dick Wylder,—you remember him ; his mare ran up for our Hunters' Stakes last year ;—he had this horse with him, but he didn't mean sellin' ; if he hadn't been so terrible hard hit, we shouldn't have made a deal ; I had to shake the notes at him, I can tell you. He rides heavier than you, Squire ; and don't stick at no price for his cattle. But he's pretty well at the end of his tether now, they say ; tho' it aint long since he come into a very tidy fortune. It's a sad case ; but what can you expect, when a man takes to drinkin', and gamblin', and gay ladies ?"

The old reprobate wags his ponderous head, solemnly and sorrowfully ; just as if he were not himself the most notorious of evil livers—feeding with half his hard gotten-gains the Ring, the hellites, and the venal Venus. There is more of real sympathy in The Squire's face, though the laugh is still in his eye.

"Indeed ! I'm right sorry to hear that : though I scarcely know Wylder to speak to. I desay his ruin began with his buying horses he had no occasion for. Well, Tony, I'll look round and see Perfection, or whatever his name is ; but don't expect me to deal. I give you fair warning, mind."

Notwithstanding which sage self-denial I should like to lay a shade of odds on the paragon in question finding his way to the Grange stables ; and he may turn out a very honest, useful animal after all. For Tony Cannell is not a whit more of a Barabbas than many of his fellows : there is more of a natural racy humour than of deliberate dishonesty at the bottom of his tremendous mendacity ; at all events, were he looking out for a plunder he would scarcely pick his victim from the ranks of the Marshire squirearchy.

And now—*Place aux dames.*

A measure of prudence not less than of courtesy, as Lady Laura Brucepeth's phaeton sweeps down the steep decline of North Street, and round the corner of the Town Hall, at a liberal half-speed ; while all obstacles seem to melt miraculously away before the happy audacity of the fair charioteer. Her ladyship's favourite colours are black and scarlet, and they are as well known, by this time, as those of the most popular turfite. You see she mounts them everywhere ; in the rosettes under the ears of those high-stepping browns, that she persists in calling ponies, though they stand three inches over any galloway standard.

known ; in the glossy bear's-skin, with its gorgeous lining, that covers her below the waist so comfortably ; in the knowing turban hat wherein gleams a feather like a fire-flaunt ; last, not least, in her full firm lips and bold bright eyes.

She is the leader of a very fast set in town ; and, when its members rally round their Reine Gaillarde—as is their wont at certain festive seasons—they scandalise the sober neighbourhood not a little with their pranks and vagaries. Lady Laura's admirers—most of whom, it must be owned, belong to the sterner sex—uphold her to be as innocent of wrong intent as the bitterest of prudish matrons ; even her enemies, while they keep up a perfect pebble-storm of small insinuations, can find no stone weighty enough to damage seriously her fair fame. She says herself,—“If Mr. Brancepeth don't mind, it is no business of anybody else's ;” and so goes on her reckless way rejoicing ; meeting friend or foe with the same gay freedom—ever prodigal of her smiles and chary of her sighs. She knows that she finds little favour in the Dean of Torrecaster's scowling eyes, who is somewhat too pointed in his frequent allusion to Moabitish women ; yet, when the arch-Levite passes by on the other side, she returns his icy salute gracefully and carelessly ; just as if she were acknowledging the reverence of some hard-riding young farmer—her humble admirer and sworn liegeman.

The châtelaines of Peverell Park and Brancepeth Castle meet often ; always with a show of outward courtesy ; but at the heart of the elder dame there is war to the knife, that she sometimes finds it hard to dissemble. True, the Lady Laura has never troubled herself to dispute the other's implied supremacy in county matters ; but Lady Peverell thanks her not for a forbearance that springs evidently rather from indolence or indifference, than from reverence or fear. She hates La Reine Gaillarde for her haughty beauty ; for her popularity amongst men, old and young, high and low ; for the merry mischief gleaming in her great black eyes ; most of all, for the sharp mocking tongue, that spares not even her own awful name. She would give ten years of life, to be able—aye, were it only in thought—to set her foot on the neck that has never once bowed itself before her, and to see her enemy's honour laid in the dust.

All this, too, Lady Laura knows ; yet it chafes her not one whit, neither does she deign to requite hate with hate. Marshshire gossips say, that a battle-royal must eventually come off ; and should the interests or fancies of these two ever clash seriously, there will

doubtless be a very pretty quarrel. But meanwhile, there are no petty bickerings. When the Censoress is unusually frigid or disagreeable, Lady Laura contents herself with making a comic *moue*, and studies fresh points for future mimicry. They are fond of boudoir theatricals at Brancepeth Castle ; and the ‘make up’ of its mistress, as Lady Peverell—with the aid of much pearl-powder, burnt cork, and a head-dress of the severest Doric order—is simply perfect.

One more *croquis* before we close this bundle of sketches. Mark that dainty dame, tripping delicately over the pavement to her pony-carriage, round which are lounging three or four cavaliers, evidently soldiers in mufti. Nothing can be more subdued than the whole tone of her attire, in which the soberest shades blend so harmoniously ; that tiny bonnet is a real triumph of art concealing art ; you would swear it was quite an accident when, ever and anon, a flutter of the looped-up dress reveals the neatest ancle in Marshshire, cased in hosen matching the striped kirtle of violet and grey. Very quiet and composed, too, is the pale, demure little face, in which there is no remarkable beauty, save a pair of large liquid eyes, of a colour ever changing. When she speaks there is a plaintiveness in her low, sweet voice, as if she sought for sympathy in some secret sorrow.

Yet, O, my friend, I bid you beware. Blanche Ellerslie has wrought as much mischief in her time, as any Vivien of them all, and is still insatiate of conquest. Under the spell of her waving hands have bowed themselves, ere this, heads as grey—if not as wise—as Merlin. Amongst her victims the military element is very conspicuous ; indeed the Service has suffered from her fascinations since Blanche's girlhood ; for her father was a general of high repute, and her late husband died in his harness, four years ago, as colonel of a crack cavalry corps. In how many albums, I wonder, does her *mignonne* figure hold the chiefest place ; and on how many dreary barrack-rooms does she beam (photographically) with her soft treacherous eyes ? Mrs. Ellerslie finds it not inconvenient, occasionally, to bring out a special ‘scuffler’—as—“on papa's staff for years,” or—“one of poor Horace's brother officers.” The assertion cannot easily be controverted ; for even scandal-mongers don't carry old army-lists about their persons ; and it invests the whole proceeding with a halo of duteous piety. Be it observed, that the fair widow is never more dangerous, than when she supposes herself to be flirting—in *memoriam*.

Why she should have refused several eligible offers, since she doffed her weeds, would not be easy to say. It cannot be, that matrimonial experiences deter her; for, that the yoke never galled her slender neck, is most certain.

Colonel Ellerslie was not a very wise or just man; but he had sense enough to believe in honesty at the bottom of his pretty pet's coquetties; ill it would have fared with any Iago, that had dared to breathe a doubt on her honour. Rigid, even to tyranny, in matters of discipline—he was the most submissive of domestic slaves. It was good to see how his manner changed, as he clanked in over his own threshold after a field-day—how the choleric martinet became, instantly, the courteous host—how heartily he would welcome Blanche's prime favorite for the nonce; ay, though it were the especial subaltern, into whom, but an hour ago, he had been pouring canister-volleys of malediction; for (as his men were wont to say, half admiringly) "he was a fine free swearer." While they lived together, time, and trouble, and cost were as nought, in the Colonel's eyes, where any caprice of his wife was to be gratified; and when he lay a-dying, it is to be feared, he thought far more anxiously about her future than his own. It may be, that the very fact of her having been so thoroughly spoiled and indulged, made the wilful little widow somewhat cautious: it was, indeed, by no means likely she would repeat her luck in a second venture. She was wealthy enough to be able to satisfy all her not immoderate fancies; for, not long before he died, Colonel Ellerslie had inherited a very pretty estate, a few miles from Torrecaster; this he bequeathed, with all his other worldly chattels, to Blanche, unfettered by the shadow of a condition. With all his faults, he was too unselfish to nourish those posthumous jealousies that better men, perhaps, have not been ashamed to indulge in. Had he known that Blanche would wed again before the year's end, he would never have begrudged it, if only he had been assured that her fair fame and future happiness were quite safe.

"Don't fret, darling."

These were the last intelligible words that stole, in a hoarse whisper, from under the huge grizzled moustaches, just before the stern eyes set themselves for ever and aye.

Perhaps Blanche was really more grateful to her husband, and more careful of his memory, than the world gives her credit for. At any rate, she has been more than difficult in her choice of a successor. Still young, and fair enough to mar the chances of many

marriageable maidens (the Marlshire *chaperons* have long ago put the blackest cross against her name)—still prone to flirtation, and full of perilous fascination as ever—she yet, to all outward appearance, remains heart-whole and scatheless; warring under her own *guidon*, and for her own hand—a sworn Free Companion.

If there be any more notabilities abroad in Torrecaster market-place to-day, they must wait for a more convenient season to be presented to you. It is full time that we set forward, seriously, with our tale.

CHAPTER III. THROUGH THE TWILIGHT.

OF the many inns in which Torrecaster rejoices, the 'Nag's Head' is by no means the most eminent. Very modest it is in outward pretension; standing in a bye-street rather remote from the market-place, you might pass its doors a dozen times without ever glancing up at the dusky sign—battered, weather-beaten, hard to decipher as any old knightly shield; yet is it much affected by many gentles and yeomen of Marlshire. Divers give divers reasons for favouring this especial hostelry: the real one, I believe, is to be found in the popularity of its bar-maid.

Let it not for an instant be supposed, that the attractions of this excellent person are, at all, of the flaunting, or meretricious order. Lucy Denison must always have been very pleasant and comely to look upon, but never a beauty; and she is well stricken in years, though she carries them so lightly. Even in early youth, they say, she was very sober in her attire; and, of late, she makes few concessions to the fashions of an innovating age. Perhaps this may have something to do with the acknowledged fact of her never looking any older; for, of a truth, Time seems to have no hold on that hardy perennial. If the bloom faded long ago from the quiet face, there is, at least, never a wrinkle there, and the smooth dark hair has not grown scanty or dull. The Nag's Head has changed landlords more than once in her time; but none were bold enough to dream of ousting Miss Denison from office. Through all successions of dynasty she abides in her own place—absolutely supreme over her nominal superiors—as immoveable, and far more honoured than the famous Vicar of Bray.

The familiars of the Nag's Head treat Lucy with this much of deference—that they are as careful in her presence to abstain from rude or blasphemous talk, as they would be before their own mothers and sisters; yet is the ancient bar-maiden by no means averse to mild and seemingly banter; which she parries and

returns, with the calm self-possession of one who has dealt with the cunning tongue-fencers of two generations. It is in her pleasant, kindly manner, and invincible good temper, added to an absolute incapacity of speaking ill of any living creature, that Lucy's chief attractions lie. Not only is she a favourite with the male frequenters of Torrcaster market, but the wives and daughters, even of the chief of these, sometimes do not disdain to rest themselves awhile in her inner sanctum, and will chat with her concerning county news and the like, just as freely as they would with any intimate friend.

It was about the busiest hour at the Nag's Head of all the day; for the winter afternoon was closing in fast. Such prudent wayfarers as cared not for a darkling ride, were crowding in for their parcels and their stirrup-cups. The narrow passage was almost impassable at times; and Lucy's practised hands and eyes and ears were all doing double duty. On such occasions, save to a very few privileged intruders, the bar was always jealously closed.

Such a one must have been that stout, elderly farmer—sitting in a cosy arm-chair near the door of that inner sanctum, through which no male foot ever passed—unfolding the London paper that had just arrived, with a leisurely air of anticipated enjoyment, quite heedless of the bustle without.

In truth, Mr. Lester has something more than the rights of very old acquaintanceship to presume upon. Many years ago he asked Lucy Denison if she cared to take the keeping of his heart. It puzzled many at the time—perhaps it has puzzled herself once or twice since—to say why she refused the wealthy yeoman's offer. But refuse it she did; kindly and gracefully. Stout John Lester was bitterly disappointed, and not a little chafed, at first, but he took the blow manfully, just as he would have done any bodily pain; he was too busy to indulge in moping, and too good-hearted to nourish malice: so the two were soon as true friends again as ever. Indeed, Lucy has occasionally been heard to banter her ancient lover on his determined bachelorhood; suggesting certain eligible maids or widows for his consideration; but—with never a tinge of romance in either of their honest natures—they know, right well, that both are vowed to celibacy, not less than any monk or nun.

Suddenly, Miss Denison's quick roving glance lighted on a single face, in the crowded passage, and rested there; chiefly because that face wore an anxious, troubled expression, that seemed strange to her—knowing the man. She beckoned to him, opening, at the same time, the half-door of the bar.

There was nothing very striking in the newcomer's exterior. A figure something below middle-height, rather strongly than gracefully built—features the reverse of statuesque, yet not ignoble or repellant in their irregularity—clear grey eyes, not apt to flash variably, but meeting friend or foe with the same steady tranquil light—hair closely cropped, and bushy whiskers closely trimmed, both of the same deep chestnut-red—a complexion whose original fairness, long exposure to wind and sun could not quite subdue: this, to all whom it may concern, is the *signalement* of one known to all Marlshire, high and low, as "Tom Seyton of Warleigh."

"You want something, I'm sure, sir," the barmaid said; "is it anything I can do for you?"

It was a good point in Seyton's face, that it always lighted up while he was speaking; and strangers were apt to be favourably impressed by the first sound of his voice,—it had the round jovial ring, of one often exercised in open air.

"Many thanks, Miss Lucy: it's a shame to disturb you now. Do you think you could coax the paper out of Lester's hands for three minutes? There's news in it—good or bad—that I must carry home with me: and I ought to have started half-an-hour ago."

"I thought it was something more serious," Miss Denison answered, with a light laugh. "Of course you can have the paper, Mr. Seyton. Mr. Lester will have plenty of time to finish it; indeed he's plenty of time for everything—except business. Would you believe it? He's been loitering about here the whole morning."

The old yeoman lifted his head, with a look of comic penitence on his broad face, and held out the paper before he spoke:

"Dont'ee be so hard on a man, Miss Lucy. Muster Seyton knows, I mostly work before I play; and there's not a many earlier in market-hall than me. They took all the beasts I had to sell, without much chaffering I can tell'ee: that aint my fault, is it? And he knows, I don't want no coaxing to lend him whatever he's a mind to: don't ye, Squire?"

Tom Seyton was too deep in the Times to answer. It was not long before he found the paragraph he sought; as his eye lighted on it, the eager expression of his face changed into one of blank disappointment; and he crushed the paper flat in his strong grip, with a muttered exclamation of surprise and anger, that made both his hearers start.

"Lord save us, Squire! There's nothing wrong with Crusader, surely?"

companies the necessity of using disinfecting fluids on their cattle-trucks, &c. Inspectors were appointed at the ports, and in nearly every rural district, to see that no infected cattle were allowed to land or come to market, and to destroy at once where there was no hope to save. In addition to these precautionary and preventive measures, most of the Agricultural Associations throughout the kingdom have met together to consult not only on the best way to remedy the evil and cut it off altogether, but also for the purposes of mutual assurance. Separation is the main method devised. Contact with the contagion is deemed death, or frightfully near to it; so now in 1865, as in 1765, the hecatomb is offered up on the altar of Ignorance and Precaution; so much wiser only are we than our forefathers.

As to the number of cattle which have fallen victims to the present visitation, it is impossible to form any opinion, no regular register having been published. In the metropolitan districts alone they can be computed high up amongst the thousands, whilst there is scarcely a county that has not felt the scourge.

The symptoms of the disease are well known. The germs lie secretly incubating in the stricken animal for a period varying from four to fourteen days, during which the poison, like a subtle fluid, effectually permeates the system. The beast is then attacked with a short, husky cough, and feels dull and prostrated. The loins are tender, the back is arched, the legs are drawn under the body; rumination occasionally continues uninterrupted, and the teeth grind against each other, whilst the poor beast yawns as in the early stages of most febrile diseases. These are but the initiatory symptoms. Then follow others of a more decided character; the pulse becomes frequent and full, the breathing laboured, and the temperature of the body, which is subject to fits of shivering, very changeable. Death closes the painful scene in from three to twelve days.

As this is not intended to be a scientific treatise, we need hardly pursue the subject further, nor enter upon that much more subtle and vexed question—the treatment of the enemy. A congress of veterinary surgeons has lately been held in Vienna to study this ruthless pestilence; and as the ablest representatives of the various veterinary colleges in Europe have taken part in it, it will be droll, as the French would say, if something effective be not devised, not only to check the spread of the disease, but to make the cure of the ox or cow attacked a certainty rather than a vague hope. We must not, however, forget the difficulties we have to contend with in

cholera, and that the Rinderpest is not less formidable.

And the origin of this Apollyon? What is the origin of this frightful plague, this Rinderpest or Yavva, or by whatever other name it is called? Savans are not agreed; but there seem to us some obvious natural causes which tend to generate it? When a poor woman dies of starvation, she officially dies of phthisis emacians, or diphtheria virulens, accelerated by insufficiency of food. To us it is enough to know she dies of starvation. So with the Rinderpest. We may be told the symptoms, and that the disease is epizootic or enzootic, epidemic or endemic, as it pleases the doctors. But there is no spontaneous generation even of disease, and an effect must have a cause. Look now at the vast steppes of the East, from whose weird wilds the contagious typhus invariably stalks forth, like a monstrous spectre, to breathe a fatal blast on every horned beast. Imagine these shelterless plains stretching away for hundreds of miles exposed in the long torrid summer to the blaze of a burning sun, baking and panting in the heat. Suppose the summer to be exceptionally hot and protracted. The fierce sky offers no friendly blue, no tepid azure, but covers the face of the earth with a vast white sheet of glowing rays. The grass is withered, the water-streams are dried up, the ground is parched and gaping with thirst. What pasturage remains is coarse, unsucculent, and tasteless, affording no nourishment. And the cattle on these thousand plains—what of them? Most of them perish off-hand, or linger on through the winter, nursing the germs of disease to communicate them to the hardier ones that have weathered the drought and the famine. This is no exaggerated picture; and what wonder, then, if after a year of scarcity, the kine are impregnated with the seeds of a pestilential disease?

It will be found, we suspect, could an Annual Register be kept, that these terrible visitations succeed those years when Heaven has withheld its bounteous hand, and refused to refresh those wild uncultivated lands with the dew of its blessing. HAROLD KING.

BRAZILIAN SKETCHES.

No. IV.

LIVING as I was in a Brazilian family, I gained an insight into many details of private life of which mere travellers are utterly ignorant, and I can with truth aver that I saw much to admire as regards the domestic management of the Brazilian ladies; and though they may look out of window, or stand in their balconies in the afternoon, yet that is excusable when one considers that they

mostly rise at six a.m., sometimes even earlier, and work at their needle before breakfast. And a very pretty sight it is too, let me tell the reader, to see two lovely women like Donna Florinda and her sister-in-law, Donna Julietta, sitting on low seats, surrounded by negresses and mulattoes, all busily plying the needle,—the ladies not merely playing at work, not toiling with the dainty crochet needle, nor manipulating Berlin wools of many hues, but engaged on solid sheeting and towelling. An immense quantity of linen is required in a Brazilian household; there is no stint of it, and consequently the stock constantly requires to be kept up. Many of the Brazilian ladies have sewing-machines, which they use to right good purpose. Those whom I have known are good wives and mothers, and the ties of relationship are very strong among Brazilians in general, for two or three families will not unfrequently live harmoniously under the same roof. Indeed I consider Brazil as a paradise for *mothers-in-law*,—that much-maligned race,—for in nearly every family with which I am acquainted, the husband vies with his wife in showing the mother of the latter every affectionate attention. Their love for their children is also very great, and I am told that in most families it is the custom to set aside a sum of money that it may accumulate until the child has attained a certain age; and a most laudable practice it is.

The Brazilians usually spend the day after the following fashion: they rise early, take a bath, and afterwards a cup of coffee; the husband attends to what concerns his department at home, while the wife, if not engaged in needlework, sees to all that requires her supervision. They breakfast at about nine o'clock (and a solid meal it is, too), after which the husband goes to his office or house of business, as the case may be, to remain until about half-past three; the wife meanwhile is engaged in her domestic duties, or perhaps in shopping. The dinner-hour is generally four o'clock, and the husband, sometimes accompanied by a friend or two, finds his wife nicely dressed, ready to do the honours of her table; for nothing can exceed the frank hospitality of the Brazilians, whether their means be great or small,—the best they have is placed before you, and you cannot please them better than by partaking unsparingly of it. How many *saudades* (to use their own expressive word, which means tender remembrances) have I of the many pleasant days I have spent (and hope to spend again) with my kind Brazilian friends! All ceremony banished, the hospitality dispensed by the lady of the house with a winning grace not to be described,

your tastes consulted, and *always* remembered. Dinner over, ladies and gentlemen adjourn to the drawing-room, where coffee is served, then conversation and music fill up the evening, which, if there be many young people present, is wound up by a dance.

I daresay that many of my readers may imagine that I am disposed to view everything in Brazil *couleur de rose*. I plead guilty to the charge—I repeat it. I only express my individual feelings, nor can I ever forget how everything changed from dark to light on board the steam-packet, after I, a *lone woman*, had presented my introduction to Madame D. Indeed, from her charming manners and amiability of disposition, and the friendliness of her husband and mother, I indulged in the most extravagant anticipations of the happiness that awaited me in the land I was about to make my home; and if my anticipations have not been exactly realized, and my views are sobered down a little, it is through no falling off in the affectionate kindness which my first Brazilian friend has ever shown me.

I have just heard that Mr. Christie has published another book on Brazil. I will not discuss the merits of the former one, which I have read, further than to say that to me there appeared to run all through it a vein of the *morque*, occasionally justly laid to the charge of my countrymen. And here I will relate an anecdote, premising that it relates to a British officer.

Some time ago a young friend of mine was married to the officer in question, and after the wedding bride and bridegroom went to spend the honeymoon in France. Arrived in Paris, the bride had to act as interpreter, as the bridegroom's knowledge of French was very limited, but he made up for all deficiencies in the following manner: when any dispute arose, whether with a tradesman respecting the price of anything, or with a cabman on account of the fare, Captain — would shake his fist at the offending individual, and shout out "Remember Waterloo!" It need hardly be said that the Frenchmen, naturally irascible, thus reminded of their national disgrace, were driven to a state bordering on frenzy, and indeed the gallant captain had once been nearly taken to prison, but for the opportune arrival of a friend, who smoothed down matters and prevented his incarceration, much to the joy of the poor bride, who was almost frightened out of her wits. But can it be denied that numbers of Englishmen travel abroad in the same spirit as above? I am afraid there are too many who do, and more's the pity.

A peace has put a stop to the *guerra al cuchillo* that was going on between the Bra-

zilians and the Monte Videans. The former are very patriotic, and there is no lack of volunteers, but their feelings will be better described by an extract or two from a letter written to Mrs. C. by her nephew, Senhor Yuca, as he is called,—a fine young man, extremely well-informed, and full of martial ardour. After wishing his aunt and her family health and happiness, he says,—“If it were not for the disappointment I feel in losing so good an opportunity of receiving my *battissimo di fogo* (fiery baptism), I should be very comfortable here. Monte Video is a very gay and pretty city.

* * * * *

“The people here bear us a deadly hatred, they allow no opportunity to pass of cutting the throat of any Brazilian whom they can catch unawares; they all fall on him as on a mad dog, nay, even our friends and allies, the Colorados, have murdered a great many of our soldiers, and on that account we never go out unarmed; and yet in spite of this danger our men get tipsy, and wander to a distance from barracks, when they are sure to fall a prey to a band of assassins, who cut them to pieces.

“However, to make amends for the hatred the men bear us, the women like us very much, and they are so pretty, caramba! that they make us forget everything else.

* * * * *

“The atrocities said to have been committed in Paraguay are of the most revolting nature, and it is difficult to believe on hearing of them, that such horrors can take place in a Christian country. They match the frightful details of the Indian Mutiny—but enough of this sickening theme.

* * * * *

“Last week was holy week, and on Saturday I witnessed a curious sight. In the morning a figure very much resembling Guy Fawkes (even to the pipe in its mouth), called Judas, was stuck up in the garden, its breast decorated with a paper on which were some verses written by the carpenter,—called Senhor Francisco, because he is a white man and a Portuguese—setting forth the vileness of his conduct in betraying his Divine Master. Precisely at twelve o'clock a.m. all the bells on the premises were set ringing furiously, guns were fired in different parts of the grounds, and then the children of the house, armed with long poles, and followed by a troop of little negroes and mulattoes, some of whom could scarcely toddle, rushed forth, seized the figure, dragged it along the court-yard, belabouring it with all their might, until they were fairly tired out with the fun. They

then set fire to it, and as it was stuffed with gunpowder in different parts of its dress, several explosions took place, that produced a very grand effect. But the most ludicrous part of the business was, that Judas' head was surmounted by the cap of a private of the fifth battalion, as the white letters on it plainly indicated.”

* * * * *

And now for my impressions as to slaves and slavery. To me, the negroes in general appear to bear a strong resemblance to those two Irish servants whose master addressed them thus:—

“Pat, what are you doing?”

“Nothing, yer honour.”

“What are you doing, Mike?”

“Helping Pat, yer honour.”

And from what I saw and experienced, they are a most troublesome race to manage. It is almost impossible to teach a black to perform his duties as a domestic servant systematically. He or she has to be told the same thing over and over again, although they may have been in the habit of doing it a dozen years.

Is it not enough to vex a saint, when, after having overnight given the most minute and distinct directions to have a horse saddled by half-past seven the next morning, to find on going into the court-yard (after swallowing a cup of coffee almost boiling) not even the shadow of an animal? And when at last, after half-a-dozen blacks have been dispatched one after another to the stables, the horse does make its appearance, ten to one that the girths are so insecure that the saddle is pretty sure to turn round, thus obliging you to dismount midway to have it properly arranged, and, as a natural consequence of the delay, you lose the *masembomba* (train). I say it is enough to try the patience of Job. But the good man had not to deal with negroes.

As far as I saw, they are very well treated, and carefully tended when they are sick, which is pretty often, for very few days passed without two or three slaves being reported *doente* (ailing), and thereupon they were visited by the master or mistress, and broth, tea, &c., sent to them until they were well again. The nature of some negroes is utterly impracticable; severity has no effect, and kindness is shown in vain. In one instance Mrs. C. repeatedly forgave a black for misconduct of various kinds, and eventually gave him his liberty, thinking thereby to kindle a feeling of gratitude in his soul, but in vain. One morning he coolly walked off without assigning any reason for his desertion, and has never been near the place since. Madame D.'s slaves

have so little to do that they are fat and sleek as moles. And Madame A.'s are treated with so much indulgence that they impose upon her good-nature most shamefully, having found by experience that falling on their knees and imploring pardon with clasped hands was almost sure to soften the hearts of their amiable mistress and her kind-hearted sons. The above is what I know, and I heard the same from everybody to whom I spoke, English and Brazilian. There are no doubt instances of slaves being treated cruelly, but is that to be wondered at where unfeeling masters have unlimited power over beings whom they consider their inferiors in every respect? Nay, even in England have we not seen instances of a similar nature in persons of education? I need only allude to Sloan and his wife, and other cases where the masters and mistresses of parish apprentices treated the poor creatures under them much worse than I have ever seen slaves treated out here. And when the slaves are old and past work, they still live on the plantation or estate; they are not separated from their mothers or their children as paupers are in England, to be kept in the union in a free country. In the Brazils the slaves mostly descend from a father to his children.

One circumstance surprised me not a little, and that is, that slaves almost always have money at command; "where or how they get it is not known," as Miss P. remarked to me, "but money they always have, be it much or little." In conclusion, I can only say that the negroes are a merry, thoughtless race, terribly addicted to *cachaça* (the rum of the country), and capable of dancing all night long after their day's work is over, without appearing the worse for it. And their dances

are grand affairs too. The *feitor* (overseer) comes and asks "May the blacks play to-night, Senhora?" And the Senhora's permission being obtained, preparations for the dance begin forthwith. And the first thing to be done is to dress for the occasion. Cocked hats, stew-pan shaped hats, ornamented with gold and silver lace, and always surmounted by feathers, enter largely into the decorations of the men, while trousers with stripes of different colours figure at these festivities, and seem to be considered the *ne plus ultra* of elegance; indeed, at the christening of one of the little negresses my gravity was nearly upset when Mrs. C. made me remark *Posquale*, the godfather, who made his appearance at the ceremony attired in a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, and a pair of trousers with gold lace down the sides! But to return to the dance. The negresses dress themselves mostly in white, some with low bodies and short sleeves, others with jackets and huge balloons, but their costume is quite commonplace compared to that of the men. There are two large drums, at each of which a negro hammers away with his fist, and a terrible din they make, while the others sing to that accompaniment, and execute a dance, which I must be excused from describing: suffice it to say, that after having seen it once, I had no desire to see it repeated. But to the negroes themselves it appears to afford the highest gratification, nor do they ever leave off of their own accord; only when the bell gives the signal for them to retire to rest do they discontinue their exertions, ready to begin again the next night, if they were allowed to do so.

So much for what I saw of slavery in Brazil.

A STORY OF WATERLEIGH MILL.

(IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.)

CHAPTER VII.

HAVILAND returned to the Beetle. When he entered the room, the cloth was laid. The captain, seated at the head of the table, leaned moodily on his elbows. To Haviland's salutation he raised his forefinger to his cap.

"The services are going to the devil," he muttered, "going, going, gone," with a thump of both arms on the board, in imitation of an auctioneer's hammer.

"Why, what's the matter, captain? nothing amiss, I trust?"

"The wind's up and down, and there's no

bottom, we neither make sail nor anchor, we sit with our hands in our breeches' pockets, and sing yankee doodle, that's all, my lad. Oh! a smart, lively, weatherly craft for me, that don't hang astern, or hang fire; d'ye understand, brother?"

"Nautical matters? no, sir; I am a poor sailor," Haviland replied. "I hardly know the stem from the stern, but, Captain Salter, I have a favour to ask of you."

"What," said the captain, looking up with alacrity, "a particular service?"

"Yes, very; don't mention it to any one."

"By no manner of means ; time and place, my boy?"

"Well, I have a little affair, captain, over the way near the mill this evening, and I ask your assistance."

"All right," he replied, "I'm your man ; what can I do for you, my lad?"

"Perhaps, Captain Salter, you may find it convenient to take a walk in the direction I have indicated about seven this evening, have you any objection?"

"None in life. *Very* particular service, eh? Pistols, is it?"

"Not exactly. A private matter of my own. I really can't say more just now. Please come quietly to the mill at the time I mention, and wait outside till I give you a call."

"Ay, ay," exclaimed the veteran, joyfully, "I'll be there at seven p.m., and ask no questions."

Haviland now left the room for a few minutes, when he was gone the captain soliloquised.

"Not exactly pistols ; I don't quite understand the 'not exactly,'—probably carbines or cutlasses. Love or honour? Love, for a thousand. I take it that the pretty lass up at the church is at the bottom of all. Let me see" (counting the points of the evidence on the ends of his fingers), "let me see, officer observed by me from bedroom at eight a.m. in Waterleigh churchyard. Officer makes faces at Parsonage window. In one hour, old Parsonage runs down to Beetle with full powers to treat, and work officer off if required. Challoner looks sweet at Parsonage, Parsonage looks damned sour at Challoner. Challoner bullies officer at noon, officer ditto Challoner, and determines cutlasses, John Salter second. Women therefore at the bottom of all, 'Q—E—D,' as Birchbottom would say. Of course, honour not in it, and yet honour is the better company, honour goes by reckoning and observation, love has neither compass nor steerage. Love is a cranky, backing and filling, twist-me about sort of craft. Oh! Lord, even a certain great admiral, of whom nothing but good, nothing but good" (touching his cap, "was singed uncommon by a wench, let that pass, 'tis the luck of all. Women are the rocks ahead in life's course, with currents setting down upon them in every direction. If you do get within shot, 'play at long taws, for God's sake,' as the Yankees say ; once at close quarters, and it's ashore you are, and on your beam-ends before you can cry Jack Robinson. No age is safe. Gad, I feel the smart of that comely she-devil's bite upon my cheek now. But mum's the

word, and I trust Challoner will get his gruel, if he don't I shall feel it right to have a smack at him myself, for he was very saucy. Let me see, I know my station, the mill, seven p.m. 'Twill be rather dark for correct shooting, so I have no doubt 'cutlasses' will be the word. Dinner late again, Stockfish," growled the captain, as the former deposited with great unction the wine decanters upon the table ; "eight bells, four minutes past by Waterleigh clock," pointing to something he held up in his hand that seemed like a compass, but which was in reality an old ship-chronometer, arranged by some cunning artificer for the pocket of the flapped waistcoat. This watch, the glory of its possessor, was the torment of the unhappy Stockfish, and his whole establishment. The captain, however outrageous its vagaries, would admit of no other authority. "A chronometer by Harrison," he said with reverence, "very old, but entirely trustworthy, and rated by myself ; I could navigate a ship to an inch by it." Now enters the doctor, mopping his forehead. "Four minutes late, doctor, I see you have put on speed. Sit down, sit down. The doctor murmured something about his wife waiting. "Never mind Mrs. Palfreyman, doctor, there's a piece of boiled beef coming worth all creation, wives included."

The doctor, unable to resist the tempting prospect, sat down, regarding the captain attentively.

"How are you, Captain Salter?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Right and tight as a trivet, my boy," the veteran replied.

"Dear me, I heard that there was an accident, that a conflict had occurred between the military and civil powers, and that you and others were injured, so I just ran round to the surgery for my large instrument case and dressings, and here I am and nothing wanted, I perceive."

"What?" cried Birchbottom, entering at the moment, "the doctor here, and talking shop at dinner ; a fine, a fine!"

"Never you mind the schoolmaster, doctor. Keep your instruments ready, my boy, with a couple of extra bullet forceps, perhaps I may call upon you for them by-and-by," said the captain ; "there was a bit of a row here, but no bones broke."

"Be honest now, doctor, for once, and say more's the pity," cried Birchbottom ; "upon my soul, I believe this doctor would enjoy practising surgery upon any of us. Didn't he give the blacksmith's boy, who lost his eye by a spark from the anvil, sixpence a day to practice ophthalmic surgery upon him, to sea-

rify, strabismatize, and couch, &c., the useless organ, whereby the patient realised very pretty pocket-money, and the doctor a deal of practical skill in his profession?"

"Birchbottom," replied the doctor, "I see I must have a little serious conversation with you, my dear friend; you are vociferous, sir, I must take you in hand, and order an immediate sedative, and a dose of castor-oil and turpentine cras mane."

"Vociferous!" exclaimed Birchbottom, "I vociferous? I want a sedative?"

"Blood-letting," said the doctor, "or the undertaker will have you, my boy."

"Doctor," said Birchbottom, viciously, "I hate an undertaker, but I swear to you that I consider him a far nobler animal than the doctor his provider."

As both the disputants rose at this crisis in a menacing way, the captain called to order.

"What now," said the veteran, with the same voice he would have hailed a look-out man in the tops, "what now, eh? Pour out two glasses of wine, d'ye hear, and drown your animosity, my lads. Doctors and undertakers are not worth the jaw you are wasting upon them."

The captain's mandate was imperative, and the opportune arrival of the boiled beef at the moment added its force, and changed the gall of Birchbottom and the doctor into the milk of human kindness; they nodded, and obediently drained their glasses. All was sunshine again.

While dinner was being put on the table, the doctor took Birchbottom aside, and by the button.

"Talking of undertakers," he said, "it may be gratifying to you, my dear friend, to know, hating that profession as you do,—I speak in strict confidence,—that their days are numbered."

"Numbered!" exclaimed Birchbottom; "is it come to the last man, then?"

"No, no, you take it in a wrong sense; what says the immortal Shakespeare?—

Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve, &c.

I am happy to say that I am now in a position to answer his aspiration in a way that were the bard alive would be highly satisfactory to him. Listen," continued the doctor, "listen, my boy, an explanatory case in point. A man at work in a manufactory of caustic potash accidentally fell into a large vat filled with a solution of that substance, potassa-fusa, or as the old pharmacopolists have it, lapis infernalis, and most infernal he found it, for when the poor devil's fellow-workmen hastened to the rescue, lo, the man was gone!

not a vestige of him was to be seen. They ran the fluid off, one button alone remained to tell the melancholy tale, all the rest nowhere, so excellent the solvent."

"What a fearful circumstance!" Birchbottom exclaimed.

"Mark me, my friend," continued the doctor, "from this fearful circumstance, as you term it, but to me most interesting fact, I instantly struck out a boundless reform; I revolutionised, I destroyed the whole brood of the undertaking kingdom. I gave my scheme a local habitation and a name, I called it the Lapis Infernalis Corporeal Solvent, Anti-undertaking Company, with limited liability, Lothbury, London, capital 50,000*l.* in shares of 5*l.* each. I am not yet prepared to name my chairman and directors. I have an M.P. in my eye, and you and Challoner will doubtless join the board. Let me see: Augustus Birchbottom, Esq., late of Chancery-lane, gentleman, principal and lecturer at the rural college, Waterleigh-upon-Thames; Robert Challoner, Esq., Justice of the Peace, Squire of Waterleigh, &c., &c.; besides, I must have a chaplain and a doctor."

"Peter Palfreyman, Esq., M.D., to wit," said Birchbottom.

"With a salary of one thousand per annum, and a bonus of 500 shares," added the doctor, rubbing his hands; "consider, my dear friend, the enormous magnitude of my discovery as applied to social and funeral interests; where now the glory of the undertaker? extinguished in a moment by the purer light of chemistry and physiology; no dismal nettle-grown churchyard, no pompous sextons, no gravediggers, no coffin-makers, hearses, or borrowed plumes, all the tinsel of the undertaker gone in an instant; and then the saving.

"An interment by the company in public vat, ten and six. In private ditto, two pounds two.

"You may say why not burn the body, more antiquo? I anticipate, and instantly answer the proposition: the human subject is not inflammable; mind, I speak in a physical, not in a moral sense; see Trelawney's reminiscences of the burning of his friend Shelley, it took the entire day to do it; and now the whole funeral arrangements effected in seven minutes, thirty seconds. The urn exchanged for the simple glass bottle, containing the solution of your friend. Birchbottom, I will of a surety, if not first myself dissolved, have one dozen of you, my dear boy. But to carry it still further, suppose when Nelson died, if instead of the cask of spirits they had put him——"

"Not one word more," said the captain,

sternly interposing, "I have overheard part of your lingo, and it's not fit for the cock pit, let alone the dining-room, and dinner on table; say grace, doctor, and be hanged to you."

As soon as the dinner was over, at a significant wink from the captain, Haviland slipped away, and left the rest of the party to their potations. Impatient for the interview with Cradock, he found, as he stood at the inn door, that he had somewhat anticipated the hour of his appointment at the mill, and as the sun had not yet set he strolled round by the church to have another look at the quiet parsonage. "Perhaps," he thought, "the window so closely curtained in the morning may now permit a peep of my dear Blanche. Hers was the promise of great beauty, and no doubt she is much grown and altered; I shall surely see her to-morrow. As he entered the churchyard at the wicket gate, he was surprised to see a lady there, occupied in clearing from one of the grave-stones the fallen slates and leaves left by the storm of the previous night. Haviland paused and regarded her silently. A basket of chrysanthemums and other late flowering plants was at her side, evidently intended to grace the dead. The young lady, quite unconscious that a stranger was nearer, continued her work, until the stone was cleared and in order; then she began to plant her flowers, pausing and stepping back from time to time to see the effect.

"I fear," she said, half aloud, "that I shall make but a sorry tirewoman to this poor desolate grave, worn by rain and sunshine, and so long uncared for; and now, just as he returns, it is so late in the autumn, that flowers are nearly over, only chrysanthemums left; however, anything is better than these nettles and the rank grass:—

Hath autumn, then, no gift more rare
Than weeds unkind;
No glory for the tangled hair,
Bright asters twined
With jacinth cold, and marigold,
Death's brow to bind!"

She turned, and saw that she was not alone. It is impossible to conceive a lovelier woman as she stood in an attitude of surprise, most simple and graceful.

"I beg your pardon," said Haviland, advancing and raising his hat. "I was not aware—I trust that I have not interrupted you."

She stood with her large eyes fixed upon him, but said nothing. Eyes so dark and austere, a face so sweet and serious, he thought he had never beheld.

As the two stood thus regarding each other, here was a fine subject for a painter. The leafless trees, and melancholy half-ruined

church in the background, reddened by the setting sun, the grey old grave-stone at the feet of two figures so rich in youthful beauty, and in contrast with the desolation around, combined a whole that needed no further composition for a picture. As Haviland gazed doubtfully, an expression of childish love and innocence, like passing sunshine, lit up the pensive countenance of the beautiful woman before him, and he knew she was Blanche Carlyon.

"I believe, sir," she said timidly, "that you are Major Haviland; my father has told me of your unexpected return, but this is so sudden; I daresay you have forgotten me; I am Blanche Carlyon."

"Blanche," said Haviland, "—Miss Carlyon, for now I may not call you Blanche—"

"Oh, yes," said Blanche, "give me my old name; I am so glad to see you; we must still be friends as in our childish days."

He shook her warmly by the hand.

"I should have come to you the moment I returned, but my whole time has been taken up with a most disagreeable business; has your father mentioned the circumstances?"

"Something he has told me, but not all."

"I shall tell you all, my dear Blanche by-and-by, for I am sorry to say that I must now leave you for a short time, so provoking, too, just at the moment of our first meeting after so many years. I have made an appointment to be at the mill by sunset upon a matter of importance, arising out of this wretched business, and the red light on the trees yonder warns me that I have no time to lose; so good-by for the present, I shall soon return. How much you will have to tell your old friend Harry after his long absence. One thing be sure of, that in all his difficulties and dangers he never forgot his dear little Blanche, and the happy days of the old time." Blanche Carlyon blushed, looked down, and was silent. She stooped to take up the basket. "But tell me," said her companion, "what is this that you are doing, whose grave are you decorating with flowers?" He turned to read the inscription on the monument:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
RICHARD GREENSHIELD,
BORN 1810,
ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED
OCTOBER 21, 1855.

Haviland regarded the stone for a minute in silence.

"Why, Blanche, this is my uncle's grave," he said, sternly; "my poor uncle's grave, that now suddenly and briefly appeals to me."

"I trust," she said, timidly shrinking back, "that I have not done wrong?"

"Wrong, Miss Carlyon," exclaimed Haviland, "oh, no, be sure that I quite under-

stand your kind thought; I thank you heartily for what you have done; but, coming after long years thus unexpectedly upon my uncle's grave at this particular moment, touches me



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sharply; when I think, too, that the innocent stone looking up all the while to the broad heaven with a lie on the very face of it has been made to play its part in a damnable transaction. It is most strange how all things

combine to the one end; why, yesterday I knew nothing, and now the whole tissue of villany unravels itself clearly before me. Drowned!—murdered, Blanche, and the murderer in my power. Yes, I will have

fitting retribution, that I will : I go to a stern duty."

"What, murdered!" exclaimed Blanche, pale and trembling. "I never knew—my father did not tell me——"

"Dear Miss Carlyon," he said, gently taking her hand, "I frighten you with my vehemence ; I ought not to have given way to this foolish passion at our first meeting, after so many years and when your kind heart had restored the old stone to the light, that the eyes of an unworthy nephew might look upon his murdered uncle's grave. But why do I thus distress you? forgive me; I have been much tried and perplexed of late, I feel that I staid away too long, not at hand when sorely wanted; but I must not talk thus, I go now, I will return to the Parsonage in an hour."

Haviland hastily left the churchyard, and took the path through the meadows to the mill. The river was still flowing rapidly, and with swollen current. The flood had subsided, but here and there in the eddy under the scarp'd banks, broad sheets of yeasty foam circling about told of the recent strife of waters. The silvery weeds, dashed with autumnal gold, beaten down with the wind and rain of the night, and discoloured with mud, seemed as if they could never again rise to wonton in the summer breeze. The sun rested on a low hill, his crimson ball reflected in the thousand ripples of the moving flood, struck a path of quivering fire between the rushy banks and leafless alders; long flights of rooks, high in the green sky above the sun-glow, sailed homeward to their rest. As Haviland walked on by the waterside, each turn of the well-remembered banks brought back to him his thoughtless, childish days, and his mind, over-strained and heated, insensibly calmed down under the gentle reproof of nature and the influence of happy memories. The clouds that oppressed him passed away, and the sunshine of Blanche Carlyon's sweet face came out into the picture, but it was not exactly her face nor the face she used to have; it was altering as in a dream; childish innocence, mature loveliness, the thoughtless abandon of the child, the sedate grace of the woman, blended together like a dissolving view, to which the agitation of Haviland's mind permitted no definite expression. The sun set behind the hills as he walked musingly on, and the whole aspect of things became changed; the river, no longer glowing in the reddening sunlight, now glimmered and greyed in the cooler eventide, and a broad and shadowy repose fell upon hill and wold. Haviland paused to gaze on the subdued and altered

landscape, and to listen to the moaning of the river:—

Ye sights and sounds, why do ye move me so!

Whence is this tender mist that dims mine eyes!

Oh man! thy thought is set on long ago,

On childish hope and love, my heart replies.

"It is true," he said, quoting almost unconsciously the lines, "it is too true, now at a moment perhaps of life's deepest interest and sternest duty, my thoughts will go astray, and I am lingering here with my dear little Blanche and the old time. But this will never do, I must get back again to the business of the hour." As he turned quickly away, he thought he saw a man partly concealed behind a bush not more than eight or ten yards from him. At first he concluded that it was Cradock. He whistled, but no response.

"Can it be Challoner, or one of his people thus dogging me?" thought Haviland, and he at once ran to the spot,—no one was there. "This is odd," he said, "the bush is the only cover for yards. The man must have been a fleet runner to have cleared the ground between this thorn-tree and yonder willow-bed before I came up. He whistled again, and was answered by Cradock, who appeared from between the yielding brushwood. "Hush," said Haviland, "did you see anyone?"

"Yes," said Cradock, "I saw one upon the bank."

"You saw me," said Haviland.

"No, not you," he replied.

"Was it Challoner, Cradock?"

"No, it was not Challoner. I saw one that I see every day in my mind, but not as I have just seen him."

"Do talk like a reasonable man; who or what was it that you did see?"

"Master Harry," he replied, very earnestly, "it was my old master standing looking out upon the water. The light shone on his hair and on his face, it was he, and no one else."

"It is strange," said Haviland, "I was not quick enough. No doubt there are spies about, and we must be upon our guard; I wish I had run that fellow to earth, whoever he was. Come on, Cradock, the sun has set, and it grows dusk, we waste our time here," and Haviland with his companion quitted the cover, and stood before the mill.

It was a picturesque structure, principally of wood. The original stonework had belonged to an ancient building, smaller than the present. The massive buttresses, narrow loopholes, and general strength of the old masonry, showed that the earlier occupiers of the mill had studied safety and self-defence in its construction. It was a wonderful piece of colour. The stone foundation, seen through the clear

rushing current, was soaked black and brown below the water-line, and passing through every gradation of tone, melted above into pearly grey. Intensely green water-weeds, resembling miniature ivy, spotted the brown wheels and umbery piles, and added their startling brilliancy to the chord of colour. The wooden additions, though comparatively of modern date, had been raised at successive periods, until the whole edifice, half masonry, half oakwood frame, acquired important dimensions, and now loomed grandly in the deepening twilight. Tiers of steep sloping roofs, at various heights and angles, stood out sharply against the evening sky, surmounted at their highest point by a picturesque Venetian sort of tower, on the top of which a creaking weather-cock gleamed with the western glow. Several quaint casements arched with red brick, and circled with clustering ivy, some high up in pointed gables, others in situations where rooms seemed to be out of the question, reflected on their narrow panes the cool blue of the eastern sky. Two powerful water-wheels in arches underneath the building, indistinctly seen by the flickering light of the flashing water, appeared like river-giants slumbering in their gloomy portals. An open gallery nearly surrounding the building, in colour Indian red, tinged with ruddy reflection the dark stream beneath, which, streaked with silvery foam-bubbles, rushed out sparkling and rippling in the cool evening light.

"The old place no doubt as heretofore," Haviland exclaimed, "but so changed; either I see it with other eyes or it has taken on a very desolate and solemn aspect; and how still! no sound now save the mocking current, no beating wheels, no busy cheerful hum within, no loaded wains, the strutting poultry all gone, even the merry rats seem to have forsaken the place."

In fact the mill was deserted. Odd stories of noises supposed to be connected with the mysterious death of the miller, and other circumstances, had deterred people from taking the premises. Besides, shortly after Greenshield's death, Challoner had received considerable additions to the property. Some valuable estates had fallen in, and he did not care to have the mill re-occupied; indeed he had latterly talked of pulling down the old beggarly hole, as he termed it, and building with the materials a light bridge to the neighbouring island, and a fishing-box and boat-house on the site of Cradock's hut.

Cradock continued in Challoner's employment after the miller's death, and he was still the nominal custodian of the place, holder of the keys, and keeper of the sluices.

For this easy service he received a weekly payment and the hut on the island to live in. There was some talk at first: suspicion fell upon him, but time passed on; and the thing with it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANA.

THE FENIANS.—These people, of whom we have recently heard so much, if we believe the early historians so far as to allow them an historical existence, were a body of Irish militia, forming a kind of standing army, which was employed to defend the coasts of Ireland from the invasion of foreign foes. They were billeted upon the inhabitants during winter, and obliged to maintain themselves by hunting and fishing during summer. Each of the four provinces had its own band of these warriors or champions, but Leinster was the most fortunate province in incorporating distinguished names in the list of its Fenians. Fingal himself was one of the illustrious band, which included also the ever-memorable Ossian. When St. Patrick came to Ireland, Ossian narrated to the Apostle of Ireland the exploits of the valiant Fenians. The record of their conversation, which is still extant, is called the Dialogue of the Sages; but it seems that the saint and the bard, sage as they both were, were sometimes on the point of quarrelling. Our readers may remember the version of an ancient Ossianic poem which, according to Sir Walter Scott, Hector M'Intyre gave to his uncle the Antiquary. St. Patrick there complains that his devotional meditations and psalms are disturbed by the old women's tales of Ossian; and Ossian, annoyed at the implied comparison of psalms to the tales of the bare-armed Fenians, declares in no measured terms that he should think it no great harm to wring the saint's bald head from his shoulders.

THE Earl of Surrey, afterwards eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and hard drinker, and a leading member of the Beef-steak Club, was so far from cleanly in his person, that his servants used to avail themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent, by the way—for the purpose of washing him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a corpse, and performed the needful ablutions. He was equally notorious for his horror of clean linen. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and had tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied, "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"





Palmerston

"SANS MERCI;"

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV. FAMILY PORTRAITS.

TRULY, you might travel over many a league of English ground, before meeting with a handsomer pair than Bessie and Brian: yet the one point that strikes you first, is the marked contrast between the two.

The girl is a superb specimen of that peculiar type of beauty, common to almost all nations of Scandinavian origin—not necessarily involving purity of blood or descent; for you find it as often amongst the peasantry as in any other order. We all know its characteristics: unsparing wealth of golden hair, not over fine or silky, as a rule; long, lithe, shapely limbs; and a roundness of contour, apt to become massively luxuriant all too soon; clear cut aquiline features; a broad white brow, overhanging the splendours of brightest blue eyes, less apt to melt than to sparkle; last, but not least, a glorious complexion, in which red and white are too rarely mingled for imitation by any human hand.

It would, perhaps, be hard to say why, looking on beauty such as this, we seem to feel, instinctively, that the animal element there must dominate over the intellectual; and why, wishing to do it honour, we should exhaust every other epithet before we think of—'lovely.'

Nevertheless, of love at first sight (in the vulgar acceptance of the term), these magnificent blondes always can claim their fair share: of admiration, they engross more than an arithmetical proportion. If Bessie Standen carries her handsome head somewhat higher than quite becomes a modest maiden, it is surely by right of many conquests.

Now—turn and look at Brian Maskelyne. Not often, near the centre of the temperate zone, do you meet with those smooth soft cheeks, like white camelia petals—pale before the gloss of youth and health has left them; that blue-black hair all crisped and waving; those great velvety eyes, sleeping indolently in their languid lustre, till some strong passion makes them gleam like a jaguar's. It is one of those faces into which you will see

fortune-tellers and the like peer ever wistfully; even their simple science can tell that such are generally doomed, at one season or another in life, to figure in some sad, if not sinful, story.

A few months still must pass, before Brian Maskelyne shall attain his legal majority; nor, even then, does he come into the lordship of the broad demesnes to which he is the sole heir. Nay: it is in his power wilfully to cast away his birthright; for not an acre of the Mote property is now entailed.

When the will of Brian's father was opened, some ten years ago, many cried shame on it; and a few scrupled not to accuse the widow, of having beguiled a weak uxorious husband into indulging her with an undue stretch of authority, at the expense of her son.

The terms of the will ran thus:—

On Brian Maskelyne's attaining the age of twenty-one, he became entitled to a yearly allowance of 1000*l.*; four years later—should no forfeiture intervene—he came into unfettered possession of his whole inheritance. Also, if in the meantime he should marry with his mother's full consent, Mote, and all thereto belonging, became absolutely Brian's, for settlement, or any other purpose. But if, before attaining the said age of twenty-five, he should contract a legal marriage, unknown to his mother or against her will, then the whole fee-simple of the estates, and the disposal of all real and personal property whatsoever, became vested at once in Mrs. Maskelyne; to be bequeathed or dealt with as she thought proper. Nor could Brian ever claim anything beyond the above mentioned 1000*l.*, in the shape of an annuity without power of anticipation: this pittance the testator considered just sufficient to give bread and plain meat to a Maskelyne who had lost caste: he did not wish to bequeath to such an one more. In the event of Mrs. Maskelyne's death before any of these conditions were fulfilled, nearly the same powers were entrusted to certain trustees, whereof Seyton of Warleigh was the chief. But, in this last case, the property real and

personal passed, so soon as the forfeiture should be complete, to the Maskelyne that chanced then to be the next of kin.

A strange will, no doubt; yet, perhaps, neither were poor George Maskelyne's folly, nor his fair wife's ambition, so overweening as Marlshire gossips would have them. Looking back carefully at the records of Mote, you would possibly abate in your wonder. From its very origin there has brooded a curse over that ancient house—the curse of wilful misalliance. Like other hereditary diseases, it would leap over a generation or so—only to break out more fatally in the next.

Now the men who successively did this wrong to the family-honour, seemed impelled thereto by some temptation, not to be explained by reference to the general tenour of their lives.

There was the wicked favourite, whom the fourth Edward loved—if he trusted not—right well; chiefly because he knew him to be more wild and reckless than himself: indeed, men said, that, whether in love or war, the kingly Belial could hardly keep pace with the meaner fiend. Is it not written—how Hugh de Maskelyne wedded the daughter of Sebastian the thievish Portingal scrivener, lusting more after her beauty than her gold; and how, two years after, he arose early from a debauch, and sate, with an evil laugh on his flushed handsome face, while his father-in-law was maimed and burnt in the pillory?

There was Richard Maskelyne; sworn boon-companion of Rochester and Etherege; known in all that set as the D——'s Dick; to whom Sedley indited the most blasphemous of his sonnets. Before his beard was grey, he took to wife the offspring of one of his own tenants—a buxom Blousalinda, who outlived all his brutality, and buried him at last, more decently than he deserved; though she professed herself heart-broken, before the honeymoon had waned.

Lastly—not to multiply examples—there was Brian's own grand-uncle Godfrey; whom the Regent, not unfrequently, named master of his revels; who would play any man for his estate, or any woman for her honour; one who, all his life long, had made a mock at every honest and holy thing—at matrimony most of all. It was more than a nine-days wonder, when he placed a nuptial wreath on the false hair of an opera-singer, with a reputation more cracked than her voice, and who had made a science of infidelity. Be it recorded though, to La Signora's credit, that she forebore to palm on the family the mockery of an heir; so, the direct line was spared so much of shame.

Now, when it is considered that, in all human probability, these men could have compassed their desire at a far less costly price than the sacrifice of their name,—it being premised, too, that of all the commandments they notoriously least regarded the Seventh,—their aberration can hardly be explained, save on the ground of an hereditary malady: a pagan fatalist would have absolved them at once, as unaccountable agents of a Nemesis.

With these examples, and many more, before his eyes, George Maskelyne signed his last will and testament. There was nothing of the domestic tyrant in his nature; for he was a mild man, of weak constitution and studious habits, nervously anxious to please everybody, and devotedly fond of his only child. It is probable that his sole intent was, to keep Brian under watch and ward till the first folly of youth was overpast; just like that Arabian king, who locked up his son in a lonely tower, during the season marked out as fatal by the stars.

A wise and just precaution: did it ever once avail? I trow not. The locksmith is yet to be born, whose bolts will baffle the cunning burglars—Love and Fate.

To return to that pair of innocent lambs. There is one other point to be noted about Bessie Standen.

In spite of her superb exterior, after the first glance, you become aware of an indefinable something, that forbids you to credit her with good birth or breeding; there is a want of the self-possession and self-reliance inherent in imperial beauty: in her bearing there is too much of defiance, in her eye too much of a challenge.

And—listen—the first words that fall from her red ripe lips, are not precisely drops of honey-dew.

"You need not have been so flurried, Brian; nor so anxious to hide me. I don't believe your fine friend, whoever he was, had time, in this light, to recognise either of us. Its rather early in the day, too,—to feel ashamed of being seen with me."

Brian looked her full in the face, with the earnest melaancholy gaze that puzzled her uncomfortably, at times—with all her superiority in age and worldly wisdom.

"You're quite wrong, Bessie," he said gently. "There's nothing 'fine' about Tom Seyton, as all Marlshire would tell you: if I had known who it was, at first, I should not been so anxious to hide you; though he's quite at home at Mote, and may one day be my guardian. As for his not recognising us both—you don't know those hawk's-eyes of his as well as I do. But I don't think he would

have the heart to betray me, even to my mother. You shouldn't taunt me with over-caution: prudence is hard enough to practise, even when you preach it. Ashamed—ashamed of *you*, my queen! What makes me as patient as I am—except looking forward to the day, when you shall carry your head as high as the haughtiest of them all? Darling, you're not like yourself to-night; or you would never have spoken so."

His voice shook a little as he ended: if the language was somewhat over-strained, as is often the case in boyish eloquence, it rang true as steel. Bessie Standen's shapely shoulder stirred once, impatiently; but—perhaps in spite of herself—she answered in a softened tone, with a tinge of banter in it notwithstanding.

"Poor child! Was I cross with it? See, I fold my hands and ask pardon—so prettily! And that was Mr. Seyton, was it? Perhaps he did recognise me; but, I dare say, you're right in trusting his discretion. Brian, dear, you mustn't mind my pettishness—I've been more worried at home of late than I can tell you. Yes. I know you'd help me if you could; but you can't, just now, at all events. Only, you must not keep me another minute, I've stayed out too late as it is. I'll write, of course; and we shall meet again very soon. There—just—one—no more." (This sentence is rather hard to 'stop' correctly.) "You are not to follow me one step beyond the turn of the lane. I can perfectly well take care of myself."

There was no second meaning intended in these last words; yet her lover felt strangely conscious of their truth, as he watched the firm elastic footfalls, that carried Bessie Standen so swiftly away, through alternate light and darkness. As he turned slowly away from the trysting-place, he chid himself for feeling so depressed and melancholy; but, surely, a man should be well into middle-age, ere—even to his own conscience—he need give reason for every sigh.

Not having any special reasons for discretion, we will take leave to accompany you fair damsel, even to her own fireside.

The first glimpse of the interior is not attractive. Whisky and strong Virginian tobacco are excellent things in their season—but, consumed in large quantities when the day is young, they affect the bystander with a disagreeable sense of incongruity, and are apt to lay a heavy burden on the atmosphere. Bessie, apparently, was used to this sort of proceeding in her family circle; for her fair face, as she entered, betrayed no disgust or

surprise; only, its expression that, during her homeward walk, had become somewhat softened and subdued, grew harder and more defiant, quickly—as silver tarnishes, passing through sulphuric fumes.

On one side of a fierce fire sate the master of the household—a handsome, large-framed man of the florid type, not so long ago; but late hours and hard living have filled and marred the outlines both of face and figure, till, compared with his former self, he looks like a coarse wood-cut by the side of a fine steel-engraving.

Mr. Standen had resided four years or so at Torreaster, and of his antecedents absolutely nothing was known. He had no ostensible profession, unless constant attendance at all the principal race-meetings can be called such; but he had paid his way fairly enough so far, living very much at his ease in all respects, and keeping two or three useful horses in his stable. These he rode soberly, throughout the winter, with the Marlshire hounds, evidently looking out after business rather than sport; for he never negotiated a hurdle, unless a probable customer were near, in which case he would occasionally astonish the natives (who are not easily surprised) not a little, by a performance over stiff timber. For reasons best known to himself, he never allowed his beautiful Bessie to show in the hunting-field, though she rode boldly and gracefully.

Mr. Standen's was a very uncertain position; for the aristocracy, both of city and county, persisted in ignoring his presence on all occasions, or, at the best, indulged him with the coolest nod; while he affected to consider himself as above familiarity with the wealthy burghers. But he was not troubled with any acute sensibilities, and lived, to all appearances, contentedly enough in his narrow circle of acquaintance. This was made up of some half-dozen residents in Torreaster—social anomalies like himself—and certain strangers of horsey exterior, who dropped in uninvited for a flying visit. His boon-companion, on the present occasion, was by far the most assiduous of these casual familiars.

Christopher Darenty's was rather a remarkable face. The upper part was nearly perfect; dense, well-pencilled brows arched themselves imposingly over a pair of keen black eyes, and the nose was really a study of delicate chiselling; but the mouth and chin spoilt all. In spite of an unusually luxuriant beard (which he cultivated, as if conscious of the defects alluded to), before ever he opened his lips, you felt that the man was cunning, and sensual, and cruel.

He was known among racing-men as "Kit, the Lawyer;" or The Lawyer, *tout court*; and, though he was scarcely turned of thirty, he had earned the *soubriquet* right well, by an extraordinary astuteness in picking his way through the miry labyrinths of turf-law. He sailed very close to the wind at times, so that his sails seemed shaking perilously; but, thus far, he had evaded both shipwreck and capture; though his movements were jealously looked after, in certain high quarters, just as a notorious privateer is watched by a neutral port-admiral. Once caught red-handed, The Lawyer knew right well what he had to expect—"a short shrift, and a long rope."

The unhealthy atmosphere—physically and morally speaking—of a gambler's life, seemed to suit Kit Daventry's constitution; that head was as cool and as hard as his heart, and equally proof against impression *ab extra*. On the present occasion, there was not a flush on his cheek, nor the faintest unsteadiness of hand, or tongue, or eye; though the signs of debauch were plain to read on the face of his seasoned companion, and they had 'drank fair' all through the afternoon.

Both the men nodded carelessly to Miss Standen as she entered; but only the younger spoke.

"Well, Bessie, what's your best news? It's time I were off; but I waited for the last tip from your training-ground. Did the colt go a strong gallop this afternoon? Don't be shy about it."

The voice was rather a pleasant one than otherwise, and devoid of any vulgarity of accent; indeed, people were often struck with the contrast between Kit Daventry's tones, and the slaughtiness of speech in which he was prone to indulge.

The girl did not answer at once, but crossed the room with her quick decisive step, and came close behind the last speaker's chair: she took off her coquettish little hat, and tossed it aside; shaking back, at the same time, the gorgeous masses of her golden hair, with a gesture of impatient weariness, that yet was not ungraceful. Any bystander must needs have been struck just then with a certain family likeness between all the three; nor was this wonderful; for the man whose shoulder touched Bessie Standen's rounded arm, was her own first-cousin.

"Shy?" she said, rather bitterly than angrily. "It's late in the day to talk of such things to me. But I've no news worth the telling. It's the same old story—'Patience, only a little longer.' I do so hate the part I've to play, and I began to hate myself to-day—don't ask me why; I don't know, or care

to know. And suppose it were all wasted—all the pain, and trouble, and shame. Don't laugh, Kit. I won't bear it; it is shame—black and bitter—or I shouldn't feel it."

Daventry's lip, that had begun to curl, set itself savagely, as Bessie ceased speaking, with a sob that she tried hard to stifle; but, before he could reply, Mr. Standen's thick, hoarse voice broke in: he stood rather in awe of his clever nephew; and, save when far gone in drink, rarely ventured to beard him.

"Leave the girl alone," he said; "I won't have her chaffed and bullied. It's just like you—to sit soaking and smoking there, and sneer at her when she comes in, after doing her best. Never mind him, Bessie dear; we'll have the laugh on our side, when you're mistress of Mote. Don't you get down-hearted: it's a stake worth waiting for; and, even if the big *coup* don't come off, you'll always have a good name and a thousand a year to fall back upon. As for shame—that's my look out: it's no shame in you, to do your father's bidding."

The brief flush of anger that made his first words sound almost manly, faded as he was speaking; the last were uttered in a querulous whine: of a truth he did look, just then, so very base and degraded, that—though ungrateful—it did not seem unnatural, when Bessie turned impatiently away from her partisan; addressing rather the bolder villain.

"Do you hear him?" she said. "As if a thousand a-year, with no expectations, would be any use to us! Why, we spend more than that—living as we do." (Her glance, sweeping round the dingy room, spoke volumes of scornful commentary.) "As for a name—it's worth to us what it's worth in the market—no more."

The Lawyer shrugged his shoulders, with the air of one who, having much the best of the position, has neither time nor inclination to quarrel.

"You're both more than half right, if you'd only drop your heroics. The big stake is worth waiting for, Uncle James; and I'm the last man alive to advise forcing the running. And, Bessie, I back you—so far; if you can't have Lombard Street, it's no use squeezing the orange dry. It's just possible, too, that the young one's name is as good now as ever it will be. I'm all for keeping things dark at present. No one saw you together to-day, Bessie?"

"No one, except Tom Seyton. I'm not much afraid of him; he's too simple to see any harm in innocent flirtation; and too good-natured to throw stones at butterflies. He don't give me credit for biting or stinging,

I'm certain ; indeed, I think, he rather admires me, in a distant, honest way."

Daventry's black brows contracted, till the double arches were nearly one.

"That's all you know about it," he said, rudely. "Why, you had better have done your love-making in the market-square, than in a corner where Tom Seyton could light on you. Good-natured and simple, eh? Listen, now. I was at Brentwood races two years ago, when there was a row about The Vixen being pulled ; it wasn't half a bad case of roping ; the mare ran forward enough to satisfy most people ; but a few would have it that she never got her head loose. That kind-hearted fool of yours was the acting steward. Wrington, who owned and trained the mare, was had up in the Stand. I couldn't hear what was said ; but I was near enough to see. I saw, by Wrington's face, that he was trying to laugh it off ; and I saw Tom Seyton's set, all of a sudden, like a flint-stone. He did not make a long speech ; but, before it was over, Ben was looking like a whipped hound. No wonder : he might as well have shot the mare, for all the use she's been since : they've stopped her with the weight in every handicap, and the Club keeps a sharp look-out on the whole stable. That was Tom Seyton's work : he said he'd do it that day ; and he kept his word. As for admiring you—you vain monkey—he hasn't an eye for a woman alive, except his own wife. He don't trust you far, either, depend on it ; and he'd shoot Brian Maskelyne dead, sooner than see him married to Jem Standen's daughter."

"And the Lawyer's poor cousin"—the girl retorted ; sweeping a saucy courtesy. "It's a pity to leave out any of my disqualifications. Well—it can't be helped now ; we'll hope there's no harm done. I'm not going to quarrel. I felt rather inclined for it when I came in ; but I find I'm too tired. I shall lie down, till I feel hungry : I suppose you dined hours ago. Don't lose your train, Kit. You won't shake hands ? Good night, then. I hope you'll come back in a better temper !"

Daventry seemed determined not to notice her departure, though his countenance was rather thoughtful than sullen ; but, as Bessie turned in the doorway, he looked up, and met the full mocking light of her great blue eyes : his wicked face wore a curious smile, as he rose quickly, and followed her into the little hall without. For several minutes, Mr. Standen's head had sunk drowsily on his breast ; and he had taken no part in the family council with voice or ear.

"Hold on a minute, Bessie," her cousin

said. "Don't let us part in the sulks. There's been bother enough to-day, to cross a better temper than mine. What do you think of Linda's breaking down badly, just after our money had gone on ? She couldn't have lost at Gainsborough. I haven't told *him* about it ; it's no use. If you don't dock his drink, he'll get quite childish soon. We must get money to winter on now, by fair means or foul. Do you think the young one would put his name to paper ? It would 'melt' easily enough, though he is under age."

These few words of careless kindness brought a softer look on Bessie Standen's face, than her boy-lover had ever seen.

"Is it so bad as that?" she whispered. "Well—I must try, I suppose. But you won't make me speak to him, till there is really need ? Something might turn up any day. And, Kit—you might give me a little more encouragement, instead of always taunting and scolding me. I do my best to please you. All other decoy-ducks are fed—sometimes at least."

Daventry stooped forward (tall as she was, she was the shorter by a head), and looked hard into her eyes, till his own shot forth evil gleams.

"What's the use of self-denial," he muttered, "when one gets no credit for it ?" And he kissed her thrice, passionately.

The girl took the caress, not eagerly, but with a quiet contentment, as a hard-worked sempstress might take her week's wages : she took it without a shade of shrinking or coyness ; though on her lips, not an hour ago, was laid, lightly and reverently, Brian Maskelyne's pledge of alliance.

The contrast was so great, that, if faith and honesty were silent, worldly wisdom might well have spoken loud in warning. On the one side there were—a pure chivalrous devotion, a high social estate, an ancient and stainless name, to win ; on the other—

Bah ! It skills not talking of these things. It is the old story of the Eastern Queen. Sitting at the state banquet by the side of her fair young husband—with the choicest dainties of one hemisphere before her, and a thousand hearts panting to do her bidding—she only counts the minutes that shall bring her to the hovel of her swart, thick-lipped paramour, where her food will be garbage, her greeting, curses and blows.

Of all created beings, there is none more thoroughly disinterested than a woman, bent on casting herself away. Only—such self-sacrifices, instead of winning approving smiles from Heaven, must needs make merriment in another place.

CHAPTER V. PARCERE DEVICTIS.

THE general aspect of Marlshire is rather the reverse of mountainous; indeed, its mild attempts at the picturesque are limited to diversities—not violently striking—of wood and water. But the natives have always been proud of their fertile champaign; and rather disposed to pity than to envy the dwellers in the hill-country. Even where the ground rises gradually, so that, by a stretch of courtesy, it might be called an eminence, the spot seems to have had little attraction for the builders of aforetime; it is in sheltered nooks and grassy hollows that most of the more ancient mansions are placed; if you see a house otherwise situated, it is next to a certainty, that its foundation-stone is not a century old.

Warleigh was no exception to this rule. Lying somewhat remote from the high road—you might have ridden within half a mile of its chimneys, without noticing them, unless the smoke-wreaths curling over the dense tree-tops caught your eye. The house itself was a low broad pile of building; rather attractive, architecturally, from its irregularity and grotesque confusion of styles—a very *olla podrida* in brick and stone. Only in the stables could you detect any unity of design; and these were evidently much more modern in date than any part of the mansion. Neither were the approaches in anywise imposing: the seventy-acre bit of grass-land, immediately round the house, looked more like a paddock than a park; near the gate, at one corner of this, stood a modest lodge; but it was evidently placed there rather for the gamekeepers' convenience (at the angle of a principal cover), than because a proud porter was considered necessary. Entering from the other side, you had to traverse a long range of meadows, and to open an uncertain number of gates for yourself.

But Tom Seyton's friends were used to this; and—though they used to ask sometimes, “when that West Lodge was going to be built that he was always promising them”—they never expected that such an extravagance would be committed in *his* time.

The four leagues home from Torrcaster were done, as usual, under the hour that evening; but Minnie was champing her bit, and shaking her knowing head, quite gaily, when she slackened speed at the entrance of a green bridle-road, about a mile from her stable-door; it was simply from force of habit that she did this; for, unless under sore stress of weather or circumstances, Tom Seyton always brought his cattle in cool. Apparently, he

was in no especial hurry now; for he let the good bay mare have her own way, and rode slowly on, with slackened reins; evidently musing again. He unlatched the lodge-gate for himself, almost mechanically, and hardly raised his head to look around him, till he had passed under the archway of the stable-yard. But his reverie was very quickly broken, by the first words of the groom who came out to meet him.

“Please, sir, Mr. Vincent's come—not half an hour ago. You didn't leave no orders; so there was nothing to meet him at the station.”

Seyton was as little given to outward signs of emotion as any old troop-horse; but he started very perceptibly now.

“Mr. Vincent come?” he repeated, in rather a bewildered way. “No, of course, I gave no orders. I hadn't a notion of his coming so soon. I'm very glad though.”

These last words were spoken more to himself than to the groom. *Was* he really glad? He walked quickly across the yard, as if he cared not to take time to answer a misgiving.

There never breathed a more hospitable creature than Tom Seyton; the merest stranger was always welcome at Warleigh; he would have hated himself for ever if—even in thought—he had grudged entertainment to his Kate's own brother.

But adversity has its awkward, as well as its distressing, side; a great defeat, even though it involve no deep disgrace, is more difficult to grapple with than a great sorrow.

They were heathens all; trained in the flinty-hearted school of Lyncurgus: yet was it not wholly against nature, when, in Sparta, after a disastrous battle, women knelt before the altar clad in bright raiment, with garlands in their hair; while others sate at home in mourning garb, refusing to be comforted. The first were thanking the gods for the honour of their house kept safe, though their hearths were made childless for ever; the last—making moan over sons, who had come back, to tell of lost or tarnished shields.

Besides this, the kindest natures are not always the readiest in condolence: so it was likely enough, that Seyton should feel rather aggrieved, at not having more time to prepare himself for encounter with the mighty fallen. In the other scale was to be set, the intense relief of finding himself no longer the first herald of evil tidings. On the whole, before he had crossed the stable-yard, Tom was nearly ready with his favourite common-place—“It's all for the best.”

Unless you passed through the offices, the nearest way to Seyton's own ‘den’ was through

a postern-door, opening into a nook of turf, separated from the rest of the gardens by a tall hedge of clipped holly. The said den was a large, low room, with three windows looking out on the grass-plot, from which the sills were about breast high.

Those latticed casements were all a glow just then; though no lamp or candle was lighted, the deep lurid glow from several burning oak-logs was quite enough to throw out in strong relief the figure of a woman sitting on a deep rocking-chair, close to the hearth, with her back to the windows, and her head bent forward on her breast. You do not know that figure yet; but Tom Seyton did, right well.

"Poor pet!" he said, half aloud. "So they've sent her to ground, already."

Mrs. Seyton was accustomed—when beset by any doubt, or difficulty, or danger whatsoever—to 'head' at once for her husband's den (if he chanced to be absent it was just the same); on such occasions it was almost impossible to prevent her 'making her point'; and very difficult to dislodge her, till the tyranny was over-past.

She was either dozing now, or in deep thought; for she never noticed the rustle of Seyton's sleeve against the lattice; but, though the passage was carpetted with thick matting over stone, she started up at the first sound of his foot within the outer door, and met him as he entered, with a smile on her face, still wet with recent tears.

"Oh, Tom," she said; "you know it all? And you know he's come."

Before her husband answered a word, he wound his arm round the pretty speaker's waist, and kissed her twice or thrice.

Many moons have waxed and waned since Tom Seyton brought his bride home to Warleigh; but he is still prone to osculation as ever. Whether the subject under discussion be welcome or disagreeable—whether the sympathy expected from him be grave or gay—he invariably opens the proceedings of the Cabinet Council with this absurd ceremony; which he would no more think of omitting, than grace before meat. The number of matrimonial salutes that Tom must have fired in his time, is absolutely bewildering to think of; but the satisfaction of both parties concerned seems unabated; so it is best to leave them in their follies, especially as such are only committed *en champ-clos*.

There was no remarkable beauty in Kate Seyton's face, yet was it one of those on which the eye loves to linger; their attraction is rather hard to define; but it somewhat resembles that of a pleasant home-landscape,

seen in the fresh light of early morning. It was a face to invite confidence—not familiarity in the worst sense of the word. The muster-roll of her Marlshire friends, of high or low degree, might compare with that of any line regiment; but the county would have risen against you, to a man, had you hinted at a flirtation of Mrs. Seyton's. No wonder: he would be a very remarkable *romé*, who could speak of Kate and coquetry in a single breath, after one steady look into her clear brown eyes.

One hears of certain exceptional couples that 'were made for each other'; surely, if there be such a thing as predestination in matrimony, it is exemplified in the case before us. In some respects, the characters of Kate and her husband seem moulded in identical lines.

Both have the same sensible straightforward way of meeting a difficulty—the same knack of cutting a tangled knot with an honest down-right blow—the same happy faculty of looking ever on the brighter side of life's changes and chances—the same simple tastes, and keen sense of innocent enjoyments. Indeed, though there is nothing masculine, or even amazonian, in Kate, she sympathises heartily with every one of her husband's favourite pursuits; and is never so happy, as when by his side in the open air. She is a frequent guest throughout the winter at all the country-houses, great and small, within twenty miles of Warleigh; and never—unless Lucina, by chance, forbid—misses a county ball. But the visiting-lists of Belgravia know not her name; she has never spent a whole fortnight in town since she was presented, on marriage. When other women are setting their homes in order, for the duty-dinners and obligatory 'at homes' of the coming season, Kate is preparing to start for that famous Norse river, through whose eddies many a mighty *Salor* has rushed to his death, to the music of Tom Seyton's whirling reel; and over whose waters her own fly has fluttered—not always harmlessly. In the early days of her matron-hood, there was a slight difference of conjugal opinion on the point of her riding to hounds: she wished to do so without restrictions; to which Tom said, Nay,—inflexibly. But Kate was soon persuaded that a man, going straight over the Marlshire country, has quite enough on his hands, without constant solicitude for a dearer safety than his own; so—with just a little sigh—she gave up her maiden-dreams of venatic glory, and resigned herself to judicious short-cuts, and rapid road-riding; 'throwing a modest lep' occasionally, when absolutely

unavoidable. Even so, she sees more of a run than nine-tenths of the nickers and skitters; indeed, some elderly and timid sportsmen in these parts are very prone to follow that fair and cunning pilot.

I am not attempting to sketch a perfect character; so it costs me no pain to confess that, as a mother of a steadily increasing family, Mrs. Seyton was not wholly blameless; if its well-being had solely depended on her constant supervision, things would have gone hard with the nursery at Warleigh. Yet there was little or no selfishness in this seeming neglect; the fact was simply this: loving her children much, Kate loved her husband more; for years, he had been so perpetually foremost in her thoughts, that Tom's comfort and satisfaction had become to her almost the whole fulfilling of the domestic law. To be sure, her progeny thrived so wonderfully, that there was little cause for maternal anxiety. The Dark Angel, whose wings had overshadowed other homesteads near, had thus far spared the 'young barbarians' of Warleigh. They grew up, noisily and merrily; regarding their mother, rather as a favourite playmate, than as a parent to be revered or obeyed: a most undecorous state of things, certainly; but convenient enough, while it lasted.

When you have marked, that, with all her ten years of matron-hood, Kate Seyton's figure is still temptingly taper and trim—her silky hair just as abundant, her step as elastic as it was at sweet sixteen—though tannage of wind and sun have darkened the early peach-bloom of her cheek into a clear ruddy-brown—you will have seen enough of the portrait of the Pet of Marlshire.

After the pause and preliminaries above-mentioned, came Seyton's answer.

"Yes, child: I've heard that Vincent's come; and I saw the Times in Torrcaster. But I shan't know all, till I know how you and the Madre take it. I've been thinking of that, all the way home."

"I can hardly tell you, yet," Kate said. "It came upon us so very suddenly. We were sitting in the library, and never heard Vincent ring. He came in, all at once, and threw that dreadful Class-paper into mamma's lap, without speaking one word. She was braver than could be expected—far braver than I could be; for I had to creep away here, almost directly, to have my 'cry' out."

Her husband's broad brow contracted; and his lip curled, somewhat scornfully.

"Better than could be expected—you may well say that, my Kate. I never could see the pull of these stage-tricks in society;

especially when women's nerves are played upon. Why couldn't Vincent tell his story like a man—instead of like an actor?"

"Oh, Tom!" she broke in. "You mustn't speak so—even to me. You can't think how beautifully he bears it."

Seyton sat down in a convenient arm-chair; still clasping his wife's waist in his arm, and drawing her pretty head closer to his shoulder. His face was very plain-spoken as a rule; it wore a quaint expression, now; wavering between provocation and amusement.

"Bears it beautifully, does he? Why, darling, to hear you, one would think Vincent was the victim of some great treachery, or undeserved misfortune, at the very least."

Kate moved aside, rather pettishly; though she did not try quite to escape from the strong clasp that held her.

"And the examination *was* very unfair," she said. "I heard enough to be sure of that, before I came away. And it's too unkind of you—to begin to be sarcastic, just now."

The idea of putting sarcasm and Tom Seyton into the same sentence! The self-evident absurdity almost upset the gravity of the accused; albeit, he was not naturally quick at taking a joke: he well-nigh laughed out loud.

"My darling; if I'm sarcastic, I'm like the man who talked prose without knowing it. I don't want to be unfeeling, either; only I can't help remembering that, when Vincent missed the Newdigate, you all clung to some story about the judges not looking through half the poems. What notions you must have of the corruption of Dons. They were a very fair and straightforward lot, in my time. And why should they have any special spite against any one man? Depend on it, they know nothing about 'nobbling favourites,' there. Whatever the game is—I'd rather hear the loser complain of luck than of foul play. It's the worst form out, if you can't prove your case.

"I won't argue with you," Kate retorted; and, this time, she drew herself quite free. "Wait till you've heard Vincent's story; and then be as obstinate and incredulous as you please. Only—don't try to persuade mamma or me."

Tom Seyton dropped his head slightly; shaking his ears the while, as you may see a high-couraged pointer do, when sharply chidden.

"You little vixen!" he said, as he rose. "I wouldn't contradict you again—alone; much less with the Madre at your back. Stay here, whilst I go and see Vincent: it's

best to get that over at once. I won't tease him, now or ever; I promise you."

Quoth Tom to himself, as he crossed the hall—

"If poor Vincent failed in his logic-paper, the examiners must be much harder to deal with, than the woman-kind at Warleigh."

The library was a long, narrow apartment; with four tall mullioned windows looking out on the principal flower-garden, and a deep oriel at the end. A bright, cheerful room by day—the profusion of dark oak book-cases, filled with dusky and dusty volumes, made it gloomy after nightfall; so that the family-party, sitting there of an evening, was fain to break up into groups; each creating for itself a little isle of light in the sea of shadow.

Only two reading-lamps were burning when Seyton entered; near one of these, at the further extremity of the room, close to the curtains of the oriel, the Victim and his mother sate together.

Mrs. Flemyng had been a remarkably pretty woman in her time; and her appearance might still have been very attractive, had it not been for a certain peculiarity of manner and address—so aggravating, even to disinterested strangers, that these were wont to marvel how the patience of her familiars held out.

Many years ago, in the pride and prime of her beauty, some misguided admirer detected a striking resemblance between Mrs. Flemyng and a famous picture of St. Cecilia. The good lady—whose weakest point, then, was personal vanity—was intensely flattered, and resolved to profit by the discovery. Unfortunately her acquaintance with the biographies of the Calendar was rather limited and vague: she could not disassociate saintliness from suffering: so, ever since that unlucky day, she had considered it incumbent upon her to *poser en martyre*. Had she only done so outwardly, it would not have mattered so much; for—possessing, as she did, large plaintive eyes, shaded by long silky lashes—the effect was rather becoming; and, at the worst, could but have been wearisome from too frequent repetition. But, to such as realised that the attitude of meek resignation was moral, no less than physical, it was unexpressibly provoking.

For Mrs. Flemyng's path through life had been singularly smooth and straight: she had never known personal distress or difficulty: her one serious grief had been the loss of a husband whom she loved after a discreet, dispassionate fashion; and ever since that event her kinsfolk and relations had been as unanimous in comforting and consoling her widowhood, as if she had meditated social Sutteeism.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it was no wonder that she had many warm friends, or that her own family were so fond of her: she couldn't help looking injured; but she never said a hard word to or of any living creature; and was perfectly devoted to her children—carrying devotion, in her son's case, to idolatry.

As the fortunes of the said son form a main part of this veracious tale, it may be well to give him the advantage of a fair start, in a fresh chapter.

(To be continued.)

RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

From the ancient city of Sandwich, a rural road, flanked by green meadows on either side, brings us, after a two miles' drive, close under the ruins of the Castle of Richborough, the ancient Rutupium of Imperial Rome. Massive and grand are the walls of these ruins, as they frown down from the cliff, whose foot was once washed by the waves of the German Ocean, though now it stands inland, high, dry, and deserted, like old Winchilsea itself. The walls are clothed with the greenest and darkest ivy, which mixes its colour with the grey ruins so as to make a tempting subject for the artist's pencil; and they form a portion of the celebrated old Roman fortress which kept the entrance of the Portus Rutupinus, or estuary which separated the Isle of Thanet from the mainland something less than 2000 years ago in the world's history. Yes! it may be hard to believe, but those golden corn-fields which now bristle with ears of wheat once bristled with the spears of the Cæsarean soldiery; over what now is little better than a marsh between us and the village of Minster, have sailed Roman galleys, and Saxon and Danish keels. "Those hills," as Mr. Planché observes, "have witnessed the worship of Woden; amongst the trees of one of them* nestles a village which still bears his name; that mill marks the site of a vast pagan cemetery." We are on classic ground: as we stand on the height of Richborough, we are reminded of the delicate-flavoured oysters which the Roman *gourmands* in the days of Nero or Vespasian would have fetched from what is now the meadow-land at our feet, between us and Pegwell Bay, through which the Stour winds slowly and lazily—the oysters having long since given way to trout.

Circæis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxam Rutupinove† edita funde,
Ostrea.
Juv. Sat. iv. 140—2.

* Woodnesborough.

† Mr. Planché says, in his "Corner of Kent," p. 12, "There are not wanting those who assert that Sandwich

It may be interesting to know that within the last few years large quantities of oyster-shells have been actually dug up here, among the Roman *débris* turned up on various occasions, and more particularly in the progress of the works for the railway between Minster and Deal, which runs immediately under the very eastern wall of the Castrum.

We find Rutupium mentioned twice in the Latin poet Ausonius, in the fourth century of our era, and again, somewhat later, by Ammianus Marcellinus, who is as precise in telling us what Roman legion was stationed there in the reigns of Julius Caesar and Valentinian, and under what general it was sent, as the Times of to-day can be in chronicling the latest arrangements at the Horse Guards, as to the removal of the 10th Hussars or 23rd R. W. Fusiliers from Hounslow to Dublin or Edinburgh.

There are those who claim for Richborough the honour of having been chosen as the landing-place of Julius Caesar, but we fear that we cannot argue in favour of any such tradition or hypothesis. Indeed, it is impossible now to ascertain with certainty whether these sturdy ruins stood upon the site of a British fort, raised by the native chief, Arviragus; * but still it is as well-known as if it were recorded in the undying pages of Tacitus, that the walls still existing were reared by the masters of the ancient world, that through that nearly perfect postern gate Roman emperors have entered and departed in military state, and that the shouts of joyous multitudes, mingled with reverential cries of "Ave! Cæsar Imperator," have arisen from the site of that amphitheatre hard by, over which now alternately the plough passes and the corn fields "laugh and sing." And, to use Mr. Planché's own eloquent words, "Those growing masses of masonry which have resisted the assaults of time, tempest, and man for eighteen centuries, after all, are the great fact which is more valuable than a thousand theories." Vespaian, as an officer serving in Britain under Aulus Plantus before he succeeded to the purple, probably entered the natural harbour commanded by this fort. So, also, in all probability, did Claudius, who took Camalodunum, (now Maldon, in Essex); Titus, who came hither as a military tribune under his father, Vespaian; Agricola, possibly with Tacitus in his train; Hadrian; Severus (who is said to have completed the fortress, and who died

at York); Constantius, and his son Constantine the Great; and Maximus, the competitor of Gratian for the Imperial throne,—a Briton by birth, and who is spoken of contemptuously by Ausonius as the "Robber of Rutupis." All these must have landed or embarked here, as the common port of communication in those days with Gaul; and even if it be not capable of proof, as some * will have it, that St. Paul himself came by this route to Britain, to evangelise our heathen forefathers, at all events it is certain, if we can trust the Venerable Bede, † that St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and St. Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, must have seen Rutupie in all its glory.

The departure of the Roman legions, no doubt, was a sad blow to the greatness of the city and fortress, though Rutupie still retained its importance for some centuries, both as a mart and as a haven. Vessels from the south found a safer and shorter passage to the Thames and to London by passing through the estuary, than by rounding the North Foreland and the Nore. ‡ But after the withdrawal of the eagles of Rome came the Jutes, or Saxons, under leaders whom tradition calls Hengist and Horsa, and who, according to the best authorities, landed at Ebbsfleet, in the Isle of Thanet; and it is said that either Hengist, or his son and successor Eric, established a Saxon or Jutish sovereignty in this part of Kent, and fixed on Rutupie as his residence, when the old Roman name gradually gave way to that of Reptaceaster, § or Ricsburgh (*i.e.* Ericsburgh). Strange to say, this dynasty appears to have held its own in peace and quiet for the best part of a century, and "the extent of the sepulchral remains at Gilton, close by, and the character of the ornaments and weapons discovered *in situ*, prove that a large and wealthy community lived and died in this neighbourhood previous to the conversion of the Kentish Jutes to Christianity." ||

It was during the reign of Ethelbert, the great grandson of Eric, that St. Augustine and his companions arrived in the port of Richborough, probably A.D. 597. Bede merely states that Austin landed in the Isle of Thanet, but Thorne, a monk of Canterbury, says more precisely, *in insula Thanet, in loco qui dicitur Ratisburgh (i.e. Richborough),* and Leland tells us that at that time Richborough was con-

was actually the ancient city of Rutupie, and it is so marked in some maps." But that accomplished antiquary sees reason for doubting the accuracy of such a statement; as also do we.

* Aut de temone Britanno
Concidet Arviragus.

Juv. Sat. iv. 147.

* See Hasted's Kent, p. 488.

† Ecclesiastical History, ch. xviii.

‡ The large quantities of Saxon coins, from those of the earliest known date (called Sættas) down to some of the ninth century, prove the continuous occupation of the site.

§ Rutupi portum, qui portus a gente Anglorum nunc corruptè Reptacester vocatur.

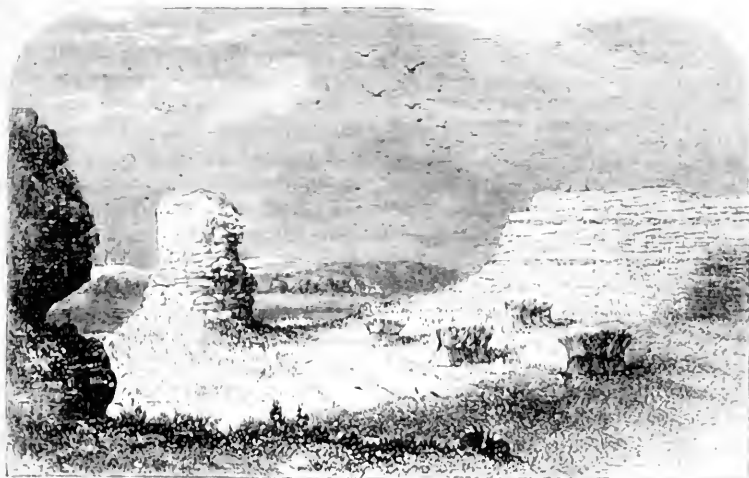
Bede, Eccl. Hist. B. i. ch. i.

|| Planché, "Corner of Kent," pp. 24, 25.

sidered to be a portion of Thanet. "The holy missionary," says Mr. Planché, "on leaving the ship, trod, we are told, on a stone which retained the print of his foot as though it had been clay. This stone was preserved in a chapel dedicated to St. Augustine, after his canonisation, and crowds of people flocked to it for many years on the anniversary of the day." This statement, though of scanty historical worth, being traceable no further back than the fourteenth century, is at all events valuable as proving the general belief in the identity of the spot with some event in Austin's life, and establishing beyond all doubt and question the fact that the Rutupine Roal and Richborough itself were, at the close of the sixth century, the principal landing places for travellers to Britain from the shores of Gaul.

But even if Ebbsfleet, in the Isle of Thanet, on the opposite side of the salt estuary, was probably the scene of St. Austin's landing, still there is little doubt that it was in or at the royal residence at Reptacester, that the missionary and his clergy began their labours. At all events, in the "Sandwich Manuscripts," printed by Mr. Boys in his collections,—a compilation of the sixteenth century, from ancient chronicles and records,—we find the following account, which has all the air of *raisonnableness*:

Upon the east part of Kent lyeth the Isle of Thanet, where Augustine and his fellows landed, being in number forty persons, as it is reported, who, by his interpreter sent to King Ethelbert, gave the King to understand that he, with his company, was come from Rome to bring unto him and his people the glad tidings of the Gospell, the way unto eternal life and



Ruins of Richborough Castle.

Hisse to all them that believe the same; which thing the King hereafter, came shortly after *into his palace or castle of Rupticester, or Richborough*, situate nigh the old city of Stonehore, and *the King sitting under the cliff or rock whereon the castle is built*, commanded Augustine with his followers to be brought before him."

This graphic and interesting description is in perfect harmony with Bede's statement that the king had "taken precautions that they should not come to him in any house, lest according to an ancient superstition they might impose on him and so get the better of him;" and certainly, as Mr. Planché remarks, it is far more probable that the sovereign of Kent should have been seated on the sea-shore under the shadow of his own castle, and have commanded the attendance of the mys-

terious strangers, than that he should have crossed over to the opposite shores of the Isle of Thanet for the purpose of an interview with them.

It is well-known to every reader of history that Ethelbert's queen, Bertha, was a French princess, and a Christian, and that she strongly influenced her husband in favour of the Christian missionaries. Leland writes, "In the north side of the castle ys a hedde in the walle, now sore defaced with wether; they cawle it *Quene Bertha hedde*." A piece of stone or marble, now worn completely smooth by weather, is still to be seen in the north postern gate of Richborough; but, as Mr. Planché says, it is impossible for the most skilful antiquary to determine whether it is of Roman or Saxon workmanship.

* "Corner of Kent," p. 33.

There is, however, another spot at Richborough which tradition identifies very distinctly with St. Austin's name, but which it quite pains one to find out will not bear a very close or minute inquiry, even at the hands of the most poetical of antiquaries.

Within the area of the castle walls, says Mr. Planché, and much nearer to the bank than to the western wall, is what appears to have been the foundation of some building, which, from its cruciform shape, is now popularly known by the name of St. Augustine's Cross. Camden, however, seems to imply that in his day this name was not given particularly to this object. He says, "Wherever the streets have run the corn grows thin, which the common people call St. Austin's Cross;" but he is speaking of the fields whereon he supposes the city stood, and not of the area within the walls of the castrum. This is worthy of observation, as he does not mention "the cross" we are describing at all, though recent writers have from the above passage assumed that he has done so, and the inference therefore is, that it was not visible in Elizabeth's time, and that the appellation of "St. Austin's Cross" has been transferred to it at a much later period. Somner, who appears to have written his "Treatise on the Roman Ports and Forts of Kent" (published in 1653) during the reign of Charles II., seems to be the first who mentions it. The words "Wherever (ubicunque) the streets have run" distinctly prove, that in Camden's day there were several crosses indicated by the partial growth of the corn, and not one large mass of solid work, an object too remarkable to have escaped observation.

In excavating round this structure, Mr. Boys discovered that it stood on a platform, five feet thick, 104 feet long, and nearly 145 feet wide, formed of a composition of boulders and coarse mortar, on which was laid a smooth floor of mortar six inches thick. The cross itself, measuring from north to south forty-two feet by thirty-four, and from east to west nearly thirty feet by eight, had been faced with square stones, some of which remained *in situ*.

In 1822 a subterranean building was discovered beneath the platform, which was supposed to contain chambers used as store-rooms for the garrison, a granary, or an arsenal; but no indications of any entrance could be traced, either at that time or as late as 1843, when the late Mr. Rolfe, of Sandwich, made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to penetrate the compact masonry.

Mr. Roach Smith, in his "Antiquities of Richborough," says, "The popular notion that the cruciform foundation on the platform is the base of a cross need scarcely be refuted, and the opinion that it may have supported a pharos is equally untenable."

Mr. Planché, however, dissents from Mr. C. R. Smith's view, and urges that the sandy nature of the soil would have rendered some such foundation necessary for the construction

of a tower of sufficient size and height to serve as a pharos.

The rest of the story of Richborough is soon told. Intestine divisions encouraged foreign aggression, as will always be the case; and towards the close of the seventh century, Cadwalla, enraged at his brother's violent but well-deserved death, entered Kent at the head of a large army, wasted it with fire and sword, and reduced it to such a state that it never recovered its independence, and was annexed at the death of King Baldred, in A.D. 823, to the rest of Egbert's dominions, and became absorbed in the realm of England. The place, now deserted by royalty, suffered frequent pillage at the hands of the Danes, more especially by Sweyne and his hordes in A.D. 990—994, and we have no proof that after this date Richborough was a place of strength or importance. The injury done to its harbour by the receding of the sea and the filling up of its harbour by sand, which began to operate as early as the seventh century, hastened on its ruin, and its commercial wealth and military importance were gradually transferred to its neighbour Sandwich, which had so far superseded Richborough in the reign of Canute as to be described as "the most famous of all the ports of England."

As early as the time of the Venerable Bede, who wrote at the beginning of the eighth century, we find that the estuary which severed Richborough from Thanet had degenerated into a tidal river, only about three furlongs across, and fordable in more than one place,* and an old map in Lewis's "Isle of Thanet" illustrates his description: and some time before the Norman invasion, Richborough had dwindled down into an insignificant hamlet. The upper portions of its castle meantime crumbled away beneath the hand of time, and the violence of lawless hands, and "Ichabod" was plainly written on its walls, these grey walls which still frown over the lowlands, bidding defiance to both time and man. Still, even in its diminished shape, and shorn of its ancient glories, Richborough was repeatedly plundered and pillaged by the Saxons, the last instance previous to the Conquest being in 1048, when Sandwich also was ravaged, and its chief men slain.

"At this period," says Mr. Planché, "the powerful Godwin was Earl of Kent, and during his subsequent struggle with Edward the Confessor, the fleets of the king and of his turbulent subject alternately entered the port and threaded the diminishing channel of the Wansum, and in 1052 Godwin and his son Harold sailed through this passage to the mouth of

* Bede, Eccl. Hist. B. i. ch. xxv.

the Thames on their hostile expedition to London."

The hamlet and castle of Richborough after the Conquest became part and parcel of the manor of Fleet, in the parish of Ash, which has passed through the hands of several noble families, amongst others those of D'Arques, D'Avranches, De Vere (Earl of Oxford), De Leybourne, and St. Leger, and it now belongs, by purchase, to Mr. J. M. Fector, late M.P. for Dover. *Sic transit gloria rerum.*

RALPH DE PEVERELL.

A CHAPTER ON BEEF-STEAKS.

PASSING the other day, as is my daily wont when in London, under the noble arch which separates Fleet Street from the Strand, I fell into a train of musing. Often as, in the course of business, I have stood face to face with that majestic erection, familiarity has not in this case been attended by contempt. I have always thought that our forefathers much misunderstood the character of Temple Bar, when they made it—as history records—a resting-place for the heads of traitors. The mutilated trunks of Sir William Perkins and Sir John Friend could lend no additional awe to the structure—they could only vulgarise it. It stands not in need of such grim adjuncts to impress the mind—at least if others feel as I do. In all weathers and at all seasons, I have looked with reverence upon the unadorned master-piece of Sir Christopher Wren; it was my privilege, in common with many others,—too many, indeed, for the space they covered,—to behold it in its greatest glory, on the day when excited England welcomed the Princess Alexandra.

But what has all this to do with Beef-steaks? More, perhaps, than is at first sight apparent. The philosopher, whose thoughts have been directed to the Useful and the Beautiful,—who has reflected how rarely they are to be found united—may trace a subtle connection between the two subjects. The beauty of Temple Bar is only excelled by its usefulness—the usefulness of a good steak yields but to its beauty. But the question (touching beef-steaks) which occurred to my mind on the particular occasion to which I referred at the outset, involves a problem yet more curious. And to explain this I must enter upon my grievance—for I have one. England expects it of every well-regulated man.

Of a home-loving nature, happy in an affectionate wife and a comfortable income; surrounded with olive-branches numerous enough to make a pleasant murmur in the land, but not so thickly planted as to interfere with my

view of domestic felicity, I am doubtless an enviable man. But there is a cloud even in my matrimonial horizon. On certain evenings I am driven to wander from my home, tormented by a longing which I cannot reveal to my wife, but which must at all risks be satisfied. At night I return, having exorcised the demon for a time. It is recorded in the comedies of Aristophanes, that no less a man than Hercules was occasionally the slave of a maddening desire for pea-soup: even so does my soul periodically pine for a beef-steak. Now, I have an excellent plain cook, who suits me, and does my joints, to a turn. As the Yankees say, she is "a whale at chops." Except when we dine as the Russians don't, she is equal to most emergencies. But she cannot cook a steak; nor did I ever know one of her sisterhood who could. I have a horror of those thin, streaky, shapeless lumps, as hard as the nether mill-stone and as tasteless as the pure element—the most unwholesome drink, be it observed parenthetically, that I know of—which pass muster for steaks at the British family dinner. But once, when a young and innocent Benedict, with memories of City taverns yet green in my soul, I rashly confessed to my wife a partiality for a steak. And since that time she persists in ordering for me the lumps of which I have spoken. I dare not complain, for her steaks are, metaphorically speaking, her tender point. So, like ancient Pistol, I eat, and eke I swear—inwardly of course. Nor can I confess the imperious craving that at times drives me to wander forth, as I have described, leaving my wife restless and inquisitive for days afterwards. No man has ever yet been able to reveal to me the "cause of this defect," or to tell me why, east of Temple Bar (the murder is out at last) a typical English is "a delusion and a snare."

Poor, indeed, are the best steaks of London compared to those of Paris. I do not speak of the productions of those wonderful restaurants of the *Palais Royal*, rich with faded gilding and tarnished mirrors, where dinners at two francs and a-half, including sour bread and sourer wine to indiscretion, have succeeded to *trente et quarante* and *rouge et noir*—where the *carte du jour* has replaced the *carte de jeu*—where *ouï m'sieu*, not *pair et passe*, is now the watchword—where the unwary visitor is punished by headache, instead of heartache. A horrible thing is the *bifteck à l'Anglaise*, black without and blue within, which awaits the man who ventures to those *quondam* gaming-houses. To our credit be it said, that the native Gaul, not the Briton, loves steaks of that "English" fashion. I have seen ferocious Zouaves devouring, at those

dirtily-grand tables, dainties at which an Englishman's blood would run cold—*mais bien sanglants*. But the steaks of these places are to the *chef d'œuvres* of the great *cafés* as the lumps of my domestic life are to the triumphs of City taverns: of the unrivalled dainty provided by the real masters of the art I can scarcely trust myself to speak, and perhaps I had better not try. Those who have not partaken of the true Parisian steak will not believe in a happiness which is ineffable, but may yet be enhanced by a *petit verre de Cognac*: to those who have, words would be a mockery, and description as Dead-Sea apples. Talk of Count de Lagrange and Gladiateur having "avenged Waterloo." MM. Philippe and Vachette, with their *bifteck à la Shôteaubriand*, did that long ago.

But if, to paraphrase Sir Andrew, we English have, comparatively speaking, "no exquisite beef-steaks, yet we have beef-steaks good enough;" though, as I have said, they must be sought east of Temple Bar. It is no part of my plan now to enter into any description of the City taverns: many and various are they—curious, tumble-down, primitive old places—with a certain indescribable essence of gridiron food exhaling from bench and box even in unfrequented hours, and perhaps a little—just a little—delightful after-taste of tobacco-smoke. My place is not among them now: the days are past when G. and I used nightly to wander forth from the precincts of the Temple in search of some new tavern, some untrodden dining-ground, if haply we might light upon some yet unknown variety of the steak-tribe. We always came back to one place, in the end; and in my now rare excursions eastwards I am ever faithful to it. It is not the Cock—where the last attendant is currently reported to have died of sheer disgust, on being asked for the millionth time if he was Mr. Tennyson's "plump head-waiter,"—nor the Rainbow, nor any such noted name. But ask among the barristers; or, better still, among the lawyers' clerks, and you shall hear of a certain tavern called the Cheshire Cheese, which lies nestled in a little court on the northern side of Fleet Street. There—it is the expression of a deliberate opinion—are the best steaks in London to be found; rich, redolent, and juicy, racy of the wholesome ox. And in that quiet little place lingers a virtue which has long fled the more crowded haunts of diners,—cheapness. Well do I remember how once a party of us met together to dine, and determined to see which of the number could spend most on his dinner. E.—champion of eaters—bore away the palm: (it is declared, in the traditions of his college,

that he once declared, that nothing whetted a man's appetite for breakfast like a fried sole and a mutton-chop):—waiter, ale, and punch included, E.'s bill was three-and-sixpence. But I am lingering too fondly over such memories. There are none such connected with the benighted regions of the West. True it is, that there exists in Wellington Street a certain society who proudly style themselves "The Steaks," of whose mysterious rites great things have been whispered. Over their door is written the text—"If 'tis done, when it is done, then 'twere well It were done quickly." And it is fabled that from the gridiron, installed in the post of honour at one end of the room, a white-sleeved cook hands relays of steaks, hissing hot, to the guests at the other. This is the last of the Beef-steak Clubs—descended perhaps from that over which Peg Woffington presided in former days, or that which held its meetings in Covent Garden Theatre, with a little golden gridiron as the badge of membership. But if the reputation of "The Steaks" is deserved, they but constitute the proverbial exception that proves the rule. Their tables are not spread for all who will, as is mine host's of the Cheshire Cheese, and those of his brethren. And I say again, that west of Temple Bar steaks are an impossibility,—and I want to know the wherefore. Is there any strange magnetism in the western front of that building, repellent of the essence of beefsteaks? And does the other side possess a contrary power? That is the problem which engaged my thoughts the other day. If ever the time should come when our taste shall be so degenerate as to permit the destruction of the most perfect gem of art that graces the streets of London (always excepting the statue on Constitution Hill), the problem may be solved; and we shall see if the emancipated Strand, or the domestic cooks of more westerly regions, will be able to produce a steak. From the culinary point of view, Alderman Picket, who decreed the destruction of Temple Bar at the end of the last century, might have been a public benefactor, though architecturally speaking he was a Goth. Had his sentence been carried out, what is so dark to me might long have been clear. But retribution is falling on the alderman. The structure which he doomed still cheers the passer-by; while the street which bears his name is to be swept away by the new law-courts. And it is possible, that when Themis scatters the mists of dirt and ignorance in Picket's Place, there may arise within her precincts a place of refreshment where men can really and truly enjoy a steak.

B. B.

NARCISSUS.



SILVER fountain paved with sandy grail,
 spring which never goats on mountain fed
 or other cattle stirr'd, no beast, no bird
 roused, nor falling branch from any tree,
 round it by the neighbouring moisture fed
 the green grass waved luxuriant ; above,
 the intertexture of the pleached leaves

Wove a deep shade, through which could penetrate
 No sun to warm its waters.

Here he lay,
 All hot and weary with his hunting, charm'd
 By that still spot, and fountain clear ; but while
 He sought to quench his thirst, another grew,

A sadder thirst ; and as he drank, he loved
 An unsubstantial hope, an image, bound
 By beauty, but reflected but his own.
 As if it were a form of mortal life
 Admiring still the shadow in the wave,
 He gazed, still gazing with the same aspect,
 Unmored as statue carved in Parian stone,
 Prone on the ground he sees like two bright stars
 His eyes, his hyacinthine locks he sees,
 Nor knows his own, most worthy of a god,
 Of Bacchus, or Apollo golden hair'd,
 His downy cheeks, his ivory neck and all
 His fair young face of snowy white and red—
 All, all for which himself is loved, he loves.
 Thus unaware he woos himself, and praised
 Himself he praises, seeking too, is sought,
 And kindles still that flame in which he dies.

How oft the treacherous wave was kiss'd in vain,
 How oft in vain he yearn'd with outstretch'd arms
 To clasp that neck he saw, and caught, alas !
 Naught but the cold, clear water ; what he sees
 He knows not, only what he sees he loves,
 And what deceives, yet fascinates his eyes.
 Fond boy, pursue the transitory shade
 No more, turn but aside, and it is gone ;
 It has no life, no motion of its own,
 With thee it comes, would pass away with thee,
 And leave no trace if thou couldst pass away.

No thought of food, of slumber, or of home
 Can wean him thence ; stretch'd on the grass alone
 In the cool dark he looks with hungry eyes,
 With dying eyes on that fair fals'd face ;
 Then raising for a little space his hands
 To the o'erarching boughs, "Tell me, ye woods—
 For many, well I know, in your green dells
 Have found fit hiding-place for whisper'd vows—
 Was any love more woe-begone than mine ?
 Did any pine more truly of all those,—
 Tell me, ye trees, whose so long lives contain
 So many mortal ages. Joy I see,
 Yet that soon joy possess not, but am mazed.
 No mountains rise between us, no great sea,
 This little water works me greater woe.
 And yet it would be loved, for when I kiss
 The stream, below with upturn'd mouth it strives
 As oft expectant towards me—near it seems,
 So very near, how little lets our love.
 Come to me, my sole idol, surely thou
 Wilt not despise me, me on whom all nymphs
 Have linger'd long to gaze. Methinks I read
 A kind of hope, sweet promise in thy eyes ;
 I stretch my arms to thee, thou stretchest thine ;
 I laugh, thou smilest ; and I see thy tears
 While I am weeping ; thou dost seem to hear
 My whispers with a smile—a lover's smile ;
 Thy mouth is speaking, but I hear no sound."

Thus sick of love, he sigh'd, and slowly fell
 His tears upon the waters, and disturb'd
 The sad, false image there. So then again
 He plain'd, "Oh, leave me not, not all alone ;
 I may not touch thee, let me then but gaze,
 And I will gaze on thee until I die."
 With that he loosed his robe and beat his breast,
 Making it rosy red, like circled bloom
 On autumn fruit, or grapes touched here and there
 With orient purple ; and the shadow loosed
 Its robe and beat its breast, which when he saw
 His sorrow grew upon him, and his heart
 Melted like morning dew before the sun.

No more his starry eyes, his ivory neck,
 His golden hair may please the nymphs no more.

No more may Echo sue to him in vain,
 Wrong'd, slighted Echo, conscious of her wrong,
 Who to his Well-a-day yet gave reply,
 In faint response of pity, Well-a-day.
 And then once more he spoke, and by-and-by
 Farewell, cried Echo, as he cried Farewell.
 Then laid his weary head upon the grass,
 Still gazing on the water, till night fell,
 A night without a morning, on his eyes.

J. M.

A NEW POPULAR DISSIPATION.

Nor long ago I discovered that a new kind of popular dissipation has recently sprung up, into which the lower classes of the people especially are flinging themselves with a headlong and terrific gaiety. Stated in simple terms, it consists in getting into a square box on wheels, in companies ranging from a dozen to twenty or thirty persons, having a steam-engine attached to a string of these boxes, and then going screaming over as much of the country as the railway directories are willing to carry you across for the money. Possibly it answers in the case of adults to the sport of the "merry-go-rounds" at country fairs for the children ; and in not a few instances it is notable to see how in just the same manner as the juveniles, the grown creatures seem to enjoy the sense of the trees, fields, farms, and villages going whirling by the carriage-windows. The elderly Chinese entertain their declining years, I am informed, by the flying of kites ; the steam-engine is becoming our mature toy, and we may use it, by-and-by, as a hobby-horse. With a mean deficiency of courage, the real state of the case is not plainly avowed as yet ; the people indulge in this queer pastime under the pretext of making "a railway excursion : " but some company may yet shake off the hypocrisy, and boldly lay down a circular line, on which the train can keep revolving for so many hours at a time, without pretending to go anywhere in particular. It is gradually approaching to this, since the invention of what they style "day-trains." You are now invited to go to places a hundred, a hundred-and-fifty, yea, two hundred miles distant, and to return on the same day. Now, anyone can perceive that the two or three hours' interval at the end of the outward journey is a mere preposterous device for giving an apparent object to the going and coming. Of course, if there were anything to see in the place the train runs to, you could not see it in that time ; and, of late, in my neighbourhood, the companies have so far improved on the plan that they now offer to take you where it is known beforehand there is really nothing to behold. They start trains for the fen districts, and for

obscure villages on the level sea-coast, and other such-like localities, where the attention of their passengers will be as little as possible distracted by anything which meets the gaze while they are in a state of rest. Some genius of a railway-manager, we repeat, will, by-and-by, drop the pretext of a destination altogether, and from morning to night we shall be in motion, neither going nor coming. This new amusement will then have attained its full development, and I tremble to think how increasingly fascinating it is then likely to become. Already its effects are most disastrous in some cases, as I will show by an instance;—it was, indeed, that occurrence which was the means of awakening me to this true aspect of the matter.

The thing came to light in this way. I was present in one of our minor courts of justice; whether I was on the bench or in the dock does not, perhaps, greatly signify; but, just as a mere matter of form, I will mention that I was *not* standing in the latter place. Another person, however, was, who had the appearance of belonging to the artisan class, and between him, the court, and a decently-dressed woman, standing to the left of the man, eating a corner of her shawl, the following conversation took place:—

The Clerk: "You know, my man, you are bound to maintain your wife."

Man: "I ain't bound to maintain her in scurioning? When we was married at St. Mary's, I didn't promise as I'd find her ' railway-tickets for the west of England, an' the Lincolnshire fens, an' the midland counties, an' everywheer else, did I?"

The Wife (leaning forward and speaking firmly): "The last time, your worships, it was two hundred an' sixty miles, there an' back, for three shillin'. It would ha' bin a waste o' the money not to go."

The Bench: "Defendant, has your wife relatives in those parts whom she goes to see?"

Man: "Her mother, as was the last o' her family, died three year ago; an', bless you, we don't belong to the west o' England, an' thees places. Both me an' her was bred heer."

The Clerk: "Have you anything else against your wife?"

Man: "Only this 'scurioning, and I won't stand it any longer. Now I put it to you" the speaker went on, addressing himself to the chairman of the Bench) "whether, when you went home to dinner, you'd like to find the key left wif the next door, an' a message as your wife was gone into the west o' England by a 'scurion for half-a-crown; an' for ter to come knocking at the door at one an'

two o'clock the next morning, fagged to death, —which, I think, it is a worse way o' spending the money than drinking."

The Wife (lifting up her hands appealingly): "Oh, Stephen! How can you say it wasn't worth the money, when somebody in our carriage reckoned as it hardly come to a shillin' for a hundred miles?"

The Clerk: "My good woman, you must not waste your husband's money in this way; will you promise to stay at home in future?"

Woman (shaking her head decisively): "I must have a 'scurion now an' then."

The Bench: "Let the case stand back. Relieving officer, we can't send a man to gaol for neglect of family under these circumstances."

The case did stand back, and how it ended I do not know, but it startled me by the new social danger it disclosed. That woman was evidently under the full fascination of this railway dissipation, and with fares at anything approaching to a shilling for a hundred miles would never be able to resist the temptation. Her ill-fated husband, I expect, is by this time, along with herself, though in different parts of the "House," an inmate of the parochial Union. I have since then devoted some special attention to this subject, and the general result of my inquiries has been strongly to confirm my first notions as to the gravity of the matter. Some months back, I happened to reach one of the principal railway stations in the midland districts by a night train, and was for a moment shocked by the impression that the premises were on fire, for the place seemed to be taken complete possession of by an excited crowd. A sleepy porter, however, who, having accustomed himself to dozing on his legs amid the screaming of engine-whistles, was, of course, not much disturbed by the fainter noises of human lungs, raised his eyelids a trifle, and acquainted me that it was an excursion-train which had just come in; and the uniformed person cynically added, waking up a little more in his aristocratic disdain, that they always took on like that when they got back. It was too good an opportunity to be lost, and I mixed among the crowd instantly. The following was the first snatch of conversation I overheard:—

First Woman (tapping another portly dame on the shoulder): "Well, ma'am, have you enjoyed yourself? I think you said this morning you hadn't seen the sea afore?"

Second Woman: "And atween you an' me, though I shouldn't say so to anybody, I don't quite know as I've seen it now. Do you really think," she added in a confidential whisper, "that was the sea, an' there wasn't some mistake? I could see nothing but a

streak at the bottom o' the sky, not more'n as broad as my two fingers."

First Woman : " I must say, I were a good deal disappointed ; but they said the sea was 'out.' Some who went a long way down saw pools of it about in the sand."

Second Woman : " Out ! Then they had no business to take us when they knew it would be out. And where could it be gone to, I should like 'em to say. It looked to me just like nothing so much as miles an' miles o' brick-fields when the men wasn't at work."

First Woman : " What surprised me was, the sky seemed to come down so short, like ; you couldn't see none of a distance."

Second Woman : " I don't believe as that was the reg'lar sea ; the sea's a very different place to that, I'm sure. But here is our Richard coming ; don't say anything to him."

This, then, was the extent to which a seaside excursion had added to the stores of geographical knowledge in the case of those two respectable females. Subsequent inquiries elicited the information that the particular line of railway in question runs day-trips to the sea-coast, some hundred-and-twenty miles distant, and, by a happy arrangement of the times of starting and returning, contrives that the two or three hours' rest at the other end of the journey shall occur at low tide ; and as I happen to know the long level line of shore, with its one little straggling village, where the excursionists would be set down, I think the sketch of its appearance given in the above dialogue a remarkably accurate one.

" It is awfully tiring work, neighbour," said a middle-aged man, dragging himself wearily towards the station-door. " I shall have to lose half-a-day at the factory to-morrow, I'm sure."

" Ah," replied the individual addressed, " and that makes it expensive. But, hang it, it'll cost me a new pair o' boots ; for that shingle, I think they call it, it cuts like knives."

" So it does, an' if you chance to ha' a bit of a slip, the green slime comes off dreadful on your black cloth coat ;" saying which he twisted himself round to disclose an awful-looking patch of discolouration extending from his left shoulder to his waist. " My wife 'll be in a nice temper to-morrow,—I've just lost her somehow, while she was seein' after her sister ; for she's quite spoiled her silk dress, I expect. She tumbled o'er into one o' those little pools, an' somebody said salt-water 'll fetch every bit o' colour out o' anything."

I quote this bit of conversation as illustrating another feature of the excursionist class, and which has a not unimportant bearing on

the economics of the question. Both the men and the women invariably dress themselves in their best attire for these railway journeys. The better sort of skilled workmen make their appearance on the sea-coasts in broad-cloth dress coats and severely shining chimney-pot hats, and their wives recline on sand-banks and essay to climb rocks in silk and satin dresses. Trifles of damage, such as those mentioned in the conversation given above, have consequently to be set down for addition to the cost of the fares. On another collateral point I have no wish to push my observations too far. I will, therefore, merely mention the fact, that, on the night I am speaking of, I saw at least half-a-dozen persons being tenderly assisted by friends off the platform, apparently in the most singular bodily condition ;—the influence of the sea-breeze, or else the too rapid whirling past the carriage windows of the trees and hedge-rows, had so affected their nervous systems that they had nearly lost all power of locomotion, though, in one or two cases, the faculty of vocalisation was still preserved, if in a somewhat impaired state, as was evinced by persistent, although not very successful, attempts at the reproduction of popular airs. I may add, as having a kind of indirect reference under this head, that not a month ago, I lost a small wager with a railway companion, of larger experience or more acute observation than myself, in this rather curious way. Before starting from our station, we incidentally learned that a short way down the line an excursion-train was shunted on the rails next to those over which we had to pass.

" I'll wager you anything you like," said my cunning friend, " we shall see through the windows of their train at least as many bottle-bottoms as there are carriages."

" Bottle-bottoms ?" I inquired.

" Yes."

" Agreed," I answered, and the wager was fixed on.

Five minutes later I had lost, for as we slowly glided by the excursion-train, nearly every window afforded us transient glimpses of heads inside thrown back, with bottles unsteadily balancing at different angles in the air above them ; and the total of the bottle-bottoms of those articles, some encased in wicker and others unadorned, decidedly outnumbered the total of the carriages. That it was not in every case water which was being so industriously imbibed, I feel quite certain ; for, in two or three instances, I clearly saw jovial-looking persons drawing off into smaller utensils coloured liquids from large jar-like vessels, capable of holding, say, a gallon each ; while,

as we were tardily moving past the train, several of the occupants of the carriages appeared smiling at the windows, and triumphantly made signals, which would have been hospitable only for their being impracticable, with glasses in hand, on the tops of which a far more substantial foam than that of water was very distinctly visible. I have little doubt in my own mind that those sociable individuals would, upon their return at night, and possibly long before that, show those symptoms of the curious effects of a change of air upon the nervous system which I have already alluded to as among the phenomena of these excursions.

I may as well make the thing look as black as possible now I am shading it, and in respect to the bearing of these trips upon the health of their patronisers, I will give one piece of evidence.

I have a medical acquaintance whose business (at present) lies mainly among the labouring classes; and in a moment of special confidence he informed me that he estimated his professional income in the exact ratio of the number of these trains. There is, he observed with much satisfaction, the excitement caused by the fear of missing the train, and the crowding and crushing to get into the carriage; then, he smilingly went on, comes the bad air inside, qualified only by fatal cold draughts through the carriage windows; subsequently, there is over-feeding and drinking, for railway passengers (he mentioned with much glee) are always under the illusion that they walk every yard of the way, and consume refreshments accordingly; still later, arrives the fresh excitement as to whether they shall not be left behind, with the renewed crush to get into the train, and more bad air and cold draughts when inside; and finally, my friend adds with a chuckle, the excursionists wind up with a walk in the cold night atmosphere from the station to their homes, which, of itself, would be enough to give half of them dangerous chills. I may mention further, as a sort of confirmation of these views, that the present season has been marked in our locality by an unusual number of excursion-trains, and that my friend, the surgeon, has announced his intention of setting up a closed carriage this winter.

Should the railway companies raise interested objections to this topic being treated in this way, I reply that they owe somebody something for this paper having been kept back till the end of the excursion-season. By next year, if they bestir themselves, they may have the circular lines I have suggested laid down; and this new popular amusement may

then take place under conditions which would mitigate many of the evils I have pointed out. W. C.

THE CAREER OF A RIBBONMAN.

WITH A MORAL FOR THE FENIANS.*

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

"You see the smoke rising out of the trees on the slope of that hill?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is the place where Neal Q— lives, who murdered, it is believed, six people, and was hanged six years ago on the Monaghan Jail, for the murder of Mr. B——."

"What was he?"

"He was as fine-looking a young man as you would see in a day's walking, but he had a bad eye in his head. He knew Greek and Latin, for his father intended to make him a priest, but as there was a blemish on his mother's character, the clergy would not allow him to go to Maynooth. So he became a small squireen, rode on horseback round the country, attended fairs and markets, courted girls, danced at weddings, and spent most of his time and money in public-houses."

"Was he ever married?"

"Yes; and he treated his wife badly. My father was often sent for to reconcile them. She is now married again."

"Is it possible? Could she get anybody to marry her? Surely, she must have felt the disgrace of having been the wife of Neal?"

"Oh! not at all. She was coming up here the other Sunday to chapel, and a Protestant neighbour, who did not know her, having overtaken her on the road, they fell into conversation. Being asked whether she was going to church (meaning the Protestant church), she turned round angrily upon her questioner, and said—'No, thank God; nothing so bad as that could ever be evened (attributed) to me, or any of my family.' Hanging was nothing."

This conversation took place between me and one of my parishioners, soon after my settlement in the most southern part of county Armagh, in view of the comfortable and snug-looking farm-house of Neal Q——, which was pleasantly embowered among trees, on a sloping hill, within view of the town of Crossmaglen. The district around me had had a terrible

* There is not much distinction between a Fenian and a Ribbonman. The Fenians are usually recruited from the Ribbon lodges; and they are both intent upon reforming the land-laws in such a way as to let the tenant sit rent-free—or something like it. The Ribbonman, by shooting the landlords or agents, and the Fenian, by banishing them out of the country by force of arms. I am quite certain, if the writ *quis per cell* had not travelled down, eleven years ago, to Monaghan Gaol, on Neal Q——'s account, he would at this moment have been one of the most patriotic of Irish conspirators.

reputation. Four or five agents and bailiffs had been shot dead in their houses, or on the public roads, and more than that number of their assassins had been executed in front of the county gaol. The murder of an agent came at last to be considered by the wretched peasantry in the light of a high and chivalrous virtue.

"Well, it was a shockin' murder, to be sure," said a countryman to me one day; "but you see, ever since, we have niver been bothered about the rint." In some parts of the same county, no rent had been paid for years. I asked a peasant what rent the people paid for their land.

"Oh!" said he, with rising anger, "it is disgraceful for the landlord to ax it—it is far too high."

"Then," said I, "you find it hard to pay it."

"Is it me, sir? I have not paid a shilling of rent for fourteen years, and I would like to see the man who would ax it."

Desperate and deadly, in consequence, is the vengeance that falls upon any unhappy tenant, who will dare to occupy the holding of an ejected tenant. Sometimes an ingenious landlord has baulked the revengeful designs of the peasantry, by making the obnoxious tenant the "life" of all their leases; so that they are compelled to respect his safety, and wish "long life" to the man they hate.

This was the district that gave birth to Neal Q—. His father, strange to say, was a bailiff or "driver" on a Monaghan property, but as the landlord was a humane and lenient man in very difficult and trying times, old Q—, though despised and hated by the peasantry from the nature of his calling, was never threatened or harmed by Ribbonman or Rockite. He sat rent-free, and as his land was good and his salary respectable, his fine handsome boys walked about with their hands in their pockets; and Neal particularly, despising all habits of industry, gave himself the airs of a young squireen. He attended chapel with the utmost regularity, but was never absent from any scene of violence in that disturbed country. People began to be afraid of him. One of my parishioners once told me that "Neal was a fine rattling Irish lad, with great energy of character, and might have come to something good, but for the Ribbon-lodges." He was civil and kindly in his relations with his Protestant neighbours, but he spared no man who had become obnoxious to the Ribbonmen. Often was he committed to gaol for his desperate and bloody assaults. It was his usual remark to the turnkeys on

leaving the gaol—"Take care now of that cell of mine; let no dirty fellow sleep in it till I return."

On one occasion, the turnkey remarked, prophetically, "Oh, yes, Neal, the cell will be kept for you, but the next time you leave the prison, it will be by a door higher up" (the door leading to the drop).

Nobody can conceive the system of terrorism that this young man, of strong physique, passionate will, and reckless habits, established for several years over a wide district of country. A friend of mine, the son of my predecessor in the parish, took a few acres of land from an ejected tenant, but paid him handsomely for his tenant-right. The order went forth, notwithstanding, that my friend should be killed. The taking of land under any circumstances was an unpardonable crime. So, Mr. M—, as he has often told me, never went to fairs or markets, except in company and fully armed, never returned from any place by the way he set out, never travelled at night, went armed even into his cattle-stalls, never stood before a window with light in the room, and always crossed through the middle of his fields, avoiding the close and lofty hedges, that he might all the better baulk the assassin's aim. It happened, however, that, on one occasion, he was returning late from Dundalk, on horseback, when "he met a solitary horseman." They passed each other rapidly in the darkness, but there was something more than a suspicion on both sides that the riders knew each other. It was, indeed, the terrible Neal Q—, who had been watching for him for weeks at fairs and markets, and now swept past him like a whirlwind. My friend put spurs to his horse, but hearing the returning steps of Neal, he dashed off the main-road and fled with all speed along a narrow bog-road, which was almost impassable in the winter season to either man or horse. As he knew every inch of the road, however, and the horse had often traversed it, he never slackened rein till he reached the house of a poor farmer, who gave him shelter for the night. Mr. M— got a terrible fright that night, and has often remarked, that "he never knew an easy hour till the day that Neal was hanged."

The crime which rid society of this desperado was done, on a public road, within one mile of a town of 3000 inhabitants, while the sun was shining in a clear sky, and people passing homeward from the fair along that very road. It was the murder of an agent. The assassins—for there were three of them—left him dead on the road, with his venerable grey hairs dabbled in his blood. They were

arrested soon after the deed, and lodged in prison. But there was no evidence to warrant a conviction (two juries disagreed about the verdict), till one of the assassins turned approver, and three men, including Neal Q—— and an elderly man who had been accessory before the fact, were condemned to die on the scaffold. When Neal heard that one of the accomplices had turned approver, he burst into tears, and said passionately—“Oh! I’ll never see Anamar again.” This was his home.

An intimate acquaintance of mine, connected with the press, was present at the execution. The three men were to be executed on Monday. My friend was allowed to visit the prison on Sunday night. He entered the convict’s room in company with the Governor. Neal was leaning against the door-jamb, looking out upon the long corridor of the prison; the other two men were sitting moodily within, one of them smoking his pipe with great vigour. Neal at once identified my friend as a reporter, who had been present at his trial.

“You are coming to be present at this, to-morrow,” he said, with the greatest calmness.

“Yes; I hope you are reconciled to your fate.”

“If I got my life this minute,” said Neal, “I would not take it.”

The visitor was withdrawing, when Neal called after the Governor, with the air of a man who was asking a question that did not particularly concern him.

“What time will that take place, to-morrow?”

“Twelve o’clock,” was the answer.

“Will we all go down together?”

“No,” said the Governor, “the scaffold can accommodate only two.”

“Then, Bryan and I will go together.”

When my friend entered the prison the next morning about nine o’clock, he was shocked to find the three convicts dressed in their shrouds, actually prounetting round the gaol-yard, like madmen, seemingly in the highest ecstasies of religious enthusiasm, but with faces whiter than their shrouds. One of them was ready to enter into a religious discussion with my friend; but Neal said—“Oh! Bryan, let the gentleman alone; what’s the use of arguing about religion now? Let us be praying for our souls.” In three hours more, the prison-bell tolled, and the hangman conveyed two of the convicts to the drop. They were about to make a statement, but the Roman Catholic clergy stopped them—one of these gentlemen at the same time begging

my friend, the reporter, who was standing at the edge of the scaffold, that he might the better catch the last words of the dying men, to stand aside and allow him to converse unheard with Neal. The drop fell amidst a dreadful scream from the women in the crowd. Bryan died almost immediately. Neal struggled for nearly 24 minutes, as he was a large and powerful young man. He had expressed a wish to the clergyman to suffer in dying, as he hoped thus that his sufferings hereafter would be mitigated. Several times, while he continued to struggle with fearful energy, the priest ran into the hangman’s room to see if he could not shorten the sufferings of Neal; but the dread finisher of the law, who was perspiring and trembling with great excitement, refused to stir from his room, remarking, that “some men were harder to kill than others.” I saw this very hangman three months afterwards at the execution of a soldier in Belfast: he talked freely with us about the Monaghan executions, for which, he said, he had got nine guineas, but remarked, with a fine Irish brogue, “It was pure murder to hang Pat C——,” one of the accessories to the murder. This poor wretch, who smoked his pipe up to the last moment, came out upon the drop more dead than alive, and in a few moments was a swinging, whirling corpse.

Thus ended this dreadful vindication of the majesty of the law, and the sacredness of human life. Landlords, agents, and bailiffs breathed freer. Neal’s aged mother went about the streets of Crossmaglen that day, wringing her hands, and crying out wildly like a mad-woman. His father had been already dead. His wife, who had parted from him at nine o’clock with a dry eye, went home with her relations, and in a short time married again. But—the strangest fact of all—one of the clergymen who attended Neal at the drop, had the audacity to affirm some years afterwards that the three men had been murdered by British law. There can be no doubt whatever that the scaffold taught an effective lesson to the Ribbon conspirators, for, from that hour, Crossmaglen has been one of the most peaceful and prosperous of neighbourhoods.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

A TRUE STORY.

THE circumstance I am about to relate occurred full fifty years ago, but rises before me as freshly and vividly as then. Most of those who knew of it, and she who was the most concerned in it, are now in their silent graves; but the descendants of some may recognise

the story which startled our small circle so long ago.

When, after the peace of '14 was concluded, the Continent was once more opened to us, every one who remembers it knows how gladly we English availed ourselves of it to leave our island home, and seek, some health, others pleasure in the complete change of scene and life. My husband and I shared the almost universal "fureur" and went to France. There, however, our wanderings ceased for a time, for when we arrived at the picturesque old town of D., we were agreeably surprised to find some old friends there. Soon after others arrived, and we yielded to their wishes that we should remain.

In those days the English drew closely to each other. Now, when abroad you must be careful of making acquaintances till you know your compatriot's "motives" for absenting himself from his native land. Our little coterie became intimate friends.

Our house was in a central situation as regarded those of our friends; though it was in the town, it had a small garden before it, and a gravelled path led to the hall door.

My husband was fond of society; I am still, I must own, though too old to enter into its spirit as formerly. Our house was always open to our friends, but we were especially glad to see them of an evening; then music and the whist table whiled away the hours till half-past nine, when the supper-tray appeared, and at ten o'clock our last guest departed. Those were primitive times! Of all our acquaintances the person I was most drawn to was a Mrs. Norris, a very pretty young woman, light-hearted, and always cheerful. All the most severe critic could blame her for, was perhaps an extreme love of amusement. She was my constant guest. Her husband was in the army, and, at the time I speak of, was quartered in Ireland. Mrs. Norris was anxious to give her four children a better education than their limited means could procure in England. Captain Norris had only just left D. to join his regiment, and had expressed his wish I would "look after" his wife and assist her with advice, or in any way that might be necessary.

Of all the Norris children Louisa was her father's favourite, but her mother almost disliked her apparently, if one can use the word dislike to describe a mother's harshness to her child. I used to think Mrs. Norris was severe to Louisa because she feared her being spoiled by her father's indulgence. I afterwards found that the mother's harshness caused the father's favour.

One evening our small circle had assembled

as usual at my house, and dispersed about ten o'clock, Mrs. Norris being the first to leave. When my husband and I were alone, we chatted over the little incidents and gossips of the evening. At last, I took my candle and went to my room, a front one. I had undressed, when I heard a noise at the window like hail rattling against it. Knowing that the night had been very fine, I drew back the curtain in surprise, and saw Mrs. Norris standing on the path.

The servants had long gone to bed, so I hurriedly threw my dressing-wrapper round me, and ran down-stairs.

When I had opened the hall-door, before I had time to ask a question, Mrs. Norris exclaimed,

"Oh! I fear something dreadful has happened to Charles!"

"Why do you think so?" I said; "have you heard anything of him?"

"No!" she answered, "I have not heard of or from him lately; yet, as you know, I was not uneasy about him, and was quite happy and cheerful with you this evening. I left you early to go to my children; they were all asleep; I went to bed directly, but in about ten minutes after, by the light of the night-lamp, I saw my husband standing by my bedside; he had a fearful gash in his throat, from which the blood was pouring. He spoke to me and said, 'Farewell, be kind to poor Lou.' In a moment he disappeared. When I could collect my thoughts, I dressed, and came to you, my dear friend, to tell you I fear something dreadful has happened to my husband, and I must go to him. Will you look after my children till my return?"

Travelling in those days was a most disagreeable process; the slowness, cold, dirt, and misery of sailing vessels and coaches, made people generally reflect a good deal before they undertook a journey, unless they could afford to travel post. I, therefore, tried to persuade Mrs. Norris that she had only dreamed of her husband.

She replied, "I had not even closed my eyes, and I saw him as plainly as I do you."

Then I tried to persuade her to wait for the arrival of the next mail from England.

"No," she said, "he might be dying even while we are standing consulting together."

I asked what she thought most likely to have befallen him.

"He might be fatally wounded, if not killed in a duel."

Those were the days when duelling was in its prime; when, if a man fancied a word or joke touched his honour, he felt it incumbent

on him to call out the offender, though he were his best friend, and endeavour to wash off the stain in his blood.

I saw it was useless trying to dissuade Mrs. Norris, so I now hurriedly dressed, and helped her preparations for departure, promising to be a mother to her children in her absence.

She travelled post to the nearest port, thence sailed to England, and proceeded immediately to her husband's quarters in Ireland.

She was the only inside passenger by the coach, and to beguile her sad thoughts, bought a newspaper at the first town where they stopped to change horses. At the next stoppage the guard found my poor friend senseless.

She had found in the paper an account of the death of Captain Norris by suicide at the very moment she had seen his apparition.

When Mrs. Norris returned to her children, and had in some degree recovered from this awful shock, she spoke with calmness of what she called her "last interview" with her husband. I remarked that even if she had dreamed it, it would have been extraordinary; she was firm in asserting she had not closed her eyes, and but just extinguished her candle. So I said no more; but other friends were more pertinacious in insisting his presence could not have been a reality.

Her answer was invariably, "I saw him as plainly as I see you."

A STORY OF WATERLEIGH MILL.

(IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.)

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVILAND, an old campaigner, searched the ground about the mill to satisfy himself that no one was lurking in the neighbourhood; nothing being discoverable, Cradock unlocked the gates, and they entered the building.

"It is a black ugly place," said Cradock, "and I do wish it was a different time of day, and sunshine instead of this dismal twilight, and the mill so lonely, and long out of work too, I be afraid of something; I feel going right into the valley of the shadow of death, that I have heard tell about in Pilgrim's Progress—it is very dark."

"I have matches: light the candle, Cradock."

Haviland held it up, and looked about him. The vaulted interior, ribbed throughout with strong timbers, resembled the hold of a large vessel, and was imperfectly disclosed by their single candle, whose rays were lost in the gloom around. In the centre of this chamber, large wheels, grinding stones, cranks, upright rods, chains, and other strange shapes, flashed into light as the candle was moved about. Vast beams of blackened oak, matted with cobwebs, formed the framework of the machinery, and far down between the ill-fitting planks, the rushing river could be heard moaning and gurgling round the motionless wheels.

"Queer quarters," said Haviland, "weird enough for anything; this mechanical power in repose, with its motionless cranks and wheels, is a solemn-looking thing, a sleeping giant that at any moment may awake, and crush the intruder. Was it here that the deed was done?" he asked, in a low voice.

Cradock made no answer, but pointed to a step-ladder that led to the upper chamber of the mill. Haviland ascended first, followed closely by Cradock. The steps conducted them to the topmost floor, immediately under the roof. This was a large irregularly shaped room, crossed by beams of timber in all directions to strengthen the building, which, when the mill was working, vibrated throughout with the throbbing machinery. Cradock advanced first to the falling doors of the loft, and throwing them wide open, pointed below. Haviland looked down upon the dark pool beneath, scarcely visible in the dusk as it slid under the building with low moaning sound, and passing between piles, and eddying round the mill wheels, emerged on the other side a rapid torrent.

Haviland drew back.

"It makes me giddy. It was a horrible death. I trust the blow stunned him; did he cry out after the blow was struck?"

"Oh! yes," said Cradock; "one wild cry, only one."

Haviland's eyes glared at him.

"And you stood here, base dog, and did nothing: saw him murdered, and did nothing!"

"I did nothing," said Cradock moodily.

"Most horrible," exclaimed the other; "where was it that you hid the paper after the murder?"

Cradock turned without hesitation to a corner of the loft.

"It is there," he said, pointing up with his finger; "the paper is in a hole just above the beam; I will climb up."

"Hold the light," said Haviland, and giving the candle to Cradock, he sprang from the floor, caught the beam, and, raising himself by his arms, stood upright upon it.

"The hole is close by the beam where it touches the wall," said Cradock.

Haviland balanced himself on his knees, and removing a loose brick, he drew out the paper. "Stand from under," and he dropped lightly to the floor. The paper, time-stained, and crumpled up, had been hastily thrust into the place of concealment. It was an exciting moment. It seemed almost impossible that such a soiled worthless-looking thing should have already cost one life and put another in jeopardy. Haviland opened it out.

"Hold the light nearer. It is the will. I cannot stop to read more. This is enough. Challoner shall die: I hold his conviction in my hands."

Cradock fell on his knees.

"Oh! now you will forgive me, Master Harry?"

"Hush!" said Haviland; "did you not hear a noise?" He listened. Cradock, pale and trembling, remained on his knees. Haviland crossed in the direction of the sound; as he approached the entrance to the loft a shot whistled past, followed by a piercing cry from Cradock, the candle was extinguished, and all was darkness. Haviland, a man of action, pressed resolutely forward, but before he could close with the enemy, whoever he was, a second shot was fired almost in his face, singeing his beard and whiskers. The next moment he was grappling in a death struggle with a powerful assailant. At first, fierce exclamations, heavy blows, then a fall which shook the room, followed by convulsive thumps upon the floor, told plainly the mortal nature of the strife. At last, when the noises were at their utmost height, they suddenly ceased, and were succeeded by slow laboured breathing; one of the combatants was clearly at the mercy of his antagonist. After a short pause the silence was broken by Haviland, who said breathlessly:—

"Cradock, are you wounded?"

"I am shot," he replied, in a weak voice.

"Shot?" said the other; "what is to be done? I have the villain here by the throat safe enough, but I cannot let him go: I must strangle him at once." Here another desperate struggle was followed by a repetition of the heavy snoring breathing, as Haviland, kneeling on his assailant, tightened his grasp of his neckerchief.

"If you don't lie still, my friend," he said, betwixt his teeth, "I will strangle you; another attempt to free yourself, and it is

your last. Cradock, are you so much hurt that you cannot move?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am too much hurt to come to you."

"Hush!" said Haviland; "I hear a call."

"Hillo hoa, hillo hoa, hoy, a-hoy!" sung out a well-known voice from below. "D—me, you said not exactly pistols, and here the thing has come off, two shots, and no seconds."

"Make haste, captain," shouted Haviland; "come up at once."

"How am I to get up?" said the other; "it's as dark as the D—'s mouth down here: have you a light aloft?"

"No, captain, but just underneath is a step-ladder, not difficult to mount, mind the machinery on the left. Cradock is wounded, and I believe I am slightly hit also. I have the rascal by the throat, and if you had not come, in another minute I should have strangled him, but now he shall live long enough to show himself."

The captain, groping and blundering about, found the step-ladder, and taking into account his age and wooden-leg, mounted quickly to the loft.

"Here we are, this way," cried Haviland, "this way, that is right. Now, put your hand here into my coat-pocket, and you will find a matchbox; light a match, the candle is in the middle of the loft, somewhere near the wounded man."

The captain soon had the candle alight.

"Look to Cradock first," said Haviland, "he needs help."

"Do not move me," exclaimed the sufferer. "I am shot through the body."

"Are you, my lad? Then we must be off for the doctor."

"Right," said Haviland, "get the doctor, captain, as soon as possible, that is the first thing, and tell the hostler to run for Mr. Carlyon. I can easily keep this fellow quiet while you are away, but make all the haste you can."

"First just let's have a look at him," replied the captain. "Zounds! why, what next? Yes, I do believe, why, yes, it is—Challoner. Is it a duel, or what the D— is it, eh?"

"Only a spice of murder, as Stockfish says," Haviland replied.

"Murder!" exclaimed the other; "that's a bad look out. I hoped it was a duel. Egad! I always misdoubted the fellow; but I say you have got a stiffish job there holding him down all the while; you will find him ride safer and a deal easier if you just run a warp about him." And the captain, opening his knife, separated the rope yarn that suspended

it, and secured the wrists of the murderer. "I won't stop to ask particulars now, my lad; you take the knife till I come back: one does not know what may happen, and it is as well to be provided with the necessary weapons."

"I want no knife," Haviland replied, "I have him safe enough. He is within one minute of his death at any moment that I choose."

"But, my dear mate," said the captain, "didn't you say you were hit?"

"Never mind me now, but be off; you can take the candle down with you, and leave it on the millstone below."

The captain shook his head, and surveyed Haviland anxiously, as he knelt like a lion on the breast of his victim.

"I see that you have been at pretty close quarters, my boy, he has singed your hair. Yes, here is the bullet-hole. Egad!" he joyously exclaimed, "a very pretty shot indeed it is, through the coat-collar, and not a bit of skin even to show for it. All right, hold hard, my lad, I'll be back with doctor and parson in a twinkling to kill and bury as convenient; but what is this? A pistol!" taking it up; "a revolver, three barrels capped and loaded, two discharged?" he handed the weapon to Haviland; "you can keep your man easy now no doubt till I return; I will hasten for assistance," so saying, the captain descended the ladder, and disappeared in the darkness. During the interval Haviland maintained the same position, kneeling on Challoner, his hand on his neckerchief. The silence was unbroken, except by low moanings from Cradock.

Half an hour passed as if it would never end: at last voices were heard, and light flashed up from below.

"I am glad they are at hand," said Haviland to himself; "this fellow is safe enough, but if any of his people meanwhile had come to the rescue, it would have been an awkward complication."

The first who appeared was the doctor, rushed on behind at great speed by the hostler. The doctor was nearly breathless, unable to speak, except interjectionally and at intervals.

"Out of breath—frightful dispatch—gun-shot wound, eh? Any hemorrhage? hold your own the light."

"No, no," Haviland exclaimed, "not here, am all right; look to Cradock, he is there under." The doctor went to him.

"No external hemorrhage, where is the wound?"

Cradock pointed silently to the spot where the bullet had entered.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I see. Cut away the coat, hostler, you will find scissors in the case. That is right, another snip in this direction, cut all clear. Yes, here is the wound, over the third rib on the left side; let us examine posteriorly."

The patient was raised by the hostler, and supported reclining in his arms. Now several persons were heard ascending the stairs, and the captain appeared with Mr. Carlyon, Birchbottom, and the landlord; after a few words with Haviland, they formed a circle round the wounded man.

"Dangerously, eh, doctor?" inquired the captain.

"Mortally," whispered the doctor; "the ball has passed obliquely downward and backward between the second and third ribs, and, as there is no wound of posterior exit, it is probably lodged in the spine."

"Is it so?" said the captain solemnly, taking off his hat; "I saw the same thing and heard the same story sixty years ago: the Lord have mercy upon him!"

The doctor considered. "We must get the patient to the Beetle if possible. Has anyone brandy?"

"Yes," said the landlord, "catch me without my tools. I have a bottle and glass."

"Water, water," moaned the sufferer.

"It is the usual cry in such cases," the doctor observed. "Hostler, run down to the mill-stream, and fill the tumbler." The water was brought, and it revived him.

Haviland called the hostler to him. "Take my place," he said, "for a few minutes; twist your hand in this man's neckerchief as I hold it now, if he stirs, twist it more, do you understand?"

"I'll keep a tight rein upon him, sir," he replied, "and if he gets obstreperous, I'll give him the curb, sharp."

"Be cautious, hostler, do not overdo it, he must not die just yet, if he moves the least I will be at your side." Haviland now crossed to the group, and kneeling by the wounded man, took him silently by the hand.

The doctor spoke:—

"We must move the patient speedily; is there not a board or bench to be found here?"

"Force the door of the left from the hinges," said Haviland rising. They laid hold of the door, and with an united effort tore it from the fastenings.

"Very good," said the doctor, "just the thing, lift him upon it." Haviland folded up his coat for a support to his head; in this way they bore the wounded man to the top of the stairs; here they paused, the doctor felt the pulse, he whispered to the captain: "I fear to

attempt more just now : he will never bear being carried down these steep steps ; give him more brandy."

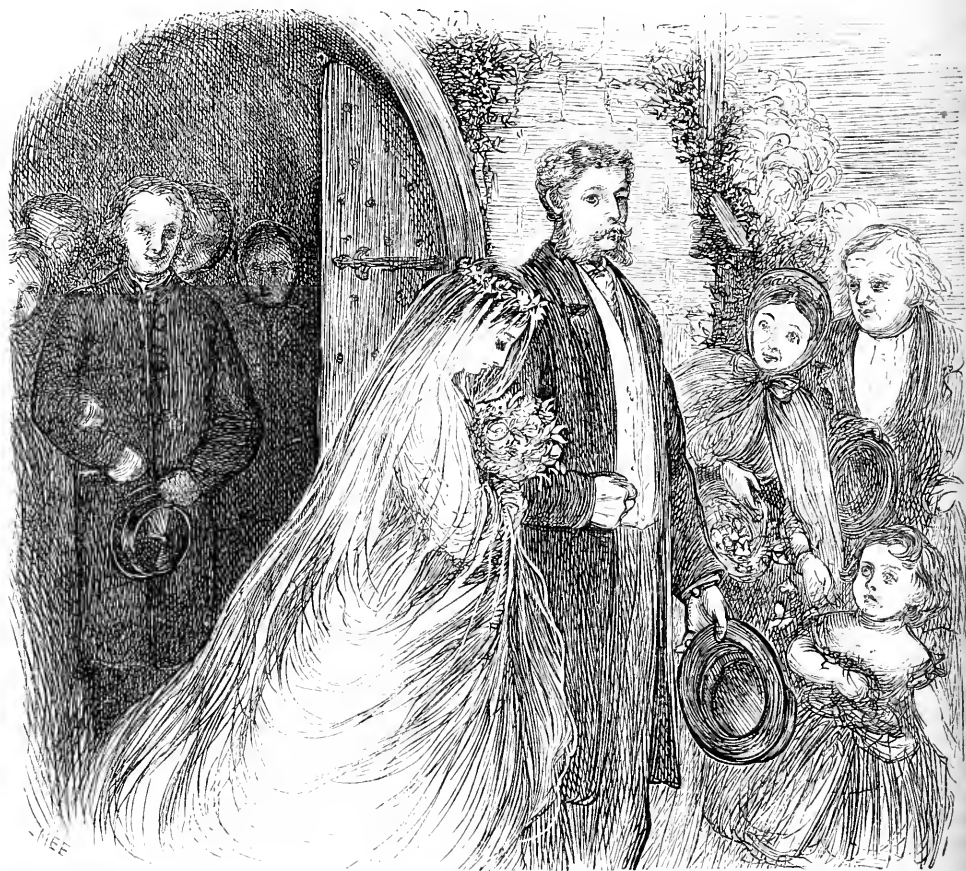
While they were waiting Haviland said : "Now, hostler, get the prisoner on his legs ; he must be removed to a place of greater security as soon as may be."

"He is sulky, sir, and won't stir."

"Up with him," said Haviland, and they raised Challoner upright, preparatory to his removal. Haviland turned for a moment to

the stairs. A loud cry from the hostler, and the wretched prisoner broke from his captor, dashed across the loft, darted through the aperture, and with a fierce yell of rage and agony, disappeared in an instant. A heavy splash succeeded ; the murderer sank into the dark pool and was gone.

The whole party were horror-struck ; even the dying Cradock ceased his moans, and pointed with trembling finger to the place of exit.



See page 475.

The clergyman was the first to speak.

"This is the judgment of God," he said solemnly ; "surely the judgment of God. A sinner gone to his last account, gone to face his victim in the presence of Almighty God, and this poor dying creature," pointing to Cradock, "will shortly join him. Let us pray." He knelt, and the low voice of prayer alone broke the silence of the chamber of death ; the others, pale and agitated, their hats in their hands, stood looking on. Havi-

land, thinking it possible that Challoner might yet escape to the bank, rushed downstairs ; he presently returned, and noiselessly joined the group.

"Drowned ?" inquired the captain.

"Yes," he replied, "the strongest swimmer could have done nothing in that eddying pool with his hands tied ; he went through the mill, and is dead."

The clergyman, still kneeling, addressed the dying man in low earnest tones, as he lay

stretched out, with hands raised in supplication. Presently his lips moved, "I do, I do repent," he murmured, in a faint voice.

"Thanks be to God," said Mr. Carlyon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for his eyes have seen thy salvation," and he rose from his knees. The schoolmaster took Haviland aside.

"The poor fellow has made his peace with God, and it may be well," he whispered, "that his deposition be taken as soon as possible; he will never leave this place alive; he is evidently dying; here are witnesses, the clergyman of the parish, and other persons present. If this be not done, unpleasant things may hereafter arise."

"Can the poor fellow bear it, think you?" Haviland replied. "Perhaps Mr. Carlyon will talk with him on this point, subject, however, to the doctor's opinion."

Mr. Carlyon again took his place by Cradock's side, while the doctor, placing his fingers on the pulse, nodded to him to proceed.

"Cradock," said the clergyman, "your old friend and master is here."

"What?" exclaimed Cradock, with a ghastly stare: "what? is he come to drag me along with him?"

"Do not be alarmed, Cradock, it is Henry Haviland who is here, your young friend Haviland," he repeated in a louder voice, "Master Harry, you know."

"Where is Master Harry?" said Cradock.

"Here am I," said Haviland, again taking his hand.

"I am glad you are come, sir, I have been sick a long time," said the dying man. "I want to get up and be doing, and to go away long with you."

"You will soon go away, Cradock, my old fellow," Haviland replied seriously, "but at least I wish you to tell Mr. Carlyon here in a few words what you told me this morning, about the mill and Challoner, do you remember?"

Cradock shuddered; the name brought all into his wavering mind.

"Yes, that I will," he said, "it may save you from that devil Challoner, then you will be rich, and forgive poor Cradock."

It was a moving scene. The yellow light of the flaring candle illumined the pale sharp features of the dying man, features dignified by the near approach of death, as he lay supported in the arms of the hostler, and surrounded by the shadowy group of faces, watching till he passed away. All observed the singular expression of his countenance. Death was settling there.

"It is plainly written on his face in court

hand," remarked the doctor, "but the pulse still holds out wonderfully."

In a faint and broken voice, interrupted from time to time by difficult breathing, Cradock related the circumstances connected with Greenshield's death, which the schoolmaster took down in pencil in his note-book.

Suddenly the doctor made a sign.

Birchbottom placed the pencil in Cradock's hand for his mark. "I am no scholar," he gasped.

"Never mind, my poor fellow, make your mark anywhere; that is it, that will do."

"Master Harry, have you left me? I can't see you. Will you let me have hold of you?"

Haviland gave him his hand again. A silence ensued.

"What is that?" said the schoolmaster, hastily pointing at Cradock's face. "What a change! Hush, he speaks."

"Forgiven, forgiven."

The unsettled expression grew settled,—he was dead.

"Nothing like it since Lord Nelson died," said the captain, wiping his eyes.

THE CURTAIN FALLS. EPITHALAMIUM.

OCTOBER,—April, six short months have passed. Once more the actors appear upon the stage, and we must yet raise the curtain a little that you may peep behind it. Pray, fair readers, throw one—only one—bouquet, in approval of the performers and the drama.

Spring's first sunshine in the air, the clouds and storms of winter may well be forgotten on such a day as this.

The church stands proudly in her new attire, not that she looks a whit the less venerable, but the vigour of old age is renewed. The green daisy-pied churchyard bears no traces of its recent desecration.

One grave is specially decked with all spring flowers. A crowd of village children, principally Birchbottom's scholars (a whole holiday having been vouchsafed to them by that potentate), lines each side of the church-path.

Hush, they are coming. I can see through the porch that the white and coloured throng around the altar in the distance is in motion.

It is done. They are married. Clap your hands, little children; ring out, bells; here they come.

First in place, the representative of majesty and power, marches that veteran warrior, the captain, medal on his breast, gold-headed cane in his hand, in the triangular cocked-hat, and breeches to the knee,—the uniform of the old navy.

Ah! the captain is getting older, he does not tread as firmly, or walk as uprightly as

he did ; will he again preside at the memorial mess, October twenty-one, think you ? See, the bride and bridegroom. Dear Blanche, her large eyes are bent upon the ground, she looks paler than her wont, but how sweet, how good, how lovely ; and he too, that has just taken her for better for worse, is he not a man ?

"I call him one, and no mistake," responds Mrs. Stockfish from the centre of the procession, "a man a woman likes to look upon, and no harm neither, the true, the strong, the brave ; uncommon handsome, upon my word, and the lord of the manor beside."

Mr. Carlyon delays a moment, to tell the children to be sure to come up to the parsonage, as he has something for them. Huzza, huzza, from little voices as he falls into the ranks with Birchbottom and the doctor.

A miscellaneous crowd follows, marshalled by the landlord ; among these we recognise Stokes and his son, and lastly the hostler, who, performing a wedding march upon the accordion, closes the procession, which winds its way between the gray old gravestones, passes out through the wicket gate, and is gone. So God bless them, we shall never behold them more.

"Amen," said the voice of Mrs. Stitchbone, who, with jealous eyes, and vinegar aspect, contemplated the scene from a casement of the slated house.

"Every dog has his day," said she bitterly, "And I suppose I have had mine ; I shall never see these people any more ; though who is to take my office when I am wanted by-and-by I should like much to know. However, turn out I must, and the brute Stokes turn in, and all owing to that fool Challoner,—and to think that I never even laid him out."

With this remark of Mrs. Stitchbone's the curtain finally falls. J. H.

(Concluded.)

ANA.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND POOR RELATIONS.—Sir N. W. Wraxall relates in his "Posthumous Memoirs," that the Earl of Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, declared publicly at supper at the Cocoa-Tree Coffee-house in 1781, that he proposed in the next year but one, 1783, to give a great entertainment, in order to commemorate the tercentenary of the ducal title, it having been created by Richard III. in 1483. It was his intention to have invited to the festival all the individuals of both sexes of whom he could ascertain that they were descended from the body of "Jockey of Norfolk," the first duke of the Howard name,

who fell at Bosworth Field. A few months afterwards he told Sir Nathaniel that, having made inquiries far and wide, he had discovered nearly six thousand persons sprung from his loins, and that a great number of them were in very obscure and indifferent circumstances ; and that, therefore, as he could not be sure that six thousand other poor relations might not turn up, he had been obliged to abandon the idea.

THE ANCIENT EARLDOM OF CHESTER.—This earldom, which is now merged in the superior titles of the Prince of Wales, is one of the noblest of all the honours which belong to our Royal Family. Chester was the capital of Mercia under the Heptarchy, and even then the great Roman "Castrum" had its Saxon "Eorls." A new dynasty came in at the Conquest, when the earldom of Chester was resumed into the hands of the king, and re-granted by him to Hugh Lupus, one of his Norman followers, into whose hands he gave the whole county of Chester, to be held by him as freely by the sword as he himself held the crown. Hugh died in 1103, and his son and successor was drowned on returning from Normandy in 1120, when the title devolved upon a cousin, Randolph de Meschines, whose successor, also a Randolph, took part with the Empress Maud and her son Henry, and took King Stephen prisoner at Lincoln in 1141. Of the next earl, Hugh, we hear but little ; but Randolph, the sixth earl, was a brave and a learned man also, and he distinguished himself by compiling a treatise on the laws of the realm. He enjoyed high honour and esteem under Henry II., Richard I., John, and Henry III. He also fought in the Holy Land under the banners of Coeur de Lion, and was the founder of the Abbey of Delacroix in Staffordshire and of the Grey Friars at Coventry. Dying in 1233, at a good old age, and having been three times married, he was succeeded by his nephew John, who, from the place of his birth, was named Le Scot. On this earl's death in 1238, King Henry III. "thought it not good to make a division of the Earldom of Chester, as it enjoyed such royal prerogative." Accordingly he took the earldom into his own hands, and bestowed on the sisters of John Scot, the last earl, other broad acres, giving the county palatine of Chester as a fief into the hands of his eldest son. John Le Scot, therefore, was the last of the line the old and independent Earls of Chester ; and from that time the eldest sons of the sovereigns of England have been not only Dukes of Cornwall, but also Earls of Chester, from the very day of their birth, without any patent or formal creation.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI. ICONOCLASM.

VINCENT FLEMING was strikingly like his mother: in his face all the best points of her's were reproduced—great delicacy and regularity of outline; dark expressive eyes; and a complexion very clear, though pale. It would have been nearly a perfect face, had it not been spoiled by an evident infirmity of purpose about the mouth, and a disagreeable expression alternately peevish and supercilious. It was eminently the face of a spoiled child: considering the circumstances, this was no wonder.

The family-worship of which Vincent Fleming was the object, was centred on him at a very early age. Before he was eight years old, his mother and sister used to quote his witticisms to their familiars, as if the mantle of Selwyn or Jekyll already rested on his shoulders; albeit he had never uttered anything above the commonest level of boyish banter; which, as is well known, depends entirely on the retort—more or less uncourteous. Vincent lost his father very early: whatever other sins of omission that easy-going divine may have had on his conscience, it would not be fair to hold him in anywise responsible for the faulty education of the son. It may be supposed, that Mrs. Fleming would be extremely loth to send her darling adrift on the troubled waters of public-school life: but she was peculiarly unlucky, as it turned out, in her choice of a tutor. An honest, plain-spoken man, with some strength of will and principle might have done wonders for the boy; who was anything but bad-hearted *au fond*.

But the Reverend James Redland was simply a selfish Epicurean; with just enough of worldly wisdom, to be tenacious of a comfortable berth, when once fairly established therein. He was indolent, too, to a miracle: you might see him, often, basking, in the sun in summer, or before a fierce fire in the winter, with an empty pipe between his lips; because he was too idle to rise and fill it. It was far less trouble to float upon the tide of feminine

enthusiasm, than to try to stem or turn it into a juster channel: not actually prompting the rhapsodies of the devotees—he sealed them with a mute consent, and a smile, that was always ready, if sometimes cynical. Yet, with all his faults, Mr. Redland was a brilliant scholar: he had taken high honours at the University in spite of that incorrigible indolence engrained into his nature; and still kept up his reading in a desultory amateur sort of way; finding familiar classical ground much easier travelling, than any of those modern works of fiction that involve a mental grapple with their plot.

So it befel that, when Vincent Fleming, at the mature age of thirteen, went up for his preliminary examination at the great public-school of ———, he was found so very much forwarder than the average of his comrades, and was highly placed accordingly; so highly, indeed, that he sat down at once 'above the salt,' as far as fagging was concerned.

Strange to say—even in that new phase of life, the spoiling process went on, steadily.

Jack Gratex, undisputed Cock of the school (and—if his admirers were to be believed—of half the country beside), was in the same house, and at once spread over Vincent the shadow of his seven-fold shield. Jack said—"he knew the Flemings at home;" which was true: it was also true that, at the bottom of his big boyish heart, he nourished a hopeless Cymoniacal passion for the pretty Kate. Anyone seriously molesting her brother, would have fared, under those brawny hands, not much better than did the groom, who smote Lufra, the gaze-hound of the Douglas. It was rather hard on Jack, that his simple chivalry was never called into play; for his protégé soon began to win an independent popularity.

Even at that time ——— was a very famous school: the personal influence and characteristics of the wise strong-willed man, who was then the fountain-head of authority seemed to filtrate through the whole system, with the happiest results: in those days, there came forth from the gates under the square

grey towers, many brilliant scholars ; but more sound Christians, and right-minded gentlemen. But the purely aristocratic element was very scantily represented there ; and—as it is invariably the case in communities so constituted—stood at a proportionate social premium.

I cannot see that 'flunkeyism' is necessarily involved in such a state of things ; though this apparent contradiction has been a stock-joke against all democracies, since the world was young. If our American cousins are apt to be extravagant in their lionization of a lord, it might be remembered that such an apparition, in flesh and blood, has, till lately, been scarcely more common, out there, than that of a Choctaw chief or Nepaulese ambassador within the Four Seas : it strikes me, we have bowed down, in our time, before a Bahadoor or so, whose moral characters would bear no close inspection. Advantage of birth is like any other rarity, after all : it may well have an attraction in divers places, wholly independent of any intrinsic excellence in the possessor.

However this may be, it is certain that the 'blue blood,' faintly leavening the honest lump of the Third Estate was highly—if unconsciously—valued at — : neither was title, or an honourable prefix, indispensable.

When the merits of different public-schools were first discussed, Mrs. Flemyng was strongly for Eton ; and the scale was only turned in favour of ——— by the advantage of comparatively near neighbourhood, and by the fact of a near kinsman being an influential Governor of the Foundation. Her son had reason, in some respects, to congratulate himself on the choice. The Flemyngs came of a good old stock ; though the family had never, at any epoch, been very wealthy or powerful. Vincent's appearance—at least, at this time of his life—was much in his favour : he was not only a handsome specimen of the 'pretty page' class ; but showed blood in all his points, from head to heel. The future cottonocrats and coal-owners began, almost at once, to cherish—if not to court—a creature evidently cast in a more delicate mould than their own. Before the first quarter was over, Vincent Flemyng could count a score or so of adherents, all older and stronger than himself ; only too ready to fetch and carry for him (morally speaking) ; and to humour, to the uttermost, his boyish petulance and caprice. Just so, in the early decadence of French monarchy, one might have seen the *hobereaux* of his native province, ministering to the insolence of some beardless court-minion—exiled, for awhile, from the royal Paradise of Sin.

So things went on, till in the last year of his school-life Vincent Flemyng did really

register a substantial triumph, by winning the English Verse prize. If there was acclamation among his partisans at ———, judge how it fared with the woman-kind at home ! They could scarcely have made more rejoicing, if their boy had carried off the Golden Violet, from a congress of all the poets of the age. Kate read out the poem, over and again, to her insatiable mother ; and they both agreed, that they had never heard anything so musically sonorous as those turgid decasyllables ; though, even an article in the *Weekly Growler*, would have sounded rhythmically harmonious,—declaimed in those fresh, round, youthful tones.

One way or another, Vincent Flemyng went up to Oxford, with more than ordinary *prestige* ; and, there too, the chances of time and season helped to make the way comparatively smooth before him.

There are, of course, cycles and reactions in University life, no less than in the big work-day world ; if they recur more rapidly, in the former case, this only seems natural—comparing the span of academic existence with that of man's generations. For three years immediately preceding Flemyng's matriculation there had prevailed at Ch. Ch. a hard-riding, hard-drinking set ; much given to athletics of all sorts, and not a little to rough practical joking. These men carried their faults and failings, openly, at least ; and, though they vexed the soul of the Dons with many misdeeds, perhaps, even to the worst of the lot, the formula of a famous horse-dealer might have been applied—"Light-hearted beggars ; without an ounce of vice about them." This set had gradually died out ; a few of its members having finished their appointed course ; more—having come to violent academical ends. The Tufts and Velvet-caps, who fell naturally into the vacant high-places, formed, in every respect, the strongest contrast to their predecessors.

Muscularity—Christian or otherwise—went utterly out of fashion ; Della Cruscan indolence, and elegant cynicism, were affected rather by these beardless Coldstreams ; who, before they had well glanced into the world's crater, were ready to aver that "There was nothing in it." If in any wise they departed from their rule of Quietism, it was only in the elaborate ornamentation of their rooms ; and, even here, show was made quite subordinate to costliness : the time-honoured hunting-scenes, and 'Pets' of all sorts, were a perfect drug in the market ; but the demand for (so-called) rare and curious engravings was sufficient to start a new and enterprising print-seller. On the morning of a very special fixture of the

Heythrop or Old Berkshire, you might perchance see three or four 'pinks' lounging slowly forth, past the scandalized porter; evidently careless as to the chances of being late for the meet; but, usually, a dilatory constitutional, late in the afternoon, was about the hardest work of the clever hacks that most of these men owned. The Drag and The Bullingdon both languished in their respective seasons; and were scarcely, by force of tradition, kept from utter extinguishment. No rattling choruses, or discordant horns, or salvos of pyrotechnic artillery, disturbed the midnight propriety of the inner quadrangle; if lights burned later than ever in those silent rooms, where 'oak' was 'sported' so early, that was, surely, only the affair of their tenants.

Indeed—though it was part of their creed to ignore politely all laws, human or divine—it was rare, that any one of the set contravened openly the college regulations. Nevertheless, as time went on, evil whispers got abroad. It was noticed that the old set, after their noisiest orgies, never wore such haggard morning-faces as certain of the Quietists, after the decorous revels, wherein nothing stronger than iced sherbet, or the mildest Balminton, was consumed: also, there were rumours—still more vague—of an intrigue or two in the neighbourhood of the city, much blacker than the average of academic profligacies. It was long before such reports reached the ears of the authorities, in any tangible shape; but some of the more clear-sighted tutors—wise and moderate men, yet carrying their ideas of duty beyond the doors of a lecture-room—felt an uneasy consciousness of an unhealthy state of things, and were inclined to wish the Roysterers back again, in the room of the Deadly Smooths.

Yet—whatever the leaders might have been—it would have been unfair to impute to the generality of the set a deliberate vice, or indeed anything worse than boyish affectation. In truth—as is the wont with budding philosophers of any school—they took a one-sided view of their favourite models. They forgot the strong daring manhood, which has lain at the bottom of the fantastic follies of hero-coxcombs in every age. Taking, for instance, the prototype of all the class; they thought of Alcibiades—curled, odorous, and purple-clad—walking daintily through the Agora, or leaning on Timandra's breast; never remembering, how often he had borne the brunt of battle, from the day when Socrates bore him out of the rout, to that winter's night, when he leapt out to meet his murderers, his long hair all a-flame; when they—being two hundred to one—dared not wait the onset, but,

standing afar off, wrought the bidding of Pharnabazus with Bactrian bows.

Into this set—partly from bent of character, partly from family connections—Vincent Flemyng fell quite easily and naturally: very soon, indeed, he began to be reckoned amongst its chiefs; though—comparing his resources and expectations with those of most of his familiars—it was the old story repeated, of earthenware floating alongside of iron. There was a pleasant fiction current among the Quietists, to the effect, that each and every one of their number was capable of almost anything, if he only chose to try. Ere long, it began to be whispered abroad that Flemyng did choose; and that he meant going in seriously for honours. In those days, Moderations were unknown; Smalls—the only trial stakes before the great race for three-year-olds—told no tales. Thus, so many horses started dark, that it was no wonder, if some rank imposters were made hot favourites, and enjoyed a vast amount of prospective fame, up to the very hour when they were proved worthless.

It is very difficult to choke off university partisanship; and, nowhere else, can so much credit be established on hearsay. When Vincent Flemyng went in for the Newdegate, and failed, his backers were disgusted, but not discouraged; they laid the fault, anywhere but at the right door; and the unconscious examiners were accused of every species of judicial delinquency, from bad taste, down to prejudice and supineness.

Nevertheless, in any assemblage of true believers there will be found a sprinkling of covert or avowed heretics. If Flemyng's own tutor was beguiled into over-confidence, by the showy scholarship and imperturbable self-reliance of his pupil, others were more sceptical.

The Earl of Tantallon was at the same college; training coolly and sedulously for the political career, in which he has long ago won great fame; he was too cold and proud—and, perhaps, too busy—to identify himself with any especial set; but he saw a good deal of Vincent Flemyng, and heard more. Whenever the latter's name was mentioned admiringly, the Earl's fine eyebrows would arch themselves; and his thin upper-lip would curl slightly; incredulity, could not be more politely, or more decidedly implied, as many a baffled diplomatist has since had occasion to acknowledge.

Taking almost the other extremity of the social scale; there was Jock Hazeldean,—son of a Cumbrian sheep-farmer, with the spirit of Porson, in the carcase of Kinmont Willie—

who read and rowed, and drank (by fits and starts) harder than any man of his year: he would pitch Aristotle into a corner, and put on the gloves for ten minutes, whenever he could find a customer; and return, to floor the Stagyrite, with equal science and satisfaction. The big Borderer could in nowise abide the Quietists; and utterly declined to believe in their champion: it was hardly safe to sound his praises in that savage presence. Jock would begin to glower; and shake his shaggy black head like a bull preparing to charge; and growl out, in his roughest burr:—"He be d—d. Saft, arl through!" or words equally rude and disparaging.

Now both these men had some right to speak; for both took the highest classical honours, the year before Flemyng went in. The peer's was a good, steady, laborious First; Hazeldean's—one of the most brilliant on record. His *viva-voce* translation of certain tough bits in Aristophanes is still talked of in the Schools; he had mastered the passages so completely that he was able actually to appreciate their humour; and, when the laughing examiner put him on, repeatedly, it was as much to gratify Jock, as the Dons who crowded the gallery.

Well—it was all over now: no room left for hopes, or fears, or prophecies, or for excuses: truth to speak, the backers of the favourite had not even the old poor consolation—"he was beaten, not disgraced;" for they had not even a fair run for their money.

Some men, under similar circumstances, would have brazened out their discomfiture; others—more rare stoics, these—would have accepted it with utter outward indifference. But Vincent Flemyng was not audacious, nor—in spite of natural and assumed *poco-curanteism*—cool enough, to take either of these courses. He left Oxford by an early train on the morning after the Class-list was published, and all the previous evening had secluded himself in his own rooms; declining to see the face of either friend or foe. He had had time enough though, to learn—or re-learn—his lesson, during his journey into Marlshire.

So, when Seyton first saw his face, the old languid superciliousness was there; though it might be a shade paler than usual.

"How are you, Vincent? I'm glad you've come straight here; though I'm right sorry for the cause. Perhaps you don't care to talk about it, just now?"

Tom spoke cheerily and heartily, as was his wont; yet, somehow, as the two shook hands, even a stranger might have guessed there was little cordiality between them.

"Thanks," Vincent answered. "You're always very kind. But there's little enough to tell; and that little I was trying to explain to my mother. I was very unlucky in my papers."

"So Kate said; but she didn't seem quite to know how that came about."

The other man's face lowered and darkened: he did not fancy being cross-questioned, even when it was easier to answer than now.

"It's simple enough," he said, after a second's hesitation. "The examiner, who set the logic and science papers, is at daggers-drawn with my tutor: they're always quarrelling: he took good care to puzzle Leighton's pupils."

"And were all his pupils equally unlucky?"

Seyton could not for his life refrain from that awkward home-question; but he was sorry he had spoken, before the words were well uttered; for he saw that the maternal martyr was already calling Heaven to witness against his unsympathetic hardness of heart. Indeed, under ordinary circumstances, that good dame—though she loved him as her own child—had a way of looking at Tom, as if he were one of her many trials.

Vincent Flemyng had a certain facility of excuse and evasion; but the gentle instincts that were born with him were strong and vivid still: he had never in his life told a direct lie. So he answered, now, straightforwardly enough; though the slow, sullen syllables came, one by one, through his set teeth,

"Leighton had one First, and three Seconds."

Then came rather an embarrassing pause, during which Mrs. Flemyng's hand stole into her son's, and drew him gently down to his old place by her side; while Tom felt more guilty than ever.

"Some horses can win under any weight," he muttered at last, half apologetically. "Well, I dare say there is a good deal of luck in these things. I didn't mean to worry you, Vincent; but I'll leave you to the Madre again now. I've several things to do before dinner, and the dressing-bell will ring in ten minutes. They'll make you comfortable, of course, in your old room."

So Seyton took himself off to his own den, with the pleasant conviction of having utterly mismanaged the first interview.

"I muffed the whole thing, Kate," he said. The kind little woman forbore to ask him another question.

Dinner went off much better than could be expected; but the ladies had scarcely left

the room, when that unlucky Tom—whose evil star was ominously high that evening—contrived to bring on a fresh *imbroglio*.

"What are your plans, Vincent?" he asked, innocently; wishing to give the conversation a turn, quite away from the recent troubles.

"I shall go to Rome almost immediately," was the answer; "and stay there some months, at least. I've been thinking—yes; before this week—of taking up painting as a profession. It would suit me as well or better than any other, I dare say."

The vague recklessness of the reply—to say nothing of a subtle contemptuousness of tone—grated unpleasantly on Seyton's ear. Besides this, he was not free from certain old-fashioned prejudices. Admiring both art and literature in his simple way, he could not divest himself of the idea, that the professors of either must be more or less affiliated to the Brotherhood of Bohemia. He drew his lips together; evidently suppressing with difficulty the long low whistle that always, with him, betokened vexation and surprise.

"You know your own mind best, of course," he said, after a pause, "and your chances of success, too; but surely it's a pity you didn't think of all this two or three years sooner. It might have saved much time, and—money. Look here, Vincent; I haven't said a word to the Madre (though perhaps it's more her affair than mine), nor to Kate either; but Deacon told me, when I saw him in town, that you had been selling out heavily within the last six months. He didn't say how much, and I didn't ask him; but it was enough to make him look very grave. I do hope, it was to settle all the Oxford ticks. I know they mount up, like the very devil, at the end of the third year; and, no doubt, it's wisest to clear everything off at a sweep."

Vincent Flemmyng felt very angry—too angry to preserve his habitual supercilious *sang-froid*—too angry to avail himself of the avenue of escape, left in his brother-in-law's last words. As he spoke, he crushed a walnut to shivers in the crackers, with a vicious emphasis that could not be mistaken.

"Deacon's an old fool, and an old woman into the bargain; or he wouldn't talk of his client's affairs to people whom they can't in the least concern. I shall get some one else to manage my business in future. I don't choose to be questioned on matters, for which I am accountable to no one alive. It will be fine enough to trouble my mother, when I ask her for money."

Tom Seyton had an invariably good temper. He was also specially indulgent to the irritations of sorrow or adversity; and had the

highest idea of courtesy at his own table; but—with all this given in—it was hardly safe to abuse an absent friend in his presence.

"You're not yourself just now," he said, sternly. "Yet that's no excuse for words like these. Deacon is an old man—old enough to have known your father and mine, and to have been trusted implicitly by both. But there's not an honest heart, nor a clearer head, within a mile round Lincoln's Inn. I don't think the threat of withdrawing your business would frighten him. He'll throw it up of his own accord, if you give him much more of such work to do. Perhaps he is rather behind the world though; for it never struck him, when talking to your sister's husband, that he was talking to an outside stranger."

Tom checked himself here, with a valiant effort (for he was in a very unusual heat of temper); and went on in a much milder tone.

"Well—don't let us quarrel, Vincent. If it's only for the women's sake, we're bound to keep the peace. Of course you're out of leading-strings long ago. I only spoke as I would have done to any other old friend of mine; and because I'd do a good deal to save you from getting into trouble; and more still—I tell you frankly—to save sorrow to your mother or sister. But I'm fated, to put my foot into it. If you won't have any more claret, shall we go into the library? Kate has hardly had a glimpse of you yet."

Now—though Flemmyng had carried the thing off with rather a high hand, and had not had much the worst of it in that brief passage of arms—it did occur to him, when the first petulance of anger had passed away, that it might have been wiser to take Seyton's hints in the spirit in which they were evidently offered. He had no present or pressing embarrassments to fear; nevertheless—bluster and brazen it as he would—he could not shake off the stubborn fact, that a huge cantle of his patrimony had gone, to pay off play-debts, incurred in a few of those 'quiet' evenings above alluded to; leaving the majority of the trade-accounts still unsettled.

On entering the library, Seyton made straight for his own peculiar arm-chair; and took, as it were, a 'header' into the pages of a famous sporting serial, that had arrived in the course of the day; he did not come fairly to the surface during the remainder of the evening. It was an unusually interesting number; narrating how the hero, on that notorious savage The Cannibal, utterly vanquished and cut down the cracks of Roundaboutshire; and—after selling his mount for a fabulous sum to one of the flyers of the hunt—won back the animal, with a hatful of money besides, at chicken-hazard.

Nevertheless, these stirring adventures did not so entirely engross the reader, as to make him insensible to two separate aggravations.

The first was, a consciousness that those three, talking low at the farther end of the library, had not—for the moment—one single feeling in common with him, Tom Seyton. To be sure, Kate did, ever and anon, cast certain conversational scraps in his direction ; but this was, evidently, more to prevent her husband from feeling himself entirely an alien and outsider (perhaps, too, a little to ease her own conscience), than because she wanted or expected him to join them. The second thorn in Seyton's side was this. He had his own opinion, as you know, as to how far Fortune was to blame in the recent disaster. So, it was sufficiently provoking to be aware, that the victim was being loaded with about the same amount of pity and comfort and cherishment, as might fairly be awarded to some valiant invalid, who has brought back wealth of bloody honours from a fair foughten field.

On the whole, it was one of the least remunerative evenings that Tom ever spent at his own fire-side ; nor was it great wonder if, rather before his usual hour, he betook himself to his own den ; where Kate—more than half contrite now—found him, shrouded in smoke-wreaths, dense enough to make their brief peace-making almost an invisible performance.

(To be continued.)

ALT BREISACH.

THERE are few more remarkable spots in Europe than the rock-platform, where stands the church and what remains of the old town of Breisach, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. It is now seldom visited, for it lies on that part of the Rhine which has ceased to be a medium of communication, its traffic having been absorbed by the parallel railways of Baden and Alsace. The view from the precincts of the church is panoramic. On the west rise—over a flat plain, with the divided river and its islets in the foreground—the Vosges mountains, culminating in the Ballon d'Alsace. They are now, while I write (at the beginning of April), striped and sheeted with snow. The Black Forest mountains appear to advance from the south-east to meet them, so that the grand dome-like Belchen, seen to perfection with its snow-streaks not far from Badenweiler, appears to stand at the end of the nearest reach of the Rhine. To the east rises, at the distance of a couple of miles, the isolated volcanic elevation called the Kaiserstuhl, and behind this the Black Forest

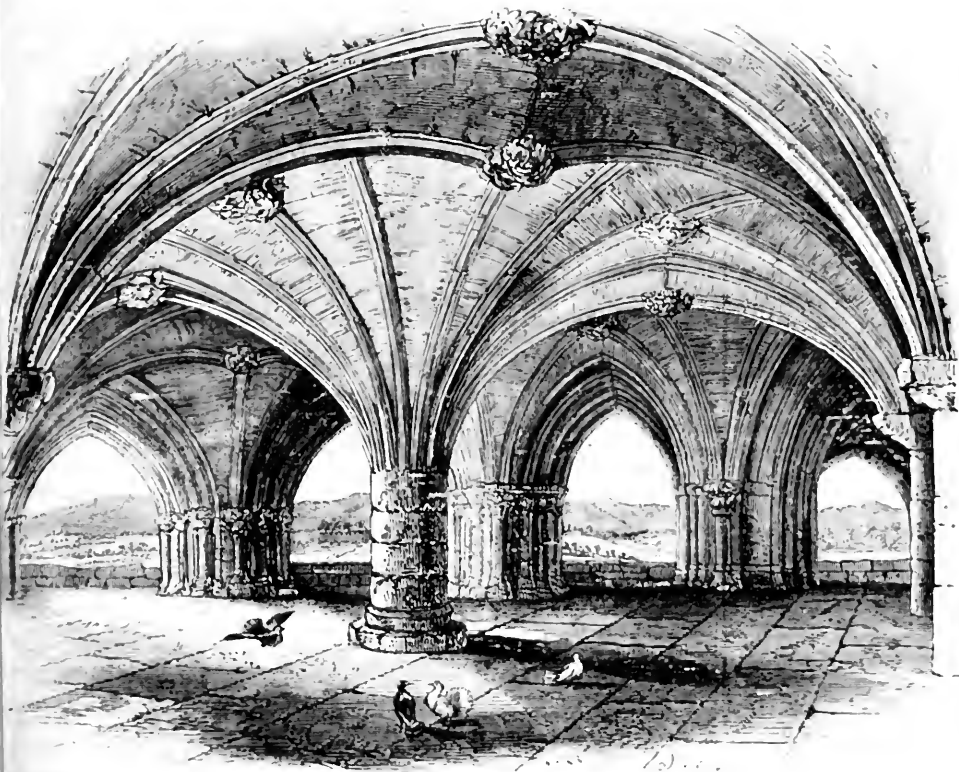
range of hills, which here attain their greatest height. To the north lies the Rhine and the low lands in the direction of Strasburg, here and there broken by volcanic hummocks of the same nature as the Kaiserstuhl, and which have mostly been taken advantage of in the middle ages as sites for castles to command the river. A painter would find it hard to light upon a better spot for studying sunrises and sunsets, while to gain a good view of the church and what remains of the fortifications, there is no place like the Eckartsberg, a twin hill, just across the lower town, crested by a battlemented fortalice.

The antiquity of Alt Breisach is absolutely prehistoric. The Roman name "Mons Brisiacus," applied to the hill on which it stands, is supposed by some antiquarians to be derived from the Celtic equivalent to "Breakwater," as it probably formed in early times an island in the Rhine. The Romans built a fort at Breisach in the imperial times, which doubtless had a close connection with their other settlement of Riegel, or Rigola, at the other end of the Kaiserstuhl. The legends which relate to Breisach had their origin in that dim and confused period when the young and healthy barbarism of the German tribes had just supplanted the effete civilisation of Rome, and the so-called Alemanni, under the name of Suabians, were serving under Clodwig, chief of the Franks. The Harelungen in these mythical times were the rulers of Breisach. They traced their descent in an unbroken line to the German war-god Woden, whose alias in these parts was Hugdietrich. Harelung was a son of Amelung by his third wife, and half-brother of Dietrich of Bern, or Verona, who plays a conspicuous part in the Lay of the Nibelungen. Breisgau and Breisach fell to his share in the division of the lands of the mythic emperor Amelung. His wife was the beautiful Volfriane, whom he obtained by special favour of the goddess Freia, who endowed him with miraculous graces, in order to captivate her. Hard by the castle of Harelung lived Eckart, surnamed the Trusty, who gave his name to the opposite eminence of the Eckartsberg. This hero is said to have been naturally so honest that even before he was born he reproved, by a significant movement, his mother when in the act of uttering some insincere expression. This brings to mind the story of the god Balder, who was so truthful that vessels containing adulterated liquor would burst in his presence. He is said to have baffled the wiles of the Herved Siegfried by a timely warning to the smith Meine, who had fabricated an invincible sword, so as to prevent the former from getting it into his pos-

session to use against the Duke of Burgundy, his liege lord.

When the Duke of Burgundy, in despair from defeats he had sustained, was on the point of killing himself, Eckart routed his enemies, losing his youngest son in the fight. To requite him the Duke put to death his two other sons on an unworthy suspicion. As Eckart after this was riding through a wood, well-nigh heartbroken, he came on the ungrateful Duke, whom his enemies had wounded and left for dead. He placed him on his own horse, bore him home, and tended him till he

was well. When, on another occasion, a mountain opened, and giants and dwarfs came out of it to fight the Burgundians, Eckart was slain, having overthrown a host of enemies. He was truly, according to the notions of those days, a model vassal. His character is contrasted with that of the false Sibich, Ermenrich's marshal. This Sibich, however, was not without excuse for his treachery, for his wife, Otilie, had been dishonoured by his suzerain. On this he swore the utter destruction of the imperial house. He began by causing Ermenrich to put his two



Open Crypt, Alt-Breisach. See page 481.

sons to death on a false suspicion. Then he managed, by aid of Freia, that Volfriane, Hareung's wife, should be caught in an intrigue with the Margrave Ivan, whom Harelung slew, but himself died of his wounds, leaving his sons to the guardianship of Eckhart the Crusty; but they came to an untimely end, being hanged by their uncle, Ermenrich. Eckart, by his just hostility to Ermenrich, caused him to besiege Breisach, and there is another version of his death, according to which he succumbed to numbers, having slain five hundred men with his own hand. One is tempted to think that the character of the false

Sibich is borrowed from some traits of Loki, the spirit of mischief, or devil, in the northern mythology, who compasses the death of Balder. It was said that the spirit of Eckart, after his death, used to stand sentry before the opening of the Venusberg, where Freia dwelt, warning away all who might be in danger of meeting with the fate of Tannhäuser. In the earliest historical times, Breisach had its glories and sufferings. At the treaty of Verdun, 841, when France and Germany were divided, it fell to Ludwig the German. In the time of the Emperor, Otto I., Eberhard, the Franconian duke, was punished for disaffection with

a fine of 110 horses, while his inferior companions in arms were compelled to undergo the quaint punishment of carrying dogs. Eberhard, in revenge, formed a league against the German king, and held out against him in Breisach, which Otto proceeded to besiege, 942, and obtained by surrender when Eberhard had been treacherously killed at Andernach, on the Rhine. Breisach, at a later period, seems to have fallen into the possession of the see of Basel, and then into the hands of the noble house of Zähringen, the chief branch of which came to an end in 1218. In 1162 its church was enriched by the reliques of the saints Gervasius and Protasius. According to the legend, Archbishop Rainald, of Cologne, who was coming down the Rhine with the reliques of the three kings and those of the said saints, was obliged to drop the latter at Breisach, since the boat containing them was miraculously detained until they had been so deposited. In 1212, Breisach received the Emperor Frederick II., after Otto the Wolf, had been expelled. In 1317, Breisach and the other towns about the Kaiserstuhl were involved in a war with a powerful family of robber nobles called the Uesenbergs, and succeeded in enforcing their better behaviour. In the time of Rudolph I., Breisach received the pretender, Tili Kolop, who gave himself out for Frederick II. resuscitated, but perished at the stake when the town was taken after a short siege. In general, the fortunes of Breisach accompanied those of Freiburg, but in the War of the Peasants it succeeded in holding out when Freiburg was taken. The most memorable event in its history was the siege the town sustained in the Thirty Years' War, being defended by the Imperialists against Duke Bernhard of Weimar, 1638. The movements of the Imperial armies in the neighbourhood induced the Freier von Reinach, who held the town, to make a most obstinate defence, so that before he capitulated upwards of 2000 persons are said to have died of hunger. The most loathsome kinds of food bore a fancy price, and there were even many instances of cannibalism. The siege cost Bernhard 1,100,000 thalers and 8000 men. After the death of Bernhard, which occurred not long after, not without suspicion of poison, Cardinal Richelieu managed to secure Breisach for France, by corrupting of Ertach, the Swiss commander of Bernhard's forces. The Rheinthor of Breisach, leading to the bridge, was built at the same time as the fortifications, in Vauban's style. The bridge exists no longer, but the gate stands, a singular monument of the bad taste and arrogance of the French

court in those days, 1653. The rivers Rhine and Danube are represented as allegorical figures held in chains by Mars, and this distich is added—

*Limes eram Gallis, nunc pons et janua fio ;
Si pergunt Galli, nullibi limes erit.*

The peace of Ryswyk, in 1697, brought back Breisach to Austria, but in the war of the Spanish succession, 1714, it fell into the hands of Marshal Villars. The commandant of Freiburg, Colonel Thann, tried to take it by a stratagem similar to one practised by the Black Douglas against an English garrison in Scotland, but in this case not so successful. He concealed 2000 armed men in a train of hay-waggons for the supply of the town, but the signal for the surprise was mistaken, and the soldiers who had got in were taken prisoners. After the death of Louis XIV., Breisach again reverted to Austria. The decline of the town dates from the destruction of the fortifications by Maria Theresa ; and in 1793, the French revolutionary army utterly ruined the remaining defences, and much of the town itself, by a most wanton and merciless bombardment. To such a shuttlecock of war, as Breisach proved, fortifications are an unmitigated misfortune. In the grass-grown streets of the present upper town, the remains of former prosperity appear, in the sites of old mansions turned into gardens, the present garden walls having blocked-up windows in them. Breisach is supposed capable of resuscitation by the projected railroad between Freiburg and Colmar, should the present peaceful relations of France and Germany continue. The dull, fortified town called New Breisach, which dates from the age of Louis XIV., is on the French side of the Rhine.

The original of the church at Breisach was, according to tradition, a Roman basilica, dedicated by the latitudinarian emperor, Julian, as a temple to the god of the Christians. The form of a cross was given to it in later times by the addition of a transept in the Byzantine style. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, a choir was added, in the purest style of pointed Gothic, built above an open crypt of remarkable beauty, through the arches of which appear pretty glimpses of the surrounding scenery. The most remarkable objects in the interior are a splendid altar of carved wood-work representing the Coronation of the B. Virgin by one Hans Lievering, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century, and a handsome lectern of an earlier date. Hans, a common artisan in wood, was in love with the daughter of a wealthy merchant, who refused his consent to a marriage, unless he could succeed in carving an altar-piece higher

than the church itself. This he accomplished; and to enable the erection to stand within the building, the culminating ornament, a cross, was bent on one side. Among the earlier religious pictures is one of the Crucifixion, representing our Lord as clad in the dress of a Roman soldier while fixed to the cross; and in a chamber in the external wall of the nave is a hideous representation of the scene in the garden of Gethsemane, with figures of the size of life. What remains of the religious houses, of which Breisach could boast several, has been utilised, as is generally the case in the Grand Duchy, for educational purposes. If Alt Breisach were put in communication with the rest of the world, its charming site on the Rhine would make it a pleasant residence, while it would be conveniently situated for trading purposes. At present, it is whispered that its chief industry consists in smuggling. G. C. SWAYNE.

ISIDORA.

Love took up the Harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling pass'd in music out of sight. LOCKSLEY HALL.

I.

She sang in Spring of Hope :
In the deep glade of ilex-trees
Fann'd by the whisp'ring April breeze,
Adown the sunny emerald slope
She sang the matin-song of Hope,
"He cometh home," she said, "to bring
The roses of a southern spring,
And while I wait for him, I sing."

II.

Then gleam'd the Summer's sun,
And 'neath the ruddy glow above
She breath'd the melody of Love.
Her instrument so sweet and shrill
Waked echoing music sweeter still.
One lay beside her feet—her dress
To clasp with passionate caress
In deep tho' silent tenderness.

III.

While Autumn's softer tint
With russet wreaths strew'd gold along—
She sang a fuller, graver song.
Maturer joys of Matronhood
In tranquil tone and fervent mood,
With chasten'd cadence seem'd to fly,
The measure of her minstrelsy,
Its burden peace, not ecstasy.

IV.

But now she sings of Death ;
For Winter's solemn, virgin snow
Has crown'd with silver that pure brow,
Her lyre still echoes thro' fast years,
Green memories of by-gone years.
The tenour of her piercing strain
Refined and purified by pain
Foreshadows undim'd joy again.

V.

With patient trust she waits ;
Gladness has fled and grief remains,
But yet, among the songster-trains
When entering thro' the Jewell'd Gate,
Where harps of gold her steps await,
She, touching that transcendent string,
In all the burst of triumphing,
Will know the key-note, suffering.

FABIAN BOSANQUET.

NAVAL MODELS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Few persons need now to be told what is an ironclad, an armour-plated ship of war; the newspapers are full of information on this matter. But, when a new order of things is about to be commenced, or a new principle transferred from theory to practice, we are all the more bound to keep an eye occasionally on the past, even in gratitude for that which has been a necessary forerunner of the present. Nay, more than gratitude; the present really cannot be perfectly understood unless we attend to some of the steps by which it has been reached.

This is the manner in which the very curious naval collection should be viewed at the South Kensington Museum. As to that Museum itself, it would be hard to guess what it will come to by-and-by. The place is a sort of artistic and scientific refuge for the destitute, opening its "boilers" and its new galleries for the reception of whatever cannot find room elsewhere. Raffaele Cartoons, Sheepshanks Gallery, Vernon Gallery, Turner Drawings, Jacob Bell Collection, Ellison Collection, Collection of Miniatures, Architectural Collection, Museum of Ornamental Art, Art Library, Museum of Building Materials, Educational Museum, Museum of Natural Products, Collection of Photographs, Museum of Patents—we must have good eyes and much patience to become really acquainted with the contents of all these several departments. And now, to add to the list, the Admiralty have sent all the naval models which used to be at Somerset House, together with others from other quarters. In aid of this collection, some of the noted ship-building firms have contributed. Inasmuch that, if a visitor does not know a ship by heart, from the main-top-gallant-mast-head down to the keel, it will not be the fault of the South Kensington Museum.

The full models, models of ships in their finished state, show how greatly the general contour has changed. Vessels are narrower than they used to be, in relation to the length and height; they have what shipwrights call finer lines, calculated to cut through the water with much higher speed. The Great

Harry, the crack ship of Henry VIII.'s time, presents itself to us in this collection as a mass of carved and bedizened upperworks, rearing up prow and quarter deck to an immense height. It was in its day a ship of 1000 tons burden, and carried 700 men, and 120 small guns; but most assuredly it was no clipper; it never could have distinguished itself at the measured mile. The Royal Sovereign of Charles II.'s days, we see at once, was a ship of better proportions, and appears certainly to have been a beautiful object. Then, examining the various models as exhibited in glass cases, we can trace the gradual progress towards the finer lines adopted by modern shipbuilders. Here is the Victory, of 100 guns, built in 1735, lost with the whole of her 1000 men in the English Channel. Here is the more famous Victory, associated imperishably with the death of Nelson. Here is the hapless Royal George, the loss of which suggested one of Cowper's smaller effusions. Here is the Terror, connected with the fate of poor Sir John Franklin. Here are the Ajax, the Gorgon, the Diana, the Picque, the Vernon, and other men-of-war of various rates and kinds, belonging to different dates in the present century. Here is the Queen, 116-gun ship, of 3000 tons register, built in 1839, and one of the last of the old three-decked sailing ships: especially worth looking at, therefore, as nearly the last instalment of a system now almost wholly abandoned. Here is the splendid Victoria and Albert, perhaps the finest vessel to which the mere name of "yacht" was ever given. Here is that wonderful paddle steamer, which has recently been established as a ferry-boat across the Mersey, from Liverpool to Birkenhead, provided with such galleries and overhanging decks, as to accommodate something like 1600 passengers at once. Here is the audacious Evelyn, which her Glasgow builders have no compunction in calling by her real name as a "blockade-runner," in open defiance of the laws of nations; she looks as if she could cut through everything, except stone walls.

And then there are not wanting models of those ironclads which are now producing a thorough revolution in shipbuilding; most of them very ugly, but all of them very strong, and offering us a choice between the ram, the broadside, and the cupola. Perhaps the most splendid model ever yet exhibited, relating to ship affairs, is that which the Thames Shipbuilding Company has contributed to this collection. It represents the Northumberland, ironclad ram, lately built by the Company for the Government. The model is something like 20 feet long, and is most beautifully

finished. The masts, boats, deck-fittings, all are there, even the sailors' hammocks, stowed within the bulwarks in such a way as to afford a shield against musketry. The formidable ram of the prow, a huge mass of iron, sharp at the front edge, tells us what a terrible thing naval warfare *may* become, when enormous ships dash against each other in the way that this prow suggests. Possibly—we do not know it as a fact—the Northumberland may look ugly and heavy on the water; but here, in model, there is something graceful even in the ironsides. As "fine feathers make fine birds," perhaps the sumptuous case within which the model is placed, with its carved and polished mahogany, and its vast sheets of plate glass, may have something to do with the attractiveness of the model itself.

Not only are there complete models to illustrate various kinds of ships; but there are half models, pictures, and diagrams to contribute towards the same end. The starboard, or right hand half of a ship, is generally exactly like the larboard, or left hand half; inasmuch, that either one will suffice to represent both. This half-model plan is the one usually adopted by shipwrights; and the specimens here are very numerous. There are the Cumberland and the Vanguard, and all sorts of three-deckers, two-deckers, frigates, corvettes, gun-boats, and so forth, looking trim and neat, and offering facilities for comparison one with another.

The actual construction, the very skeleton, of a ship, however, is perhaps best shown by the sections and parts of vessels, which are very numerous and varied. One case contains models of stern-framing and diagonal riders; another, models of side-framing and futtock-timbers; another, models of bow-framing; another, models of the longitudinal section of a 74-gun ship. Then there are models of stern-wales (horizontal timbers), of keels and beams for ironclads, armour-plate fastenings, steering apparatus, stern-posts, hawse-holes, cat-heads, screw propellers varied in pitch and in number of blades. We are shown a method devised by Admiral Chads, for repairing a leak near a screw-propeller. We are shown a model about 6 feet long, of a 74-gun ship so constructed, that the starboard and larboard sides exhibit two entirely different systems of framing. We are invited to inspect a model of fastening wooden beams to an iron ship; and a method of fixing armour-plates to the hull of an ironclad is exhibited. Two or three ponderous masses of iron, strangely mis-shapen and irregular, present to view the way in which iron is

combined in order to make armour-plates; the refined and puddled masses of metal which, when heated to whiteness, are either rolled or hammered with tremendous force, till they coalesce into plates four, five, six, or more inches in thickness. (A recent Shoburness experiment consisted in the vain attempt of a 300-pounder to shatter an armour-plate seven inches thick; but the 600-pounder people say—"Wait till we begin, before you give your verdict.")

Who shall count up the number of things that constitute a ship's fittings? None but the ship's "husband," perhaps, a sort of medium between a shipwright and a mariner, whose business it is to see that the floating lady (a ship is always "she" to a seaman), is duly decked out with all that properly pertains to her. Here are all the odds and ends at any rate,—some shown by specimens, some by models. Models of capstans, windlasses, and screw-jacks; models of huge anchors and chain cables; models of cabins, hatchways, ship ventilators, logs, deep-sea leads; models of masts and rigging; models of helms and drifting rudders; jacks, pumps, mariner's compass, swivels, lanterns, magazines, skylights. And then there are the murderous concomitants of a ship-of-war's fittings—guns, mortars, cannonades, slides, beds, cartridge cases, ram-heads. The telegraphic steering apparatus, now so useful in our larger ships, is illustrated by models; and so are various kinds of semaphore and the signalling apparatus used from ship to ship, or between a ship and the shore.

There is a beautiful series of models of the Block Making Machinery, invented by the elder Brunel, each machine a triumph of ingenuity in itself—one to cut off pieces from an elm log; one to shape these pieces into rectangles; one to bore the hole for the pin on which the sheaves of the block are to turn; one to cut the mortises in which the pulleys are to turn; one to shape the piece into a sort of octagonal prism; one to give this prism the proper curved exterior; one to cut on each of the faces the grooves intended to receive the rope, by which the block is to be suspended when in use; and two more machines for making the sheaves of *lignum-vite*. The models look so nicely constructed, that we may perhaps credit them with powers enough to make a tiny block themselves. Against one of the walls of the gallery are models of masts, so placed as to illustrate what the Admiralty calls the "establishment" of a ship. In the regular clock-work routine of the Royal Dockyards, a wooden man-of-war of a particular rate or kind used to have a mainmast

of a particular size, a foremast of a particular size, and topmasts, top-gallants, yards, bowsprit, &c., all having a certain ratio to each other. This collected group of measurements was called the "establishment;" and by degrees there arose no less than eighty-eight of such establishments, from the largest three-deckers (of which the mainmast was 128 feet long, by 42 inches in diameter) down to the smallest boat that carried a mast. The number bewildered the shipwrights; and Sir William Symonds, some years ago, taking a careful review of the whole subject, came to a conclusion that there was no sufficient reason for this minute classification; he reduced the number of establishments to little more than twenty; and the whole of these are illustrated in the collection by models in the ratio of five-eighths of an inch to the foot. But, how momentous are the changes now going on! Here are we despising our good old wooden men-of-war, despising still more such as have no steam power, making many of our masts of iron, and talking of cupola-ships, in which masts would either be left out altogether, or made wholly subservient to the requirements of the cupola. It is in suggesting such comparisons between the past and the present, that this Naval Museum is so valuable and interesting.

As may well be expected, such a collection is rich in crotchets, novelties, and inventions of various kinds. My Lords of the Admiralty have always complained that they are more beset by inventors than any other public department; and that the inventors have moreover a troublesome habit of blowing up the Admiralty, if the inventions are not duly attended to and patronized. Well, considering how public money is squandered by this department, we ought not perhaps to be much surprised if individuals here and there wish to get more than their proper share of plums out of the pudding. Be this as it may, there are here some really curious things. There are examples of the twin-screw propeller, in which, instead of a single screw in a line with the keel, there are two, one on either side, placed more or less distant apart, and more or less distant from the extreme stern of the vessel. Very remarkable facilities for steering are afforded by some of these double-screws; and hopes are entertained that vessels will be much more manageable out at sea by this aid, than they have hitherto been: seeing that the two screws may be worked either in harmony with or in opposition to each other, and that one may be worked without the other. There is an apparatus for running home and firing fourteen guns at once, a sort of orthodox

infernal machine, if the hopes of the inventor are realised. There is a very ugly-looking machine, by Mr. Byrne, intended for the destruction of ships; it appears something like a barrel, about 30 inches long, but what kind of vicious food it has in its vicious stomach, we do not know. There is a model of a 32-pounder rocket case, about 28 inches long; those who know what a fizzing, buzzing, bursting thing an ordinary sky-rocket is, may form some idea of the tremendous power possessed by a Congreve rocket of this large size. There is an invention intended to show how far gutta percha is likely to be useful as a material for cartridge cases. There is Mr. Birmingham's model of a new shot-proof ram, looking more "like a whale," than even *Culiban* did to *Trinculo*, and as unlike a ship as we can well imagine. There is a wonderful "anti-collision dial" for preventing shipwrecks; a treasure if it but answer to its name; but as it is a metal plate engraved all over with lines and circles, we fear that it is only one of the contrivances for determining the direction of a ship's course at sea: useful, it may be, but taking cognizance of only one among a multitude of causes of shipwreck. There are some of the very ingenious inventions for lowering ships' boats at sea; one of which, at any rate, Mr. Clifford's, is known to have been directly useful in saving lives placed in peril by a sudden calamity to a ship. There are models of all the contrivances belonging to the apparatus of that admirable society, the National Lifeboat Institution: the lifeboats, the carriages on which they can rapidly be brought to the sea-shore, and the necessary appliances.

There are numerous clever productions and models to illustrate the various kinds of life-rafts, life-buoys, life-belts, life-capes, &c., all supposed to have an inveterate tendency to float when other things are sinking. There is a model of an ice-boat moving on three skates, whereby a gentle wind is sufficient to propel a light craft over the surface of ice with considerable rapidity. There is a case of odds and ends which were picked up from the wreck of Admiral Kempenfeldt's hapless ship the *Royal George*. There is another case of oddities, showing the way in which barnacles stick to the bottom of vessels in certain seas, and greatly interfere with their speed. And there are others containing specimens to show in what manner the *teredo* bores holes in hard pieces of timber, and how other pieces are made to crumble away by the influence of dry rot. But to enumerate these would require a separate article.

G. D.

BIRDS OF THE BEACH.

MANY of our shore-birds retire for incubation into remote localities, whither it is not always convenient to follow them. Some, however, though they usually select for that purpose solitary places, do not migrate to great distances, and the lover of nature may therefore, without difficulty, visit their haunts. These haunts have often an interest irrespective of the birds themselves: there are charms in wild nature, whatever form she wears,—in the mountain, in the low sandy moor, in the shore of the sea.

Few of our littoral birds are more worthy of notice than the tern (*Sterna hirundo*, Linn.), the ring-plover (*Charadrius hiaticula*, Linn.), and the oyster-catcher (*Haematopus ostralegus*, Linn). During several successive seasons I have observed these birds when nesting and rearing their young. The locality which I visited for this purpose is an exceedingly interesting one, the name of which I refrain from giving, because I fear that if it were made generally known its beautiful feathered inhabitants would soon be destroyed or scared away. The sea-beach is steep from enormous accumulations of shingle, and immediately above it is a moor several miles in extent. During my visits the weather was delightful, and all around was still and beautiful. The sea-zephyrs were so gentle that they scarcely moved the bent which grew in great profusion over the waste, but they sufficed to waft from the earth the agreeable perfume of the wild thyme. Numerous native flowers bloomed on the sandy mounds, and conspicuous among them was the lovely *Convolvulus Soldanella*. The subdued moaning of the sea, the buzz of insects, and the cries of birds rendered the silence of the place the more perceptible; and even the insects increased its beauty. Richly coloured butterflies, with flapping wings, skimmed the warm ground; and more numerous than any other species was the small but beautiful *Polyommatus Alexis*. Brilliant coleoptera flew and ran along the sand-banks, and threaded the patches of moss which here and there marked the shingly portions of the moor. The humming-bird sphinx occasionally darted from flower to flower, over which it hovered, and from which it, while on the wing, extracted the essence.

The pleasing effect of the landscape was increased by distant prospects. Some miles inland rose lofty hills, the slopes of which were clothed with dense plantations of pine and larch; and between them and the moor lay a tract of undulating cultivated land, on which stood many a picturesque primitive cottage.

Over the sea in the horizon appeared, in various gradations of azure tint, a range of Scotch mountains, and far to the south noble sand-cliffs exhibited their grey slopes through the intervening haze. Gannets in large parties were feeding in the offing, striking from a great elevation at the fry which abounded in the tide.

On my several visits to this shore, I found that the breeding operations of the tern were performed on the shingle on the beach, while the ring-plover and the oyster-catcher deposited their eggs on the sandy edge of the moor. As the visitor proceeds along this edge a general alarm is taken. Numerous terns assemble overhead, beating the air with their gently-moving wings and uttering their mild scoldings. Ring-plovers, whistling as they go, retire in all directions from the presence of the intruder; and oyster-catchers take long circular flights, crying incessantly and anxiously until they alight on a tuft of sand or a heap of shingle. It is seldom that the oyster-catcher will approach the visitor within a distance of less than sixty or seventy yards.

The habits of the tern are exceedingly interesting. From time immemorial, I believe, a colony of these birds has visited annually the same locality. It is not easy to find their nests, which are simply hollows made in the shingle, and the eggs resemble the stones so much in their general colour that they can only be distinguished by a quick eye. The colour of the eggs is generally an olive-brown, blotched with dark brown; and I have observed that the small stones on which they are deposited are often marked with dark stains very much like those on the eggs. How apparent here is that exquisite Providence without which the balance of nature could not be maintained! The egg resembles the stones in colour, and the instinct of the bird prompts her to deposit it among them, that, though exposed, it may be unnoticed by depredators winged or human. A friend and myself on a recent occasion found several terns' nests by concealing ourselves near the shore and watching the birds. Before they alight on their nests—and, as far as I have been able to ascertain, it is not often they do so—they hover for some time over them, gradually descending very much in the same manner as kestrels do when in pursuit of their prey. I have never seen them sitting on their eggs, nor have I met with any person who has. I have observed them on their nests, but their wings were then raised and in motion. The peasantry in the neighbourhood had often noticed this peculiarity, and told us that the terns descended upon their eggs for the purpose of turning them. The

birds, indeed, when in this position, appeared as if engaged in such an operation.

The tern never lays more than three eggs; I have never seen more than two in a nest, and the same actinic power which warms into life the embryo-ostrich assists, though with less force, the parent tern in bringing into existence her offspring. The heat of the shingle during the sunny days of June conduces largely to the hatching of the eggs. The young terns quit the nest soon after they leave the shells, and then move about on the beach and conceal themselves among the pebbles. They are covered with down, the body being of a greenish grey hue, except the underpart, which is of a dull white. The beak, legs, and feet have not then that beautiful crimson colour which they assume in the adult bird. I was on one occasion much interested in the appearance of the legs of a young tern which had not left the shell many days. They were undoubtedly thicker, though of course softer, than those of an old bird, and were of a brownish yellow or buff colour. I may add, what seems incredible, that they actually appeared longer than those of a full-grown tern. I regret that I omitted to measure them and compare the length with that of the legs of adult birds which I shot. The young tern cries when laid hold of, and its cry is precisely the same as that of the old bird. The shortness and slenderness of the tern's legs are well adapted to its habits. It is almost always on the wing. When the young birds begin to fly the tarsi become firm and hard. The tern resembles the gannet in its mode of fishing: it strikes from a considerable height at the small sand-eels or fry on which it feeds, but it does not descend deep into the water as the gannet does. It finds the small fishes swimming on the surface, and rises into the air the moment it has secured its prey. When terns are rearing their young they allow themselves but little sustenance, as almost all the food they procure is given to their young. Upon opening several terns which when killed had young broods, I found that, except one, they contained no food, and in that one I discovered only two or three minute vertebræ of a very small fish.

The tern sea-swallow as applied to this bird has allusion to the similarity between its tail and that of the swallow. The shortness of the tarsi may also perhaps have led to the comparison. Its flight has no resemblance whatever to that of the swallow; the movement of its wings is like that of a lady's fan when used by its fair owner to cool her flushed cheeks. The tern's graceful form and the delicate pale blue-ash tint upon its back

and breast, combined with its long snowy forked tail, black cowl, and crimson beak and legs, give it a light and beautiful appearance as it flies. It floats upon the breeze like some fairy of the air, without a stain upon its plumage, an emblem of purity.

The nests of the ring-plover and oyster-catcher are very like that of the tern. Each lays its eggs in a round hollow which it makes in the shingle or sand, and never constructs

a nest of materials collected for the purpose; a nest so constructed would not suit the habits of these birds. They, like the terns, are irregular incubators, and by no materials which they could collect would so much heat be obtained in warm summer weather as that produced from the small stones or the sand when immediately exposed to the sun's rays. Thus by any other arrangement than that which nature has provided, incubation might



The Tern's visit to her Nest in the Shingle.

be retarded and the vitality of the eggs impaired. However seldom these birds and the terns sit upon their nests during warm days, it seems necessary that during the night and in wet or damp weather the hatching process should be promoted by warmth from their bodies. I have observed small pieces of dry seaweed under the eggs of the tern and oyster-catcher, but they had not, I believe, been placed there by the birds, but had been acci-

dently lying on the shingle or sand when the circular indentation for the reception of the eggs was made. Dry pieces of seaweed are often scattered over the spots where the eggs are laid, having been carried up by high spring tides or blown up during severe gales. The eggs of all these birds, though they differ a little in the ground colour, have more or less dark blotches or streaks; and small shreds of dark seaweed among the pebbles or on

the sand render them less visible than they otherwise might be. The ring-plover lays four and often five eggs; the oyster-catcher three, four, and occasionally five.

There is no bird which evinces greater solicitude for its young than the ring-plover. As soon as the young birds throw off the shell and gain a little strength, they leave the nest. This often happens the day after they come from the shell. Until they are able to move about, the hen-bird visits the nest, and covers them over with her wings. The young are clothed with a greenish-grey down mottled with minute dark spots, and have a white ring round the neck. If the hen-bird be disturbed or alarmed when her brood is very young, she displays her anxiety for its safety by endeavouring to attract the attention of the offender to herself. She at first runs along the ground, tumbling about as if one of her wings were broken, as the partridge does under similar circumstances. I have seen the ring-plover thus run a distance of fifty or sixty yards, reeling and tumbling as she went along, and then take a circuitous flight back to the nest. Upon a recent occasion I found two young ring-plovers, which had apparently just left the shells, and which when discovered were several yards apart. After examining the little things, I resolved to retire behind a bank of sand and watch the conduct of the old birds with respect to their young. After the lapse of a few minutes I observed the hen-bird alight near her young ones, and immediately run at full speed first towards one, which I thought she fed, and then towards the other. The tiny things then followed her, when she stopped, and took one under each of her wings, and remained with her wings spread over them until again disturbed.

The fears of the oyster-catcher, when apprehensive of danger to its young, are expressed by incessant loud short whistles, while it takes long circuitous flights. The young of these birds, like those of the tern and ring-plover, are covered with down, and, as they lie on the shingle, it is very difficult to discover them. When in danger they usually hide themselves between stones and lie down perfectly flat; and thus they remain without stirring, suffering themselves to be taken up in the hand. The instinct of the young, as well as their colour, doubtless often preserves them from destruction. A young oyster-catcher when nearly fledged would make no despicable meal for some of the largest of our predatory birds, but even the telescopic eye of the peregrine falcon can seldom observe it crouched in the shadow of a stone. The falcon, however, is not the most dreadful of its

enemies; if it were found by the raven, the hooded-crow, or even the herring-gull, it would soon be devoured. I have seen a herring-gull seize a young but full-fledged song-thrush, and swallow it alive.

The oyster-catcher never alights upon the water; it is not web-footed, though there is a rudiment of a web between its middle and outer toe. It is not therefore classed with the swimming-birds, but it can nevertheless swim and dive with very great ease. A gentleman well acquainted with most of the habits of this bird was somewhat surprised lately at seeing a young one, which had only been about two days out of the shell, run, when alarmed, into the sea. He told me that on his attempting to seize it the little creature swam out, dived, and paddled under water with the expertness of a cormorant. Subsequently to this occurrence he and I found a young oyster-catcher which was partially fledged. We took it up, and let it go near the water's edge; we then chased it, and it ran into the surf, dived, and swam out to a distance of fifty or sixty yards. We then retreated, kept out of its sight, and watched it. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour we saw it return to the shore, land, and run at full speed to the spot where we had found it. The speed with which these birds run is surprising. Nature has wisely supplied the oyster-catcher with ability to swim and dive. If it had not this ability, it would often have to encounter great risks and dangers, for it feeds near the edge of the sea, and is sometimes overtaken by a wave; besides, the young birds are sometimes during spring-tides swept into the water. Their ability to swim and dive, moreover, often prevents their falling a prey to other birds. The food of the oyster-catcher is found on the shores which it inhabits. It has a long and powerful beak, with which it pierces sand and mud, and thus captures those creatures which they contain; small crabs too, and several species of mollusca, furnish its repasts. The ring-plover feeds, during every season of the year, chiefly on the sea-shore; I say chiefly, for in the dusk of winter evenings its whistle is not unfrequently heard in marshes near the sea. During winter insects are scarce, and, like other shore-birds, it is then often compelled to visit meadows and wet fields in search of small slugs and worms. When in pursuit of wild fowl by moonlight, I have often met with flocks of ring-plovers. On such occasions I have observed that wild-ducks arrive at the feeding-ground later in the evening than do other night-feeding birds. The sportsman who is patiently waiting for the arrival of ducks, is often suddenly startled

by a torrent of snipe sweeping past him with wonderful rapidity, screaming and alighting near him in all directions. The cry of the lapwing and that of the curlew are then heard overhead. Ring-plovers next give signals of their approach, and, last of all, the hissing sound produced by the wings of wild ducks attracts his attention.

The oyster-catcher is an effective object in the marine landscape. It has not the elegance of the tern, yet its size, its bright red beak and legs, and its black and white plumage, render it very conspicuous as it runs along the wet sand or takes a rapid flight over the surface of the water. Flocks of young oyster-catchers are frequent in the autumn. There are often four or five nests within a mile's length of shore, and the young birds produced from such nests associate, and for a time appear in flocks, which migrate before winter.

The few facts here recorded may probably not be without interest. Of the habits even of the birds and other wild animals which dwell in the wastes and solitudes of the British Isles our knowledge is very limited. The more attentively, however, we apply ourselves to the study of their habits, the greater are the interest and pleasure which that study affords. New and clear evidence of the beautiful adaptation of every species of creature to its own peculiar sphere is daily exhibited. The exquisite harmony evinced in the whole economy of nature; the wisdom of the laws by which the several species of animals are governed; their diligent observance of those laws, and the untiring energy with which they perform their respective duties, are all worthy of our attention, and afford abundant proofs of the existence of a great Superintending Power moving around us.

"YET ANOTHER GENUINE SPIRIT."

WHEN I was staying some time ago at a country house, I met there a little Transatlantic damsel (a connection of my host's), with whom I used to talk a good deal, as her descriptions of her life in the country amused me, and reminded me now and then of pictures in the "Wide Wide World," such as that of the "bees" to "make candy," &c. She was a different type of girl from the young-lady Yankees I had hitherto met—less young-ladyish, and more fond of the country and its pursuits, for the simple reason that she had been brought up there; whilst the other girls (American) that I had seen had all been city damsels. In one of her confidences,—it was on a rather weird November day, whose grey sky and moaning wind had made us think

and talk of *ghosts*,—she told me the following story, and as she is exceedingly matter-of-fact, it made the more impression on me. I give it in her own words, as nearly as possible, Yankeeisms and all.

"In the summer, and, indeed, almost the whole year round, we live in a large wooden house in the country, some miles from the city, where we go for a short time in the winter. We move into the country quite early in the spring, almost before the leaves are out upon the trees, for mother likes the country, and she would hardly move into the city at all but she wishes to see her friends once in a while, as we live in a wild place where hardly any one takes the trouble to find us out. Two years ago, mother was taken very ill in town, and continued so until it was almost time for us to move into the country. A week before we went, she asked me if I would go there the next day with the men and girls (Anglicè, servants), and remain (until she came) to superintend the arrangements, and also see that good fires were kept up to get the house thoroughly warmed before she came. As it was frequently damp in the early spring, and as I knew mother would feel it from being delicate, I readily consented, and started next day for Woodville, our place in the country. We arrived there in the evening, and were soon busily engaged in putting things to rights, so that I had no chance to feel lonely that night. I must describe a little the situation of our house before I go on with my story. We live in the midst of a great forest, many miles from any one else, and so very wild is it, that from the windows we look directly out into the pines, with the long avenues between the trunks carpeted with pine-leaves, and roofed by the interlacing branches. The wind moans so drearily through these avenues, and often and often when I was a child I used to lie awake listening to the sounds and imagining strange stories about them. My room looked to the north, and upon the side most exposed to the wind, but when the house was full of people and noisy I used not to notice it much, and had not time to think of the dreariness; this night, however, I felt lonely—there was not a sound inside, only the wind moaning outside. I drew the curtains, and locked my door, and it looked so cosy then with my fire, that I soon chased the gloomy thoughts away and undressed and went to bed. I did not sleep much, as it was new to me to be there alone, and I felt the want of companions. The next day, feeling still more lonely, I wrote to my mother, asking her to

send some of my friends to me to keep me company in my solitude. I spent one more night alone, and the next day was intensely cheered by seeing the coachman drive up to the door with my cousin Maud and another friend—just the ones I could have wished for, particularly Maud, as she was very lively and full of fun. We drew up to the fire and had a cosy chat, and I told them how lonely I had been. I said that I had only expected one of them, who would share my room, and that therefore there had been no other put in order or warmed; 'however,' I said, 'if you will both share mine, as it is large, I should be very happy to have you, and I could put a little cot-bed in or make one up on the sofa.' 'Oh no!' they both exclaimed, 'let us all sleep in your bed—it is so large—and then we shall scare away the bogies!' We went up to bed rather early that night, and as a precaution against thieves, I locked the door, after carefully looking under the bed and about, to see that all was safe. In a short time we were all in bed, and I put out the candles. My room had only one door—leading into the passage (the one I had locked), and there were two windows, one at the head of the bed, and the other on the opposite side of the room. After the candles were out, the fire threw strange flickering shadows about upon the walls, which were hung with bows and arrows, a stag's head and antlers, and a variety of old Indian weapons, so that Maud remarked in fun, 'What a ghostly old place! no wonder you were lonely; how the wind moans about the house. Did you ever see a ghost? I should think this just the place for one if there were such things.'

"Just at that moment the wind rose again, and it sounded like voices of laughter mocking her. 'Did you hear that, Lily?' Maud asked. 'Oh, yes; it's only the wind; it often moans like that.' Finally, we all went to sleep. I should think it was about the middle of the night, when I was awakened by a loud rap on the window furthest from my bed, so I started up and listened; it was not repeated, so I thought it might have been a little bird which had flown against the window, and I lay down again. As I was trying to go to sleep, here came another rap, louder than the first, and I started up again: then it stopped. There were the other two girls fast asleep by my side; why had they not waked as I had? The noise was so loud that I thought the window must have been cracked. The idea of ghosts or spirits never entered my head; and then I said to myself that perhaps the noise was not so very loud, as the other girls were not waked by it, but that my imagina-

tion was excited. Then I tried to account for it in several ways: could it be little twigs blown from the trees on to the window? or could it be some one outside knocking. This last thought suggested another: sometimes my brother, when he was locked out, used to throw pebbles against the window to wake some one up; might he not have ridden over from Cambridge, which was about twelve miles distant, and come to stay with me, hearing that I was alone at Woodville? Just then another rap came, and I jumped out of bed, and running to the window I opened it and called, 'Who is there?' No one answered. It was full moonlight; so clear that I could look all about. My window was up one story, with a rustic trellis reaching from it to the ground, covered with honeysuckle. No one could have climbed upon it, for it would hardly have borne a cat; and, besides, who would be so really mean as to play a practical joke on us girls? *that* idea was absurd, for there was no one in the house but the servants. I waited a few minutes, but still saw and heard nothing. Maud was now awake, and asked me what I was doing there. I did not wish to frighten her with my fears, so I said, 'I am looking at the strange shadows in the moonlight.' 'Well,' she replied, 'it certainly is an eccentric way of being romantic, standing at an open window in your night-dress this time of year! I am almost frozen.' So I shut the window, tried the door, which was still locked, and popped into bed. I had no sooner got comfortably arranged, than a loud double rap came on the window, making us all start up, and Maud exclaimed, 'What was that? Oh, Lily, I do believe there are ghosts here!' Still, not wishing to alarm her, I told her it was only the wind, and so we lay down again. No sooner were we all quiet than again the raps came, only this time three in quick succession. Strange voices seemed to be laughing outside, and then—oh, horror of horrors! our bed began slowly to lower itself; it went down, and down, and down. There was no sound of pulleys or anything, only the mocking laughter outside. Was I awake! oh yes; and the others, too, for we grasped each other's hands convulsively, each afraid to speak or move. I remembered a story I had read (it is, I think, in 'Anne of Geierstein'), in which a traveller is let down on his pallet by pulleys into a vault below. But then, I asked myself, how could that happen in a house where I had lived so long, and which I knew all about. But, that the bed was going down was no mistake; we all felt it, and lay there quaking and trembling, not even daring

to jump up and strike a light; not knowing what was on either side of the bed; and in this state of terror we lay till the grey of the morning. It seemed long, oh, so very long, before there was the least light; the darkness was so thick about us, and we felt as if we were sunk down so low into some dark gulf. But, then—oh, what a relief it was when we began by the dim light to distinguish the pieces of furniture about the room, proving that we were still in my room, and not sunk into the horrible pit we had imagined. There, too, were the four bed-posts standing at the corners, gaunt and erect; but the mattress, and we on it, lay flat upon the floor.

“And now the cause of it all flashed into my mind. It was an old-fashioned bedstead with a sacking bottom, which was stretched by means of two cranks, so that when the sacking got loosened it could easily be wound up again. The extra weight of three people in bed had made the cranks slowly unwind, loosening the sacking and thus letting the mattress sink gently on to the floor. Thus the mystery of the bed was explained; but what was the cause of the knocking? I laughed when I found out what that was, which I did shortly; for on going to the window where I had heard the noise in the night, I found—a *tooth-brush*! dangling midway knotted into the cord of the blind. I had pulled up the blind on my friends’ arrival, and put the window a little open, and the cord of the blind must have in some way formed a slip-noose round the handle of the brush and pulled it up with it. The air through the window blowing the blind to and fro made the brush rap against the glass, and no wonder the noise was loud and that I thought the glass would be broken.

“These two mysterious things (the noise and the bed-sinking) coming together, made us *really* scared, and I wouldn’t pass such a night again for a sum of dollars.”

G. A. W.

AUTUMN IN THE LINCOLNSHIRE WOLDS.

BEAUTIFUL as the country is at all seasons, a lover of nature will never find it more attractive than in autumn. Old and young alike are bewitched by the mature grace of the year in its robes of ruddy gold with the last rose of summer tangled in its tresses. There is a dash of sadness mingled with our delight, for day by day the vivid tints of the woodlands pale, and each evening closes a shorter day. Twilight falls with keener chill, and the grass is often too damp for a mid-day stroll. The second, or St. Luke’s summer,

however, before the stormy winds of winter set in, ranks in many respects amongst the most pleasant periods of our curious climate. Yet one day at that time will often sum up in itself an epitome of the year. The “vapour-broidered blue” of early morn, the sultry mid-day hours, evening with frost, or heavy dew, the gentle breeze that tumbles the ripe pears to the ground, or stirs the bronzed foliage of the horse-chestnut and the bright yellow leaves of the lime avenue, the storm that rages for a night and strews the garden with desolation—these and many more such meteorological freaks endear us to the close of the year. We linger with its presence in far more thoughtful mood than that in which we watched spring radiant with young life. So much sweeter are buried joys than all the charms of anticipation.

The flower-garden is now brilliant with asters and dahlias, if the frosts of late spring have spared them, as they did not do in many places in 1864. Old-fashioned people are rejoicing in the tall hollyhock blooming amongst the shrubberies, the only place where its spires tell effectively in a garden; and bidding farewell to the year’s flowers, as chrysanthemums alone have now to be expected. The same dearth prevails amongst wild flowers. A few blossoms of the pink cranesbill hiding in the ditches, yellow corn-marigold and scarlet poppies flaunting on the banks are almost the sole survivors of summer’s profusion. Long damp nights and cold mornings are severely trying vegetation, and sundry dry leaves arrest our attention shivering by the side of the path at the thought of the destruction impending over their brethren. Let us diverge into the fields, it is there that the true glories of autumn may be discovered. Along this brook named from an old Danish hero (the very name *beck* by which it is known telling of its nationality), we shall find a walk full of interest.

Oh, for a Creswick to paint that ash! There it stands in the hedge-row, immoveable, vast, and symmetrical, like the fabled Yggdrasil of the northern mythology—the great world-tree whose roots struck deep into the universe. The sunlight is streaming over the hill and flickering in manifold splendours on its dark foliage, while the long bunches of keys come out golden-hued in strong relief. A well-grown ash is a magnificent object in autumn. The hedges around look rather forlorn and ragged; the bright-coloured hips and haws somewhat enliven them, however, and no east wind is as yet tearing down their pride. It seems an idle bit of folk-lore which would assign a severe winter to an abundance

of these hawthorn berries ; as long as we have observed, the two facts have had no necessary connection. Still, it is a remark heard every autumn, and, however logically we ponder over the inference, we shall generally find the belief insensibly deepening the joys of autumn from the contrast it suggests of a dark and dreary winter.

A walk in the woodland paths is very pleasant just now, but they lack the charms of animation they have lately displayed. A moralist may muse on this fact as he strolls along, just as Addison might have done in the silence of Westminster Abbey. Insect life for the most part has faded out, save that the morning's sun awakens swarms of flies which have passed the night under the patulous sycamore leaves, and sends them to join the sluggish wasps and gorgeous butterflies that haunt the ivy-covered tree-stumps at this time. The inconspicuous flowers of the ivy are now attractive to insects of all kinds. The ten and twelve spotted lady-birds abound in orchards. Birds are almost wholly silent. If we see a swallow or two left behind, they do not fly as blithely as in July. Our summer warblers have all left. September is the limit of their stay. Starlings assemble in flocks, and the jackdaws are as saucy as ever, but somewhat more sedate on their hollow trees. No wonder that they look sad : the hooded row will soon be over from Norway to disuote with them the few dainties of winter.

Halt ! What is that low timid screaming in the underwood ? Doubtless it is a rabbit pursued by a weasel. Step cautiously behind this fir, and watch. There the terrified animal runs, half fascinated by its enemy's perseverance, and already as good as caught ! Pole-cats and weasels are very destructive to rabbits at this time of the year when eggs and young birds are not to be found. Only let me fairly settle on the scent of a rabbit, and the animal may double and twist as he will. Escape is hopeless unless its pursuer tires or is drawn off by other game. The fell little creature, whose bite is certain death, is generally too persistent a blood-tracker to desist till its fangs are in the rabbit's neck, and the weasel greedily selected as the favourite morsel. We know of a case in which a rabbit thus pursued ran cowering into a wheel-rut near a passer-by, who happened to be a naturalist. He stood still, guessing what would ensue, and immediately afterwards a weasel darted out of the underwood and seized it. It was once rescued, but that one bite was enough, though terror had doubtless combined to condense the weasel's attack. The poor little emblem was dead.

A large district of woodland in Hants (to tell another anecdote on this point), abounded in rabbits, and, as always happens, unless their numbers are kept down, they did incalculable damage to the young plantations and crops. The keeper, therefore, granted an armistice for a time to his natural enemies—stoats and pole-cats—and even made an alliance with them against the rabbits who were too many for him. With no fear of that dreadful gibbet by the forest lodge before their eyes, the weasel tribe now diligently spent the still autumnal days in hunting down the rabbits. Our keeper posted himself in the rides, and as often as a shrieking rabbit ran across, he shot and removed it, thus rendering the weasel's appetite still more keen, and pressing its natural instincts into his master's service against the rest, in a way which none but an intelligent keeper could devise.

Let us now cross these breezy meadows of the wolds where the cold sheets of sunshine career along as one may fancy them doing over the boundless savannahs of the New World. To render the parallel more complete, yonder are herds of black Galloways which will do very well for buffaloes in the distance with their shaggy foreheads. But on a nearer approach their soft eyes, Juno's own, disarm our suspicions at once. Quiet, homely creatures such as Rosa Bonheur loves to paint, and the shepherd's children to pet in the lonely Scottish glens, they hail the approach of cold weather with delight. Before we pass, notice the wonderful effect of sunshine on their rough coats. According to Mr. Ruskin, "the velvet of a brown bull's hide in the sun is lovelier than any leopard's or tiger's skin." Leaving that huge chalk quarry to our left, fringed with a few melancholy larches, we will pass over the rolling dips peculiar to chalky districts, and the great feature of these Lincolnshire wolds. A few sea-gulls are lazily flapping their wings overhead, a sure sign of rough weather impending, or these birds would not have come so far inland. They are black-headed gulls (*Larus ridibundus*), and in all probability belong to a numerous community which has established itself during the breeding season at Sir J. Nelthorpe's park. These meadows are very famous places for mushrooms. Most people regard them simply as delicacies, but they are said to rank next butcher's meat in nutritive qualities. Unlike vegetation in general, they give off carbonic acid gas, as do animals, and absorb oxygen, which may be the foundation of the above-mentioned theory. In some years they abound far more than in others ; last year, 1864, was most prolific with them. Their

production seems connected with certain meteorological conditions, warmth, wet, sunshine, &c. ; or like the appearance of different species of moths and butterflies in greater numbers at one season than at another, which so sorely puzzles the entomologist, it may be due to laws at present unknown and undreamt of.

And now we enter a larch wood skirting a sheet of water known as Croxby Lake. Listen to the jays chattering at our approach ! We have few birds with brighter plumage. Here is a gap amongst the trees : stand still and observe that pair of jays for a moment. The setting sun pours a flood of yellow light upon the fading foliage, and in it sit rejoicing our two birds. How brilliantly their wing coverts come out, barred with lustrous blue ! How delicate are the tints of purple on their heads ! To see our British birds to advantage, they should always be viewed in a full stream of sunlight. Most people think the starling a dull-looking, sombre bird ; but it is wonderful what beauties he displays when the light falls on him. So, too, with the iridescent plumage of the jackdaw, turtle-dove, and even the rook ; to compare great things with small, their lustrous hues can only be matched with the metallic glitter of the wing cases of many of our beetles under the microscope. Similarly let no one think that the beauty of the salmon as it lies extended on the marble slab of the fishmonger's shop, is to be named in the same day with its silvery pink-flushed tints as it is drawn out of the water.

Pushing our way through spruce firs and yews that form a sombre belt to the lake, here we are at its quiet waters. Yonder floats the swan, as in "sweet St. Mary's lake, double, swan and shadow." Up flies a crowd of widgeon and mallards from the sedges : they are not much molested here, and repay their protection by the confidence with which they remain. There the bald coot ploughs her course across the reed-bed. All is very quiet and very peaceful. The lake, though containing only some thirty acres, forms a home for numerous species of birds. We have a list before us of a hundred varieties observed here, and others might easily be added. Amongst them are such rarities in the present days of drainage and high-farming as the avocet, hen-harrier, and great northern diver. The nightingale is yearly drawing nearer to these parts. At the upper end is an osier holt forming a good fox cover, where Reynard can frequently enjoy that tempting morsel, a fat wild duck ; and before long the echoes of the hills will be roused by his enemies "matched in mouth like bells, each under each ;" and the dark plantations be enlivened by horse-

men in scarlet. Few prettier sights can be imagined on a bright winter morning than a "meet" at Croxby Lake.

The lengthening shadows, however, warn us to return while the glow of sunset still lingers on the larches. Byron tells us, what an English autumn loses in green it makes up in yellow : but it required a more subtle observer of nature to call our attention to the rosy tints that so often float over woods or fields in an autumnal evening. It is then that our climate seems to approach closest to the transparency of northern skies, in which the delicately pencilled lines and faint yet decided tints of the sunsets are said to be so inconceivably splendid. Indeed, at all seasons of the year Lincolnshire, if it occasionally has a murky atmosphere, makes up for it by its vast expanse of sky. In most parts of the county the horizon strikes a stranger as being immeasurably more distant than in other counties, owing to the flatness of its low districts, and in these elevated parts of the county into which we have rambled with our readers, the same charm is even more conspicuous. Aërial effects are common on the wolds. We have seen a splendid mirage of the sea during a sunset when all the eastern horizon seemed one vast ocean, though but a very small glimpse of the sea could really be obtained. Dwellers in Lincolnshire fondly welcome these aërial effects, these boundless skies, as some compensation for the absence of the more decided features of natural beauty which mark other English counties. If Devonshire can boast her deep blue sky, and compare it with the hues of that overhanging the Bay of Naples, a Lincolnshire man can point to the immense tract over which his tamer skies extend, and at all events, in winter he has the better in the competition.

Evening falls chilly and damp, and we hail with pleasure the hospitable roof looming between the sycamores, where dinner and a bright fire await us.

LUCULLUS.

LA RABBIATA.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.)

THE sun had not yet risen. Over Vesuvius lay a thick grey sheet of mist, which stretched away towards Naples, and obscured the little towns along the coast. The sea was calm. The harbour was built in a narrow bay under the high and rocky Sorrentine coast, and here the fishermen and their wives were already moving about, and pulling to shore the boats and nets which had been lying out all night. Others prepared the barks, trimmed the sails, and got out the oars and masts from the caves,

which were built deep into the rock, and in which the tackle was kept at night. Not an idler was to be seen—even those who were too old to go out in the boats, helped to pull in the nets; and here and there on one of the flat roofs stood an old woman, turning her spindle, or busy looking after her grandchildren.

"Do you see, Rachel, there is our padre curato?" said an old woman to a little creature ten years old standing near her, and busy with her spindle. "He is just getting into the boat; Antonino is to row him over to Capri. Maria Santissima! how sleepy the reverend gentleman looks!" And so saying, she waved her hand to a pleasant-looking little priest who had just settled himself in the boat, after having first carefully spread his black cloak over the wooden bench. Others on the shore paused in their work to watch the padre go off, as he nodded and bowed from side to side.

"Why must he go to Capri, grandmother?" said the child; "have they got no padre there, that they must borrow ours?"

"Don't be so silly, child," said the old woman; "they have got padres enough, and the most beautiful churches, and even a hermit, which we have not got. But there is a grand signora there; and she lived here in Sorrento for a long time, and was very ill; so the padre was often obliged to go to her with the Sacrament, because they thought she would not live till the morning. Well, the Holy Virgin has helped her, and she has grown strong and well again, and can bathe in the sea every day. When she went back to Capri, she gave a whole heap of beautiful ducats to the church and to the poor, and would not go till the padre had promised to visit her, so that she might confess to him. It is astonishing what a deal she thinks of him; and we may bless ourselves that we have got such a padre, with talents worthy of an archbishop, and who is so run after by grand people. The Madonna protect him," and with these words, she nodded to the little bark which was just going to push off down below.

"Shall we have fine weather, my son?" asked the little priest, glancing doubtfully away towards Naples.

"The sun has not yet shone out," answered the lad; "he'll soon drive away that bit of fog."

"Then pull away, so that we get there before the heat."

Antonino was just taking the long oar to push out into the open sea, when he suddenly stopped, and looked up towards the steep

path which led down from the little town of Sorrento to the harbour beneath. A slight girlish figure was visible up there, hurrying down over the stones, and waving a handkerchief. She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her appearance was poor enough. Nevertheless, she had a lofty way of carrying her head, and the plaits of hair which were coiled over her forehead seemed to crown her like a diadem.

"What are we waiting for?" asked the padre.

"Somebody is coming who wants to go to Capri too. By your leave, padre, we shan't go the slower, for it's only a young girl of scarcely eighteen years."

At this moment the girl appeared from behind the wall which hid the winding-path.

"Laurella," said the padre; "what has she got to do at Capri?"

Antonino shrugged his shoulders; the girl hurried forwards, her eyes cast down.

"Good morning, la Rabbia," cried some of the young men who were standing round. They would have said more if the presence of the padre had not held them in respect, for the cool way in which the girl received their salutation seemed to make them more insolent.

"Good morning, Laurella," said the padre; "how goes it? art thou going to Capri?"

"With your leave, padre. Ask Antonino; he is the master of the boat. Every one is master of his own property; and God ruler over us all. There is a half earline," said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman, "if I can go for that."

"You can use it better than I," muttered the lad, pushing away some baskets of oranges so as to make room for her. (He was going to sell them at Capri, where the land is too dry to produce oranges enough for the wants of the many visitors.)

"I will not go for nothing," answered the girl, bending her black eyebrows.

"Come now, child," said the padre, "he is a good lad, and does not wish to enrich himself from thy poverty. There now, get in"—and he gave her his hand—"and sit down by me. Why, he has spread out his jacket for thee to sit on; he did not do as much for me; but young people are always so; for the smallest bit of womanhood, people care more than for ten holy fathers. Now, no excuses, Tonino; it is as our God has made it;" meanwhile, Laurella had got in and sat down, after having first carefully pushed away the jacket. Tonino let it lie, but muttered something between his teeth; then he pulled hard against the current, and the little boat flew

out into the gulf. "What hast thou in thy bundle?" asked the padre, as they sped away over the sea, which was just lit up by the first rays of the sun.

"Silk, cotton, and bread, padre; the silk is for a woman at Capri who makes ribands; and the cotton for some one else."

"Hast thou spun it thyself?"

"Yes, padre."

"If I remember rightly, thou canst also make ribands?"

"Yes, sir, but my mother is worse again, so that I cannot leave home, and we cannot pay for a loom for ourselves."

"Worse, is she? Dear me! when I was with you at Easter she was sitting up."

"Spring is always the worst time for her; since the great storms and the earthquakes, she has had so much pain, that she has been obliged to lie down."

"Do not leave off praying, my child, and asking the Holy Virgin to make intercession for thee. When thou camest down to the shore, they called thee 'la Rabbia.' Why so? It is not a nice name for a Christian, who ought to be meek and humble."

The dark face of the girl glowed all over, and her eyes sparkled.

"They mock me, because I don't dance and sing and chatter like the others; they ought to let me alone, I don't meddle with them."

"Thou mightest, however, be pleasant to every one; others whose life is easier may dance and sing, but even one who is sad can have a pleasant word for all."

She cast down her eyes, and pulled her eyebrows over them. They went on a little while in silence. The sun had now risen in full splendour over the mountains; the peak of Vesuvius reared itself over the sheet of cloud which still clung to its base, and the white houses on the plain of Sorrento peeped out from the green orange-trees.

"Has nothing more been heard of that artist, Laurella, that Neapolitan who wished to have thee for a wife?" asked the padre.

She shook her head.

"He came to take thy portrait, why didst thou not let him?"

"What did he want with it? There are others more beautiful than I—and then—who knows what he would have done with it; he might have bewitched me with it, mother said, and hurt my soul, or even killed me."

"Think not such sinful things," said the padre, seriously; "art thou not always in God's hand, without whose will not a hair of thy head can perish? and dost thou suppose that a man with a portrait in his possession is

stronger than the great God? besides, thou couldst see that he only meant kindly towards thee; would he have wished to marry thee otherwise?"

She was silent.

"And why didst thou refuse him? They said he was a good man, and would have supported thee and thy mother better than thou canst do with thy little bit of spinning and silk-winding."

"We are poor people," said she, passionately, "and my mother has been ill a long while; we should only have been a burden to him. I could never pass for a signora, and when his friends came to see him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"How thou talkest! I tell thee, child, that he was a good gentleman; besides, he was going to settle at Sorrento; there will not soon again be such another, who seemed to be sent straight from heaven to help you."

"I don't want a husband; never!" said she, quite determinately, and as if to herself.

"Hast thou taken an oath, or wilt thou turn nun?"

She shook her head.

"They are right who call thee obstinate, though such a name is not nice; dost thou not consider that thou art not alone in the world, and by this stubbornness thou makest the life and the sufferings of thy poor mother only more bitter: what sufficient reason was there to refuse every honest hand which would support thee and thy mother; answer me, Laurella?"

"There is a reason," said she, gently and hesitatingly, "but I cannot tell it."

"Not tell it—not even to me—not to thy father confessor? At another time thou wouldst have no difficulty in telling me; is it not so?"

She nodded.

"Then relieve thy heart, child; if thou art in the right, I will be the first to allow it; but thou art young, and knowest nothing of the world, and some day thou mightest repent that for a childish fancy thou shouldst have thrown away thy happiness."

She cast a rapid, timid glance at the lad who sat at the end of the boat, rowing busily, with his woollen cap pulled down right over his brow. He was looking sidelong at the water, and seemed to be lost in his own thoughts. The padre observed her glance, and bent his ear nearer to her. "You did not know my father?" whispered she, and her eyes became fierce.

"Thy father? Why, I think he died when thou wast scarcely ten; what has thy father, who may be in Paradise, to do with thy obstinacy?"

"You did not know him, padre; you do not know that he is entirely to blame for my mother's illness."

"How so?"

"Because he ill-used her, and beat her and kicked her. I still remember the nights when he came home in a rage; she never said a word, and did everything that he wished; but he, he beat her till my heart was ready to break; I used to pull the bed-clothes over my head, and pretend to sleep, but in reality I cried the whole night. And when he saw her lying on the floor, then suddenly he would change,

and drag her up, and kiss her till she screamed out that he would stifle her. Mother forbade me ever to say a word about it, but it wore her out, so that now all these long years since he died she has never got well, and if she should die soon, which God forbid, I know well who killed her."

The little priest shook his head, and seemed unwillingly to acknowledge his penitent in the right. At last he said, "Forgive him, as thy mother has; do not fix thy thoughts upon such sad pictures, Laurella; better times will come, and make thee forget it all."



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"Never shall I forget that," said she shuddering, "and therefore I shall remain single, in order to be subject to no one who will first ill-treat me, and then fondle me; if any one wanted to beat me or kiss me now, I should know how to defend myself, but my mother could not defend herself from either blows or kisses because she loved him; and I will not be made ill or wretched by any one because I love him."

"Thou art a child, and talkest like one that knows nothing of what goes on in the world; are all men like thy poor father, that they give way to every temper and passion,

and ill-treat their wives? Hast thou not seen plenty of good people in the neighbourhood, and wives who live in peace and unity with their husbands?"

"Nobody knew how my father treated my mother, for she would a thousand times rather have died than have complained of it to any one, and all because she loved him; if love seals one's lips when one ought to cry for help, and makes one defenceless against wrong such as one would not endure from one's worst enemies, then I will never give my heart to a man."

"I tell thee thou art a child, and knowest

not what thou sayest ; when the time is come, the question whether thou lovest or not will often arise in thy heart, and then all these resolutions will be forgotten."

Again a pause, after which the padre began again :

"And that artist, didst thou make up thy mind that he would use thee ill?"

"He used to look as I have seen my father look when he asked pardon of my mother, and wanted to take her in his arms to make peace with her again ; I know those eyes, it made me shudder to see them again."

After this she kept a persevering silence. The padre was silent also ; perhaps he was thinking of many beautiful maxims which he might have held up before the girl, but the young boatman had grown uneasy towards the end of the confession, and this checked him. After rowing for two hours, they arrived in the little harbour of Capri. Antonino carried the padre out of the boat over the little rippling waves, and carefully set him down. Laurella, however, would not wait till he waded back for her ; she gathered her little skirt together, and with her wooden slippers in her right hand, and the bundle in her left, she nimbly splashed through the water.

"I dare say I shall be at Capri a long time to-day," said the padre, "and thou needest not wait for me ; perhaps I shall not return till to-morrow ; and, Laurella, when thou reachest home, remember me to thy mother ; I shall come and see you this week. Thou wilt go home before night?"

"If I have an opportunity," said the girl, and pretended to be busy with her dress.

"I must go back, too," said Antonino, trying to speak in an indifferent tone ; "I shall wait for you till the Ave Maria ; if you don't come then, I will go my own way."

"Thou must go, Laurella," broke in the little padre ; "thou canst not leave thy mother alone at night ; art thou going far?"

"To Anacapri—to a vineyard."

"And I must go towards Capri ; God protect thee, child, and thou too, my son."

Laurella kissed her hand, and a farewell escaped her, which the padre and Antonino might both appropriate. Antonino, however, did not claim any of it ; he pulled off his cap to the padre, without even looking at Laurella. When both, however, had turned their backs upon him, he let his eyes wander after the holy father for an instant as he wearily plodded through the deep shingle, and then fixed them upon the girl, who had turned to the right to go up the hill, holding her hand over her eyes to shield them from the burning sun. Before the path disappeared, she paused a

moment as if for breath, and looked back. The shore lay at her feet, with the sea lovely in its intense blue ; above her towered the lofty cliffs—it was indeed a view worth looking at. It so happened that in glancing towards Tonino's boat she met his eyes ; each made a gesture of impatience, and the girl continued her way with a sullen expression on her face.

It was not long past noon, and already Antonino had been sitting for two hours on a bench before the osteria. He must have had something on his mind, for he was constantly getting up and walking into the sun, and looking hard at the paths which led right and left to the two little island towns.

He then said to the hostess that he was afraid of the weather : it might remain fine, but he well knew that colour of the sea and of the water ; it had looked just like that before the great storm when he had had so much trouble to get the English family safe to shore.

"How have you fared at Sorrento," said the hostess ; "better than we did here in Capri?"

"I could not have afforded macaroni if I had had only the boat to depend upon ; now and then taking a letter to Naples, or taking out a signor to fish ; that was all ; but you know that my uncle has great orange-gardens, and is a rich man ; 'Tonino,' said he, 'so long as I live you shall not want, and when I die, you'll find yourself provided for ;' so with God's help, I have got through the winter."

"Has he children, your uncle?"

"No, he was never married, and was a long while away from home ; during that time he made a great deal of money, and now he's going to set up a great fishery, and will put me at the head of it."

"Then you are a made man, Antonino!"

The young sailor shrugged his shoulders.

"Every one must bear his own burden," said he, and then he jumped up and looked again right and left after the weather, though he must have known that there is but one weather side.

"Let me bring you another bottle, your uncle can pay for it," said the hostess.

"Only one more glass," said he, "for you have a fiery kind of wine here—my head is quite hot already."

"It does not go into the blood," said the woman ; "you can drink as much as you like ; there, my husband is just coming, you must stay and talk with him a little."

And the stately padrone of the tavern appeared, coming down from the mountain, his net upon his shoulder, and his red cap on his bushy head. He had been taking some

fish to the town, which the grand lady had ordered for the good priest from Sorrento. When he caught sight of the young man, he waved him a cordial welcome, sat down on the bench beside him, and began to talk. His wife had just brought a second bottle of pure unadulterated Capri wine, when footsteps were heard crunching on the hard sand to the left, and Laurella made her appearance on the road from Anacapri. She gave a slight nod, and then stood still. Antonino jumped up.

"I must go," said he, "it is a girl from Sorrento, who came across early to day with the priest, and wants to get back to her sick mother before night."

"Well, well, there is plenty of time before night," said the fisherman; "she will have time to drink a glass of wine. Here, wife, bring another glass."

"Thank you, I won't drink," said Laurella, without moving.

"Pour out, wife," said the man; "pour out, she must drink."

"Leave her alone," said the lad; "she has a strong will; what she does not wish, not even a saint could persuade her to do;" and with that he took a hurried leave, ran down to the boat, undid the rope, and stood waiting for the girl.

She nodded once more to the hostess of the tavern, and then sauntered slowly towards the boat. She first looked round, as if she expected other passengers to appear. On the shore, however, there was not a human being; no fishermen were either asleep or out at sea with their lines and nets; at the doors sat a few women and children asleep or spinning, and the strangers who had come over in the morning were waiting for the cool of day to return. Laurella could not look back very long, for before she knew what he was doing, Antonino had taken her in his arms, and carried her like a child to the boat. Then he sprang after her, and with a few strokes of the oar they were on the open sea. She had seated herself at the fore-part of the boat, with her back half turned towards him, so that he could only see her profile; her features were graver than usual; there was an obstinate expression and the delicate nostril; over the low brow the hair fell thickly, and the full lips were tightly closed. After they had gone on a little while in silence, the sun began to scorch her, so she took the cloth in which the bread was wrapped and threw it over her head. Then she began to make her dinner of the bread, for she had tasted nothing at Capri. Antonino could not see her do that for long. He took out one of the orange baskets, and handing two oranges

to her, said: "There is something to eat with your bread, Laurella; don't think that I kept them for you; they rolled out of the basket into the boat, and I found them when I put the empty baskets back again."

"You eat them," said Laurella; "the bread is enough for me."

"They are refreshing in the heat," said he, "and you have been a long way."

"They gave me a glass of water up on the mountain," said she; "that has refreshed me already."

"As you like," said he, and let them drop back into the basket.

Renewed silence. The sea was smooth as a mirror, and hardly rippled round the boat; the white sea-birds who built in the caves on the shore pursued their prey without their usual cry.

"You might take the two oranges to your mother," began Antonino again.

"We have some at home," said she, "and when they are finished, I shall buy fresh ones."

"Oh, take them to her from me."

"She does not know you," said she.

"You might tell her who I am," persisted he.

"I don't know you either," said she.

It was not the first time that she had so ignored him; a year before, when the painter had just come to Sorrento, it happened on a Saturday that Antonino was playing "Boccia," with other young fellows of the place in the square near the principal street. There the artist first met Laurella, who passed along without seeing him, with a pitcher of water on her head. The Neapolitan, struck with her appearance, stood and gazed after her, though he was standing in the very middle of the space chosen for the game, and might have cleared it in three steps. A ball which hit him roughly on the ankle soon reminded him that this was not the place for such meditations. He looked round as if he expected an apology; the young boatman who had thrown the ball stood silent and defiant in the midst of his friends, so that the stranger found it advisable to avoid an altercation, and walk away. Yet the incident had been talked about more than once when the painter openly courted Laurella.

"I don't know him," said she, hesitatingly, when the painter asked her whether she refused him for that rude lad.

They sat in the boat, like the bitterest enemies, and yet the hearts of both were beating wildly. The good-tempered face of Antonino was violently flushed; he struck into the water so that the spray splashed over him, and his lips trembled as if with angry words. She pretended not to notice him, but putting on

her most careless look, leant over the edge of the boat, and let the water run rippling through her fingers. Only her eyebrows still quivered, and it was in vain that she held her wet hands against her burning cheeks to cool them. Now they were in the middle of the sea; far and near not a sail was to be seen; the island had disappeared, and the coast lay far away bathed in sunshine; not even a seagull broke the solitude.

Antonino looked round; a thought seemed to rise within him. The flush suddenly died from his cheek, and he let the oars fall.

Involuntarily, Laurella turned to look at him, startled, but fearless.

"I must put an end to this," broke forth the other; "it has lasted too long already, and I only wonder that it has not made an end of me. You don't know me, you say? Have you not observed long enough how I have passed you as if senseless, because all the while my heart was bursting to speak to you? and you—you made a wicked face, and turned your back upon me!"

"What had I to say to you?" said she, shortly; "I saw quite well what you were after; I was not just going to give myself up to the first person who cared for me; for as a husband, I don't like you; neither you nor anybody else."

"Nor anybody," screamed he; "you won't always say that, because you have sent off the painter. Bah! why you were only a child then; some day you will feel rather dull, and then, proud as you are, you will take the first you can get; no one knows his future."

"Possibly I may some day change my mind; what does it matter to you?"

"What matters it to me?" he broke forth, and sprang from the bench so that the boat all but upset—"what matters it to me? and you can ask such a question when you see the state I am in. I only know that I'd rather die than allow myself to be so treated!"

"Have I ever engaged myself to you?" said she; "can I help it if your head is turned? What power have you over me?"

"Ah! true enough," said he; "it's certainly not written down, nor has the lawyer put it into Latin, and sealed it; but this I know, that I have as much right to you as to go to heaven if I am an honest fellow; do you fancy that I will stand by to see you go to church with another man, while all the girls go by and shrug their shoulders? am I to be insulted like that?"

"Do as you like," said she; "I shan't be afraid, however much you threaten; besides, I shall do what I like?"

"You will not say so long," said he, and

trembled from head to foot; "I am man enough not to let my whole life be blighted by such a piece of insolence. Do you know that you are here in my power, and *must* do what I like?"

It was now her turn to tremble, but she turned her flashing eyes upon him.

"Kill me if you dare," said she, slowly.

"One must not do anything by halves," and his voice grew softer; "there is room for us both in the sea; I can't help you, child," and he spoke in a dreaming, almost tender tone; "but we must go down, both of us, and at the same time, and now!" he screamed, and suddenly seized her with both arms. But in an instant he drew back, his right hand covered with blood, for she had bitten deep into it.

"Must I do what you like?" screamed she, and pushed him from her; "let us see if I am in your power;" and with that she sprang over the edge of the boat into the water, and for an instant disappeared; she rose again, however, directly. Her little skirt was clinging tightly to her, her hair was undone by the waves, and streamed about her neck; she made no sound, but swam with all her might towards the shore.

He stood in the boat leaning forwards, his looks fixed upon her, as if a miracle was being worked before his eyes. At last he roused himself, seized the oars, and with all the strength he could muster, pulled after her, the blood all the time dropping from his hand into the bottom of the boat. In an instant he was by her side, quickly as she swam.

"By the Holy Virgin," he screamed, "come into the boat; I was mad, God knows; what was the matter with me? it was like a flash of lightning, so that I did not know what I said or did. You *are* to forgive me, Laurella, only spare your life, and come back into the boat!"

She swam as if she heard nothing.

"You cannot swim to land," said he, "it is still two miles; think of your mother; if anything were to happen to you, she would die of grief."

She measured the distance from the coast with her eye, then without a word she swam to the boat, and grasped the side.

He stood up to help her, and as he did so his jacket, which was lying on the bench, slipped into the sea as the boat leaned over to one side by the weight of the girl.

Dexterously she lifted herself into the boat, and took her former seat.

When he saw her safe, he took to his oars again.

She meanwhile wrung out her little skirt and squeezed the water from her hair; as she did this she saw the blood in the bottom of the boat; she cast a quick glance at his hand,

with which he plied the oar as if there was nothing the matter with it.

"There!" said she, and handed him her handkerchief.

He shook his head, and rowed on.

At last she went up to him, and bound the handkerchief tightly round the deep wound. Then she took the oar from him, much as he tried to hinder her, and seated herself opposite him, not looking at him, but steadily at the oar, which was stained with his blood, and with which she rowed on swiftly and steadily.

They were both pale and silent; as they drew nearer to land, they met several fishermen, who were going to lay their nets for the night.

They called out to Antonino, and teased Laurella, but neither looked up nor answered a word. The sun was still pretty high over Procida when they reached the port.

Laurella shook her skirt, which had dried again, and sprang on shore.

The old spinning-woman who had seen them start in the morning, again stood on the roof.

"What's the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she called down; "blessed Jesus! the boat is covered with blood."

"It's nothing, commare," answered the other. "I tore myself on a nail; to-morrow it will be all right; the confounded blood is always so ready to run, that it looks more dangerous than it is."

"I will come and put on herbs for you," said the old woman; "stop, I am coming now."

"Don't trouble yourself, commare; it's done, and to-morrow it will be all right and forgotten; my skin is sound, and heals quickly enough."

"Addio," said Laurella, and turned towards the path which led up the mountain.

"Good night," called the lad after her, without looking at her.

Then he carried the things out of the boat, and climbed up the little stone stairs to his house.

There was nobody in the two rooms in which Antonio now paced backwards and forwards. Through the wooden shutters of the little windows came a fresh breeze which he had not felt on the sea, and the coolness and the solitude did him good. He stood for a long time before the picture of the Madonna, and looked devotedly at the little silver paper glory which was stuck over it; but to pray did not occur to him. For what should he ask, when he had no longer anything to hope for? The day seemed to him to stand still; he lingered for the night, for he was weary and

exhausted with loss of blood. His hand began to pain him violently; he seated himself on a stool, and undid the bandage. The blood now burst forth again, and he found that his hand was much swelled round the wound. He washed it carefully, and cooled it for a long time. When he looked at it again, he distinctly saw the mark of Laurella's teeth. "She was right," said he, "I was a brute, and deserved nothing better. I will send her back her handkerchief to-morrow by Giuseppe, for she shall not see me again." Then he carefully washed the handkerchief, and spread it out to dry, after he had again bound up his hand as well as he could. Then he threw himself on the bed and closed his eyes. The moon shining into the room, and also the pain in his hand, awoke him out of a half-slumber. He was just getting up to bathe it again, when he heard a rustling at the door.

"Who's there?" he cried. He opened the door, and Laurella stood before him.

Without a word she entered. She threw off the handkerchief from her head, and placed a little basket on the table. Then she drew a long breath.

"You came to fetch your handkerchief," said he; "you might have spared yourself the trouble, for I meant to ask Giuseppe to take it to you in the morning."

"It's not the handkerchief," she answered quickly; "I have been on the mountain to get herbs for you, to stop the bleeding; there," said she, taking the lid off the basket.

"You give yourself too much trouble," said he; "it's already much better, and if it were worse, it would only be what I deserve. But you should not be here at this time; if some one were to meet you, you know how they gossip, though they don't know what they talk about."

"I don't care about anybody," said she, passionately; "I must see your hand, and put the herbs on it; you can't manage it yourself."

"I tell you it is unnecessary," said he.

"At least let me see for myself;" and without another word she seized the hand, and untied it. "Jesu Maria!" cried she, with a shudder, when she saw the great swelling.

"It has swelled a little," said he, "but the swelling will soon go down."

She shook her head.

"In that state you won't be able to go in the boat for a week."

"The day after to-morrow, I think," said he quietly; "besides, what does it matter?"

Meanwhile she had fetched a basin, and again washed the wound, he standing and bearing it like a child. Then she put her herbs on it, which at once relieved the burn-

ing, and bound up the hand with strips of linen from her basket.

When it was done, he said, "Thank you ; and listen, if you would do me another favour, forgive me for the madness which got the better of me, and forget all that I ever said or did. I don't know how it was, you never gave me any occasion for it, that I am sure of, and you shall never again hear anything from me to wound you."

"It is I who must ask your pardon," she broke in ; "I ought to have put everything differently, and more pleasantly to you, instead of irritating you by my stubbornness ; and then besides—the wound !"

"It was self-defence," he exclaimed ; "it was high time that I should be brought to my senses ; besides, as I said before, you did me good, and for that I thank you. And now go away to bed, and there—there is your handkerchief, which you can take with you."

He handed it to her, but she remained standing, as if struggling with herself ; at last she said, "I made you lose your jacket too, and all the money for the oranges. It all came upon me afterwards, I cannot give you another, because I have no money, and if I had it would belong to my mother. But here is the silver cross which the painter gave me the last time he came. Since then I have not looked at it, and I don't like keeping it any longer in the box ; it is worth a few piasters, my mother said, and if you sold it, your loss would be partly recompensed, and the rest I will try to earn by spinning at night."

"I won't take anything," said he, brusquely, pushing away the bright little cross which she had taken out of her pocket.

"You *must* take it," said she ; "it may be an immense time before you can earn anything with that hand. There it lies, and I will never set eyes on it again."

"Then throw it into the sea," said he.

"It is not a present that I make to you, it is no more than your right."

"Right ? I have no right to anything of yours," said he. "If you should ever meet me again, do me the favour not to look at me, so as not to remind me of what I owe you. And now good night, let this be all ;" he put the cloth and the cross into the basket, and shut down the lid.

When he looked up and saw her face, he was terrified ; great tears were streaming down her cheeks, without her making an effort to stop them.

"Maria Santissima !" cried he, "are you ill ? why, you are trembling all over."

"It's nothing," said she, "I am going home ;" and she staggered to the door.

Here she could no longer control her tears, and leaning her head against the side of the door, she burst into loud and passionate sobs, but before he could reach her to detain her, she had suddenly turned and thrown herself on his neck.

"I cannot bear it," she screamed, clinging to him ; "I cannot listen when you say kind words to me, and let me go away from you, with all the blame on my conscience. Beat me, kick me, curse me—or if you still love me after all, there, take me and keep me, and do what you like with me—only do not send me away from you."

He held her for a moment sobbing in his arms.

"Do I still love you !" he cried, at last. "Holy Mother of God ! do you believe that all the blood in my heart has been drawn out by that little wound ? Do you not feel it beating as if it must burst my breast to get to you ? If you only say so to tempt me, or because you pity me, go, and I will forget it all ; you are not to think that you owe it to me, because you know I am suffering through you."

"No," said she firmly, looking up from his shoulder, and fixing her streaming eyes passionately on his face, "I love you, and—nay, why should I hide it from you—I have long feared and struggled against it ; and now I will be different, for I cannot bear not to look at you when I meet you. Now I will kiss you," said she, "so that if you were ever again to feel doubtful, you might say to yourself, she has kissed me, and Laurella would not kiss any one but the man she has chosen for her husband." She kissed him three times, and then she tore herself away, and said, "Good night, dearest ! go to rest, and cure your hand, and don't come with me, for I am not afraid, not of anybody, but of you."

With that she glided through the door, and disappeared in the dark shadow of the wall.

Long after he remained at the window gazing out on to the dark sea, above which the stars seemed to float !

The next time the little padre curato emerged from the confessional, where Laurella had been kneeling a long while, he laughed gently to himself. "Who would have thought," said he to himself, "that God would so soon take pity on that wayward girl ? and I blamed myself that I had not attacked that demon of obstinacy more strongly ! But our eyes are shortsighted for the ways of heaven. Well, the Lord be praised, and grant that I may live to be rowed over the sea by Laurella's boy ! Heigh-ho, la Rabbiate !"

"SANS MERCI;"

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII. MORNING BRINGS COUNSEL.

Then sleep on, my baby,
And rest while you may;
For strife comes with waking,
And sorrow with day.

So, if I remember aright, ran the lullaby that I once heard crooned over a cradle. It seems to me, to contain more of false sentiment, than is allowable, even in nursery rhymes. If the night has closed upon some bitter sorrow, a gross folly, or black disaster, the first waking moments are, in themselves, half an atonement; but these moments must have been exceptional even in *his* life, on whose sepulchre was graven the one ghastly word—"MISERRIMUS." Few there are, of sound mind and body, who will not own, that there is no such moral tonic as a morning breaking freshly and brightly. Every one knows the ending of Longfellow's ballad, that begins—

I have read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend old and vague,
How a legion of spectres, wan and pale,
Besieged the walls of Prague.

The gentle poet-philosopher never drew an apter or truer parallel.

Tom Seyton would have felt almost as much ashamed of waking, sad or sorry, as of waking with a racking headache; either must have been induced by an excess over night of one kind or another, and Tom was more temperate than most of his convivial turn. He had nearly forgotten the small crosses and vexations of the previous evening, when he came down to his early breakfast; indeed, Kate, albeit well used to minister to his appetite, could not forbear bantering her husband on his remarkable prowess that morning. Not very often, between August and April, was Seyton present at the first family meal; which was at Warleigh rather an irregular and uncertain affair, determined much by the individual tastes of the guests. Mrs. Flemyng always breakfasted late, and disliked breakfasting alone; so Kate humoured her mother, of course; though she would much have preferred sharing Tom's grill, instead of simply pouring out his tea.

Seyton had not much time to spare, on this particular morning; for Wrotham Lings, where he was bound to shoot, lay twelve long miles away; and the owner of that famous cover considered its annual beating in the light of a solemn festival or sacrifice, to which only a few favoured initiates were bidden: if one of these had been a minute late, of a surety he would that hour have lost his grade, and been reduced to the ranks of the outer profane for ever. Nevertheless, Tom did manage to appear in the breakfast-room, just as Vincent Flemyng lounged listlessly through the opposite door—with the air of a man who has no interest whatever in what is set before him; and considers appetite, rather a plebeian weakness.

"You won't mind my leaving you?" Seyton asked, as soon as the greetings were over (rather prolonged on the part of the sister and mother). "Kate can do the honours of the stable just as well as I; you can ride anything that's fit, of course. You don't hunt; so it's of less consequence, that the hounds are the other side of the country to-day. But it's a pity you don't care for shooting; it would be such a rare day for the warren, and we've hardly put a ferret in yet. Won't you take Haynes there, for a hour or two?"

Vincent Flemyng turned on his brother-in-law his wonted look of supercilious languor; yet a keen observer might have detected in his glance a covert scrutiny.

"Thanks, very much," he said; "but the warren won't tempt me. I should be glad, though, if you could lend me a quiet hack—warranted not to pull. I rather think of going over to Charteris Royal."

They were insignificant words enough, and very negligently spoken; but eyes, less watchful than Kate's, might have seen a doubt and trouble cloud her husband's face; his assent came, after a pause, with undissembled reluctance.

"You can ride the Kitten, of course; and I'll answer for her giving you no trouble. But it's a longish pull from here, and you

can't get back till long after dark. Or, stay—if you must go, wont you take Kate with you? She owes them a call, I know."

Vincent Flemyng's smooth white brow could lower sullenly enough, if anything thwarted his humour; such was evidently the case just now. But Kate struck in with the ready partizanship of womanhood, before her brother could answer.

"That's so like you, Tom. I never knew you remember any except shooting engagements. You forget that the Martyn's come here to luncheon to-day; though *you* asked them. I shall have to do a long hour's penance, for your flirtations with that tremendous florist, while she criticizes my poor conservatory. As for the ride—it's not a bit farther for Vincent than it would be for me; and what has the dark got to do with it? I'm sure he knows every inch of the road."

Among other characteristics of the female special-pleader, you may remark that, if part of her case be rather weak or suspicious, she is fond of bringing in—more or less irrelevantly—certain truisms or incontrovertible propositions. In this target, if her antagonist be not exceeding cunning of fence, the fair gladiator will catch several thrusts, that would be hard to parry with her blade.

There was sense in Kate's remark, certainly; indeed, in her last words there was rather a redundancy of truth. And so her husband seemed to think, as he muttered below his breath—

"Yes, there's no doubt of that: he knows the road well enough: a turn *too* well, for that matter."

Luckily for the peace of the community, not even Kate's quick ear caught the sense of the murmur; and, while Tom paused, still somewhat irresolute, Mrs. Flemyng's gentle plaintive voice was heard.

"I'm very glad you are going over to Charteris, Vincent, dear. I've two or three messages to send to Marion, besides a monogram for her velvet-work. I think the young men of this day are far too apt to be idle about calling, and to forget their old friends. *You'll* never follow that fashion, darling, I'm sure."

And the excellent lady glanced around her—a ray of satisfaction beaming through the habitual twilight of meek long-suffering—as who should say—

"See: among my many trials, I'm still alive to the comfort, of having borne a considerate and high-principled son."

Honest Tom Seyton could hold his own well enough with the outer world; but in the bosom of his own family, he was essentially

non-combatant. Seeing the state of the odds against him, he utterly declined further contest; and gave up the point with an expressive shrug of his broad shoulders—as he had given up many another.

All this time, you will observe, that the person principally interested in the question had spoken never a word. The reason was simple enough. "Do nothing for yourself that others will do for you"—was one of the prime tenets of Flemyng's life-law. So soon as he perceived that his sister and mother were ready to fight his battle, it no more occurred to him to interfere, than it would have occurred to our Iron Duke to lead the stormers at Badajoz. Nor was he in anywise grateful for the timely succour: he had come to think, that it was the duty—if not the privilege—of his womankind to take all possible trouble off his own imperial hands; accepting such service, as a matter of course, with the impassible serenity of a Cheddar dairy-farmer, or Sioux brave.

So Vincent sate silent, and somewhat sullen, till Seyton's face showed plainly enough that no further opposition was to be feared; then he came, languidly, to the front again.

"Well, I suppose it's settled then? As I've rather a fancy for going to Charteris Royal to-day; and as it seems to please mamma; and as you're sure the Kitten will carry me safely, Tom—perhaps you'll be kind enough to order her, when you start? I should like to get over there by luncheon-time. Of course, I'd rather have had Kate's company; but, it seems that's out of the question."

He smiled as he spoke; and the low soft voice inherited from his mother sounded musically; but, both in voice and smile, there was overmuch of sneer.

There was something so intensely cool in the way in which the speaker took everything for granted, that Seyton, in the midst of his vexation, was almost moved to laughter.

"You've settled it among you, certainly," he said. "After all, Vincent, if you choose to take a long, lonely ride, it's more your affair than mine. There's the cart coming round; I've not another minute to spare. I'll order the Kitten for you, in an hour; for Heaven's sake, take care of her knees. Kate—I want to say three words to you, before I start."

No stronger proof could be given of Tom's inward discontent, than that simple caution. He was fond of his horses, but liberal to a fault in lending them.

Amicus equus, sed magis amicus hospes,

might have been carved over his stable door;

now—perhaps, for the first time in his life—he mounted a guest, with a warning. His last words to Kate in the hall were brief enough; but spoken with a grave earnestness, very unusual with Tom Seyton.⁴

“See, child—I don’t want to be uncharitable. I hate scandal as I do the devil: and I’m the last man alive to spoil fair sport. But I don’t think, all the fooling that went on over yonder last autumn, comes under that head. If it’s to begin again, I’ll have neither lot nor part in it. You needn’t tell me ‘there’s no real harm in it.’ It’s harm enough—to set all the idle tongues in the country going.”

Dearly as Kate loved her husband, and careful as she was, never deliberately to run counter to his will; she was rather disposed to under-estimate his capacity; and scarcely gave credit enough to the strong, clear common-sense that rarely led him astray. In trifling debates, she was apt to side with the opposition, till she saw that Tom was seriously interested; on appreciating which state of things, she would ‘rat’ with a promptitude rarely equalled, even in domestic politics.

To do her justice, she had not considered the present question, as one of any real moment whatever. Not till her husband spoke these last few words, did she understand that his scruples and apprehensions were fairly roused: all at once, in spite of her hero-worship of Vincent, it flashed across her, that Tom might possibly be right after all.

Her heart smote her as she answered, with a nervous laugh; looking up, the while, into her husband’s eyes rather anxiously.

“You dear old goose! I hope you are talking of what you know nothing about. But I’m so sorry, you’re vexed. If I had only known, you —”

Seyton cut the contrition short, after his usual fashion; and the light was on his face again; as he bent it to the farewell salute.

“Don’t worry, pet;” he said, cheerily. “Perhaps I’m disquieting myself, and you, all in vain. But Vincent is past boyhood, now; and the fair lady, yonder, has very little rudence—or principle, either, I fancy—in her handsome head; and John Charteris has either hands nor nerve to drive a skittish re—even if he would take the trouble to try. It’s just as well Vincent is going to Italy. Mrs. Charteris will have some one else on hand, before he has been gone a month—that’s one comfort. Meanwhile, I wish him back with his adieux, and I hope he’ll get em over quickly.”

Tom’s foot was on the hall-steps as he spoke the last words; and, in two minutes

more, he had turned the bend of the avenue. It is most certain that he carried no troublesome misgivings with him; for he had never been in better spirits nor in better shooting form, than he was on that day—a red letter one, even for Wrotham Lings. His performance at one especial corner—where he stood side by side with a famous shot from the North-country, in a hollow that gave the rocketers good twenty yards advantage—astonished the stranger not less than it gratified the natives.

But Kate watched her husband rather wistfully till he was quite out of sight: as she turned into the house she sighed once, audibly; and the shiver that ran through her pretty shoulders came not all from the keenness of the winter air.

An hour later, Vincent Flemung, attired in riding gear, a thought too gorgeous for winter travel, took the road, carrying his mother’s commissions, and her tacit blessing. Not seldom—if history speak sooth—have as eminent Christians wished a worse errand, ‘God speed.’

While the Kitten bears him smoothly and swiftly over fifteen miles of dreary level road, it may be well to say a few words, concerning Charteris Royal and its tenants.

CHAPTER VIII. CHARTERIS ROYAL.

FOR many and many a year has that great house stood in the foremost rank of the stately homes of England. The county Gazetteer (though the estate stretches far into Marshshire, the mansion is pitched a long league over the Chalkshire border), soars into eloquence whilst dilating on the glories of the demesne, and the treasures of the galleries and state-rooms. Yet, a critically artistic eye would find little to rest on admiringly. The park is vast enough, certainly; it has never been contracted since the day when (*cide the Gazetteer again*) Queen Bess coursed a stag for two full hours within the boundary-wall; but it has few natural advantages, save a wealth of immemorial trees; for the flat Marshshire championa encroaches here on the neighbouring county to the verge of the far horizon.

Neither is there anything especially imposing about the mansion itself; though it is placed judiciously enough on the likeliest swell of rising ground, and backed by a darkling mass of woodland. There are some houses—some men and women too—that even length of years cannot make venerable. Charteris Royal was one of the latter. Without the eye of the antiquary rovel over a huge heavy pile of Gothic architecture, till it grew satiate and weary; without lighting on a single

coign of relief, where some quaint delicate fancy of the builder had come out, in contrast with the solemn grandeur of his plan. And so it was within doors : portraits, and landscapes, and battle-scenes, and hunting-groups, by the hundred, covered every yard of wall ; and every available corner held a statue ; but there was scarcely a master-piece among them. There were a few good enamels, and many specimens of rare old china ; these, for the most part, were to be found in apartments, where the vulgar public could never hope to penetrate. There were priceless treasures, too, in the wire-guarded book shelves of the vast library ; but the wandering bibliophile was fain to take these on trust ; for a maddening glimpse through the crimson curtains of the door-way, was all that the implacable cicerone would allow. The furniture, except in one or two of the state-rooms, was entirely modern.

On the whole, most visitors, after making the grand tour of the mansion, issued into the air, with the weary satisfaction of men who have accomplished a long set task ; mingled with a vague, guilty craving for instant bodily refreshment, in the shape of ardent drink. Whoso has plodded through the palace of Versailles, will, I think, appreciate and excuse such a frailty.

But the gardens were simply superb, and fully deserved their fame ; not more on account of their extent and varied character, than for the extraordinary care with which they were tended—care, which had, evidently, not been intermitted for generations. Every foot of all those square miles of turf, was trim and smooth-shaven as a bowling-green, even in obscure nooks and corners, where no foot of sojourner or stranger was ever likely to wander.

Leaning over the broad marble balustrade of the terrace overlooking the Italian garden—you began to realise more fully than you yet had done, that this was the dwelling-place of a family that, for centuries, could have known no ruinous reverse, but must ever have been waxing in prosperity, if not in honour.

This was absolutely true of the Charteris' of Charteris Royal. No change or violence of political winds had been able to wreck, or seriously damage, the stout and stately argosy freighted with their fortunes : it weathered the two fiercest tempests that have laid England desolate, without starting a plank, or parting a rope-strand.

In the War of the Roses, the family espoused the winning side ; and reaped therefrom no small advantage. The head of the house was playing at soldiers in his nursery, when the cannon were roaring on Marston

Moor : his mother and guardian—cousin of the MacCallum More, and wily as she was proud—(her hard handsome face fronts you as you enter the north gallery) contrived to temporize ; without absolutely truckling to the Protector, or betraying her loyalty ; so that, when the king came to his own again, she and her young son were able to ruffle it as bravely as the best, with consciences as clear as their rent roll.

Since then, one Charteris after another, in direct unbroken lineage, had succeeded to that goodly heritage ; and each had added to it, acre by acre, whenever a fair chance presented itself. They were a sober, God-fearing race ; just and charitable in the main ; coveting no man's goods, and never meddling oppressively with their neighbour's land-mark ; but the absorbent process—if slow—was not less sure : there were curiously few small holdings, within miles round Charteris Royal.

The head of the family usually sate in Parliament, as knight of his shire ; placing his pocket-borough at the disposal of the Chief,—for the time being—of the old-fashioned Whig party. The cadets went forth into the different professions—the army or navy, for choice—and served their country decently in their own honest hum-drum fashion. No Charteris ever sate in the Cabinet, or on the Law Bench : only one was thrust upwards by the force of interest, till he dozed among the bishops : the chronicle of English worthies—in art, or arms, or song—almost absolutely ignore the name. But, if they achieved no notable renown, they seldom fell into any grave disgrace or disaster. The black sheep, that occasionally varied the cleanly monotony of the fruitful fold, were so few and far between, that it was easy to slur over their names ; such gradually sunk below the surface of the general respectability ; and their place knew them no more.

In their vices, the Charterises never forgot the old monastic maxim—

Si non castè, cautè tamen ;

and, even in their follies, they were methodical. For example, Squire Christopher, in whose time the present huge mansion arose, almost as it now stands, was afflicted from his youth upwards with a building-mania ; but he restrained himself, till he had wedded a very wealthy wife ; and then indulged his tastes at the expense of the unsettled portion of her fortune, without loading his patrimony with a single mortgage.

Most of the family peculiarities above alluded to, were reproduced in the present representative of the name. John Aymer Charteris

was by no means a popular character. People called him proud, pompous, overbearing, stiff-necked, and a dozen hard names beside. He was simply a cautious, cold-blooded man; incapable of acting on impulse; singularly undemonstrative, even when most strongly moved; quite alive to the advantages of his position, but still more keenly alive to its duties; these he tried honestly to fulfil, without fear or favour; dealing, intentionally, no harder measure to others than he would have dealt to himself. If he was proud, he was proud of his station only. The veriest cynic alive could hold his own personal merits of no less account, than did John Charteris. He was just as plain and unpretending in every one of his tastes, as in his outward appearance and attire. But, by a simple train of exhaustive reasoning, he had come to consider his own domain as the very centre-point of the universe. He argued thus—"The first country of the world is England; the first county in England is Chalkshire; and the first property in Chalkshire is Charteris Royal."

Of this important trust he held himself to be practically only the steward, as his ancestors had been; and, whenever he stood stiffly on his dignity, he believed himself to be only discharging one of the duties of that state of life, to which it had pleased Providence to call him.

Though half the match-makers in England were hard upon his track, John Charteris never seriously thought of marriage till he was long past thirty; when his father's death put him in possession of the family honours. As soon as the days of mourning were expired, he took himself to a certain cousin—a discreet and honourable matron, well versed in matters matrimonial—and bade her provide him with a suitable wife; by which he meant to imply, a maiden of blameless repute and ancient lineage; such an one as would be likely to beautify the head of his table, and bear an heir to Charteris Royal.

The good dame had only her kinsman's interest at heart; so it is hard to say why her voice fell upon that special

Penniless lass wi' a long pedigree:

For, there, certainly ended the parallel between the selected bride, and the decent, sensible person, whom the Laird of Cockpen went forth to woo.

Marion Delancy was the fourth child, and eldest daughter, of a disreputable Irish baron; whose ambition it seemed to be, to illustrate in his own person the wild traditions of two generations back, when the "strong blood" of the Tribes found vent, in setting God and man

at defiance. He gave his children food, and raiment, and shelter—such as his roving life would furnish; but his notions of paternal obligations ended here; for their training, mental and moral, he had neither heed nor care.

Marion grew up amongst her brethren, with no more educational advantages than fell to their share; these were about as great, as would be bestowed on the lads in any well-regulated training-stable. She must have passed into womanhood, a helpless hoyden, had it not been for an aunt who took her in charge when she was fifteen—partly compassionating her forlorn condition; partly anticipating possible profit to herself from the beauty, which, even then, promised wonders. But it was too late, to give the girl anything beyond a few superficial accomplishments; just enough to give her a fair start in the social race, and to enable her to hold her own in *banale* conversation. Luckily, Marion had a keen natural wit; and tact enough to stop when she was getting beyond her depth, before she began to flounder ungracefully: if she did make a mistake, her pleasant voice and enticing eyes often made her audience laugh with, instead of at, the blunderer. Be this as it might—her *début* was an unquestionable success; the Wild Irish Girl did not take the town more completely by storm. People were good-natured enough to identify her rather with her chaperone,—a dame of unimpeached reputation, though a veteran schemer—than with her scape-grace sire; and doors, as a rule jealously guarded, opened wide to welcome her beauty. Rare beauty it assuredly was, though of a peculiar type.

Had this tale been written five years ago, one would have apologised for painting one's heroine *rousse*; in these days of Rachelesque be-devilments, such excuse would certainly be wasted.

Whilst we are on the subject, let me confess that, only with an effort, do I refrain from uplifting my testimony against this last vagary of our womanhood. I will simply remark—not intending an unsavoury parallel, but rather interjecting a pious *Absit omen*—that the epoch, when the auri-comal mania most notoriously prevailed, was in the days, when a certain Messalina led the fashions in Imperial Rome;

Nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero.

And those ingenious white-washers, who have made a martyr of Catiline, and a philanthropist of Robespierre, have not yet seen fit to set up that august lady, as an example for our wives and sisters to follow.

So—without more preamble—let us avow, that no flattery could have called the gorgeous masses of hair, that seemed too weighty a load for the small head and slender neck, chestnut, or auburn, or golden, or—anything but a rich, unmitigated red. Yet, even in those days, no one thought of instancing this, as a defect in her beauty. It rather seemed to soften the outline of features, that might otherwise have been too severe in their Grecian purity. There was a want of shade, certainly, in the faint pencilling of the brows; but, *en revanche*, the lashes were dark and heavy, matching well with melting eyes of the deep Irish grey.

Marion Charteris was now in her twenty-sixth year; so far, rather slight than grandly developed in figure; yet she carried off an unusually lofty stature right royally. She had certainly fulfilled the chief condition that, as was aforesaid, her husband had in view, when—by deputy—he first sought her hand. She had borne him a sturdy heir, and a second son besides; as though to guard against contingent failure of issue. She presided at his great ceremonious feasts; looking like a masterpiece of Tintoretto in the gorgeous apparel that she loved to wear—and with reason; for even her enemies allowed, that Mrs. Charteris could stand a combination of colour, that, on other women, would have appeared tawdry and vulgar, if it had not made their beauty seem pale and wan.

Nevertheless, there were many who—not being over captious or censorious as a rule—scrupled not to affirm, that Lady Syndale had committed the prime error of her match-making career, in electing this brilliant dame to rule over her nephew's household.

Marion was inexcusably rash and reckless, at times—to say the least of it; so much so, indeed, that her partisans were wont to make this a great point in her favour; arguing, with some show of plausibility, that anyone who could afford thus absolutely to dispense with outward forms of precaution, must have very little wrong intention to conceal. She flirted, quite as outrageously and openly as her sworn friend and ally, Laura Brancepeth. But there was this difference between them. The last-named coquette was much more indiscriminate in her sport; and would count half-a-dozen 'cripples' around her in the course of an evening's flight-shooting, without one clean-killed bird; whereas Marion rather resembled Cooper's veteran hunter, who, when he wanted a mallard, slew it, stone-dead, with a single bullet from Killdeer.

With all her imprudence, the mistress of Charteris Royal was no remiss or uncourteous

châtelaine. She had plenty of tact, as has been said above, when she chose to use it; and knew better than to neglect—much less discomfit—any one of her husband's friends; indeed, sometimes, she seemed more solicitous about their comforts and amusements than about those of her own intimates, who were almost all of the fast set *par excellence*. Perhaps, she thought these last were fully capable of taking care of themselves.

All this while John Charteris plodded on the decent tenour of his way; caring not a whit for any of these things. His wife's appearance would have done credit to an establishment, even more magnificent than his own; he never expressed a decided wish, that she did not carry out readily and promptly; he always found her perfectly good-tempered, and sufficiently interested in his favourite plans to be able to sympathize on their success or miscarriage; and she was ever specially attentive to such guests as he himself delighted to honour. Recognising all this—not without sober self-congratulation—John Charteris expected nothing more.

During the brief wooing which was transacted mainly by proxy, he had not thought it necessary to simulate devotion to his *fiancée*; nor, since their marriage, had he ever paid her more attention than courtesy and kindness demanded. But—had he loved her as his own soul—he could not have trusted her more implicitly. In spite of all the perils, that were sure to beset the path of a beautiful, heedless woman, ever 'too much alone'—perils that a more obtuse man could hardly have ignored—there never had crossed his mind the glimmer of a suspicion, that Marion could possibly go astray. It is true, that the world had never accused her of anything more than folly, and perhaps heartlessness; but—had evil reports been rife, and John Charteris been compelled to interfere—he would have done so, only to save the family credit and dignity from vulgar aspersion.

As things stood, he would far sooner have thought of begrudging his wife her amusements, than of stinting his son in his play-hours.

On that same child, be it observed, John Charteris had bestowed all the natural affection, that it was given to his cold stolid nature to feel. People said that, had the heir been suddenly removed, his brother would soon have been set up on the same pedestal in the father's heart; but this was the merest matter of speculation.

Now, you know enough of the mansion and its inmates, before you follow yon gay gallant under the ponderous portal-arch of Charteris Royal.

CHAPTER IX. CHAMP CLOS.

THERE was only a small party in the house just then ; and all the men folk, with one exception, were out cover-shooting. John Charteris had business at home that morning, and had no intention of joining the others till after luncheon. Like almost all intensely respectable men, gifted with good digestion and not given to field sports, he much affected a heavy mid-day meal.

It seemed to Flemyng, that the other's greeting was unusually cold and constrained. This may not have been all fancy ; though in the vanity of his egotism he set it down to the wrong cause. Without being specially hard or uncharitable, Charteris was utterly incapable of sympathising with ill success. He had a vague idea that no man, unendowed with a liberal independence, had a right to shirk the work appointed for him, or to fall ignominiously short of his set purpose. And Vincent Flemyng's attainment of high university honours had been, for a year or more, considered throughout the country-side as a foregone conclusion. It was rather a relief to both parties, when the luncheon gong cut short cold condolences and formal inquiries ; and John Charteris, with evident alacrity, led the way to the scene of action.

There, at least, the visitor had no reason to be dissatisfied with the warmth of his welcome. Had the fair *châtelaine* been aware of her husband's shortcomings in this respect, she could scarcely have made more charming amends.

Marion had never set her foot on Irish ground since early childhood ; but—besides the eyes above alluded to, and a delicious suspicion of a brogue—a certain impulsiveness of manner would have told you, at once, on which side of St. George's Channel she was born. People, paying the merest visit of ceremony, went away with the comfortable conviction, that Mrs. Charteris had taken a fancy to them at first sight ; and many were afterwards oppressed with unmerited self-reproach, on finding that the acquaintance, so auspiciously commenced, never progressed another step towards real intimacy. If she comported herself thus with comparative strangers, you may guess how she would welcome a special favourite.

Nevertheless, during luncheon the discourse was confined to trivial generalities. Flemyng's recent disaster was utterly ignored ; and Marion's eloquent eyes, for a while, were discreetly dumb. Before the meal was fairly over, the host went his own way—with slight and cold farewells, it must be owned ; and

Vincent was left, once more, to feminine consolation.

The reception-rooms at Charteris Royal were arranged, thus. From the main corridor opened state-saloons, unequal in size ; beyond which state-guests were not expected to penetrate. From the smaller of these presence-chambers (if you were of the inner circle) you passed into the Green Drawing-room—a pleasant apartment enough, not too large for comfort. Some good cabinet pictures lined the tinted walls ; and many small tables of marqueterie, buhl, and mosaic, were loaded with precious nick-nacks, from all climes and countries.

Beyond this again, lay the real Gynæceum—the boudoir of the beautiful *châtelaine* ; wherein, if scandal was to be trusted, she sat and wove nets to catch men's souls.

Save to a very few of either sex, it was, in truth, a sealed chamber. Many curious glances had been levelled at those mysterious portals, as they opened to give admittance or egress to one of the elect ; but the keenest eye had never caught more than a rapid glance of pale-blue damask, and gleams of silver ; for, within the door swept down a curtain of dark velvet, thick and ponderous as the *contre-vent* of a continental cathedral ; impervious alike to sight and sound.

The small party at Charteris Royal, just then, was made up, almost entirely, of Marion's own friends. Every one knows the freemasonry that exists in such a set ; it is not without its social advantages : if staid busy-bodies would imitate the tact and good nature, with which the *hommes* refrain from troubling themselves about their neighbours' concerns (so long as purposes clash not), it would save the world much disquietude, and yet not involve any connivance at crime. On the present occasion, when the *coterie* assembled in the Green Drawing-room forebore, either by word or gesture, to testify surprise or intelligence at the vanishment of two out of the midst of them, they did not consider themselves accomplices in anything, beyond a very venial flirtation. But our modern court dames are far better trained than their ancestresses of Lady Heron's time ; I believe they would assist at even a royal 'scuffle,'—were such a thing possible in this our day—without once being tempted to laugh, or glance aside.

The famous boudoir was an irregularly-shaped hexagon, with divers nooks and recesses ; of these, the one furthest from the entrance was nearly filled up by a deep broad couch, strewn with many cushions, and a very low, luxurious arm-chair. Somehow—at the first glance it struck you, that the last-named

piece of furniture was, as it were, part and parcel of the other ; just as the little fald-stool outside, is inseparable from a confessional.

The sternest Puritan must needs have owned the seductive influences of the place ; even had he resisted the temptation to wax amative, or at the least, confidential. A warm, languid fragrance, in the coldest season, stole in from the winter-garden without ; the murmur of an unseen fountain was just audible enough, to save dead silence, if converse should halt ; the sun himself could only peep in, modestly and discreetly, through a screen of giant ferns.

Mrs. Charteris subsided, quite naturally, into her favourite corner among the cushions ; while her companion occupied the above-mentioned *causeuse*, with the air of one resuming a familiar seat ; and her eyes said,—" *Tirez le premier.*"

Now Vincent Flemyng's meditations, during his long lonely ride, had been the reverse of saint-like. Other devils besides Belial had been whispering in his ear ; and he was just in the mood to hearken readily.

Ever since his discomfiture he had been in a restless, spiteful frame of mind, wanting—as the populace would phrase it—'to take it out of *some one*.' Like many men of his weak moral stamp, he was strangely tenacious in his resentments ; he knew, well enough, that his proceedings at Charteris Royal had already made Seyton uneasy, and were likely—if persevered in—to vex him yet more. Vincent had always been vaguely jealous of his brother-in-law, though he affected pity for his good-natured rusticity : he had begun to hate him, within the last twenty-four hours. Of course, this was not the chief excitement ; indeed, Flemyng was, probably, not conscious of it ; yet, like an extra draught of strong liquor, it was enough to make him more vicious and determined. Had it been otherwise—had he owned the motive to himself—it would not have been the first time that malice has given a spur to lagging love.

Unhappily, no such stimulus was needed here. Vincent had been much more serious in his 'foolery,' than Tom Seyton suspected, or than Mrs. Charteris—to do her justice—had any idea of. He aspired to more solid food than the light and illusory cates—sugared and perfumed though they were—with which, alone, the trained coquette seemed disposed to feed his devotion ; and fully intended, at the earliest opportunity, to wring from her a direct avowal, or to compromise her in her own esteem.

Taking all things into consideration, you will see that Vincent Flemyng meant mischief that day. He had scant time before him, too ; and more than once, as he rode along, had flashed across him the terrible text—

spoken on the verge of the Unpardonable Sin, and quoted by Sathanas since, perhaps oftener than any other morsel of misused Scripture—"What thou doest, do quickly."

Before he reached Charteris Royal he had arranged in his mind a very promising programme ; but, like many others that look pretty on paper, it did not seem so feasible when the critical moment came.

"An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory,"—said some practical philosopher of old time.

His words were true, if trite. We are apt to forget, in these erudite days, that all the science under the sun will not, under certain circumstances, compensate for the lack of promptitude, or daring, or coolness. If mimic war became a stern reality, I can fancy a certain famous and irascible commander wishing, regretfully, that he had once more at his elbow the simple, straight-going galloper, at whose head he has so often levelled volleys of strong language ; and some of the competitive cracks might show to disadvantage, by the side of that gay and debonair *aide*, who, when a Russian round-shot rolled his horse over under him, arose with slow deliberation—standing still, under a *feu d'enfer*, till he had brushed off every particle of dust from his sleeve—and then returned to the shelter of the trenches, with the same measured, graceful gait, that has borne him through many a morning lounge by the Rails.

Surely, the apophthegm applies, *Tam Veneri quam Marti*.

It has been stated once before, that cynicism was a favourite tenet of the Quietist set. Lauzun or Casanova could scarcely have discoursed more learnedly on certain subjects, than did some of these callow libertines, whose experiments, hitherto, had been made only *in corpore servili*. If you hearkened to them, they would have you believe, that the siege of any virtue whatsoever, was the merest question of time and opportunity. In this discourse, Vincent Flemyng had ever been as forward as his fellows. But, since he began to bask in Marion Charteris' smiles, his tone had sensibly altered ; though he had the grace to refrain from any pointed or personal allusions, he spoke with the *aplomb* and authority, of a passed *bachelier ès amours*.

It was provoking enough, when the moment of action came, to find his theories fail him, as better ones have failed better men ; but the truth must be told. Vincent Flemyng remained silent till, for very shame, he could no longer underlie the challenge of the dark grey eyes. Then he spoke—not very much to the purpose, after all.

"You have not pitied me, yet."

Now, in that opening, there was worse than a blunder of inexperience. The veriest novice—not an egotist into the bargain—would have known better than to make his first words of confidence, after long absence, turn on his own good or evil fortunes. Thinking over these things later, Marion Charteris appreciated the *gaucherie* as it deserved; though, for the moment, it passed unnoticed.

"I've done nothing else, since the bad news came," she said, softly. "But pity bores some people so, that I didn't like to speak of it first. Tell me how it happened."

And he did tell her; glozing over his own deficiencies, and laying hard blame on others; as he well knew how to do. But, here again, he won implicit credit and boundless sympathy.

"I never heard such an atrocious shame," Mrs. Charteris said; "I've no patience with those prim prejudiced Dons; and they are not a bit better than the rest of us, after all. I've never believed in them, since we passed through Oxford, soon after we were married; and John took me to see his college; and the Master wanted to make love to me, while he was showing me founders, and martyrs, and all that kind of people. I shall never forget his long-winded compliments; nor the way he kept looking side-ways out of his wicked old eyes. I'm very glad you've done with them all. But—poor Kate!—what a disappointment it has been to her! I'm almost as sorry for her as for you. And Mr. Seyton must have been bitterly vexed, too. It was only last week, we were talking about it."

Fleming's face lowered sullenly. He was selfish enough, to wish to monopolise *all* the sympathy, and to grudge the tiniest share of it to the sister who loved him so dearly; but the mention of his brother-in-law's name—just then, and from those lips—chafed him sorely.

"Kate bears it well enough," he answered, rather coldly and carelessly. "As for Seyton—I can't conceive what possible interest my affairs can have for him. I wish he would not be so fond of meddling with them. *Parlons d'autre chose*. I've something more serious to say to you to-day."

Marion's handsome eyes opened, rather widely, at Fleming's first words, for their bitterness fairly puzzled her; but, as he spoke the last, they settled into a look of demure expectation, beneath which sparkled a gleam of covert amusement. In very truth, what aid she to fear—with her five years in hand, and the experience of a score such 'passages' to aid her?

Vincent paused awhile, as if to give fuller

effect to his communication. Then he said, with some solemnity—

"I start for Rome next week; it is uncertain when I may return."

Now, at this point in his programme, Marion was supposed to start, or change colour visibly—if she repressed a faint cry. Unluckily, nothing of the sort took place.

When the Earl of Salisbury, with infinite toil and difficulty, brought his battering engines to bear upon the battlements of Dunbar, and discharged them with great pomp of preparation, it must have been a severe trial even of that good-natured noble's temper, when he saw no more damage done than the raising of dust, that the Amazon's kerchief could sweep away. Alas, my brethren! Many dames and damsels, since Black Agnes's day—not of the haughty Douglas blood—have been found, saucy enough to set at nought the heaviest of man's artillery.

It is no wonder, Fleming felt intensely discomfited, when, looking earnestly on his companion, he met—not the expected signs of trepidation—but a light, mocking smile.

"And is that all, *beau sire*?" she said. "Do you know, that you almost frightened me with your solemn preamble? You could not look more dolorous, if you were going to be transported, instead of starting on an 'outing' for your own good pleasure. I should rather envy you, if——"

Vincent broke in here: he was so very angry, that he could hardly keep within the bounds of courtesy.

"I do envy *you*—your faculty of being amused. When I like people, I hate to leave them for long; and I don't see anything very exhilarating, in indefinite absence."

Mrs. Charteris saw that her gay humour had carried her somewhat too far; she was not tired of her pretty plaything yet; and was, besides, really too good-natured to hurt anyone's feelings wittingly. Her face softened on the instant; and the smile faded from her lip, though it lingered in her eyes.

"Indeed, I did not mean to be unkind. I had not an idea of indefinite absence. Why cannot you come back when you please? Vincent, surely you have not got into any scrape—already?"

In the midst of the lavish wealth and luxury of her present existence, some of her childish memories haunted Marion still. She could not forget, how often her old Turkoman of a father would pluck up his tent-pole at the shortest notice, and depart for fresh pastures, having exhausted all the forage around him. Even now, her only idea of a grave embarrassment was, one of the exchequer.

Flemyng answered, less impatiently than before, but still with a marked discontent, and some slight hesitation to boot; for his financial conscience smote him, just then, as it had done the night before.

"No,—that is not the reason; at least, not the main one. But I think of going in for painting, as a profession. They tell me I might succeed—anyhow, its worth trying. I'm sick of book-work. Besides, what should keep me here, or make me hurry back? No one will miss me, except my mother, and Kate—if Seyton will let her. Some will be glad enough, when I'm gone. I think, your husband will be one of these. His manner to-day was hardly to be mistaken."

If Marion had shown fear or shrinking, or even dislike, at the mention of that last name—the name that she was bound to honour above all—it would have been better, than the careless contempt that she took no pains to conceal. Yet, it may be, that some of the scorn that lightened over her face may have been roused, unconsciously to herself, by the childish fretfulness of that last reply.

"What an ingenious self-tormentor it is," she said. "I wonder if anyone ever took the trouble before to decipher Mr. Charteris' looks and manners, so carefully? I never did, I'm ashamed to say. I am sure you are wrong—not that it would matter much, if you were right. I believe he rather likes you than otherwise; but he would no more think of showing disapproval of *my* friends, than I should of betraying that I was bored by his. I fancy the painting scheme, very much; it would be so nice to sit to you, when you were famous: and you will be that, I know—if you'll only try. But you can work just as well here, after one season in Rome. Now—listen, Signor d'Urbino; you don't deserve any favour, for the ingratitude of certain words in that cross speech of yours; but I'll be magnanimous, and put you in good humour again, without more teasing. Do you know, that, when I was amused just now, it was more at the coincidence than anything else? It was a coincidence: for you could only have guessed by a miracle that we think of spending next Easter in Rome."

Vincent Flemyng must have been made of stuff marvellously stiff and stern, if he had not been instantly cured of his evil temper; though perchance he ran the more risk of succumbing to another malady; for those last seemingly simple words were barbed by a glance of perilous meaning. He was not often wont to show surprise and pleasure, so openly and naturally as he did now; indeed, he answered, with an audible catching of the breath.

"Is it possible? It would be too cruel, to mock me with false hopes?"

With the tiny brodered glove that she held in her bare right hand, she smote him lightly on the cheek.

"Ah, slow of belief! It would serve you right if I told you that it was only an idea, not an arranged plan. But I'm not in a cruel mood to-day; besides, you've had enough to worry you lately, poor thing! It is quite settled that we are to be in Rome early in March, to stay—that is, I shall—till the middle of May. John will only convoy me there and back, I suppose: he would pine to death if he were two whole months away from Charteris Royal. Don't you wonder how it was first thought of? It's simple enough. His only sister will never leave Italy while she lives, and her health is very uncertain now. And Aunt Minna, who was more than a mother to me, seems a fixture there, too. So we are going to pay our respects to our respective relatives; a sort of pilgrimage, you know. Isn't it touching? And I shall be able to superintend your studies, and criticise your models, and get you to lionize me over the palaces in your play-hours. *Enfant, es-tu content à la fin?*

Though her tone was bantering still, and bespoke the easy security of woman dealing with boyhood, Vincent Flemyng was rather more than content, and he told Marion so—this time without hesitating.

It is not necessary to chronicle their converse further; those brief, broken sentences—more subdued than the tinkle of the distant fountain—could be edifying to no readers of mine: to some, possibly, they would not even be new or instructive. Yet every one might have been uttered aloud, and overheard by any but ill-natured ears, without involving either of the speakers in a suspicion of intended guilt. They were simply the common-places that might pass between very old friends, who were about to be separated for a while; flavoured perhaps with a slight spice of coquetry on the one side, and sentimental folly on the other. No very pungent seasonings, one would say. As the North-country sage remarks,—“That's as thereafter may be.”

It is true, that Marion had called Vincent Flemyng from childhood by his Christian name, and looked down upon his recent manhood from the height of five-and-twenty summers; it is certain that she had now no other intention than that of prosecuting—at his expense—fresh studies in her favourite science; if any shadowy compunction crossed her mind, that some harm or sorrow might possibly come to the subject of her experi-

ments, she stifled it by thinking of the charming wife that she would search out and provide for him some day ; for of jealousy—present or prospective—she felt not a whit.

But—it was, perhaps, just retribution—she had mistaken the character with which she had to deal.

Vincent Flemyng's infirmity of purpose and lack of nerve prevented his being really dangerous as yet ; he had also some few very faint scruples still to cast behind him ; but there was a black drop in his blood, that with time, practice, and opportunity, was soon to tinge his whole nature. No generous impulses or high aspirations had ever taken root in his shallow, arid heart : yet the ground did not long lie fallow before the evil Sower was busy. Truly, the tares grew rank and ripe there already ; though the season of ripening and reaping was not yet.

Speaking as an individual, and an outsider, —I decline to trust, in any shape whatsoever, either love or friendship Platonical. In all ages, it seems to have been little better than a delusion and a snare.

Did the devotion which began *en tout bien, et tout honneur*, always hold pure to the end, when, in the soft *langue d'Oc*, the troubadour chanted, to ears willing and unwilling, the praises of his sovereign lady ? Scarcely so : or we should never have heard of such stories as that one, which might stand side by side with the Thyestean horror. I doubt if the fashion answered, under the starched *régime* of the Virgin Queen, when the courtly Audacity wooed his fair Discretion in the long-winded conceits of Euphuus ; or, later, when Chloris, in rouge, powder, and patches, blushed over the mawkish pastorals of a periwigged Amyntas. I doubt yet more, if it can answer in these days of 'innocent fastnesses,' when our children cut their wisdom teeth so exceeding early ; when Prudery on her promotion disdains not the decorative devices of Anonyma ; and when Heré is prone to distrust her own fascinations, unaided by the sisterly Cestus.

I am far from insinuating that modern Platonics must necessarily, or even probably, come to grief. I simply suggest, that the principle is more treacherous than that of open and avowed flirtation, shielded by no specious pretexts of ancient friendship, occult sympathies, or difference of age.

From all this it may be inferred that, if a majority of the matrons named in this tale should comport themselves after a fashion unbecoming the sedate dignity of their order, it does not follow that their chronicler should endorse such proceedings, or hold them up as models for imitation. On the other hand, I

will not in anywise admit, that the state of things here depicted is either imaginary, or grossly overdrawn : the colouring may be coarsely or clumsily laid on, if you will : I deny that it is exaggerated.

Did not that illustrious philosopher, who, from the height of his æsthetic *cathedra*, is good enough, week by week, to dictate to us what, morally speaking, we ought to eat, drink, and avoid, indite, only last season, one of his most authoritative essays on Wives and their Followers ? Remembering how, when the said edict was issued, it only provoked a twitter of irreverent mirth amongst the 'light-minded birds' that it was meant to warn—I expect that this meek protest of mine will meet with no better fate.

In the present case, Mrs. Charteris committed herself to no direct avowal ; her companion ventured on no rasher familiarity than that of laying his lips lightly on her hand at parting ; but she promised correspondence, and made several other small concessions, chiefly prospective, which it is needless here to particularise. With all the advantage of superior age and experience, she achieved but a very Pyrrhic victory after all.

It was no great wonder if Vincent Flemyng issued from the *tête-à-tête* with a flushed cheek and sparkling eyes—contented and hopeful, if not wildly triumphant. He had gained a short step or two on that evil road, where the last strides are so fearfully long and rapid ; novice as he was, he knew that right well. So, when they rejoined the party in the Green Drawing-room, he took part in the somewhat lively word-play, with a confidence and success which rather surprised even his patroness herself ; and caused Lady Groystoke—one of the best judges of 'colts' in all England—thus to deliver herself to Marion soon after he departed :—

"You've always shown good taste in choosing your *cavalieri*, dear ; I must say that. I think your page promises very fairly. He's dreadfully conceited, of course ; but I think conceit suits that style of face. He wants repose ; and you must teach him not to look round, after each of his sharp or pretty speeches, to see if the hit is palpable or not. But all these things are a mere question of education ; don't you agree with me ?"

And Marion answered not in words ; but smiled a little demure smile, in which there was satisfaction, but scant personal interest—very much as if her pet performing bullfinch had been highly praised.

On the whole, as the Kitten bore Flemyng rapidly and safely homewards, he was warmed with a comfortable inward conviction, of having

achieved a decided social success, and of having, perchance, left a little crop of regrets behind him. Indeed, during all the remainder of the evening he bore himself with a complacent—not to say conquering—air, which chafed Tom Seyton sorely, and puzzled his devoted womankind.

Vincent's brief stay at Warleigh passed off without any further 'breezes;' but Mrs. Flemyng was the only one who felt, or testified, desolation at his departure. Even un-

suspicious Kate confessed to herself, that a sojourn in foreign parts might be beneficial to her brother's moral, if not to his worldly, prospects.

So Flemyng, after settling some necessary Oxford claims, and making brief preparations in town, started, with two travelling companions, on one of the myriad roads that, as the proverb tells us, lead to the site of the Golden Column.

(To be continued.)

LUCY'S GARLAND.



HERE are roses, little Lucy,
Gather'd all by me;
Persian roses, which Firdûsi
Would have loved to see.

Here is bloom and tender softness—
If you seek for such—
Shelly pink and satin softness,
Sliding 'neath the touch.

Here is self-sufficing beauty—
If you prize that same—
Which is never dull'd by duty,
Nor destroy'd by fame.

Here is all the subtle veining
Of a high-bred band,
Ladylike and used to reigning;
Certain of command.

Here, too, is a purer power,
And a more divine:
O my rose! hath any flower
Such a breath as thine?

Thou, who dost not care to win us,
Thou, so meek and shy,
Blestest more the sense within us
Even than the eye.

You have heard my sayings, Lucy;
And your mother knows
That I love, like old Firdûsi,
Evermore the rose;

Yet, for all their fragrant breathing
And their lustrous hue,
Not a rose of these I'm wreathing
Is so sweet as you. ARTHUR MUNBY.

TWO CHAPTERS OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TROUBLE AT THORN-HILL."

CHAPTER I. "WOODED AND WON."

"WHAT the deuce has come over you, Llew.!" and the speaker, a fair man, with a bright honest face, pitched down his fishing-tackle, and seized the tiller of the boat. "You don't want to try whether it is true that waters cannot quench love?"

"I wish you'd not make such a confounded fool of yourself," replied the other sulkily, getting red in the face, and showing temper in the tremble of the upper lip. The fair man gave him a quick glance, and then pulling his cap over his eyes, lay down on his back, saying presently, "Example is better than precept;" at least, the copy-book I used in my childhood had it so. You are in love; I have never been; you are evil-tempered, bad company, and inclined to be quarrelsome. Ergo, love is to be avoided by those who desire to live at peace with their fellow-men." Then suddenly changing his voice and lifting himself up, he said: "Let's have a pull, Llew., the tide is on the turn, and will bring us in again; an hour's stretch will put your digestion in better order."

His companion, although he made no verbal answer, set about doing what was required of him; he rolled up his line, lighted a fresh cigar, and took to his oar keenly if not kindly. They pulled straight out for the matter of a couple of miles, neither breaking silence, then they paused, and Llew., looking a little ruffled, said:—

"I say, Charley, I'm a devil of a temper; you shouldn't try to rile me, especially about you know what. I have got myself into a mess, and—and, the fact is, I mean to marry Alice in spite of them all."

"The deuce you do! then it's worse than I expected. What do you mean to keep a wife upon?"

"I'll emigrate."

"No you won't. It costs money, you see."

"I'll take a private tutorship."

"But they won't take your wife too. I'll tell you what you'll do: you'll drop the affair altogether. Seriously, you cannot afford to marry. Alice's father is a sensible old fellow; he won't have anything to say to you; he's as proud in his way as you are."

Llew. made use of an expression by no means complimentary to his intended father-in-law, and his adviser went on:

"Or put it in another way. Suppose you could have her, and made her Mrs. Derwin

to-morrow—how about your new relations? her people would be your people, you see."

"Stop that, Charley; I'm in earnest; I mean to marry Alice, and I mean to cut all her relations. Who was the parson you introduced me to at Tenby?"

"Cornish, an old Wadham man; he's got a curacy down in these parts somewhere, and is a capital fellow across country, and not so bad at brewing punch."

"Would he come over here for a day or two?"

"I don't see why he should not; but, why! you don't want him to do the splicing, eh?"

"Yes, I do——"

"By Jove!" and Charley Shifner drew a long breath. "I hope you won't get angry, Derwin," he went on speaking very gravely, "but I'd rather not have anything to do with this; you are certain to repent it sooner or later. Not that Alice is not a good and pretty girl; I believe she's all that, old fellow; but it's her friends. And then your uncle, he'd put a spoke in your wheel at once. I wish you'd be reasonable. Let's cut away to-morrow; come, there's a good fellow; she's a dear little body, and it will be a wrench, you know, but better a scar than an open wound."

Charley spoke from his heart, and with a sincere feeling of anxiety for his friend; but then he had never been in love, and forgot that reason has sometimes very little to do with the tender passion. He paused, thinking his argument too clear not to take effect, and then, as Llew. did not answer, he held his peace, mentally comforting himself with the reflection that his words had told,—and—that his friend was thinking of them. They rowed leisurely in, dipping their oars slowly and quietly, the tide doing most of the work for them; just as the keel grated against the beach, Derwin said:

"We'll start to-morrow, Charley."

"That's a good fellow," and all the clouds passed away from Charley's face; "you'll never regret it."

"I don't intend to," was the reply, uttered in rather ambiguous tones; and then landing, the two men shouldered their tackle, fish, and rugs, and mounted the hill to the little inn, where they had taken up their quarters a month before, with the intention of reading hard, an intention Shifner kept up as far as the Field and Bell's Life were concerned, while Derwin might very soon have made personal application of Byron's lines,—

My only books were woman's books;

the blue eyes, fair face, and light form of a

neighbouring farmer's daughter having effectually banished all other power of study.

A few hours later, Derwin, pretending to go to bed, bade good night to his friend, and took his way out of the house, along the path leading to the castle, which, rising grimly against the moonbeams, was throwing mysterious shadows upon the hill-side. Not a breath of air moved the leaves or grass, or disturbed the surface of the river, down which, it being full tide, the stream was just keeping up a moving rain of silvery sparkles in the centre of the broad bosom of the water. There were very few people stirring at that hour; the villagers worked hard and early, and went soon to bed in those days, and the country folks, who, after the manner of the Welch, came down to bathe, saw no beauty in evening lights. So it was that Mr. Derwin had the castle-road to himself, and having passed through the fir-wood and reached the open path upon the south side of the hill, he walked more slowly, pausing, and turning to look back now and then, as if in expectation of seeing some one. At last, reaching the steeper part of the hill, he sat down upon the grass, and whistling softly, gazed over Carmarthen bay, lying quiet and lake-like between him and the dark mountainous outline of Gower's land. The moon was full that night, and hung low in the blue heaven, casting a broad glistening path of light across the water, along which one solitary fishing-boat was gliding, the oars throwing showers of fiery sparks as they dipped in the water. It was very lovely, very peaceful and holy, but Derwin was only looking at, not thinking of it; he scarcely knew whether it was land or water, moonlight or daylight. Presently a quick light step came along the turf, and Alice Morgan stood by his side.

"You are shaking, darling," her lover whispered, as he held her hand, and gazed into the sweet eyes, growing unnaturally large and bright in contrast to her pale frightened face.

"Yes, surely; Mr. Shifner was talking to father, and they were saying you are to go to-morrow;" she looked round at him fixedly for a second or two, then lifting away his arm from her waist, she rose, saying in a loud hard voice,—“And it's true, indeed then, and I might have known it all along. God forgive you for deceiving my heart, but it's me that's been foolish and blind. Yes, indeed, I knew you were a gentleman like the rest of them, but I thought I could read love and truth in your eyes.”

Derwin had let her talk on, partly because he was tempted just for the moment to take

Shifner's advice, partly because in her vehemence and despair there was a new spell and power in her beauty, and partly because it was pleasant to hear how the very passion she gave way to told of her love; but when she paused, with a long sobbing gasp for breath, he held out his arms, whispering:

"Alice, my beloved, you are coming with me."

She clasped her hands together, and bent forward as if to read his face, whispering in a low husky voice:—

"God forgive you. Why are you tempting me?"

"It's no temptation, Alice, I swear," and as he spoke he sprang to his feet, and took her hands in his. "You shall be my wife, I never meant anything else. I have no one to stop me marrying whom I please; and you, darling,—they'll never keep you from me."

Alice began to sob hysterically now; and shaking and crying, she clung to him, as he told her his plans, hopes, and promises, which, as he was excited, Derwin poured forth vehemently, and, as far as the feeling of the moment went, truthfully.

He told her his future could present no difficulty, which, with her by his side, would prove unconquerable; life must be all love and happiness, its very hardships, tinged with the rosy hue, would look like blessings.

The moon rose higher and higher in the quiet sky, the silvery path was gone; inch by inch, the tide left the glistening sands, and Derwin still drew pictures of the time to come, of the world he was to show his wife, and Alice listened, nestling to his arms, and now and then asking some question, which from the very insight it gave him into her simplicity and innocence, stirred still more deeply the better feelings of his heart, and gave just enough light of pure love to blind him to the passion that was hurrying him on.

When they parted that night Alice had promised to meet him at the nearest railway station upon the morning following his departure from Llandstephen, and they were to be married in London.

Derwin did not take his friend into his confidence. Probably a railway carriage is not conducive to secrets. Perhaps he was beginning to doubt the prudence of his scheme. Shifner's noisy college chaff and talk was bringing back other feelings, and he grew more and more absent and nervous.

They reached Tenby in time for dinner, and Shifner, misinterpreting his friend's cloudy spirits, concluded that after all, if love could take such a hold upon a man like Derwin, it must be a still more desperate thing than he,

Charles Shifner, had even imagined. There was only one cure he knew of, and that was to drown dull care; therefore he ordered a capital dinner, and persuaded Llew. to try a peculiar combination of liquids, brewed in a special manner, concocted by a famous grand-uncle of Shifner's. But his experiment failed, Derwin pronounced it atrocious, and drank mildly of whisky-punch; so that Shifner out of veneration for his uncle's memory, did more

than his duty to his own manufacture, and found it expedient to retire about midnight, assuring the waiter that he was going to be married next day to the maid of Llangothlen.

As soon as Shifner was safely out of the way, a dog-cart was ordered, and Mr. Derwin, leaving an explanatory note in the coffee-room, was driven off to the station, whence he proceeded to the appointed rendezvous, where,



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ailed and frightened, Alice stood almost alone upon the platform, waiting for the train.

CHAPTER II. "LOVED AT LAST."

As soon as their marriage was duly solemnized, Alice wrote to her parents: but no answer came; again and again she covered sheets of paper with petitions for pardon, but they all fell, or at least seemed to fall, unheeded, and at last she gave up writing, or

speaking of her old home, trying hard to give up thinking too. But thought is not so easy of control, and many a bitter tear ran down the young wife's cheek in the silent watches of the night; tears that, alas! soon began to have a two-fold meaning, for already the spell was breaking. College terms had begun again, Derwin had taken his wife with him, and domiciled her carefully out of the way of the usual haunts of the college-men. He had en-

countered Shifner, and a somewhat stormy altercation had been the result; Charley's code of honour and Mr. Derwin's not exactly agreeing; so that when his old friend did his duty, (all honour to him, a very painful one,) and called upon the bride, he knew very well by whose orders she was "not at home," and never repeated the experiment.

No one else called; for, although it was pretty well known that Derwin had married, he never spoke of it, or in any manner acted like a married man; and his friends resented this want of cordiality by pretending to ignore his marriage, the boldest now and then taking their revenge by chaffing him about his caged beauty.

And yet, though acting with such false pride towards his acquaintances, Derwin was not as yet an unkind husband; the gloss of first love had not worn off, and Alice was all that man could desire in a wife. The first vacation they went to a south coast bathing-place, and there the trials that were afterwards to crush out every hope and joy began. Derwin met some old friends, and did not introduce his wife,—they were sure to patronise, and then laugh at her and him, he reasoned to himself; therefore he determined to leave the place, but not before he had promised to spend a fortnight with his friends at their country place. The prospect was a pleasing one. So he took Alice to London, and leaving her in lodgings, went to fulfil his engagement.

He had told her he would be a fortnight away, but the fortnight became four, five, then six weeks, and there had come neither letter nor tidings; and although horrible visions of railway accidents and sudden death in every imaginable form filled Alice's mind, she still waited, and dreading lest she might act contrary to her husband's wishes, or offend against the customs of the world, she made no inquiry. At last a new trial came upon her, she was without money; the landlady grew, first impatient, then suspicious, and finally turned Alice out, upbraiding her with disgracing her house.

Alice was bewildered; there seemed only one alternative, and that was to go to Derwin's uncle's house, the address of which she fortunately remembered, and there obtain some intelligence of her husband.

The man-servant looked at her rather suspiciously as she asked whether he knew where Mr. Derwin had gone, and half closed the door as he replied:—

"Yes, ma'm, he's gone to Australia; his uncle got him an appointment, and he sailed three weeks ago, all of a hurry; hadn't time to leave any P.P.C.s."

How Alice bore the intelligence—how she concealed the death stroke, and managed to walk quietly away from the eye of the curious domestic—was one of those mysterious feats of self-command now and then accomplished by those whom the world looks on as the weakest,—women. The shock, though it fell suddenly, had struck deep into her heart; she never doubted its truth; something catching at her heart, and throbbing in her brain told her it was even as the man said, and that he was gone. But why? wherefore had he not seen her—written to her? what business could have been urgent enough to drag him away without giving him space to bid her farewell? Very, very slowly she began to see the truth.

Wandering aimlessly from street to street, unconscious of time, and startling night revellers with her ghastly face and despairing eyes, she passed the night; and when morning dawned, cold, misty, and, in the great deserted streets of London, indescribably lonely, she began fully to comprehend the weight and depth of her husband's villany, and her own desolation. Deserted by him for whom she had disobeyed and left her father and mother—what could she do? Suddenly the commandment she had broken flashed upon her, "Honour thy father and thy mother, and thy days shall be long in the land." She had dishonoured them, why should her days be prolonged? surely it was God's will that they should not be long; death would come soon, and if it did not come of itself, could she not seek it?

Starting up from the doorstep upon which she had half fallen, she walked hurriedly down the street, remembering that but a short time before she had passed a bridge, below which ran the broad dark merciful road to death, and crouching by the parapet, she tried to say her old childish prayers, the same she had repeated at her mother's knee. Her mother! what was there in the word to cause such a thrill through the girl's frame, and send a wild sensation of life and tenderness pulsing in her veins?

Tears came rushing from her eyes, and bitter sobs mingled with the half wild, but wholly penitent prayer:—

"God forgive me if I thought of murdering my unborn baby, and spare me strength for its sake."

Poor people of every degree seem to cheat themselves into a belief that London is the very El Dorado of work and wealth—that you have but to say "Give me work," and employment stands ready. Alas! how

many an aching heart, how many starving lips have mourned, too late, the terrible delusion!

Alice begged from house to house for work, and at last, wearied by disappointment, and conscious that her woman's time of trial was coming, she sought the last refuge of the homeless, and the baby, whose life had saved her life, was born in the lying-in ward of a city workhouse.

As soon as Alice was able, she left the union, and by the help of one of the nurses, obtained work in shirt-making for a cheap outfitting shop, badly paid enough, and requiring close sitting far into the night to make it bring in the barest livelihood; but work was no toil now; the tiny little creature, kicking and sprawling upon the floor beside her, gave her new energy; she was not stitching for her own life, but for the life of the child of whom God in his inscrutable wisdom and wise mercy had made her mother. As months passed into years the child thrived and grew; Alice worked harder and harder, early and late, but with a new sense of enjoyment and life springing up in her heart,—a sort of vague fore-shadowing that the child would somehow restore the husband of her youth, and bring back her past happiness.

Eight years had gone by since Derwin left her, when in passing a newspaper shop she stopped to pick up some torn scraps of paper, thinking there might be something to read to her boy. Almost the first name that met her eyes was that of her husband; it formed part of a sentence something about a death, and the succession of an unlooked-for heir. Staggering rather than walking into the shop, Alice pointed to the words, and asked the man if he could get her a newspaper with the paragraph complete. The man happened to be good-natured, and seeing the woman's distress, took some pains to hunt up a paper of corresponding date. Armed with this, Alice hurried home, and there read a curious story, the story of her husband's life, the portion mixed up with herself only left untouched; the first part she knew, but the part dating from his departure for Australia, was all new. He had, it seems, succeeded at first; and then by one of those crushing strokes of Providence, his good fortune had deserted him, all his newly-acquired wealth was swallowed up by unlucky speculations, everything he put his hand to failed, when, reduced to beggary, he left the colony and returned to England, there to find himself next heir to one of the finest estates in Wales. Thither he had gone, welcomed and received as a sort of hero,

and worshipped for the very troubles he had known.

"Has he ever sought me?" was Alice's first thought, as after reading the story nearly a dozen times over, she laid down the newspaper. "Has he tried to find me?"

Then she remembered how fruitless such a search would be. Who knew her? How could he trace her? She must write, and tell him where she was, and how she had suffered. So write she did, not once, but many times, hope growing fainter each time. No answer came, and there seemed but one thing left,—to seek him out, and give him up his child, then hide herself away and die. Despair gave her renewed energy, and supported her during all the long weary journey; when footsore, hungry, and weary, she begged from cottage to cottage for the food and shelter necessary to support life: at last the trial was drawing to a climax; she heard the old familiar tongue again, and fancied every voice was that of an old friend.

But when she saw the house he had inherited, her heart sunk. How dare she, a beggar in rags, go up to that stately home and claim the master as her husband? In all her trouble and anxiety, no thought such as this had entered her mind; now it came with overwhelming force, crushing down every ray of hope. Irresolute, she stood by the lodge-gate, then turned away, only however to return, and gaze wonderingly again.

The lodge-keeper came out, and she hid her boy's face in her shawl; then convinced, mother-like, that to see the child's face once was to remember him for ever, she took him down the road, and bade him wait for her, and went back alone to question the old woman; but the gates were closed, and as she stood uncertain whether to ring or not, the quick trot of a horse upon the gravel of the avenue caught her ear; peering through the iron bars of the gate it needed no second glance to tell her that the rider was her husband; and then, utterly powerless, deaf, blind, and only conscious that he was coming to her there, and that they were to meet, she stood clinging with both hands to the gate.

The lodge-keeper, hurrying out, thrust her angrily away, and as one side of the heavy iron gate swung open, Alice's agony burst forth, and a long inarticulate pent-up cry came from her lips, as, her hold relaxing, she fell almost under his horse's feet.

Derwin had seen the white face through the bars, and knew it again as instantly: and as he sat there, apparently waiting the opening of the gate, a thousand old long-buried feelings welled up, and beat fiercely at his heart. He

saw himself in his true light: he knew he had been a blackguard—that the death-like face staring at him with such wild eyes might for all he knew be that of a mad woman, more, a mad wife, wrecked, maddened by his crime. He dared not recognise her, and he dared not pass her; fascinated and spell-bound, he heard her cry, and knew it was his name that rang out like an appeal to an avenging God. Then he saw the old lodge-keeper kneel down by her, and heard her cry out that the woman was dying in a fit.

Slowly and mechanically Derwin got down from his horse, and helped to carry the body into the lodge. As they did so, the child came running up, and throwing his arms round his mother, began crying piteously. Derwin's self-control was leaving him now, and fearful lest he might betray himself, he despatched the woman to the house for wine, and locking the cottage door, stood looking at her whom a few years before he had left in the pride of youth and beauty. Derwin was not such a hardened villain as he tried to make and think himself; like many another nature, so long as you kept out of his sight the misery or pain he was causing, he could go on in his own selfish, heartless course; but once bring him face to face with the sight of his crime, and the devil was cast out of him. No thought of his deserted wife had ever materially disturbed the newly-made squire's thoughts, until he kept that watch by what seemed her death-bed, and then he knew what he was and what he had done.

So absorbed had he been for a few minutes that he forgot the boy, when he did think of him, he stared long and inquisitively at the child's face, his own features gradually softening and growing strangely like his former self as he gazed.

"What is your name?" he asked hoarsely, and making an effort to speak calmly.

"Llewellyn Derwin," replied the child.

A shock passed over the man's face; all strength, self-possession and control were swept away, and as the words, "My God forgive me!" burst almost unconsciously from his lips, big tears welled up, and blotted out the wondering face of the little boy.

Some of us may remember how, after a season of intense anxiety, sleep has fallen upon us, sleep—or rather a trance—during which the drama of illness, death, or danger, we have just escaped, or suffered, is reacted, and realized in its most dreaded shape; we may remember how we awakened from that sleep, our heart quivering with agony, and our eyes too wild to weep;—awakened to find the whole a dream, to look up at the newly

risen sun, and to recognise the very fruition of hope.

Something like this was that awakening of Alice. Her first conscious glance fell upon her husband's face, not as she had seen it in that terrible moment when she fainted, but as she had prayed to see it. There was no talk of pardon, or reproach; Alice silenced both. Both had suffered; and although the loving gaze of the wife missed much from the care-worn face resting upon her hands, yet she saw deep in the eyes the love that was to brighten her future life, and enable her to forget the sorrow of the past.

I. D. FENTON.

TURF MEN.

ONE of the "sights" of London, neither piquant nor profitable, neither pleasant nor picturesque, is unquestionably that swarm of pestiferous loungers, of a miscellaneous class, who between the noontide hours of 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. daily amuse themselves with the neat little "game of speculation" at the unsophisticated foot of Saffron Hill.

That crowd, which surprises the intelligent foreigner and no less the intelligent Briton from the provinces, who chances to pass along Farringdon Road, consists of Betting-men, or, as they call themselves for the sake of moral euphony, Book-makers. Their object is money-making, and they do not disguise it. Your money or mine they are ready to stake and take—if they can only get at it. It is a queer world, my masters. We have had our Golden Age, when gold seems to have been no object; and our Silver Age, when life appears to have been sicklied o'er with the pale cast of moonshine. We have had our Age of Brass, when men's hearts did *not* fail them for very modesty, and our Iron Age, which collapsed when King Hudson fell. And now we have the Verdant Age, the Age of Turf, when green youths pay tribute, mint and cumin, silver and gold, to those Mercurial divinities of the Swindling Olympus popularly worshipped as "Knowing Cards."

The Spirit of Speculation is rampant in our generation. Whoever has a sixpence must risk it to make it a crown; whoever has a crown must convert it into a guinea. This mania of illegal money-making is a moral rinderpest; it is epidemic and communicative. Lotteries have been abolished, and gambling-houses demolished; we leave *rouge et noir* to the kursaals of Baden and Homburg; and cards and dice, brag and lansquenet, to the Cercles of Paris; yet the plague of gambling bursts forth amongst us more vicious and virulent than ever, and infests and infects the whole nation

like an ulcer. For ten months of the year, every week offers a new temptation; for ten months of the year, every journal, daily and weekly, assumes to be a prophet of good luck, and "give the tip;" for ten months of the year we are deafened with the cry of "odds," whilst little "events" cropping up perpetually in every corner of the kingdom, from Newcastle to Goodwood, from Chester to Cambridge, keep the sordid game alive.

At one time this passion was somewhat restrained within innocuous bounds, and rarely did the flood of speculation overflow the dykes of "The Corner." Now we have an *al fresco* Tattersall's at nearly every open space in London. On these racing Rialtos men of most uncommercial mien—though on money bent—to daily congregate. They lay their argosies on the backs of two and three year olds, and set them galloping off like beggars on horseback. They might as well have embarked their treasures on board the Flying Dutchman. The Venetian's risk was zero to theirs, and Antonio might well believe *himself* safe had he compared his chances with the chances of a 'favourite' for the Derby or the St. Leger. Storms were all he had to dread; but on the turf what *contretemps* are prepared, "thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa," to mar the rightest prospects of the sanguine backers andayers! The health of a horse may fail on the day of running, or his temper may be soured, or the prophetic hero of the event may refuse to start; he may bolt, or fall, or sprain a foot. The weather may be villainous, and the course become a very Slough of Despond, fetlock-deep in mire. A hundred unforeseen accidents, due to physical causes, may dash success, to say nothing of the little immoral by-play that sometimes goes on between jockey and owner. The horse entered may be scratched late in the day, or, after being declared to be "run to in," may be found, the race over, nowhere. There are tricks on the turf as in trade, and the one is as honest, mark you, as the other, and no more. But those tricks, whilst they pour thousands into the banks of a few astute friends of the turf, abstract them from the pockets of the "innocent" million.

A curious trait is it of the civilisation of the nineteenth century, this gathering of men to the dust-heaps of the metropolis. Wherever "rubbish may be shot" is advertised to the scavenger, groups of horsey-men are sure to find themselves. Their head-quarters, however—their central Bourse—is on "the Ruins," "Dick's Land," as the unsavoury neighbourhood of Saffron Hill is named in their slang vocabulary. There, in fine weather or foul, they assemble by hundreds. Who are

they—these "loafers"? Where do they hail from? To whom or to what do they belong? There is a perpetual bustle on that mount of dirty and grimy dust and ashes, and with an air of industrious excitement they do, like Cowper's Admiral, nothing with a deal of skill. "A queer lot," "a motley set" indeed! Gambling, like adversity, makes men acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Aggregating this human ant-hill as an undistinguishable mass, casting an eye over the crowd, and taking stock of it as a whole, who would imagine that its individual atoms were so varied and heterogeneous—so dissimilar in social position, if not in spirit?

Let us accost one or two. Shall we begin from the top of the scale or the bottom?

Whilst we are speaking, here steps burly John Barleycorn from a dog-cart. He is not exactly prepared to burst upon that bad eminence in the full glory of his equipage, so he draws up on the opposite side of the way, a little distance off, and hands the reins to one, of whom it is impossible to say whether he be companion or servant out of livery. However, they are familiar, and we will believe him to be companion, a friendly attendant minding the horse a few minutes for the bribe of a ride. John is a large man—broad at the shoulders, broad in the head, broad in the face, broad in the beam, thick and heavy about the legs. His attire is broad and large to correspond. He wears a stunted hat with a broad brim; his coat and waistcoat are broad, and his boots, at the toes especially, preternaturally broad. The colours of his suit are not *outré*, but he has a passion for heavy chains, huge pins, and colossal rings. You might take him for a Californian digger, did you not know that he was a publican in the Borough, and kept a house much affected by the whole tribe of horsiness. With a huge Cabana in his mouth, he crosses the road and mingles with the confraternity on the heap.

Scarcely has he left when a light waggonette draws up, and a fair-haired, dandified exquisite, in a pale-coloured paletot, white waistcoat, and grey trousers, leaps down. A straw hat, trimmed with dainty blue ribbon, nattily rests upon his small head, scarcely disturbing the auburn clusters so deftly arranged by the recent barber. He is superior to superfluous ornamentation, and has only an Albert chain to hold his watch, and a thread of a silk guard, from which dangles his eye-glass. Septimus Gossamer was originally a hatter in the City, but he hated work, so he lent money, on very good usury, to men in the same line of business as himself who required it. Finding the pursuit pay, he sold his interest in the firm,

and to his bill-discounting added a little speculation on the Turf. He was fortunate enough to gain admission to "The Corner," and might have been seen any day before Ascot or the Cambridge, or some great occasion, doing a thing or two with an earl or a marquis. What brought Septimus Gossamer to Saffron Hill, I cannot say. Are the revised regulations of the new Tattersall's too stringent to embrace him? Here, however, he was; and from the manner in which he half-lounged, half-swaggered into the unsavoury crew, I should believe the only object of his coming was to extend his connection. Perhaps he thinks, by patronising Saffron Hill, he can impart to some of the air and fragrance of Knightsbridge.

We now see one who is indeed a melancholy specimen of the weakness of human nature—the power of infatuation. He is tall, and of a livid paleness; his black hair and beard are of a dirty, grizzled grey; he has a painful stoop, and his eye looks glazed and watery. He wears the shabbiest, dirtiest, and most threadbare of black suits, clerical cut, except that the trousers are tight at the ankle, an old weather-stained napless hat, and a white cravat, which but once in the week is clean, and then acquires only so much cleanliness as the washing and bleaching on the flat roof of a house within a stone's throw of the Old Bailey can give it. This man was a clergyman, but his passion for gambling, like Aaron's serpent, has swallowed up every other passion—even sense of decorum, decency, and morality. For years he attended billiard-rooms near the Inns of Court and in the Strand, and played young men who had come up to town flush with money to keep their terms and eat their dinners in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn. They were mostly University men, and played at pool or pyramids with a recklessness which gave their cool, gold-devouring, speculative senior a mighty advantage. For this passion of play, Presbyter—very few knew his name—threw up friends and preferment; he abandoned an honourable calling and brilliant society, and hid himself by night in garrets where no one could ferret him out, to slink next noon into one or other of the billiard-rooms, where he would pass the remaining hours of the day. It was generally known what he had been; but this was rarely thrown in his teeth by the frequenters of the place, the youngsters being only too gratified to wield a cue against the skill of one whose eye was perfect and hand unerring. It was a lesson they were ready to pay for at any price. After a time, however, he was followed from room to room by a young man whose fortune he had partly won, and whose prospects he

had totally blighted—a young fellow who had lost examination after examination through excessive love of billiards, imbibed from his perpetual bouts with Presbyter. For Presbyter was a great temptation. If there were no other fellow in the room to play with, Presbyter was sure to be there; and many who would have gone to their chambers to read hard, stayed at his invitation, only to exclaim as the night closed in, *perdidi diem*—and they might not unfrequently have added, a £10 note. To avoid this persecution, Presbyter abandoned the billiard-room, and frequented, secretly, low public-houses, which were well known as betting haunts. Thus he fell down and down, till he is left with but one friend in the world,—his money, which he hoards up with a miser's greed—with an unholy rapture. He is said to be wealthy; he has, however, such command over himself, that, whether he wins or loses, he never moves a muscle of his impalpable, pale, almost inanimate face. Not even a hectic gleam lights up his cold, lustreless grey eye, when he harvests a prolific stake. He takes it as a Rothschild would his dividends at the Bank.

I select one more arrival for his life-portrait. In his youth the next new comer was, like Eugene Aram, an usher in a school, and doing creditably, when his father died and left him £2,000. Though he was the last man to be suspected of gambling proclivities, the mania seized him at once, and he speculated on the rise and fall of the Funds. Plodding, patient, plain, and painstaking, with coarse black hair, rugged complexion, and of diminutive stature, he naturally passed with little note. There was, however, in his eye a cunning twinkle; the lid hung over the ball, making it dull and sleepy, but occasionally it brightened up, especially were money-making the topic of conversation, unseen, however, by the casual observer. The conversation over, the face relapsed into its wonted apathy, and the eye lay semi-buried behind the fallen lid. On the Stock Exchange, however, Josiah Glass was not successful; his £2,000 dwindled down to £500; so he turned his attention to the Turf and Horse Racing, and he is now to be seen any day at "the Ruins," or in the narrow lane behind Meux's Brewery, another of the Betting-men's haunts, with book and pencil, taking and giving odds. His seedy appearance might lead one to infer that betting on the course was not more profitable than speculating in time-bargains; but such is not the case. Josiah Glass is cautious, and knows as well as any man alive how to "hedge."

Having particularised three or four characters, the rest come on in a scramble. John

Barleycorn drives up in his dog-cart, and Septimus Gossamer in his waggonette; but these are not the only specimens of vehicular life upon this sporting hill. Every description of trap, from a costermonger's truck up to a Newport Pagnell, painted and bespangled with mud, with steed and harness to match, takes its station along the road, especially when any great event is coming off: the Chester cup for instance, or the Cambridgeshire stakes, or the Newmarket running, or the grand Prix de Paris, the Premier Criterion, or the Prix d'Inde. Inside the rotten railing the very raff, the rag-tag and bob-tail of the "great unwashed" do congregate. Prize-fighters, dog-fanciers, running-men, night-house waiters, infinitesimally small tradesmen, butchers, reengrocers, billiard-markers, card-sharps, mechanics, clerks and messengers, beer-house keepers, the baker's man, ostlers, stable-boys, and "cabbies"—in a word, nearly every class of low society has its representative here, who either too idle to gain a living by honest and fair means, or too impatient to wait the tardy process of regular business to make a fortune, or too ambitious, the avaricious, and the disaffected pursue the same game, indulge in the same pursuit on the same disreputable Mount

Dishonesty. The avaricious, that he may have a hoard of gold on which to feast his raring eyes; the ambitious, that he may carry off some lofty prize he has set his art upon, or enjoy the luxury of a palatial establishment; the disaffected, that may shake off the yoke of labour and become independent at once of his master and his tasks. But some there be who, ensnared by a false hope, stake their last sovereign on nothing more precarious even than the dice, that they may at one bound disentangle themselves from the serpentine meshes of the terrible discount. Laocoon's fate they feel is theirs, should they not burst the living debt-busters of those fearful blood-suckers; and as they seek in this depraved community to dress the follies of the past, and bind Virtue, he will but follow in the wake of such company, to their heels for the future.

The system for losing one's money is extremely simple. There are various centres where the process may be easily gone through. To book-makers—that is, the layers of odds against race-horses—have little stands, somewhat like the music-stand of an itinerant German band, on which their names are posted. Appended to each stand is the business of the day, together with a list of the names of the next six hours, and the names of the horses to be run for the various cups and steps. But this is not all. The transactions

of Messrs. Whistler and Fiddle, and their rival book-makers, are by no means confined to the "events" of the day or the next four-and-twenty hours. They extend over unlimited time and space, and you can lay on the next year's Derby, or back the horse that will not win the Prix de Bois-Roussel at the Chantilly Autumn Meeting. To these stationary wolves the young lambs meekly go. The simpleton who backs a horse pays the amount of his bet to the list-keeper or proprietor of the stand. Some of these grandees of speculation hold many stands and stations, so they have a *locum tenens*, to whom they give the title of cler., and business is done with these as with the great head himself. The amount which the Arcadian youth pays is duly entered into a book, and he is then rewarded with a numbered ticket something after this fashion:—

06580

06580

JONATHAN HOLDMETIGHT.

which, in the event of the horse he has laid on winning (*!*), he presents to the proprietor the morning after the race, when the money is expected to be paid. When *his* horse does not win, the gentle youth quietly keeps aloof from the disastrous spot,—for a time.

These layers of odds, these stand-keepers, these venturers on the stride of a horse—these men who play fast and loose with fortune, and calculate how not to lose, belong, as a rule, to the highly meritorious order of publicans of the wine-and-spirit-license order; beer-house keepers, not of the wine-and-spirit-license order; purveyors of cheap dinners, and dispensers of coffee (decocted) which is not from Mocha or Araby the Blest, and tea which is neither from China nor Assam. Some of these magnificent speculators have frequently no less than a hundred bets upon an important race. In this, however, as in everything else, there is an aristocracy of taste and interest, so that while some will stoop so low as to receive a shilling or sixpenny stake, others will not condescend to enter your name in their books under a gold piece.

Marvellous as may seem the capacity for gambling possessed by these horsey gentry, not less remarkable is the area over which their fancies roam. The objects of their affections are not by any means international, they are cosmopolitan.

One might imagine that the glorious prizes contended for at Chester, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and Newmarket,

not to mention fifty other minor events, would have satisfied their greedy ambition. But the racing-man of to-day seeks ampler fields for his enterprise or venture, and he crosses the Channel, metaphorically if not positively, and is present in spirit at the contests of Paris and Chantilly, Rouen and Deauville, Baden and Homburg. To him the Grand Prix de Paris (the French Derby), the Prix de Diane (the French Oaks), the Prix de Longchamps, and the Prix de l'Empereur are of equal interest and importance with the English Derby or St. Leger, the Ascot Cup or the Cesarewitch. He would even go farther. If it were feasible, these gamblers would gladly stake their feeble sixpences on the races of Ning-po, and bet on the Grand Green Dragon prize presented by his Celestial Imperiousness Ki-Tsiang, the Ta-hwang-li of China. What to them does it signify whether it be a horse or an elephant, a giraffe or a camel, that runs? Their object is to make money or lose it; and make it or lose it they will. The magnanimous cry that racing encourages the breed of horses is, to use a cant term—gag; for, from the highest to the lowest, the sole object is to reap as many golden ears as they can. A few, the “highly respectable” patrons of the Turf, may endeavour to combine the two; and the strawberry leaf may wreath a head really calculating how to propagate and foster “true bloods”—the aristocracy of the equine race. But what do the riff-raff who block up our causeways, who gather in the neighbourhood of “Dick’s Land,” or slink behind the blank wall of a brewery, know of the points and qualities of a horse, much less the horse they are about to back? They could not detect a thorough-bred from a cab-horse, an Arab from a hack, to save their lives, much less their pence; and were they shown Gladiateur or Fidélité, Lord Clifden or Ely, without being told beforehand who they were, they would regard them no more than they do a knacker in an omnibus.

This is not the place to open the question how far the present system of racing *does* promote the breed of good horses; it is enough to assert that racing is not encouraged with that object purely and simply, but merely because it affords increased opportunities to the gambler to “lay on,”—merely because it panders to that hideous and gigantic vice of betting which is fast becoming a curse throughout the country. Were the encouragement of a better breed of horses the main purpose of racing, a few annual trials would be sufficient. The evil, however, has so grown and multiplied itself within the last

few years that there is scarcely a little town that has not its “event,” and every day of the year teems with a new chance.

HAROLD KING.

BALLOONS AND AÉRONAUTS.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

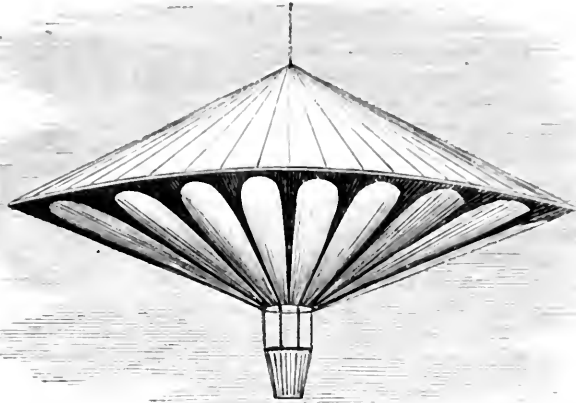
PARACHUTES would have been described by Martinus Scriblerus as the art of sinking, practically considered. The means of rising in the air having been found, the next step was to invent a method of descending without necessitating the return of the aerial machine to the earth. An umbrella was probably the germ of the idea; and in our immediate day more than one female has been saved in falling from cliffs by her crinoline. Within our own recollection, a child of about three years fell from the nursery-window of a high London house to the pavement below; but, as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, the summer air rescued the innocent, and by filling out the skirts of her clothes, caused her to sink gradually and with gyrations till she came so lightly to the ground as to escape injury.

The rising of a body through a heavier medium, as a cork in water, a pea in quicksilver, or a balloon in air, is the displacement or extrusion of the lighter substance by the gravitation of the weightier one. The up-bearing of a body heavier than the medium, through which it would sink by the same force of gravitation, is due to the resistance and sometimes the condensation of the particles of the medium in which it acts; and the retardation will be in proportion of the extension of the parts of the falling body. Air-resistance is then the principle upon which parachutes and flying-machines depend for their action. It seems, from a note by Mr. Monck Mason, that parachutes were in use in Siam when visited by a French missionary two centuries and a half ago; and that in Lyons, M. Le Normand had let himself down from the top of a high house, by the aid of this appliance, in 1783. On a second experiment, his leg was broken, by his parachute descending too rapidly. In 1797, Garnerin constructed a parachute by which he descended from a balloon at an elevation of 2000 feet. The descent was perilous, for the parachute failed for a time to expand: and after it had opened, and the immediate fears of the immense concourse, who had assembled in Paris to witness the attempt, had been removed, the oscillations of the car in which Garnerin was seated were so violent as to threaten either to throw him out, or, on

arriving at the ground, to dash him on the earth with violence. He escaped, however; and, in 1802, exhibited his experiment in London, the balloon ascending from North Audley Street. Though the parachute has been several times employed since that time, it appears only once to have been used with profit; and that on the occasion of a Pole, who, in 1804, ascended from Warsaw with a fire-balloon, which at a considerable altitude ignited, and the aeronaut saved his life by descending in a parachute.

Attempts were made by speculative minds to remedy the two faults of the instrument constructed on the umbrella principle, and which was exposed to the danger of not opening in sufficient time after commencing the descent, and of oscillation to a hazardous degree. Applied mathematics were brought to aid the investigation of the subject, and at last a machine was projected in which the umbrella or rather, a hollow cone, was inverted, as seen in the cut above. It was at first supposed that this form would secure greater resistance from the air and greater consequent safety. In 1814, a gentleman named Cocking gave some lectures in London on the parachute and its true form. In 1837, having constructed one of these machines in a manner he considered perfect, he requested permission to make an ascent with Mr. Green's balloon and try its use. It was not without much importunity that he obtained permission from Messrs. Green, Hughes, and Gye, to accompany them in a balloon flight, apparently from the danger which was foreseen by them to Mr. Cocking, and possibly to those in the car of the balloon itself. This danger was pointed out very distinctly by Mr. Monck Mason in an exhaustive paper on parachutes which he communicated to the Morning Herald the day before the experiment was made. His scientific examination of the subject enabled him to point out that from the construction, weight, &c., of Mr. Cocking's parachute, one

of two events must inevitably take place: either that it would come to the ground with a velocity destructive to the individual; or that, if the instrument were made less strong and heavy, it would give way or collapse beneath the forces developed in the descent.



Mr. Cocking's Parachute.

On the appointed evening the ascent was made, in the Nassau Balloon, and when the cord which sustained the parachute was cut, the result justified Mr. Mason's prediction; it descended with dangerous rapidity, oscillating fearfully, and at last the car broke away from the parachute, and Mr. Cocking was precipi-



M. Garnerin's Parachute. See page 526.

tated to the ground from the height of some hundred feet. The writer of the newspaper account of the fatal occurrence was probably an Irishman. He says the persons who went in pursuit of the unfortunate aeronaut, "heard groans proceeding from a field, near Lee."

The groans, however, proceeded from Mr. Cocking. "On going in that direction they found the unfortunate gentleman *literally* dashed to pieces! And just as they were loosening his cravat, he breathed his last in their arms. He was speedily removed to the Tiger's Head Inn, where four medical gentlemen attended. Their services were, however, needless."

Since that fatal experiment, parachutes may be said to have fallen to the ground. Yet a far bolder experiment was made in America the next year, by Mr. Wise, who determined to *explode* his balloon at a great altitude, and try the effect of descending with the collapsed machine, trusting to the resistance of the air to give sufficient retardation to his fall. This bold and curious aeronaut made his ascent from Easton, Pennsylvania, *in the midst of a thunder-storm*; and having let down a small concave parachute with a cat, and another, on Cocking's principle, with a dog, both of which reached their destination with safety, Mr. Wise rose to the height of 13,000 feet, while the storm flashed and pealed a mile below him. In passing through the storm stratum, "it seemed to him as though heaven's artillery were celebrating the occasion as a progress of the new-born science." In such grand style do Americans think, or express themselves: with such auguries do enthusiasts encourage themselves. Mr. Wise trusted that the balloon in a flaccid state would form a sort of parachute, and that in falling the lower hemisphere would "cave in,"—would be driven up into the concavity of the upper half, by the rapid descent. The balloon exploded. The hydrogen rushed out with a tempestuous noise, and in ten seconds the last particle was gone. The experimentalist says he never lost confidence in the ultimate success of his contrivance; but we quite understand his feeling that the first moment was one of awful suspense; and it ought to have been to a person who had risen with a balloon through a thunder-storm, and then at 13,000 feet elevation had purposely burst it—unless he was altogether hardened. The instrument acted according to the hypothesis, and Mr. Wise reached the earth in safety: for after such a descent, the merely being pitched out of the car ten feet would count as nothing. He "congratulated himself on the result of this exciting experiment, and before many minutes had elapsed, resolved to repeat it in Philadelphia at the first opportunity."

His next ascent was attended with some interesting observations. He emptied some bags of dust which he carried with him; and to the spectators the balloon seemed for a

moment enveloped in a cloud. On passing a solitary cloud, and crossing its angle of reflection, he felt a very sensible heat, "showing clouds to be good reflectors of heat, as they are of light." Getting near this cloud the balloon became agitated, and made alternate rotations, and the cloud appeared to recede from the balloon; but it might have equally been that the balloon was repulsed from the cloud, for the action was clearly that of electricity; and on discharging some more bags of dust, they clung in a great measure to the balloon, even the heavier particles, and remained attached some moments. On rising considerably above this point, or stratum, the dust fell from the machine in a cloud.

In October, the same year, he repeated his explosive experiment. The silk on this occasion burst open from top to bottom. This unexpected fracture at first somewhat alarmed Mr. Wise, but the next minute he saw the advantage of it, for "he slid down upon the atmosphere, in a spiral course, with an uniform velocity," his collapsed balloon acting like a ship's mainsail. The bump when he did touch the earth was not harder than that caused by jumping from ten feet to the ground: a sensation which any of our readers can try, if they please. After this, Mr. Wise ridiculed the idea of there being any danger in going up a couple of miles and then purposely bursting your balloon; and he wondered that the newspapers should stigmatise such easy descents as miraculous escapes. On the side of the journals, we must however admit, that, safe as may be this way of reaching the earth, there was some novelty about it at the time.

On another occasion, the same experimentalist saw the sand lying in an open sack in the car drawn up to the balloon, by the electrical effect of the imprisoned hydrogen; then the sand fell off again, and repeated the movement. Also, when Mr. Wise, at a high altitude, the thermometer standing at 36°, and the balloon very distended by diminished external pressure, looked inside it, to see how the gas was getting on, he found that the hydrogen, which had been of a milky colour when he left the ground, was now transparent, and was giving out water which dropped freely from the orifice of the balloon, and had a strong sulphurous odour. He accounts for this effect by some powerful electrical action. On this occasion he was obliged to explode his machine a second time, on touching the earth,—but he does not explain in what way.

Once only Mr. Wise found himself in a difficulty which alarmed him. On ascending in May, 1839, just as he was about to start,

a gentleman from the "outh" was introduced to m, and so held him in conversation, that when he severed the restraining cord occurred to him that the dive-rope had not been secured! The mistake could not now be remedied. For a moment he began to descend, and would have given up that he possessed in the world to be down on earth again for one minute. Soon finding that a heavy heart is not the thing for ascending in a balloon, he rallied his spirits, "took off his hat, and swung it around; which was vociferously responded from below." The crowd, however, little knew about the valve-rope, whatever the northern gentleman may have done. Mr. Wise let down a parachute containing an animal; saw it picked up, and with more sentiment than could have been expected,

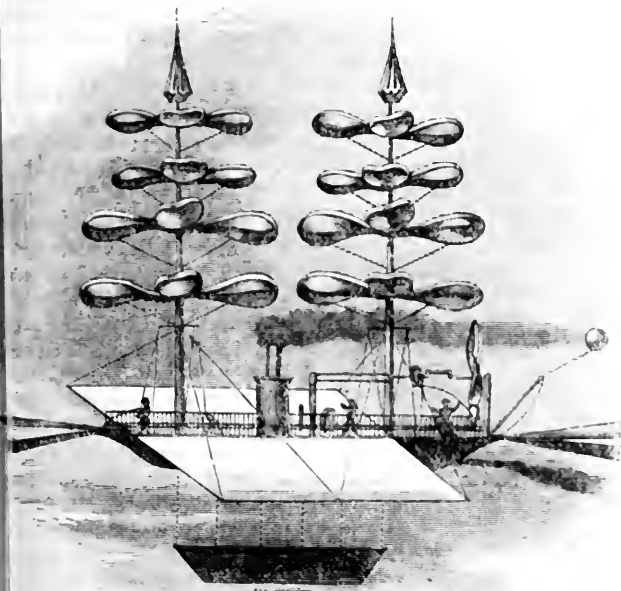
cried that cat or dog, and wished he was on its side on *terra firma*. For the fact is he was driving rapidly towards the Atlantic Ocean, without even the security of being able to burst his balloon: going at the



M. Godard's "L'Aigle." See page 531.

rate of fifty miles an hour; and his machine in such unfortunately good repair as not to afford the hope that it would explode, collapse, or meet with any favourable accident. Under these disheartening circumstances, he

found that he had already used up one half of Jersey, and that Princeton was not far ahead. Just at this time he entered into a thunder-storm: the water poured down from the balloon with a noise like a mill-dam! The lightning shot in zig-zag dashes through the rolling clouds; and the thunder rattled like the discharge of small arms. (Why small!) It was a magnificent sight; "but in recurring to his critical situation, its charms passed from his mind." When it became apparent that another hour would carry him to the Atlantic, he admits that the moment was embarrassing; but considering that "what must be must," his thoughts turned in a very practical way towards his provisions for a voyage to



M. Landello's Design. See page 532.

Europe, and those consisted of "half a pound of water-crackers, half a pound of cheese, and a bottle of porter." He estimated, however, that this stock would be sufficient to take him across at the rate at which he was travelling—fifty miles an hour; but he could not hope that his gas would hold out for three days, because the neck of the balloon was left open. Considering every alternative for securing personal safety, he thought of jumping overboard whilst first leaving land and plunging into the ocean; but on reflection he gave up this idea. Then he saw the great Atlantic swelling proudly to the arched roof of heaven. There was no time to be lost. He had endeavoured to split his flag-staff, and to fasten a penknife so as to cut the silk; he tried to burst the balloon by jerking the car violently; but this plan failing, he determined to try the effect of an extreme ascent; threw his ballast overboard, and shot up into the air till the distended sphere discharged the gas copiously at the neck. He continued to jerk the car, and, at last, oh joy! the valve-rope rolled out of the neck sufficiently for him to reach it. Mr. Wise's descent into a Jersey farmer's peach-orchard is graphic and lively. We conclude, as he writes the account himself, that he was not killed—but he does not state the fact.

Aërostation, after this, enters into modern times, and we need not follow it. The scientific ascents of Mr. Glaisher in Mr. Coxwell's balloon, and the observations taken at the time with a host of instruments and published in the leading journals, are known to most intelligent readers. In 1840, Mr. Green proposed to cross the Atlantic; but the attempt was not made. In 1843, Mr. Hewson, an engineer, designed an aerial ship; and Mr. Roebuck introduced a measure in the House of Commons to utilise the invention. The "Aërial Transit Bill" was read a first time,—but not oftener. Proposals were also made to establish a company for carrying out aerial navigation; and a model for an ellipsoidal balloon to be propelled by the Archimedian screw, was exhibited at the Adelaide Gallery.

Mr. Coxwell made his first ascent in 1844, whilst M. Delcourt in Paris was experimenting, and M. Monge, son of the great mathematician, was making calculations for the construction of a copper balloon, and the intrepid Wise was making adventurous journeys into storm-clouds and other meteoric difficulties, and gaining volunteers for a projected journey across the Atlantic. The science was gathering form. In 1845, Mr. Coxwell started *The Balloon*, or Aërostatic

Magazine, and continued to publish it at intervals till 1859. In 1846, Mr. Wise, during the war between the United States and Mexico, submitted to the American Government, "An Easy Method of Capturing the Castle of Vera Cruz." It was to be done by means of a "balloon of common twilled muslin," and was to fire down shot and shell on the doomed fortress. In 1847, Albert Smith made two ascents in the Nassau and in Mr. Gypson's balloons, and gave characteristic accounts of them in the public papers. Attention began to be directed to the use of balloons for strategic purposes, and in 1848 Mr. Coxwell, at Berlin, discharged shells, grenades, &c., from the car of a balloon. In 1849, M. Arban crossed the Alps from Marseilles to Turin in a balloon. Soon afterwards Mr. Bell made an endeavour to propel a balloon by screws and fans. And in 1861, Dr. Moreand was making experiments with regard to the application of steam to aërostation. In 1862, a committee of the British Association was formed, containing the names of several leading scientific men, amongst others, Sir J. Herschel, Sir David Brewster, Colonel Sykes, Mr. Fairbairn, Dr. Tyndall, and Mr. Glaisher, for the purpose of carrying out systematic experiments upon the temperature and hygrometric condition of the air, at different elevations, and the scientific ascents of Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, were the result of the movement. In that year the highest elevation ever attained was accomplished—namely, seven miles. The minuteness and accuracy of the observations made are shown by the tables formed by Mr. Nash in one of these scientific excursions, and which Mr. Turnor gives at length in his volume named "*Astra Castra*," to which we are indebted so greatly for the facts given in the present and former papers. Its author made his first ascent in Mr. Coxwell's Mammoth Balloon from the Winchester Barracks in October, 1862, in company with Colonel McDonald and five officers of the 60th Rifles, and they accomplished the distance to Harrow, where they descended, in sixty-six minutes. The distance being seventy miles, the rate of travelling was upwards of a mile a minute. The vignette at the foot of the former article* represents the ascent from the barrack-yard.

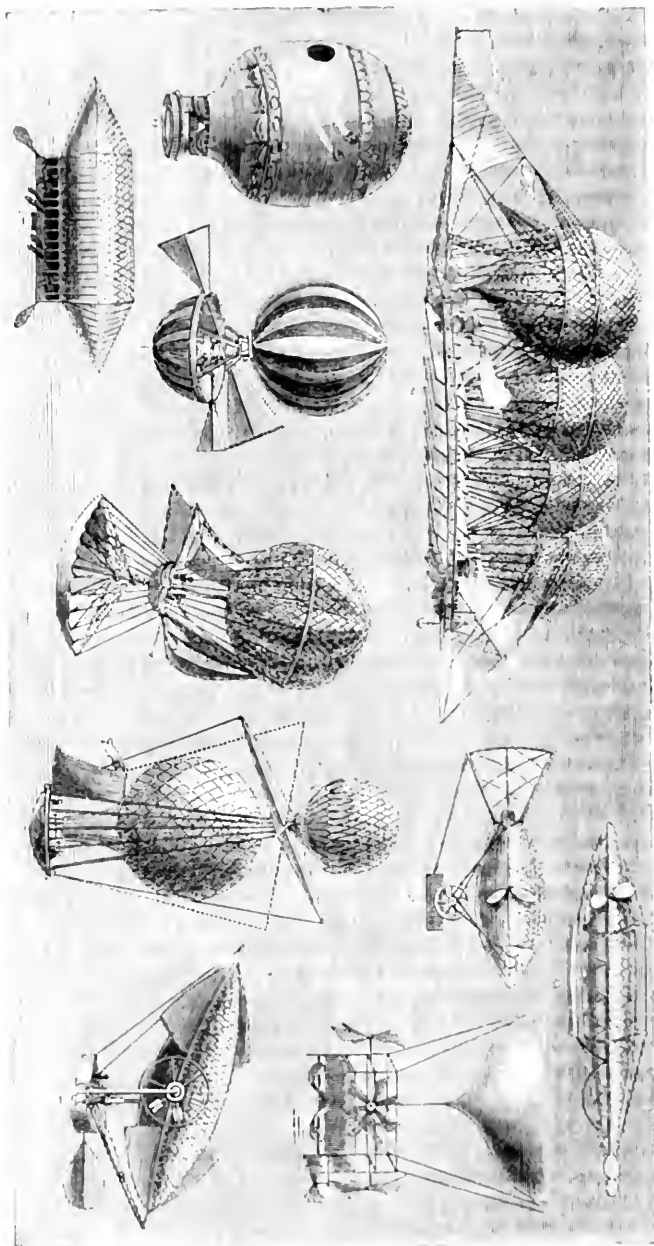
The immense balloon constructed by M. Nadar, and called *Le Géant*, is described by himself in excited—perhaps we ought to say *inflated*—language, in the periodical named "*L'Aéronaute*." It consisted of two balloons of silk, one within the other—for greater strength, made of white silk; its diameter

* See p. 392.

as about 100 feet, and the total height the machine, including car, 196 feet. It was provided with a small balloon placed beneath, to receive the surplus of gas which other balloons is lost when from the expansion of the hydrogen it is necessary to let it escape. This addition, first proposed by M. Edard, was called the *compensator*. It made the first ascent in the summer of 1863, with seven persons in the car, including the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. On attaining an altitude of 1500 metres (nearly 5000 ft), the party still saw the sun, which had set to those who remained on the ground below several hours previously. On descending, the aeronauts experienced some shocks from striking the ground, and received a few bruises. In its subsequent disastrous voyage in 1864 the *Géant* was destroyed, and its passengers, one of whom was Madame Nadar, were seriously injured. Indeed, we may conclude, that safety is not an element in balloon ascents. The last paragraph in the chapter of accidents is the loss of Mr. Coxwell's balloon *Research* on the wild coast of West Tarbert, Ireland, and the very narrow escape of two of the passengers by her, Mr. Runge and Mr. Harty. As usual, the valve-cord broke, and finally the balloon got into the sea and filled with sand. This happened in the month of July last.

The use which is to be made of balloons is probably confined to warfare. One was used by the French at the Battle of Solferino, and balloons were employed during the late

American war. It is possible that in future campaigns a balloon will be amongst the indispensable impedimenta of an army. It need not be large. It should be easily packed, to-



Floating Fleas in Acrostation. See page 532.

gether with the apparatus for filling it. It might carry up two observers, and be held at any proposed height from the ground by a cable. In a flat country, an elevation of

three or four hundred feet would allow a survey being made of a circle of twenty miles' diameter. The enemy will probably try, by flights of rockets, to destroy such balloons of observation when they come within range.

The subject is one that appeals to the fancy and imagination. It is especially the theme for dreamers. Mr. Hatton Turnor gives amongst his zincographs the picture of a proposed balloon of discovery planned by Professor Robertson, and which looks very like a caricature; whilst the elegance of Godard's Aigle (shown in our illustration on page 529) shows the æsthetic capabilities of such machines.

A few words must be said about flying-machines. It has been proposed to combine fans, wheels, and sails with hydrogen balloons; but the more philosophical idea is to make gravity and not levity the motive in one direction, which is to be overcome in all other directions by mechanical means of propulsion. The little toy so common now with children, in which motion is given by a coiled string to a wire spindle fitted with four paper wings at a small lateral inclination, and which flies up to the ceiling and maintains itself there a few seconds, is the principle involved in most modern flying-machines. What the screw of a steam-boat is in the water, so these fans are in the air. The object to which they are attached must be heavier than the medium through which they move, and the resistance of that medium is the fulcrum to which the leverage is applied. A submerged vessel moved with a screw would be a complete parallel in another element to an aerial flying-machine. An idea of this design may be gained by the representation of the idea of M. Landelle, given on page 529, whilst the combinative plans for aerial motion may be seen in the nightmare-looking plate which follows on page 531.

It is time to speak of Mr. Hatton Turnor's important contribution to this branch of science. His volume, named "*Astra Castra*," is a *résumé* and compendium of the history and literature of *aërostation*. It is written with zeal and devotion: it is interesting throughout, and in parts amusing. Mr. Turnor has, we understand, already made four balloon ascents, and is prepared to undertake farther flights. His quarto volume of five or six hundred pages is abundantly illustrated with zincographs, woodcuts, and even some photographs. An old leaven of classical scholarship breaks out in places; and Italian and English verse, more or less connected with the subject in hand, swells the book into its large proportions. Nor does the author altogether

disdain the drolleries and satires which his theme has called forth, but gives them with an evident enjoyment of the fun, even though affecting his particular hobby. The name "*Astra Castra*" was selected from part of the motto of the Lindsays: *Astra Castra: Numen Lumen*.

We will conclude with a recommendation of prudence. Many persons may feel drawn to attempt balloon ascents, as many are induced to climb Matterhorns, pizs, pics, cols, and those perpendicular heights in which "*Commodore Rogers*" shone so greatly. But many requisites are needed: a steady head, calmness; self-command, and fertility of resource in difficulties; endurance, and agility. Without these it is better to confine oneself to *terra firma*, to do the Rigi, or even Hampstead or Highgate Hill. If one cannot rise with the eagle, let him, like the raven, find profit and safety in the fleeces of the nibbling sheep.

MANLEY HOPKINS.

THE "SILENT LAND."

SHE would not allow him to be buried, but carried the corpse wherever she went.—"Life of Joanna of Spain."

I.

LOVELY in her palace weeping,
Dim-eyed watch beside him keeping,
Deemed she not that he was sleeping,
Far away in the "Silent Land."

II.

On couch of gold and purple laid,
Banner and crown and cross displayed,
She had herself her love arrayed,
For his sleep in the "Silent Land."

III.

Vain all consolation given,
Vain their earnest talk of Heaven—
Talk of sins and sorrows riven,
By that sleep in the "Silent Land."

IV.

She only smiled and shook her head,
And bade them come with lighter tread,
For he was sleeping, and not dead,
Far away in the "Silent Land."

V.

So she sate beside him ever,
Widow's garments wore she never,
Nought her heart from his could sever,
Tho' he slept in the "Silent Land."

VI.

Watching by that which once had been,
Never again to smile was seen
That woful, widowed, distraught queen,
Till she drew near the "Silent Land."

VII.

But then in thought once more a bride,
She laid her down at Philip's side,
And calmly drifted down the tide
To her sleep in the "Silent Land." C.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER X. FELO DE SE.

You may remember that Tom Seyton, in his first perplexity after witnessing a certain interview on his road home from Torreaster, resolved within himself that he “would talk to Kate about it.” This he carried out on the morrow of the day, the events of which have been told in the last chapter.

Mrs. Seyton was quite superb in her indignation. Being a very woman, of course the vials of her wrath were poured out on the feminine culprit; and—also, of course—at the end of her tirade, she professed herself “unable to guess, what attraction Brian could find, in that audacious vulgar style of beauty.” Suddenly she broke off with a comic horror; seeing, or thinking she saw, signs of dissent in her husband’s face.

“Oh, Tom, I do believe you admire her. Don’t confess it, if you do: I couldn’t stand *that*.”

Seyton’s hearty, jovial laugh rang out, unrestrained.

“I won’t be intimidated,” he said. “I do admire her, in a certain way; not exactly as a woman, but as a very magnificent animal. And I don’t quite see the vulgarity you talk of; at least, not on the surface: there’s enough and to spare below, I daresay. But as to the audacity—I go with you thoroughly, my Kate. I’d shut Brian up in a mad-house, if I had my way, sooner than see him make that girl mistress of Mote. Even if she were perfection, her connections are simply infamous. There are all sorts of shady reports about the father, though I’ve never taken the trouble to listen to them; and there’s a cousin always hanging about the house, than whom there’s not a cleverer scoundrel unhung; that I happen to know. What’s to be done? I suppose I ought not to keep Brian’s secret, if he has one; and yet, of all things in this world, I hate meddling with other people’s affairs. Perhaps there’s nothing more than folly in it, after all.”

“There can’t be a doubt about it,” Kate said, decisively; “I’m sure, poor Mr. Mas-

kelyne always expected you to look after Brian. Besides, you would really be his guardian if anything happened to his mother; and something would happen, if that boy were to commit himself irretrievably. It would kill her; I’m certain of it.”

“You’re more than half right,” Seyton answered, “but one’s duty needs to be made very plain, before one can swallow the ‘tale-bearing’ pill; especially when it’s tale-bearing of women, to women. I’ll tell you what I’ll do: I’ll sound Brian himself first. He’s sure to be at Claxton Wood on Monday, and it will be easy to find an opportunity. He’s a good lad enough at bottom; and he really likes me, I do believe; he’ll tell no lies, if he don’t own all the truth. I shouldn’t be much afraid for him, if this particular folly was not in his blood.”

With this Kate was fain to be content; indeed, she herself thought it about the best plan; for she liked the tale-bearing part of the business not a whit better than Tom did; and would have infinitely preferred, that things should be set right, without troubling Mrs. Maskelyne.

Claxton Wood held a fox, as usual, but not one of the right sort: the varlet kept dodging round the edge of the brakes, till half the horses out were fretted into foam with perpetual false starts; and then died ingloriously, after a brief, sulky ring through a few deep inclosures.

It was a long distance to the next likely draw; for even the hounds never dreamt of finding in the copses and belts that they bustled through, as a matter of form, on their way. Seyton soon found himself alongside of Brian Maskelyne, to the rearward of the long cavalcade, that jogged on by two’s and three’s, along the narrow lanes and field-roads. Few words—and these of no significance—had passed between them, besides the wonted morning greeting; but Brian knew perfectly well what Seyton wanted, when the latter’s whip handle touched him lightly on the shoulder. He reined back till they rode alone

together, and waited quietly for the other to begin.

Tom Seyton, being absolutely incapable of a long oration, was apt to come to the point with scanty form of words. He did so now, though he spoke with all gentleness and consideration; claiming no shadow of authority or title to interfere, beyond that of hereditary friendship.

"I was only a boy when you were christened," he said, "but I remember your father's proud, happy face, as well as if it were yesterday. I remember that same face, the day before he died—how pale, and haggard, and eager it looked, as he held my hand, and whispered: 'You'll help Brian, if ever you can?' I promised him I would; though I wondered why he had not put confidence in some one older than I was, and wiser and cleverer than I ever shall be. And, by God's help, so I will, so long as we both shall live. Brian; that is what makes me say to you, to-day, that I would rather—a hundred times—see you lying by George Maskelyne's side, than sitting by Bessie Standen's, and calling her wife."

Voice and lip shook a little as he ended, and the bluff honest face was strangely troubled; nor had Brian's been quite free from emotion throughout; especially since the mention of his dead father's name.

There was nothing in him of Vincent Flemmyng's fretful perverse conceit; nor had one word of the warning chafed him. Having loved and honoured his counsellor for many a year, he did not love or honour him a whit less, for having spoken out boldly, much that he knew himself to be true—whether he would heed it or no. In his great black eyes, as he answered, there rose once more that peculiar look—half earnest, half dreamy. Seyton, who had known his face from babyhood, was struck just then by its ominous, melancholy beauty, as though he saw it for the first time.

"Don't think me mad," he said, "or too ungrateful, because I can't thank you properly; or answer you on the spot, exactly as you would wish. You are right in much that you say; wrong—where you don't know those you speak of. I will promise you, to think over every word you have said: I can't promise more, just now. I don't ask you to keep my secret: but I do think your speaking to my mother would do more harm than good. I would tell her myself if there were anything to tell; and so I will—always."

He held out his hand; and the other pressed it heartily. Nevertheless, there was a steadfast calmness in Brian's tone and manner that Seyton liked ill; it savoured too

much of a set purpose, a pre-arranged plan of speaking. But he felt rather at a loss how to continue the conversation: it was not precisely a case for argument. Besides, that non-resisting reticence is so very difficult to grapple with. Perhaps it was a relief to both, when they were interrupted by one of those Marplots, who infest even our hunting-fields, ranging up alongside.

Who knows not that respectable, blundering creature, with the broad flat face, weak smiling lips, and vacant eyes; who is perpetually breaking into confidential corners, not so much from curiosity, as from helpless awkwardness and lack of tact; whose position in life, as the objectionable Third, seems to be no less clearly defined, than that of the Fourteenth guest at Parisian dinner-tables?

It was one of these worthies who ranged up alongside of the pair; and prolonged his platitudes about sport and farming, till the first whimper of a hound in Denton Spinny drove out—from Tom Seyton's mind at least—all other anxieties, save and except that of getting, as quickly as possible, to the favourite corner, whence he generally secured a good start over about the stiffest bit of vale in Marlshire.

They had a very quick half-hour; then some steady hunting; then a short, sharp burst, and a kill. The young one, that Tom was schooling that day, came out brilliantly. Nevertheless, as he rode slowly homewards, his contentment was dashed by more than one misgiving of having bungled in his mission; and Kate—though she said it not—was rather of the same opinion, when she heard the little that her husband had to tell.

Had they known all the truth, both might have used the comfortable unguent, that has soothed the souls of many abler negotiators,—the reflection that all the diplomacy on earth would, probably, not have arrested what was to be, or turned him aside from his appointed path who was bound to 'dree his weird.'

Maskelyne kept his word, when he was alone at night, in thinking over all the words that he had heard that day. He thought—till his face grew white and worn with the inward struggle; a sharper one, truly, than often is waged within so young a breast.

For most boys, tempted in like manner, seal their own ruin in a paroxysm of rash unreasoning passion. But Brian set his hand to the work deliberately; counting first the cost to its uttermost farthing. That he should make light of the peril of his worldly prospects, and the possible loss of his inheritance, was only natural. He was just at the age, when those who have only *heard* of such things as poverty and embarrassment, are loth to believe

in the cruelty of Time : to these simple Erastians the Future promises all rewards, and no punishments. Besides this, Brian knew that, at the worst, he could but be left entirely dependent on his mother ; and, perhaps he knew, too, better than any one, how far he might rely on her weakness or leniency.

To do him simple justice—not thus appeared to him the pale, quiet shadow, that so often that night seemed to stand at his shoulder. There was no menace in the soft eyes, that seemed to look into his own with a sad appeal ; nor on the tender lips that never, since they first touched his cheek, could he remember set or stern. If Emily Maskelyne had exercised her authority austere—*or even conscientiously*, as many would think—her son would have emancipated himself far more easily : now—there was no yoke to break.

For a while, it seemed as if the gentle pleading would prevail. But, soon, by Brian's side stood another phantasm—scarcely shadowy in its brilliance of colouring, and clearness of outline ; with a smile on its scarlet lips, mocking, but tempting still ; and wealth of promises in the glorious blue eyes—the semblance of Bessie Standen, as he saw her last ; half withdrawn from his embrace, and murmuring low—“Just one—no more.” As he mused, her warm fragrant breath seemed close to his cheek, and almost fanning his hair. Besides, his troth was already plighted.

Do you doubt, which of those two pleaders conquered at the last ?

Brian Maskelyne felt a certain relief, when his mind was made up, and his course of action finally determined. He was not likely to change either now ; for, in spite of a certain tenderness of nature, he had a strong taint of his ‘dour’ race—noted for their reckless obstinacy of resolve.

Within five minutes after the great question of his life was decided, he had fallen into the deep dreamless sleep that so often follows a bodily or mental conflict.

CHAPTER XI. A LEAP IN THE DARK.

NEVER gardener watched the rarest tropical plant, more carefully than did Emily Maskelyne, her son. On this especial morning, there appeared some slight reason for anxiety. The dark circles round Brian's eyes made them look unnaturally bright and large ; and there was fever both in brow and hand. But he was tolerably well practised in parrying his mother's solicitudes ; and he soon managed to satisfy her, now.

Though there was something forced and nervous in his laugh and manner, the com-

posure with which he bore himself was quite marvellous, considering the circumstances. Truly the patrician youth of Sparta or Rome—hardened by all the rough work of the gymnasium, and the stoicism of the Schools—compared to their modern anti-types, were the merest tyros in the Art of Taking Things Coolly.

Brian Maskelyne purposed that day to go forth from his home,—not to return thither, unless bringing with him his bride. Several causes contributed to this seemingly insane precipitation ; though none were sufficient to excuse it.

First, there was opportunity—chief, since the world began, of all ‘irritaments of evil.’

The squadrons quartered in Towcester held high festival ; embracing regimental races, private theatricals, and the inevitable ball : to this entertainment Brian was invited (he cultivated soldiers a good deal, and was down for the Household Cavalry) ; and he was to stay the week out, being put up in barracks. So he had no occasion to invent an excuse for absence ; while he would have leisure enough, to concert a plan of proceeding with his betrothed.

Next, there was the natural impulse to carry out, as speedily as possible, the decision that had been long—if not long enough—in doubt ; suspense and uncertainty, that were as matters of course, twenty-four hours ago, seemed intolerable now.

It is the way with all conscripts, in every kind of warfare. They can never be kept steady in the trenches ; though they will advance very readily to the storm. Surely, the most martial of all slogans, is—“Stand Fast, Craigellachy.”

Furthermore, Brian had an exaggerated idea of Seyton's influence and power. Their conversation had left him utterly in the dark, as to how the latter would act ; and he was possessed with a vague apprehension as to the consequences, if Tom were to combine with the Regent-Mother to thwart him. Besides all this, he had that morbid horror of a ‘scene’ which has made older and wiser men moral dastards ; causing them to seek temporary safety in flight, though they left duty and humanity behind.

Can you understand, how Brian's conscience perforce held its peace, whilst he meditated nothing less than a black crime ?

It seems to me that, among those which our laws punish heavily, there are many sins more venial, than some that mock at all human justice. Short and sharp shrift would old Draco have given to the reprobate, who should have lifted his hand against the mother that bore him ; but—even in that code—I presume

no punishment was set down for the son that broke his mother's heart, by leaving her—perchance for ever and aye—without a word of warning or farewell.

Just such a wrong did Brian purpose now ; a wrong so bitter, that it might have cost a remorseful pang to poor Emily Maskelyne's worst enemy, if she had ever made such a one in her gentle life. Yet he was of a kindly, generous nature in the main ; one of the 'well-conditioned youths,' after poor Lord Carlisle's own heart.

If all the romantic nonsense, that ever has been written or spoken about Love, were true to the letter, there would still be excuse needed—and wanting—for the cruel exclusiveness of the passion : self-sacrificing with regard to one being, and ruthless to all others—it sometimes contrives to ignore natural affections, not less easily, than the other parts of the Whole Duty of Man.

If pride and envy prompted the first murder, I believe that the old question—"Where is the woman?"—might have been asked, and answered, on the occasion of the first parri-
cide.

So Brian Maskelyne—being such a one as I have tried to describe—on this occasion sate with his mother through breakfast (which he consumed with a very tolerable appetite) ; answered her questions ; and listened to her plans for the future, without any outward sign of emotion. He scarcely shrank or shivered, when the poor lady bade him good-by ; with some jesting cautions about "taking care of himself, and not getting into mischief in barracks, or at the ball." Yet, Emily Maskelyne did remember, in the desolate after-days, that her son's arm lingered long round her neck, and that he turned on the threshold, to kiss her a second time.

She had good reason to remember that caress. It was the last that ever passed between those two—the last that ever shall pass ; unless lips may be laid on lips, in greetings beyond the grave.

Brian's conduct was heartless enough, in all conscience ; but there is just this much to be said in his favour. He did not contemplate a permanent separation, or even a very long absence from home. The fact was, that he had never fully realised the objections to his intended alliance ; this was partly his own fault, partly the design of others. It is true that, had he chosen to inquire, or even to listen, he would have heard much to the disadvantage, and very little to the credit of Standen père : but Bessie's connections had had the tact to keep themselves sedulously in the background, so as not to interfere with

the effect of the prominent figure. On the very rare occasions when Brian had visited the damsel at her own home, the old man had always been absent. He hardly knew Kit Daventry by sight ; though that astute individual knew *him*, as well as he did the owner of the leading Derby favourite.

Therefore, you may understand, why Brian could not appreciate the motives, that would urge his gentle, indulgent mother to prolonged resistance. He thought that she would be seriously vexed at first, but would soon yield when she found his happiness irretrievably involved ; nor, at the very worst, could he conceive that she would hold any fault of his, unpardonable. It was so much better, that she should know nothing till all was comparatively settled ; if the first shock could once be got over, and Bessie allowed to present herself at Mote, her lover doubted not but that her charms would soon conquer both prejudice and scruples.

Thus he went forth on his unholy errand—if not with cheerful confidence, at least neither desponding nor gravely self-reproachful. And behind him, stride for stride, moved with his awful even pace, Time, the Avenger.

The post came in early at Mote. Mrs. Maskelyne's correspondence was always brought to her in bed, with that normal cup of tea, which braces most of our dames and damsels for the labours of the day. On the fourth morning after his departure came a letter from Brian : needless to say, that it was opened first of the pile.

The maid, who was busied in the room on some of the duties of her calling, was startled by a low gasping cry behind her. She turned, and found her mistress struggling for breath, with a terrible agony on her white face—physical, it seemed, as well as mental ; for the hand that was free—the other crushed the letter—was pressed convulsively on her side.

But Mrs. Maskelyne did not faint, and soon recovered herself sufficiently to speak ; though only in a weak whisper. The words were—

"Send to Warleigh at once, and beg Mr. Seyton to come to me."

Then she told the maid, to put some sal-volatile within her reach, and to leave her. With all her gentleness and consideration, Mrs. Maskelyne's household never dreamt of questioning one of her commands ; so the woman went, albeit reluctantly and under protest. She was an old faithful servant : nevertheless it deserves to be recorded, to her credit, that she kept all surmises and mis-givings to herself ; and, after despatching the messenger, only confided to her fellows in the

steward's room that "her mistress had had bad news that morning, and she hoped it had nothing to do with Mr. Brian."

After a while Mrs. Maskelyne's bell rang. She went through her toilette quite quietly and composedly; though she still looked very wan and weak, and her breath every now and then seemed to fail her. She even tried to eat some breakfast, which meal was always served in her boudoir when she was alone. Almost before this melancholy pretence was over, there was a sharp ring at the great bell; and the poor lady felt a momentary relief, when Seyton's name was announced.

It was but six miles or so to Warleigh. Tom's hack was at the door when the messenger came; for the M. F. H. met far off that day. It took him three minutes to change his pink for a shooting-jacket, and to get to saddle; twenty more, at a stretching gallop, brought him to Mote. He guessed, right well, why he was sent for; the letter that Mrs. Maskelyne put into his hand, without speaking a word, did not greatly surprise, though it grieved and angered him bitterly.

It was a cold cruel letter; shameful for Brian to have penned, even if every word in it had been prompted by others. He was not good at epistles, to be sure (indeed his education had been decidedly desultory, depending more on his own very moderate zeal, than on the will of an obsequious tutor); perhaps the unwonted attempt, to be earnest and impressive, gave him a sort of moral cramp: but old fools, as well as young ones—meaning to be solemn—are often simply formal.

The letter set forth the writer's passion for Miss Standen; his fears that it would not, at present, be sanctioned by his mother; his hopes that she would soon accord her consent, 'without which we can never be happy'; his intentions of absconding, accompanied by the fair object, 'who knows she can trust to my honour'; and his fixed resolve neither to present himself at Mote, nor to be brought back thither, unless the union were authorised and approved. A few common-places of excuse and regret, and—nothing more: no clue given to the retreat of the fugitives, and no address, beyond one—vague enough, surely, to shelter any criminals—*Poste Restante, Paris*. As to whether immediate marriage was contemplated or no, there was silence discreet and absolute.

No wonder that such a letter made Tom Seyton savage. Though, even then, he blamed others more than the unhappy boy, he felt for a brief space as he never thought to feel, towards George Maskelyne's son. But—had he been thrice as angry—he would have kept back all bitterness, in pity to the stricken

woman who sat there, waiting so anxiously for counsel, if not comfort.

"Mrs. Maskelyne," he said, striking the paper sharply with his finger; "don't vex yourself, now or hereafter, about the tone of that letter. I would swear Brian never wrote one word out of his own head. I can fancy how it was dictated."

"You had some idea of this, then—and never told me?"

Those words were too gently spoken to sound upbraiding; but it was very, very long before Seyton forgot the piteous look, which gave them such a sad significance. All along, he had known that such a question must come: yet, fore-knowledge did not prevent his feeling painfully contrite and confused; the bold, open brow, that since childhood had never blanched before his own sex, was apt, you will remember—with less reason than now—to veil itself in the presence of woman-hood.

"I did wrong, perhaps," he answered, after a pause; "yet not so wrong, as you may think—not so wrong, I do hope, as to forbid your trusting me still. This is all I knew."

Then, as briefly and simply as was possible, he told her—what you have heard already. It was not in Emily Maskelyne's nature to nourish resentment long, against any living creature; much less against a loyal friend, who could only have erred unwittingly. Before he had half done speaking, Seyton saw that she had forgiven him; as he ended, she took his hand in both her own, and touched it with her lips. Tom almost started—they were so deathly cold.

"You meant kindly," she said, "as you always do. And speaking to me could have done but little good; it might only have made more bitterness between me and my poor boy. As it was, he did kiss me—he kissed me twice,—before he went. You will never quite give him up, I know that; my husband knew it too, or he would not have looked so happy when he died. But, oh! how *could* he leave such a heavy trust to me? I am neither good nor wise enough to bear it. I have known, all along, that, when the time of trial came—and it was sure to come—I should fail, miserably. Now, if I had only my own strength to rely on, I think I should lose my head utterly. But I will try—indeed I will—to do my duty, if you will only help me. I will act just as you advise, without questioning; and neither write nor speak a word that you do not sanction. But you will not leave me to myself?"

All this while her thin white fingers never

relaxed their clasp of the broad weather-stained hand ; it seemed as if the mere physical support gave some small comfort. Yet that same hand shook sometimes like an aspen, as Seyton tried all the resources of his simple healing skill.

He pointed out to Mrs. Maskelyne that, as Brian had not broken out into overt rebellion, by avowing an intention of immediate matrimony, there was still a possibility of bringing him to reason. The Standen party were too cunning to precipitate matters ; and would never advise absolute forfeiture of the great heritage. There was a chance of working on their cupidity, if all direct influences on Brian failed. But on one point Tom took his stand inflexibly : not the faintest hope was to be held out that Mrs. Maskelyne would sanction the alliance, either now or hereafter ; or that—if her veto were set at nought—she would refrain from exercising the powers reverting to her by her husband's will.

While they were yet speaking, there came another jangle at the ponderous hall-door bell. There was a curious uncertainty about that ring : it looked as if it had been begun timidly and dubiously, but finished off with a sort of nervous impatience. Tom, at least, guessed who the visitor was likely to be, before the card was brought in, which Mrs. Maskelyne passed over to him, without speaking, but with a startled look in her eyes.

Mr. James Standen

was engraved thereon, in capitals, huge and ponderous enough to have represented a 'warm' city-name.

"Will you see him here?" Seyton asked ; as if the interview was a matter-of-course.

Mrs. Maskelyne bowed her head in assent : in truth, she felt hardly equal to the physical exertion, of moving to another and distant room, just then.

Tom had time to say—

"Pray let me speak for you ; and don't interfere, however harsh or hard I may seem. You haven't an idea of the sort of person with whom we have to deal."

The last words were hardly uttered, when the visitor was announced.

CHAPTER XII. A HEAVY FATHER.

MR. STANDEN, as was afore said, had once been a very personable specimen of the florid style. He had certainly, that day, made the most of the outward advantages that drink and advancing age, had left him. There was little to object to in his attire ; it bore traces of a sharp ride from Torrcaster ; but the well-polished boots gleamed through the

mul-flecks, and the pale-drab Bedford-cords fitted him, with artistic ease. There was not an inappropriate wrinkle in the snowy muslin folded round his massive throat ; even his gloves were neat, if workman-like : in fine, the whole 'get-up' was that of the heavy middle-aged sportsman ; and it was very creditably done. But some of the other accessories were rather a failure ; at the second glance, the travestie was apparent. The bloated face, with its turgid veins ; the watery eyes, blinking under heavy flaccid lids ; the weak, pendulous under lip ; told of deep debauch overnight, and frequent morning 'refreshers'—of long vigils in heated billiard-rooms and crowded hells,—of anything, rather than honest hard work, under sun and storm.

Nor was the visitor's manner very prepossessing. The cleverest of his class *will* swagger, when they are at all nervous. That Mr. Standen was so, could not be disguised ; indeed, as he glanced round the room on entering, he started palpably.

The fact was, though he had fully reckoned on being confronted with Seyton sooner or later, he never expected to find him at Mote.

There was nothing aggressive, or particularly imposing, in Tom's demeanour as he stood with his back to the fire, in the Briton's favourite colossal attitude. Nevertheless, it might have discouraged a bolder schemer than Jem Standen was, before drink had spoilt his nerve. If the keen grey eyes were not warlike or defiant, they were watchful exceedingly ; the very *pose* of the square, upright figure—poised lightly, yet so solidly, on the sturdy lower limbs—betokened a man whom it would be difficult to delude or cajole, utterly impossible to bully ; moreover, the bluff sun-burnt face, that, a few minutes ago, had been so pitiful and tender, was now—as Daventry had described it—'set like a flintstone.'

Mr. Standen was further embarrassed by doubts and misgivings, as to the style in which his salutation should be made. He had met Seyton often enough in the hunting-field and elsewhere to establish a sort of acquaintance ; yet he could not but remember that Tom—familiar, if not friendly, as a rule, with every class, from lord to labourer—had never favoured him with anything beyond a careless nod, or casual remark in passing. At first, he thought of offering his hand ; but drew it back again, just too late to dissemble the intention ; finally, he contented himself with a circular bow, addressed to the company in general. Now, this sort of *congé* is rather a trial, even to an expert courtier entirely at his ease : judge of its effect when executed by poor Jem Standen.

His first remark, too, was wonderfully naïf and truthful.

"I wished to see Mrs. Maskelyne, alone."

Seyton had a straightforward simplicity about him, which was sometimes more disconcerting than other men's sarcasms.

"I've no doubt you did (there's a chair close behind you, Mr. Standen); but Mrs. Maskelyne is not equal to such an interview, just now. She wishes me, not only to be present, but to speak for her. Is it not so?"

She assented in a voice that hardly faltered at all. During the last few minutes, there had come to the unhappy lady a certain feverish access of strength; springing from the very extremity of her disgust and despair. She had asked herself the question—"Shall such a creature as that, ever show himself at Mote as the father of its mistress?" And she had answered—resolutely enough, for the nonce—"Never; while I can stir hand to prevent it."

Standen sat down on the proffered chair, very readily; but, for some seconds, he kept tapping his boot with his riding-whip, as if uncertain how to begin: he was evidently still ill at ease. Ever since the hall doors swung to behind him, he had felt an oppression of moral breathing, answering to the physical sensations of such as climb unwonted heights: the social atmosphere was, by many degrees, too rarefied. At last, he cleared his throat and spoke; addressing himself, perforce, to Seyton.

"I presume, you know upon what business I have come here?"

"Partly so, but not entirely," Tom replied; "it must refer to yonder precious composition, of course" (he pointed contemptuously to the letter, lying open where he had cast it on a table near); "but we don't know, whether we are to suppose, you are acquainted with its contents. We don't know, either, whether you come solely on your own account, or as an ambassador from others."

His antagonist was prepared for him here; and came to the parry and riposte with commendable promptitude: that look of injured dignity had probably been practised, more than once before.

"I consider such doubts an insult," he said, flushing angrily (those sanguine cheeks were always apt enough at that sign of emotion);

"I have not the faintest idea of the contents of that letter, which, I presume, is written by Mr. Brian Maskelyne. And, as to others, I know no more of their movements or intentions than you do,—if so much."

"Don't excite yourself," Tom retorted, coolly and carelessly; "there's not the small-

lest occasion for heroics. This is neither the time nor place for insults; and such things are in singularly bad taste, when a mere matter of business is being discussed. It was necessary to know on what grounds we started—that's all. As you come, then, solely on your own business, perhaps you'll be good enough to state it, as concisely as possible."

"Whatever you do—keep cool." So spoke Kit the Lawyer, that very morning; after refusing to allow his uncle a second stirrup-cup. The warning had been ringing in Jen Standen's ears ever since; but he well-nigh forgot it now. There was something in Seyton's tone and manner—though both were quiet to a degree—that sorely galled even the case-hardened sensibilities of the drunken, shameless old turkite. He ground his teeth hard; and, so, just managed to drive back the coarse, passionate words that must have broken off negotiations at once; but he answered, almost in a growl.

"My business is simple enough. I was away from home all yesterday, and only got back by the early train this morning. My daughter had disappeared: she had gone out early in the evening, and had not been heard of since. She had left this note for me; you can see it, if you like; it tells little that you don't know already, I daresay. I wish to be informed, what are Mrs. Maskelyne's feelings on the subject; and what are her intentions with regard to her son? That's only natural, I think."

Tom waved back the proffered document with a gesture of rather exaggerated politeness.

"Thanks. I don't fancy the reading of Miss Standen's confession would help us much. It is probably nearly a counterpart of the one before us. So you were away all yesterday, and all last night? That was very unlucky. And you can give us no clue to their retreat; nor even to the route they would take, if they went beyond Paris? More unlucky still. But such things will happen. You think it natural that you should inquire into Mrs. Maskelyne's feelings and intentions? I regret that I can't quite agree with you. It strikes me, that, with her feelings, you have no concern whatever; any more than you have with mine. As to her intentions—I'll try and make them clear to you. I believe I understand them thoroughly."

The other lifted his head, that had sunk nearly to his breast, and glared up once at the speaker, with his sullen, bloodshot eyes. On this scant encouragement, Tom went on—placidly as ever.

"You are here on your own account; that's

understood. Nevertheless, I must give you just the same answer, as will be sent to Brian Maskelyne. He says, in his letter, that he will never return to Mote, unless with Miss Standen as his accepted wife. Then—he will never return at all. I don't wish to be offensive; but plain-speaking is necessary. We decline the alliance, absolutely and unconditionally. Wait,—it will save time, if you hear me out. I need not go into the objections; it might not be pleasant for you to hear them all; but they are insurmountable, now and for ever. I say 'we;' because Mrs. Maskelyne has promised to be guiled by me in this matter; and, further, if anything were to happen to her, I and the other trustees would stand in her position towards Brian, with less discretionary powers. The penal clauses of the will are very stringent and clear, as I daresay you know. We are prepared to put every one of them in force, sooner than countenance or condone such a marriage as this."

Standen broke in here—speaking hurriedly and hoarsely.

"But he must marry her—else what will become of my child's good name? Do you suppose that is worth nothing? Or that she is not as dear to me, as yonder boy can be to his mother—let alone yourself, who have chosen to interfere? We'll have justice if there's law in England, in spite of you."

"Pardon me," Tom retorted. "I don't see the 'must' at all. I wouldn't talk too much about 'law' either, if I were you: the Law, as far as I remember, isn't fond of holding minors to matrimonial bargains. I don't intend to dispute the value of your daughter's fair fame; or your fatherly affection either. I only wonder, it did not teach you to look more sharply after her proceedings. It's imprudent—to say the least of it—to allow girls to keep assignations in the dusk; as I happen to know *she* did. You didn't hear of it—of course? But perhaps, you have heard of the proverb, concerning the worst sort of blindness."

The other rose up—his face all a-flame. In truth, Seyton's tone of late, had grown unendurably provocative: he was not aware of it; and, indeed, was rather priding himself, inwardly, on his diplomatic calmness; but, momentarily, he was more and more overmastered by wrath, and loathing, and scorn.

"Do you stand there, and tell me coolly, that my child is to live and die a harlot; (he used a coarser term) because she's not good enough to satisfy your family pride? It's encouraging seduction: neither more nor less. And you call yourself a Christian and a gentleman?"

It is probable, that the heat and passion of the man were neither assumed, nor attributable to mere greed of gain, or lust of power. He thought, no doubt, first and foremost, of the rich prize that seemed slipping from his daughter's grasp: but he may have thought too, with a pang of real remorse, of her honour, perilled—perchance, lost—in vain.

That furious outbreak quieted Tom Seyton, more effectually than any remonstrance could have done; for he was conscious of being, to some extent, accountable for it. He answered first, Mrs. Maskelyne's nervous glance of appeal: anything in the shape of violence was so utterly strange to her, that it was no wonder if she felt shocked and frightened.

"Pray forgive me: if I had been more guarded, you would not have been exposed to this."

His tone, as he went on speaking, brought Standen to his senses at once: it was no longer contemptuous or insolent; only, very grave and stern.

"We both seem to have forgotten in whose presence we are talking. There are great allowances to be made for your excitement, Mr. Standen; but you must not say one other word in that tone—much less such words as you have used—if you wish to prolong the conversation. I confess, it seems to me needless and useless, to do so. I look upon seduction no more leniently than you do: but I like to be sure that the term is not misapplied. I'm not fond of advancing more than I can prove: so I say nothing more of Miss Standen than—this. From all I've seen and heard, I believe her to be as capable of taking care of herself, as any woman alive, of her age. And further—I believe that same age, to be a year or so in advance of Brian Maskelyne's. The case is good enough for my conscience, anyhow. I hope I shall never have a heavier sin on it than preventing this marriage, if it be possible; or of punishing it to the utmost, if it can't be prevented. You can force it on in spite of us—we know that. It will be quite legal in a few months' time. Only remember, you, and all it may concern, are fairly forewarned. They will have 1000*l.* a year during Brian's life: at his death there will not be a shadow of provision for widow or child; unless he can afford to insure his life. You heard Mrs. Maskelyne say, at the beginning of this interview, that she wished me to speak no less for her, than for myself. I speak for both, now. If Brian chooses to cast his birthright away, and you choose to abet him in his deed, you shall do so, at least, wilfully and wittingly. Upon one shilling

beyond what I have named, neither you nor he need reckon."

Though Seyton spoke with a solemn firmness, that carried conviction even to the base suspicious nature he addressed, he felt exceedingly nervous—if truth must be told—as he withdrew his keen steadfast eyes from Standen; and turned them—half-inquiringly, half-warningly—on Mrs. Maskelyne. He feared that the trial would prove too strong for the unhappy mother's resolve; and that, by voice or gesture, she would strive to soften down the harshness of his own concluding words. But the lady's face was bowed down in her clasped hands; though the wan fingers quivered visibly, they veiled effectually all sign of weakness, from friend or foe.

Jem Standen was fairly 'penned.' Rehearsing these things (or as much as he dared confess), in the sad sobriety of next morning, to his discontented nephew—he thus, in the metaphorical 'milling' tongue, described his own sensations.

"It's devilish easy work for backers, Kit; they've only got to sit comfortably on the straw, and tell their man to 'go in and win.' He's a d—d awkward customer,—is Seyton: I never meant to tackle him, alone; you know that. I tell you, I was over-matched from first to last: I did no good at out-fighting; and I did worse still, when I tried to close. Curse him! He was as cool as a cucumber, while I was hitting wild. I was getting groggy every minute; he'd have bored me down on the ropes in no time, if I hadn't got away."

Under the circumstances, 'getting away' was perhaps the wisest thing Jem Standen could do. He stood silent, for a brief space, after Seyton had finished speaking: and then said lowly—

"Is that your last word?"

"The very last:" Tom answered,—"*at last*—here. I've two or three more to say, but it may be for your advantage to listen to; but that you can decide for yourself: I don't insist on your attention. I'll show you the short way to the stables, if Mrs. Maskelyne will allow me. I suppose your horse was kept there."

He stooped and whispered a few syllables of encouragement in the poor lady's ear, as he passed; and then walked to the door, just as imposedly, as if he were marshalling out an ordinary visitor. The other man followed, with a sort of sulk, helpless acquiescence; every much like a bear who has just returned to obedience, after breaking collar and chain. At the threshold he turned, and glared at the quiet figure—still motionless in its

stricken attitude—with a bitter spite on his inflamed face.

"You'll wish me back again, one of these fine days, my lady"—he said, in a gruff whisper—so low, that Seyton, in the corridor without, did not catch the words.

It is doubtful if Mrs. Maskelyne heard them aright: she started slightly, like one who hears suddenly, some harsh or disagreeable sound; but she never raised her head, or seemed otherwise to heed.

So,—with even less ceremony and dignity than had attended his entrance—Mr. Standen went forth, for ever, from the presence of the mistress of Mote.

Seyton spoke never a word, till they had passed through a maze of stone passages leading to a postern door, and so out into an alley of laurels, the further extremity of which abutted on the stable-yard.

Then, he stopped short; and accosted his companion abruptly. Once more, his tone had changed; it was not marked by bitterness or sarcasm, nor even great earnestness, now; there was rather in it, an easy familiarity, not especially flattering to the person addressed; such as one might use, chaffing with a second-rate horse-dealer.

"Look here,"—he said. "We'll drop all that humbug, about your not being privy to this affair from the very beginning. Now—it's not the slightest use, your firing up: I only quarrel with men of my own station, and my own age: you can walk on if you don't care to listen. You do care? That's well. After all, I don't know that you are really to be blamed, for doing your best for your own. That's hardly the point, though. You've not made much ground, so far; and, trust me, you never will. Wouldn't it be worth your while, to draw stakes? You needn't be afraid of naming a sum. Brian can do little himself, even if he would: but you shall be satisfied, if I have to mortgage Warleigh. My children will get it back one day—if I don't. The boy can never be of much use to you; and he's very dear to *us*? Won't you let him go free?"

His honest eyes did not seek to disguise their eagerness: but Jem Standen's met them, coolly and cunningly.

"Are you aware what you're doing?" he asked. "You're simply tempting me, to set a price on my daughter's virtue."

"Not a bit of it,"—Tom retorted, in no-wise disconcerted. "There's a limit to everything: I wouldn't do *that*, to save my own son,—let alone another man's. Brian says in his letter, that 'she has trusted to his honour': she was right enough in doing so, I'll swear. You know, as well as I do, that, while matters

are in abeyance, she would be as safe with him, as with her own brother, if she only holds true to herself. Anyhow, it is on these grounds, that I propose compromise to you—on your own terms—mind. And justice shall be done to Miss Standen—as far as our side can do it. I'll engage that, too. Do you understand me, at last?"

Once more, the old turfite looked full at the other—not a common trick with him, by-the-way—this time with a devilish malice on his sensual face, that a painter of Hell-Breughel's school might have studied.

"Yes: I understand you, quite well," he said; dropping every syllable deliberately. "I've listened to you, very patiently, you must own. Now, listen to me. You want to know what I'll take to draw stakes? Well—more than you could pay, if you mortgaged Warleigh to the last acre, and Mote to the back of that. You're fond of your boy—are you? So am I—so fond that I mean to keep him; and make a man of him, before I've done. And you'll see that my child has justice done to her? I'll see to that. She shall hold up her head yet, higher than the best of all your stuck-up madams, when he has made her an honest woman: she shall —"

A volley of blasphemy rather spoilt the effect of a speech, that would otherwise, have been almost imposing: it was so bitterly in earnest.

In all phases of life you meet with strange anomalies and self-contradictions; but oftenest, I think, in natures essentially base or criminal. Has it not been often quoted as a characteristic of turf-men, that they will forego almost a certainty of enormous gains in the future, simply because they *cannot* keep their hands off the crisp notes that once have fluttered before them? Jem Standen was an ordinary specimen enough of the class; not a whit more sagacious or resolute than his fellows; a few thousands (and, here, it was question *not* of a few) would have been a perfect God-send, in the actual state of his finances: yet he was able to put the lure of immediate avarice aside, with a determined self-denial, worthy of the wisest, that ever have toiled on through hard privations, towards their appointed end.

True it is, that the astute adviser, on whom he had chiefly relied from the first, had strictly enjoined the negotiator, by no means to hearken to any present compromise whatsoever. But it is more than doubtful, if his soddened intellect, and weakened will, would have held fast to that counsel, in the moment of trial, had both not been backed up by the promptings of his temper—savage enough, like many other sluggish ones, when fairly roused. The

temptation, of administering one straightforward 'facer' to the adversary who had punished him so sharply, was *too* irresistible.

A 'facer' it undoubtedly was; such as, for a moment, morally to stagger stout Tom Seyton. After the first emotion of surprise had passed, his anger began to rise rapidly; more so, perhaps, than it had ever done in his cheery, easy-going life. Looking back on the events of that morning, with very mixed satisfaction—he always felt especially thankful that he was just able, then, to repress an outbreak of wrath. Had he vented it on such an object, Tom would never have shaken off the after-shame. As it was, he answered coolly enough, apparently; but a taunt sprang forth, that at any other time he would have kept within his lips, if he had bitten them through.

"Make her an honest woman? Did you ever hear King James's answer to his nurse, when she asked him to make a gentleman of her son? He said: 'I'll make him a baronet if ye will, Lucky; but the Devil himself can't make him a gentleman.' There, you may apply that story at your leisure. I've done with you. Here's your way." He threw the door open near which they were standing, and shouted through it, to a groom in the stable-yard. "They'll bring you your horse directly. You'll do your worst, of course; but I don't despair yet. Greater miracles have been wrought, than rescuing that unhappy boy out of such hands as yours. One word more: you'll do wisely if you shift your quarters soon. Marlshire will be too hot to hold you after all this."

After that Tom Seyton turned on his heel and walked slowly back into the house; never heeding the coarse laugh of defiance, with which the other answered those last words.

He spent some time with Mrs. Maskelyne; doing his very best to cheer her, and to dissemble his own disquietude. Before he left, a letter was written to Brian, almost entirely at his dictation,—you may guess in what terms. They resolved to await the answer, before taking any steps to trace the fugitives. Strong coercive measures—in the event of their being discovered—even Seyton allowed, it would be unwise and unsafe to use; for, if Brian were brought home, he could only be detained there during the remaining few months of his infancy; once his own master—he would be only more set on taking his own way.

So, again Tom Seyton rode homeward through the twilight, bearing evil tidings to Warleigh.

At the meet at Rylstone that day, there had been many speculations as to the cause of his non-appearance; but, in four-and-twenty hours,

the news of Brian Maskelyne's folly had spread throughout the county; and all wonder at Seyton's absence ceased. The affair was the chief subject of cover-side talk for many a day after; but no one thought of questioning Tom Seyton; even the rough yeomen had tact enough to keep silence, or change the subject, if they happened to be discussing it when he drew near. For all men knew, how close was the old friendship subsisting between Mote and Warleigh; and how nearly, disgrace lighting on one family would, of a surety, touch the other.

(To be continued.)

A HOME FOR HOMELESS DOGS.

"Love me, love my dog," is an old pious injunction, which has been somewhat modified, or rather extended laterally and longitudinally in our times. The new Latter Day commandment is, "Love your neighbour's dog, or No-Man's dog, if it come to that, as your own." Whoso seeth a dog which hath lost its way, or its owner, and is pining and starving, lank of limb, lustreless of eye, sore of foot, hanging at the jaws, and loitering on the Queen's highways, or about the Lord Mayor's commercial thoroughfares, is earnestly requested to take pity and compassion upon the same, and to bring or send him off, not to the vagrant wards of the Union-Workhouse, but to the Home for the Homeless of the canine race, to the Refuge for the Destitute of the universal family to which belong dear little hairy-mantled Phyllis, the majestic Neptune, the vigilant Jip, and the noble Beth-elart.

Surely Humanity has in all ages made much of this fond and faithful favourite. Has not disartless fidelity been the theme of a thousand poets, from the days of blind old Homer to our own?

The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end.

So sang Crabbe, in his natural simple verse; whilst the cynical Byron pays the dog a similar compliment, embalming his virtues in the following polished lines:

The firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.

Only in one instance can I recollect a pitiful defamation of character, and then the lumbering abuse of the muddle-headed calumniator detracts mightily, as Mister Pepps would say, from the gravity of the charge. Weeping Launce, who cannot tell whether his

left shoe or right should represent his father or mother, thus maligns his patient follower. "I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear." But may not this villanous accusation be the dyspeptic vapouring of a bilious mind? Launce, like Heraclitus, was never happy, and saw all things, even his small dog's conduct, through the distorting medium of a veil of tears.

We congratulate the whole community of Puppydom, or Dogland, whichever it may be, that it is so. If, as Congreve says, in the "Mourning Bride," "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," surely the loyal nature of the dog has power to arouse a sign of feeling in hearts whose flinty composition seemed incapable of harbouring a tender sentiment. The grim and savage President Thuriot lost some of his ferocity when he fondled a spaniel, and Robespierre had the astounding inconsistency to rate a lady, who had come to plead for the life of her husband, soundly for her inhumanity in stepping on the tail of a little pet-dog—it had got, as dogs will do, in the way—as she turned round to leave the room. "Madame," said the furious Jacobin, working himself up into a purple rage, "had you a spark of humanity in you, you would never trample upon a poor harmless dumb creature." Mary, Queen of Scots, whose complicity in the murder of Darnley is pretty well established, was fond of dogs, and a troop of them accompanied her to her execution; whilst the Czarina Catherine II., who thought no more of declaring war against Turkey than of eating a cutlet, wept bitterly over the death of her favourite lap-dog—nay more, she gave it a magnificent funeral, and wrote the following pathetic couplet, by way of epitaph for its tombstone:

Ci git La Duchesse Anderson,
Qui mordit Monsieur Rogerson.

La duchesse Anderson being the name of the pet, and Monsieur Rogerson the name of the Empress's English dentist, whose leg the little vixen had bitten, a piece of bravery evidently impressed strongly as a meritorious action on the poetastic brain of her Muscovite Majesty. So much for imperial versification!

From Marie Stuart, Queen of Scots, and Catherine II., Czarina of all the Russias, down to the Committee of Ladies whose tender sympathies for our "poor dog Tray" have induced them to found the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, is but a brief step—a

common feeling bridges over a wide gulf. In a by-street in Holloway this friendly shelter for poor lost caninity may be seen. It is unpretending in aspect. Unlike some of the charitable institutions for human suffering and indigence, it presents no magnificent exterior. You enter not by stately gates flanked by Gothic lodges, and approached by a dense avenue of flowering shrubs, rhododendrons, and azaleas; no variegated parterres, crowded with richly-tinctured bedding-plants and roses, in whose gorgeous urns the sun mixes his glory, "till beam appears to bloom and flower to burn," meet the amazed sight; no splendid building, worthy to be the palace of a merchant prince, terminates the meandering drive. Kindly as may be the intentions of the fair patrons and protectresses of the stray Phillis and starving Gelirt, they have wisely united economy with their love for the canine race, and not suffered their zeal to outstrip discretion.

As you walk down Hollingsworth Street from east to west—no, from north to south—you see, on the right-hand side of the way, broad folding-doors, coloured a dark green, grown darker by age, on which is painted in white letters, whose whiteness is somewhat faded by time and dust, and yet is conspicuous enough not to be missed: "Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs." Entering, you find yourself in a spacious court, part of it gravelled, part paved with pebbles, and the rest, the greater part, still grass, as it was in the days when the Caledonian Road was not, and this district of Islington was still green and open fields. The sward is railed off from the other portion, and here the canine paupers run about at will, in happy fellowship, for the dogs, I learn, are exceedingly well-behaved, and few are the quarrels amongst them. They appreciate the blessings conferred upon them, and eat their paunch and meal in peace. Here, too, is no distinction of persons. As they are picked up and sent to this temporary paradise, so are they received and welcomed on a perfect footing of equality and fraternity—a model pantisocracy, which would have delighted the heart of the poet Collins, or Republican Southey, or his metaphysical friend Coleridge. Pug dares not turn up his nose at a new comer, nor Terror, the bull-dog, growl at the conceited Poodle. All are as one—dogs great and small, high-bred and low-bred, brindle and mongrel, bloodhounds and foxhounds, harriers, beagles, terriers, mastiffs, and retrievers, poodles and skyes, bull-dogs and toy-dogs, dogs from New-foundland or Australia, from Siberia or Greenland, in this Arcady the Blest dwell in perfect harmony. Should any, mistaking the philan-

thropic spot to which he is consigned, and the eleemosynary character of his position, prove obstreperous or noisy, a muzzle is put upon him, and he becomes in a few hours as meek and grateful as a French or Russian journalist. In this Metropolitan Lilliput everything is admirably ordered, and the police regulations observed with a spontaneity and good-will, that might afford an excellent lesson and example to far superior beings—if Pug admits any such to exist.

The objects of the charity (?)—well, why not charity?—let it be then, of this Humane Institution, should not be misunderstood. It was founded five years ago by a lady whose acute sympathies for the race led her to inquire what could be done for the helpless, houseless, homeless starvelings, we see by thousands running about the streets, life a burthen to themselves, they a nuisance to the public. Look at that wretched object on four legs; you can count his ribs through that flimsy vesture of hair and skin with which nature has clothed him. He trots about, propelled by a forlorn fate, now poking his hungry nozzle into the gutter, now into a stray heap of rubbish, sniffing for an old bone, a piece of carrion, or a mouldy crust. Happy would he be if, like his Cairene and Turkish brethren, he were permitted to become the scavenger of the metropolis. But the sanatory reformers have been beforehand with him, and he is worse off than the gleaners after a bad harvest. What is to be done with him? He is a veritable Ishmaelite in dogskin. His teeth are against every man; and every man's foot is against him. He is at enmity with the police, and the gamins only make sport of him. It was indeed a bright idea which suggested the temporary home for him—and mark well, it is but a temporary home. This institution is not intended as a permanent asylum for old and worn-out favourites, neither is it a hospital for the cure of gentlemen's sick dogs—it is simply what it professes to be, a place to which humane persons may send really famishing dogs. The object is threefold—namely, to restore them to their owners, if they have any; to provide the unclaimed with new homes, if possible; and to dispose of them (ominous phrase!) otherwise in case of necessity.

Of course in this little canine republic, though a democratic spirit is supposed to prevail, there are, as I have already stated, many ranks and orders of dogs; it is a society framed very much upon the model of human society, and would form a study for Sir Edwin Landseer or Wolf. There is, for example, the aristocratic well-bred dog, whose

soft silky coat and portly stomach speak of good living and generous care. He, ten chances to one, has strayed away from his sighing mistress, and will, in all probability, be reclaimed. How can he associate with the riff-raff of the streets? Then there is the professional dog—the retriever, the pointer, or the terrier, a very Nimrod at sporting—who in some mysterious way has found himself in the sheltering kennel of Hollingsworth Street. His master will doubtless learn of his whereabouts, and rescue him once more for the hills and fields. Then there is the bourgeois dog—a good useful kind of animal for the house, whose value will not fail to procure him a liberal purchaser and generous master. Then there is, I am sorry to say, the *canaille*, the tag-rag and bob-tail of Puppydom, including mongrels and curs of the very lowest degree, whom nobody owns or wants to own. All that can be said of, for, or to them is a paraphrase of the vain Neapolitan patriot's aphorism—"See Naples, and die." To these unfortunates it must be proclaimed—"See the paradise in Holloway, and die." They are of no use to themselves, or to others. Let them loose, and they would only live over again the same *sans-culotte* famishing life, kicked and cuffed and worried, to breathe out their last breath in the gutter, and to have their dead carcasses crushed and mangled by the ruthless wheels of Pickford's vans, or thrown into the Thames to become the flotsam and jetsam denounced by Parliamentary Blue-books, the sport of every changing tide. Let them then die. Is it not better for them to close their eyes in peace, and obtain a decent and becoming burial? Hear what the Committee of gentle Ladies have to say upon this point. They "cannot too earnestly impress upon the public the wickedness of wilfully turning dogs out. If a person wish to get rid of a dog, it would be infinitely better and more merciful to destroy it at once by a quick and easy death, than to turn it out to the almost certainty of a painful one in the streets." Of course, the dogs have been consulted on the point, and by an honourable suicidal resolution delegate the power of terminating their worldly woes to the philanthropic Wittenagenote. We wonder if these sage philosophers are profound believers in the metempsychosis?

Great as are the blessings conferred on poor doggy by the Temporary Home, they are, like everything else, comparative. How can the epicure nurtured on dainty *fricandeaux de veau à l'osille* or *suprêmes de volaille aux truffes*, moistened too with choicest Burgundy or Rhenish vintages, relish a bucolic beef-steak, or a

greasy leg of pork, washed down with hard October ale? How can the princess luxuriously reared in the palace, abide the homely comforts of the villa? So is it with gentle sensitive dog kind; and their feelings should be accordingly considered. Hence the Committee caution the public, that not only is it a great wrong to the institution, but a *great cruelty* to the poor animals, to bring or send out of mere caprice, or to escape some tridding inconvenience, any who by their "broughtings-up," as Mrs. Sarah Gamp would say, are above it: for whilst, we are reminded, the really homeless dog soon shows his sense of gratitude at being provided with food and shelter, the dog brought from a home which he has learnt to regard as his own, and from a master who up to that time has been perhaps kind to him, and whom the poor dog loves truly, naturally pines, as all will readily believe who know the *sensitive and affectionate* character of the animal. So we hope that henceforth no one out of mere caprice will turn a discarded favourite into the streets. Poor Phillis, or tiny Fan, what would they do, cast thus ruthlessly upon the "wide wide world"?

By way of conclusion, we would seriously observe, that as a branch of the Society for the Protection of Dumb Animals, the Temporary Home for Dogs is a very useful and humane institution. Most of us are fond of dogs, and we owe them some slight return for the pleasure they afford us. Since the establishment of the Home upwards of 10,000 have been received into it. Of these, less than a half have been re-climbed; many have been purchased by persons desiring to procure a good dog; the rest, after having been kept a certain time, have been put harmlessly out of their own and others' way,—in a word, destroyed. Not a few are brought or sent in such a fearfully diseased and mangy state, that it is a mercy to close their existence then and there; and frequently would it have saved useless trouble had the police become their executioners when they were first discovered, instead of having them landed at the doors of the Home, with a chance of contaminating others. Henceforth there is no necessity to allow a dog to perish in the streets. Any person seeing an apparently ownerless dog famishing, should exert himself to have it sent to this asylum in Hollingsworth Street, or to one of its branch receiving-houses; and any one who has got tired of his former playmate, and would be rid of him, should consign him to an abode where he would receive food and shelter.

Those bringing or sending a dog are under-

stood to resign all right to it; and lost dogs, if not reclaimed within a fortnight, are liable to be sold. We would indeed advise all persons who have lost their dogs to apply to the Home, as there is always a very fair chance that somehow or another they may have found their way to that resting-place.

There is one more feature connected with this institution well worth noticing. Families going out of town can leave their dogs at the Home to be taken care of, at a tariff regulated by the size and voraciousness of the animal. This will, we feel assured, be hailed as a great boon by hundreds who, when seeking the sea-side, are puzzled what to do with their minions. Take them into the country they cannot; to leave them at home they are afraid.

We have little more to add, than to request the public, when the annual bazaar for the benefit of the Home takes place, to visit it, and see what pretty things the agile and skilful fingers of fair lady dog-fanciers, animated by affectionate associations, can do, to relieve the distress of little Diarmid and his fellow-creatures.

HAROLD KING.

THE GOLDEN ORIOLE, AND THE WATER OUZEL OR DIPPER.

It is now some years since I was fishing for salmon in the river Wye, near Bulth, in Brecknockshire, while on a visit to some friends at Llangoed Castle, situate a short distance from that town. It had been the residence of the Macnamara family, and here, we believe, that brave and well-known Admiral Macnamara died, so much talked of as having killed Colonel Montgomery in a duel, consequent on a quarrel occasioned by their dogs having fought while the two parties were riding in Hyde Park. Admiral Macnamara's dog died at and was buried at Llangoed Castle, and a suitable inscription was placed over his grave, and I examined it with some degree of interest.

The scenery of the Wye as it flows near the Castle is extremely beautiful. In some places the river rushes over shelving rocks and falls into deep pools, and then pursues its course along banks covered with flowers, and in some places overshadowed by tall trees. These shelving rocks are very dangerous for anglers, for soon after I was at the place, a gentleman, while standing on one of them with waterproof boots on, slipped, the water rushed into his boots, and the weight of it carried him into the pool below, and he was drowned before any assistance could be afforded him.

The mixture of woodland scenery with the sparkling and rapid river in this locality, was very pleasing. Here and there large slabs of rocks might be seen, which were only overflowed during the floods of winter, but were now covered with a profusion of wild onions and some aquatic plants. Here, also, for the first time, I saw that beautiful but scarce bird, the golden oriole, fly across the river, probably having its nest in one of the tall neighbouring trees. It is about the size of a blackbird, and, like that bird, is a good songster, and, in a state of captivity, imitates various tunes. It is very difficult to procure a young bird of this species in England, but they are by no means uncommon in France and Italy, in which countries they are frequently sold. I would recommend this circumstance to persons having an aviary in England, as the oriole would be an interesting addition to it. A writer in the *Naturalist* mentions having seen a pair of young birds nearly in full plumage exhibited for sale in the public market at Cologne, for which he was asked the moderate sum of three shillings. I am not aware that they have yet been introduced into the collection in the Zoological Gardens—if they have not, they ought to be.

This beautiful bird is very scarce in this country, though, as I have said, by no means uncommon on the Continent; indeed, it may be said to be an almost accidental visitor to us. It feeds on fruits and insects, and its nest is constructed of leaves and grass, although Mr. Yarrell states that the materials used in forming it are sheep's wool and long slender stems of grass, which are so curiously interwoven as eventually to confine and sustain each other. He adds that the nest is rather flat and saucer-shaped, generally placed in the horizontal fork of a bough of a tree, to both branches of which it is firmly attached.

It owes its name, "golden oriole," to its yellow colour; and when on the wing, as I have seen it, its appearance is very striking, and, indeed, beautiful.

These birds are very common in America, and, according to Mr. Nuttall, are migratory, appearing in considerable numbers in west Florida about the middle of March. On their first arrival they appear full of life and activity, darting incessantly through the lofty boughs of the tallest trees, appearing and vanishing with restless inquietude, and flashing at given intervals into sight from amidst the tender waving foliage, and then seem like living gems intended to decorate the verdant garment of the fresh clad forest. It is called the golden robin in America. Another Ame-

ican author states that these birds are so attached to their progeny, that the female has been taken and conveyed to a cage on her eggs, on which, with resolute and fatal

instinct, she remained faithfully sitting until she expired.

Audubon states that they feed their young generally on small caterpillar, which the parent



birds swallow and disgorge on arriving at the nest. In a state of confinement they soon become familiar and even playful, allowing themselves to be handled with patient indifference. They may almost be classed amongst the mocking

birds of America, as they will imitate various birds, and even the barking of dogs and other animals.

But it is time to refer to that curious and interesting bird the water ouzel, or dipper, as

it is called, from the circumstance of its entering a stream and seeking for insects at the bottom of it. Although this bird is not web-footed, it is able not only to sink itself to the bottom of the water, but also to dive and walk about,—water constituting, it would seem, their favourite element. At about the same time I first saw the golden oriole, I met with the dipper on the banks of the river Wye. It had its nest curiously concealed under a large stone on the rising ground above the stream. It was composed of grass, roots, or rather fibres of plants, and chiefly of decaying oak-leaves, of which a considerable number were used. It swims and dives with great facility, and although naturally a shy bird, it evinced no fear on being looked at when it was searching for its food when under water. It is supposed by many persons that the dipper can walk at the bottom of a stream in search of insects, &c., but it can hardly be called *walking*, as it progresses itself; but it is only able to do this by great exertion of both its legs and wings. It will, however, sometimes float on the surface, and then dive below it. They are early and very agreeable songsters, cheering their wild haunts by their simple, clear, and sweet notes, something like those of the thrush.

The American dipper appears to vary very little in its appearance and habits from that of this country. It has been observed by an eminent naturalist of the United States that this bird was seen swimming among the rapids of the clear mountain streams in the vicinity of the Columbia river, occasionally flying for short distances over the surface of the water, and then diving under it, re-appearing after a long interval. When on the land it would sit and jerk its tail like a wren. They are never seen to perch on branches, but frequent the gravelly beds of rivulets strewn with rocks, and flit from stone to stone, watching their aquatic prey, and after it is seen, plunging after it, and precipitating themselves, without fear, amidst the eddies of a brawling flood. While under the water they appear silvered over with rapidly-escaping aerial bubbles, and can bid defiance to every enemy while defended in so singular a retreat.

Such is a short account of two rather rare birds in this country, the golden oriole and the dipper. The first is seldom seen, being very scarce in this country, and the dipper only by those who reside near a remote and rocky river. It would be an amusing bird and attract much attention if it could be introduced into the Zoological Gardens.

EDWARD JESSE.

LORD PALMERSTON.

In Memoriam.

ALTHOUGH the daily and weekly press has done ample justice to the public life of the departed statesman, whom we have just laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, yet we feel sure that we may be pardoned for devoting a short space to a few reflections on his career, such as may well accompany the portrait, which we give on page 550, of the representative statesman of the age.

We are not about to record here the facts of Lord Palmerston's lineage and parentage; they are written in the pages of Burke and Lodge; and in the dust of the grave, at all events, the head of the Temples, with a pedigree dating from Anglo-Saxon times, is

"Equal laid

With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

It is enough to state that Lord Palmerston was born on the 20th of October, 1784, and that he was the eldest son of the second viscount, a man of considerable literary connections, on whose death, in 1802, the subject of the present sketch attained the dignity of the Irish peerage, which had been conferred, just eighty years before, on his great-grandfather, Henry Temple, whose father, Sir John Temple, had been successively Solicitor and Attorney-General for Ireland, and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

At the early age of ten, we find him sent to Harrow, for which place he cherished, to his dying day, an especial affection. He was eminently a public school man; and it was at Harrow, under Dr. Drury, that he early learnt the useful lesson of giving and taking, and as the "fag" of an upper boy, was taught how to obey by the rough, but wholesome discipline of the place. It was here that, like so many other statesmen, he obtained his first qualifications for the posts which he afterwards filled, as he always most freely acknowledged to his friends in after-life.

Of his old schoolfellows at Harrow but very few remain. We can count only three; Sir Adolphus J. Dalrymple, the Earl of Lonsdale, and Earl Onslow, though possibly one or two more may be still alive.

He is reported to have been a merry, genial, good-humoured boy, with a fair complexion, and curly hair, and to have been a general favourite among his school-fellows. It is well-known that, among these, he was able to reckon Lords Aberdeen, Ripon, and Byron, and Sir Robert Peel; but, beyond this fact, little is known of his school-life. Our readers, therefore, may be interested at learning, on

the authority of an old Harrovian, that Henry Temple—for that was the name which he then bore—liked Peel (who was considerably his junior) very much, and, to use the schoolboy phrase, “got on with him” very well. Byron, on the other hand, who must have been also lower in the school than himself, he could not endure, but thought him sentimental, conceited, and insincere. The boy to whom he is said to have been “fag” was Henry Law, who, having been long vicar of Standon, Herts, died at Bath a few years since, and whose son, Mr. William Law, was for some time Lord Palmerston’s secretary. Any visitor who cares to enter the great schoolroom at Harrow may see his name, “TEMPLE,” with the date “1800,” carved by his own hand on the same panel, with those of Byron and Peel; and the writer of these lines has seen his lordship, within the last few years, pointing out his name with pride and pleasure, to friends who have gone down with him to Harrow as visitors to the school.

It must have been quite at the commencement of the present century that Henry Temple exchanged the Latin verse-making of the upper school at Harrow for the philosophical lectures of Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh, who was then the most widely known of professors in his own peculiar line. Although young Temple was born and nursed in the purple of Toryism, it appears that his father, in sending him to Edinburgh, followed the more ancient Whig associations of his family; and, if we may believe Lord Palmerston’s own words, uttered publicly but a year or two ago, the lectures of the great Whig politician did not fall in his case on barren soil. “I passed three years of my youth in studying at the University of Edinburgh: and I will frankly own, without disparagement to any other seat of learning at which I had the fortune to reside, that I enjoyed greater advantages in the acquirement of useful knowledge and sound principles during my three years’ residence in Edinburgh than I possessed at any other place.”

We next find Lord Palmerston, in 1803, not long after his father’s death, entered at St. John’s Coll., Cambridge, then under the mastership of Dr. William Craven. Apparently, it was not the custom of young noblemen at that time to bestow much attention on the mathematical tripos, and as the classical tripos had not yet been instituted, they generally contented themselves with taking an honorary “pass,” and seeking distinction in other paths and walks of life; in this respect exhibiting a marked contrast to our own day, when we have seen the heir to the ducal title of Devon-

shire, and the eldest son of Lord Rayleigh, to say nothing of Lord Lyttelton, carrying off the highest honours which the University could bestow.

Authentic reminiscences of his University days are rare and scanty; but those who knew his cotemporaries at St. John’s say that, as an undergraduate, he passed for a man of considerable ability, though it was never augured by his most sanguine friends that he would rise, like Pitt or Canning, to the highest posts. He was lively, high-spirited, and as full of fun as a schoolboy; and no bad hand with his fists, as many a “bargee” on the banks of the Cam, long since passed away, could have testified. His tutor at St. John’s, it should be added, was Dr. Wood, afterwards head of that college and Dean of Ely; and it should be mentioned to Lord Palmerston’s credit, that although he did not seek University honours, he showed such mathematical powers, that, in spite of his not being a reading man, he took a high place in the college examinations. In after life, when he went down from time to time to Cambridge, as member for the university, he was remarkable for his good humour, tact, and kindness, and entire freedom from all affectation, humbug, and pomposity; but even then none of his friends dreamed that he would ever make good running in the race for the premiership; and it was thought rather a good joke than otherwise for the Combination Room of his college, when one of the fellows, returning from town, during a parliamentary crisis, some thirty-five years ago, brought it down as a piece of club news, that there was a rumour at the West-end that Palmerston was likely to become Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

In 1803—5 there was no “Union” debating club at Cambridge; but Lord Palmerston must have secured for himself a high reputation for ability, if in January, 1806, when as yet he had not put on his graduate’s gown, he was solicited to contest the University in the Tory interest against Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), the youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Grenville Cabinet. It was no disgrace to have been beaten by such a rival; and before the end of the year he had the satisfaction of finding himself elected to the House of Commons as M.P., not for Newport, as the papers have generally asserted, but for the borough of Horsham. Though elected by a double return, he was seated on petition; and the contest was remarkable as having led the late Lord Lyndhurst to write a legal pamphlet on the subject—the only book which he ever penned.

Having sat for four years as M.P. for Newport, Isle of Wight, in May, 1811, we find him elected M.P. for his University, whose confidence was not withdrawn from him for just twenty years. At the end of that time, in 1831, he was defeated, the country clergy having taken alarm at the rapid progress of Reform, and his own gradual adhesion to the ranks of the Whigs. After this date he sat for a few months for Bletchingley, and for two years, in the first reformed Parliament, for the southern division of Hampshire; and defeated there, he found a refuge

in 1835 in the borough of Tiverton, a constituency which was faithful to him to his death, as he was faithful to it.

He had not been many months in Parliament when he was offered and accepted a Junior Lordship of the Admiralty, from which, in 1809, he was promoted by the Duke of Portland to the post of Secretary at War. In this capacity he served under six different administrations until May, 1829, when, along with Huskisson, he withdrew from the Duke of Wellington and went into Opposition.



Palmerston

Up to this date his duty had mainly consisted in moving the annual estimates; but he carved out other work for himself, and showed himself a zealous reformer in his own department, in which he obtained for the soldier various augmentations of pay and of pension for active service, while he effected very large retrenchments in the unchecked and unaudited expenditure of the War Office.

The principles which he had imbibed in early youth at Edinburgh gradually cropped out in Lord Palmerston during the "progressive" administration of Canning, a large share

of whose mantle appears to have fallen on his shoulders; and his intimacy with Huskisson helped further to detach him from the Tory party. In 1830 he fairly threw his lot in with the Whigs, and not very long after the delivery of two very powerful speeches on our foreign relations in general, and more especially on the affairs of Portugal, Lord Grey entrusted to his hands the Foreign Portfolio, thus placing him in a position in which he could carry out with tolerable freedom the large and liberal views which he had learned under his former master as to the true policy

of England towards the nations of the Continent of Europe.

The rest of Lord Palmerston's story is soon told. With the exception of the time that Sir Robert Peel held the reins of Government in the winter of 1834-5, and again from 1841 to 1846, the seals of the Foreign Office remained in Lord Palmerston's hands, from the accession of the Whigs to power in 1830 down to nearly the end of Lord J. Russell's administration. Under Lord Aberdeen he held the Secretaryship of State for the Home Department; and on the break-up of the Coalition Cabinet at the beginning of 1855, and the secession of the Peelite party, he found the eyes of the nation fixed upon him as the only Minister in the efficiency of whose administration of public affairs the nation at large felt confidence; the only pilot who could "weather the storm." From that time, if we except the very brief intervals of Lord Derby's two short-lived administrations, he held the Premiership till the day of his death.

This is not the place to recount or recapitulate the various events in which Lord Palmerston has played a prominent part during the past ten years. They are part and parcel of contemporary history, and the future Macaulays and Froudes will do ample justice to their memory. Nor will we say more about his foreign administration than just remind our readers that throughout the length and breadth of the Continent he made the name of England to be held in awe, and the British flag to be respected, so that every Englishman who travelled in foreign parts might well feel secure from harm when it was known that he carried in his pocket the passport of Palmerston.

It was during his tenure of the Home Office that Lord Palmerston first became in any sense the idol of the people. Here his measures were sensible and practical, and his manner of dealing with them was such as went straight to the national heart. He abolished much of the nuisance of those tall smoky chimneys which darkened the air of the metropolis; he stopped the unwholesome and indecent crowding of our City churchyards; and he inaugurated a series of improvements in our town drainage and other sanitary arrangements which, it is to be hoped, will be gradually carried into effect as fully as he could have wished had his life been prolonged.

From the time of his incumbency of the Home Office it is not too much to say that Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister design-

nate; and when he succeeded Lord Aberdeen in 1855, the country accepted him with acclamation as its natural leader. How he succeeded in bringing the Russian war to a favourable issue, how he forfeited power for a short year by an inopportune concession to France, how he rose from his temporary fall like a giant refreshed, and how he exercised his recovered strength during the last six years, is known to the youngest of our readers. Palmerston the Prime Minister was essentially the same man with Palmerston the Foreign Secretary and Palmerston the Secretary at War, but he no longer presented the same characteristics to the world. "Having been accused of meddling too much in the internal concerns of other States, he lived to be reproached for his persistent non-intervention. Having been identified throughout the thirty years' peace with a policy inherited from the great war, he lived to be regarded as the most pacific of English ministers."

We have said that he was a public school man, and an Harrovian to the last. The very last time that he was present at his old school was on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1864, for the "speeches." On that occasion, when Dr. Butler was showing the Royal party round, he referred the Princess to Lord Palmerston to be the showman of his own name, a task which he immediately undertook with his usual good nature. He also laid the foundation-stone of the Vaughan Library on July 4, 1861, at the request of the present head-master, and the old Harrovians who had subscribed to it, with an evident readiness to pay that compliment to Dr. Vaughan's successful administration of the school. It was a pouring day, pouring during the process itself, which had to be performed under umbrellas; and Lord Palmerston, with his usual facetiousness, managed, in his speech, to bring in some funny comparison between education and the "fertilising showers," which refreshed and improved the soil, though they were not always exactly to the taste of those who were exposed to their influence. On these occasions, he generally got jauntily on horseback again, and rode back to London in time for the afternoon debate, without stopping to trouble himself about the "spread," to which all the rest of the guests were repairing, at the Head Master's house.

There was also another point in which Lord Palmerston identified himself most heartily with English tastes and feelings. He was at heart a horseman, and a devoted one. He rode well and constantly. During the "season" there was no more interesting sight, par-

ticularly for country cousins, than the Premier, rather late in the afternoon, putting his horse's head straight down Rotten Row, and pounding away in a long, swingeing trot, utterly heedless of the crowds of idlers and butterflies who watched his progress. This was his daily "constitutional," and as good exercise as any man upwards of three score and ten could indulge in; and then every now and then we heard of his riding down to the Derby, or mounting his favourite hack, and going miles before breakfast to see a favourite try his paces.

He was also a "Turfman" in the best sense of the word. If we may believe Bell's Life, "so far back as the year 1816 he ran a filly called Mignonette at Winchester, while curiously enough the last appearance of his colours over the same course during the past summer was with the three-year-old Wade, by King Tom;" and on Wednesday, the very day of his death, a horse of Mr. Montgomerie's, bearing the appropriate name of Pam, by Prime Minister, won the opening race at Kelso. "But it was not until about the time of his marriage that Lord Palmerston really took rank as a Turfite, creating, as he did, some amusing sensation with the most renowned runner he ever possessed, Ikora, by Priam, a cast-off from Lord George Bentinck's stud, who won the great autumn handicap of the year, the Cesarewitch at Newmarket." Memorable as this victory might be to the master of Broadlands, it was rendered still more so by the discussion that ensued as to the proper pronunciation of the name of the stake, and the whole world found still more difficulty in giving the name of the winner, and for week after week a wordy warfare was carried on as to the claims of the Omega or Omicron. The point was ultimately referred, not to the Jockey Club, but to the heads of the neighbouring university, when a decision was given in favour of the 'o' long, and, of course, "a deal of money changed hands." It must not be inferred from this that his lordship was a heavy bettor; on the contrary, he "never stood a stake in his life, but patronised the pursuit from his innate love of horses and sport."

And what was the secret and the source of his great popularity among all classes of his countrymen? It was not his transcendent aims, his exalted idea of what was best in the abstract, and the devotion with which he followed it out in action. It lay in his thorough identification of himself with the people whose destinies he swayed. He was in all his tastes and sympathies a thorough Englishman. He did not forget at seventy the lessons he had learned as a public school-boy at Harrow sixty

years before. He was one of ourselves, and we all of us felt that he thoroughly represented our feelings and our ideas. He was large hearted and intensely practical, and moved among men and women of every class and rank as one of themselves. He did not live a hermit life, but was always ready and accessible to those who sought him. He sympathised intensely with the world outside the gates of Cambridge House, and rejoiced at every opportunity of identifying himself with it. "He never was so happy as when presiding over some county gathering, or so much at home as when addressing a mixed audience, whose noise and merriment delighted him. He was ever jovial and genial. On the Tiverton hustings, at agricultural dinners, at the *societes* of Mechanics' Institutes, at gatherings of Volunteers, wherever people, and especially young people, might have met to enjoy themselves, he was always ready to make them a speech, mingling grave with gay, and tempering the off-hand sallies of his humour with the fruits of his matchless experience. His unfailing good-humour and inexhaustible animal spirits, if they obscured to some extent his more solid endowments, not only carried him through anxieties under which many a younger man has sunk, but endeared him to all who came within their influence."

It must be owned, then, that these were solid reasons for his popularity. The simple truth is, that he was greater than party names. In the words of a writer in the Daily Telegraph, "His party was his period, he belonged to events. He had no conviction so strong as that History could take very great care of herself and of the future, if we only helped her by doing our very best for to-day." And in spite of all his failings and shortcomings, the widespread appreciation of Lord Palmerston's services, by friend and foe alike, was due, in a pre-eminent degree, to his superbly English qualities. He has died at the zenith of his fame. A little less of toil, and we should not, perhaps, have seen peace kept for England; a little more, and the march of events would have passed beyond the brave pace of his failing feet. As it is, he could not himself have chosen a happier hour to pass away than this, which leaves his memory fresh and green for ever among his countrymen for sagacity, patriotic spirit, and political success, and clustered about with qualities so sterling and so native, that the funeral oration which will be spoken for him by a thousand lips says almost all when it says, "We have lost the most English Minister that ever governed England."

RALPH DE PEVERELL.

A TRIAD.

I.

One of the few that loved me
 Had seven long years ago,
 To the far-off west, on a bootless quest,
 His fate I shall never know!

II.

One of the few that loved me,
 Was laid in her grave last spring;
 I am left forlorn—for my wedding morn
 No joy-bells will ever ring!

III.

One of the few that loved me,
 Loves me no more—not he!
 His heart he sold for the lust of gold,
 'Tis a bitter cold world to me!

EVYNS FOREST.

THE CLOSED STAIRCASE.

I WAS walking up and down the cloistered court of St. Oswald's, with my friend Bryce, one evening early in the Lent Term of 185—. It was only my second term of residence, and as Bryce was on the point of taking his degree, I regarded him with a considerable amount of respect, not to say awe; for he it was who had allowed me to rub off my freshness upon him, and saved me, by many a timely hint, from several of the errors and *gaucheries* incidental to the uninitiated in undergraduate life. I had fagged for him at school, and the mutual friendship once begun there, and interrupted for a space of three years by his residence in the University, had now sprung up again more warmly than ever. And now, meeting again after the vacation, which he had spent in hard reading in his college rooms, there was the usual comparing of notes on every conceivable subject, slipping by imperceptible gradations from skating to politics, from politics to theology, and thence round again (taking in the origin of evil, and the intermediate state of existence by the way), to the chances that so-and-so had of obtaining the vacant university scholarship. At last it seemed as if we had pretty well exhausted everything "conversible;" the current of our talk flowed in a shallower and still shallower stream, and we were on the point of separating for the night, which was far advanced, when a casual question of mine altered the whole course of affairs, and kept us out of our respective beds for a considerable period longer. It arose thus: from the court, at regular intervals, staircases opened, each one leading to three or four different sets of rooms, all with their occupants, as there was never a set of rooms vacant for any length of time in college. But in one

part of the court, at the south corner, where, in the natural course of things, one would have expected to see a staircase likewise, there was simply a door, shut close. Passing it for perhaps the hundredth time in our circuit of the court, I carelessly kicked against it, noticed that it was fast, and had no handle, key-hole, or other means of opening; and turning to Bryce, asked whether a sham door was supposed to be either useful or ornamental by the intelligent architect of the court. To which he replied with rather a meaning smile:—

"Decidedly useful in this case, if tradition is to be believed."

"What," said I, "is there some special and peculiar vintage of old port, reserved for the most solemn carouses of most ancient fellows, to which admission is gained by a secret spring, known only to the hereditary and inviolable butler?"

"No," said he laughing. "Bolder, if any be behind that door, must deserve the sobriquet we give to empty ones, as we roll them into the corner of the room at supper-time,— 'dead men.' However, if you choose to hear the story as it was told me by my old Tutor, who was a junior fellow of St. Oswald's when the events causing that door to be closed took place" (here he gave it another kick, which made me cold to my toes), "and if you will do me the justice to believe that I am not practising on your ingenuous innocence, I am entirely at your service."

Of course I gladly assented, and though I had felt so sleepy five minutes since, at that moment I could have warranted to keep awake for a week. Bryce started off with the story, which I give in his own words, as far as I can remember them:—

"I think I came up here better initiated than most men in the lore of the university, owing to old Johnson, who spent at least half the time when he ought to have been polishing up my Greek Iambics, in reciting thrilling tales of his own undergraduate life; striking, undoubtedly, most of them were, and much better fun than composing a dialogue (a long way) after Sophocles; none of them have, however, retained so firm a hold on my mind as the one connected with, or rather sealed by, that door. It appears that one of his most intimate friends, named Marsden, moved into those rooms only a short time before his degree, having previously 'kept' in the town. The college was not so full then as now; many other colleges, which have now sunk into comparative insignificance by the side of St. Oswald's, were then competitors with it in point of numbers; and he chose these rooms

as being in a quiet and retired corner of the court, where he might adventure that often repeated, but generally unsuccessful, experiment of making up for three years' laziness by three months' reading. He had got comfortably settled in the rooms, and had begun carefully to parcel out the day, as is the custom of reading men, into slabs of study, meals, and exercise. One evening, it was the 15th of November, 179— (he had every reason to recollect the date), he was returning home, rather later than usual, having been detained at his 'coach's' rooms over an unusually refractory and hysterical Greek chorus, when he noticed in ascending the stairs to his rooms an unusual illumination in the sitting-room. Not being sure whether he might not have left his candles burning, or whether his bed-maker, who was not averse to brandy, had fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion, and was an unwilling holocaust on his hearth, he hurried up and in, when a most remarkable sight presented itself. The room was brilliantly lighted by wax candles, fixed in sconces against the wall, and in massive candelabra, evidently old college plate, which were set on the table; the table itself extended from end to end of the apartment, and on each side were seated young men in the dress of the end of the seventeenth or early part of the eighteenth century, carousing much after the manner of their descendants of the nineteenth. The post of chairman was occupied by a remarkably handsome young fellow, somewhat older apparently than the rest, and with a countenance which bore unmistakeable traces of dissolute living, and who seemed every now and then troubled by some unpleasant thought which clouded his brow, though he was the life of the party, and seemed to be continually firing off fresh witticisms to keep them going. But still his mind was evidently not there; he kept glancing at the door, as though expecting some one to enter; and now Marsden noticed for the first time that the seat on the right hand of the host was vacant. No sooner had he noticed this (for he stood at his own door spell-bound, but with every faculty, save that of speech, at its extremest tension), than the seat was filled, and filled by a fair young man, whose boyish and innocent cast of features strangely contrasted with that of the head of the table. Over the face of this latter, as the youth entered, there seemed to pass a malicious smile, as he lifted his glass, and pledged the new comer. While this was going on, Marsden was not conscious of *hearing* any sound, nay, by a sort of double sense, while kept alive to the quasi-reality of the scene before him, he could see, as in a shadowy back-

ground, *his own books*, surmounted by his own bust of Plato, which looked far more ghost-like than the ghostly banqueters.

"And now the drinking seemed to become fierce; the youth on the right hand, who at first refused wine, was yielding to the polite entreaties of his next neighbour (who again and again motioned to the servants to replenish his glass), and was gradually becoming flushed and heated. The whole company appeared to get disorderly, healths were drunk with great rapidity, and all the well-known accompaniments of undergraduate suppers in their most advanced stage, seemed to be taking place; and just at this time Marsden noticed that the countenances of all the others, with the exception of the fair guest, were such as would stamp them as belonging to what we should call the "worst set;" and their expression was not improved by intoxication. At last all seemed to be either asleep or maudlin, save the host and his next neighbour, who, doubtless from the lateness of his arrival, together with his abstemiousness at first, had thus held out. But now he too seemed rapidly becoming like the rest, when on a sudden the host rose, went to a small cabinet (for the servants had quitted the room), and took thence a small bottle labelled "Tokay." Filling a glass, he handed it to his friend, who drank it off with a sort of foolish half-tipsy smile: but in one instant the smile changed to an expression of pain, then to one of horror, and then, as he caught the eye of the host fired on him in malicious triumph, to one of indescribable hate. Making a violent effort to rise from his chair, and a fruitless one to clench his fist and strike his foe, his whole frame relaxed, and fell forward; and at the same moment there was a hideous groan, and the whole sight,—supper, guests, poisoner, and poisoned,—vanished, and the room was in utter darkness. * * * *

"Marsden awoke to find himself in his bed, diligently attended by his old bed-maker, who was giving him and herself alternate spoonfuls of brandy and water.

"The state of insensibility in which she had found him, required, alas! no explanation from him in her eyes, as it was not a very uncommon experience of hers to discover her 'young gentlemen,' one or more of them, prone on the floor, rather than on the beds, of their apartments on her arrival in the early mornings, and had she sought for or expected any account, Marsden was by no means in a humour to give one. At first, indeed, he made up his mind to tell nobody, and of course, ten minutes afterwards, when his friend Johnson came into his rooms, he de-

tailed his strange vision of the preceding night at length. Sad to say, Johnson's countenance expressed the belief that Marsden had returned for one night at least to the somewhat reckless orgies which had adorned his early terms of residence, and was suffering in consequence thereof, and his only comment on the story was, 'My dear fellow, if you will go on getting drunk up to the threshold of your degree, you will most undoubtedly be plucked.' So Marsden said no more, and merely contenting himself with writing a brief abstract of that scene which he himself knew not how to account for, he did the most sensible thing under the circumstances, and tried to forget all about it. A month rolled by, the term waned, all but a few steady readers were departing, or had already departed, to their homes for Christmas. The fifteenth of December was just closing in, gloomy and damp, and Marsden settled, with a wearied sigh at the vanity of life, such as is not uncommon at two-and-twenty, to his books. Wonderful to relate, he got interested, and several hours flew by without his relaxing his attention. However, on looking at his watch, and seeing it close on midnight, he was drowsily determining to go bed, when on a sudden his whole room seemed to become illuminated. He was at the time standing at an upright desk for reading in one corner of his room, and instantly faced about. To his horror and astonishment, he beheld the same scene already described, of the supper, and the poisoning, re-enacted in every particular. * * * *

"We shall get you better soon, old boy," said Johnson to him, as he bent over him about a fortnight after the above date; 'but you have succeeded in reading yourself into a brain fever, and may consider yourself lucky that you have escaped with no worse consequences than temporary baldness, and the appetite of an ostrich.'

"Marsden replied by two questions:

"What day of the month is it? and when can I be moved?"

"It is the second of January, and in about a fortnight's time we may get you away from here."

To Johnson's surprise, and almost alarm, Marsden sprang up, or rather half sprang up, in bed, and, seizing him by the arm, said:

"If you don't get me away in less than a fortnight, you may spare yourselves the trouble, for the undertakers will do the job more satisfactorily."

Johnson endeavoured to quiet him, thinking, not unreasonably, that the fever had not yet left him, and indeed he was worse for

some hours afterwards. But later in the evening he repeated the story he had told to my old tutor six weeks before; and Johnson sensibly informed the doctor, when he called, of his friend's dread of a repetition of the same scenes on the corresponding day of January, if he were suffered to remain so long; and with considerable risk to Marsden, happily unattended with bad results, he was moved out on the fourteenth of that month.

"The rooms have never since been occupied."

"Well," said I, as Bryce paused here. "had no one the courage to brave the spectral symposium?"

"Yes," said he, "the next night Johnson made a point of sitting up in the rooms, but he unfortunately had taken so much in the way of gentle stimulants to nerve him for the expected terrors, that he awoke, after a somewhat uncomfortable slumber, at four o'clock in the morning of the 16th to find himself in profound darkness, and with a violent cold in the head."

"But," said I again, "was no explanation ever offered of the extraordinary scene of which Marsden was witness?"

"Only this," replied Bryce: "some weeks afterwards, when he was slowly recruiting his health at his father's house in Leicestershire, he found among a bundle of old papers in a disused room, a strange confession of an ancestor of his, whom he had heard of as a wild fast liver, who had suddenly sobered down, gone abroad, and turned monk, but of whose history but little was known. The manuscript contained a very ordinary account of love and jealousy, induced by a handsome young rival in the affections of a certain young lady, ending with an obscure vow of vengeance against him. Then came a blank, and afterwards these singular words:—

"Nov. 16, 169—: Good God! am I to go through that horrible evening again? Not a soul but myself knows or suspects that I had anything to do with his death: they put it down to excessive drinking and excitement; and here am I forced by some frightful fate to commit the same ghastly crime in spirit as each fifteenth day of the month comes round! Forgive me, O God!—but I know it cannot be. I must carry about a living hell within me till I die!" Here the MS. ceased abruptly. Whether its contents were intended to be made known by the unhappy man (who before the end of the year had quitted England for ever), or to be left in obscurity, it is impossible to say. At any rate, the narrative was not found till the time I mention, and I need hardly say materially retarded

Marsden's recovery. He was never able to ascertain whether the vision had appeared to others before his time, or whether, as a descendant of the murderer, he had been specially favoured in the matter. Nobody else ever repeated the experiment, which failed in Johnson's case, for the story came to the Master's ears, and as the rooms occupied by Marsden were not particularly convenient or particularly wanted, and as he had a great dislike, as he said, to further addling the brains of undergraduate members of the college by any additional distraction, he caused the door you see at the bottom of the staircase to be fixed firmly in its place: and it hasn't, as far as I am aware, occurred to any succeeding college authorities to have it opened since. But I do not despair of a *séance* being held there yet, as there are one or two of the junior fellows who believe in that sort of thing,—and in nothing else. But come," concluded Bryce, "I ought to have been in bed hours ago, so, if my fire has not hopelessly subsided, we will contrive a small jug of 'Bishop' before we turn in."

W. J. L.

A DANGEROUS CURE.

"HALLOA, Harry, old boy!" exclaimed Tom Allan to his old college chum Harry Thornton, "you look as if you had the cares of the world on your shoulders. Had a skirmish with madame, eh? Not been married six months, and begin to show the unmistakable signs of repentance: doesn't speak well for matrimony, 'pon my word it doesn't: depend upon it, there's nothing like steering clear of the ladies altogether."

"Tom, my dear Tom, you are mistaken,—indeed you are," said Harry, with a forced laugh. "I——"

"Mistaken!" interrupted Tom, "not I, indeed; when did you ever find me mistaken? No, no! I'm a great deal too clear-sighted for that. I never in my life beheld such a change as I see in you since,—since, well, it's no good mincing the matter,—since you were insane enough to marry: there, that's the truth. Why, my good fellow, you are no longer the jolly, merry, good-tempered, easy-going fellow you were, but a miserable, wretched, dejected, surly——"

"Tom, for goodness' sake, stop!" exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "I shall go distracted, mad, if you continue in this jocose strain. I've been annoyed and worried lately. I'm not in a fit state to stand chaff. But as regards my marriage, I believe I'm as happy as most married men; in fact, my happiness would be complete, but——"

"But—ah! that's it, Harry, we are coming to the point now. That little word 'but' tells a long tale. Chaffing aside, Harry, old friend, there is a change in you, a lamentable change. Come, now, you had better unburden your mind; whatever you tell me, rest assured, will be kept strictly private, and it is said 'two heads are better than one,' so between us let us see if we cannot change the dark threatening face of affairs into smiles and sunshine."

Harry remained thoughtful some time. He certainly was in a very awkward position. To confess that his wife was getting very self-willed, and almost unmanageable, was not at all pleasant; and yet it was evident Tom guessed something was wrong; he was such a sharp, shrewd fellow; it would be perfectly ridiculous attempting to disguise the truth any longer. So in a hurried manner he related his domestic grievances, how he was almost wearied out with the continual eruptions which disturbed his domestic happiness. The slightest opposition on the most trivial subject, would send his wife into violent hysterics; till at last he was obliged to give in for the sake of peace and quiet; in fact, he might say his life was becoming a burden to him.

"Yes, and so it will be," said Tom, "unless something desperate is done."

"Desperate!" reiterated Harry, in an alarmed voice.

"Yes, desperate," answered Tom; "but don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. What I mean is this: yours is a desperate case, and therefore requires desperate means to effect a cure. Hysterical young ladies require very peculiar treatment. There are a few, but a very few, who understand how to treat them properly; and those poor unfortunates who don't, and are obliged to live with them, may consider themselves doomed to a life-long state of wretchedness. Now, if you don't wish to be placed amongst those wretched martyrs, you must follow my injunctions implicitly. I have made hysteria a study for some time, and have at last hit upon an excellent remedy; and though not in a position to practise it myself, have had numerous proofs of its beneficial effects on the wives of several of my friends. Now, you say your wife on the slightest opposition, on matters however trivial, goes off into shrieking hysterics, and you, for the sake of peace and quiet, give in; it is that absurd 'giving in' that does all the mischief. Now, take my advice, the next time your wife creates any disturbance, or you see any signs of a coming storm, instead of 'giving in,' and bathing her head with Eau-de-Cologne, and calling her by every endear-

ing epithet under the sun, and terming yourself a brute of a husband for causing your own darling little wife such unhappiness, and kissing away her tears, promising that in the future she shall reign supreme, and all kind of absurdities,—*speak in a loud voice*, say your patience is worn out with such nonsense; you'll stand it no longer, something must be done; it will be impossible to go on living in that wretched state. You might, in an undertone, but audible enough for her to hear, suggest such a thing as a separation; then wind up by putting on your hat to go out, but take care before you go to dash a jug of cold water over her face; it has a marvellous effect of bringing hysterical people to their senses, particularly if nature has not beneficently bestowed a becoming wave to the hair, and art supplies its place. Ring the bell in a decided manner, and place her under the maid's care, with strict orders not to spare cold water. But be sure, my dear fellow, to bang the street-door *loudly* after you, so as to leave the impression that your temper is *seriously* aroused, and that it would take some time, and great alterations in her conduct, to bring you round again. The great object to be achieved is to make her fear the consequences of exciting you into a passion: once do that, and you'll have very little trouble with her afterwards."

"Impossible, Tom! I could never do it. Indeed I could not. Lillian is so fragile, such harsh treatment would kill her."

"Kill her, nonsense! Women are not so easily killed as that. But I'll tell you what, Harry; if you don't take my advice, you'll repent. Now listen, while I give you a few cases of married unhappiness, and then see if you don't alter your tone. I knew a fellow who had a wife who used to indulge in hysterical fits to such a frightful degree that his home was made perfectly wretched, and the only peace he had was when he was out of it. By Jove! I shall never forget one night returning home from the Club together; my cigar went out, so I walked on with him to his domicile to get a light. Oh! what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! Although past midnight, there stood Madam in the hall, with a lighted taper in her hand, which illuminated her beautiful angry face; her hair was tossed back from her white forehead, and her splendid eyes almost flashing fire; she certainly did look marvellously beautiful as she stepped forward with the air of a tragedy queen, and almost shrieked through her pale quivering lips,—'Where have you been? I demand an explanation. Don't tell me you have been to the Club, it's a paltry excuse, and I wonder you can stoop to such a

mean subterfuge; but I will not be silenced in this manner, I am determined to know where you pass your evenings.' And on she went at such a rate, that it almost took away my breath to listen. Then he retaliated, and accused her of being the cause of his frequent absenteeism from home. It was getting so awfully hot that I thought a third person was not very desirable. So off I bolted. The last thing I heard of this happy pair was that he had got a separation on the plea of incompatibility of temper. It was an unfortunate thing that such a magnificent creature should fall into wrong hands, who didn't understand the art of breaking in. And I know another fellow who leads a cat and dog life with his wife from the same cause; and he hasn't the pluck to try my remedy."

"Horrible! horrible!" exclaimed Harry.

"Ah! horrible indeed. Well, my dear Harry, if you don't look out, you'll find yourself in the same predicament; so pray be warned in time. My cousin's wife reminds me very much of yours: a pretty charming little thing as long as she had her own way, but couldn't stand contradiction. He, like a sensible fellow, adopted my plan; and now they are one of the happiest pairs in Christendom. I could tell you of numerous other successes, but as I have an appointment at one, and it wants but five minutes to that hour, I must say *adieu*."

* * * * *

"Lillian, dear?"

Lillian was buried in the luxurious cushions of the sofa, reading, and did not, or would not, hear her husband.

"Lillian!" he repeated, in a louder tone.

"Good gracious, Harry, how you startled me! What?"

"I was thinking, dear, we ought to go and see my mother; it is so long since we were there, I am afraid she will think something is the matter." Harry spoke nervously, having a vague idea that his suggestion would not be received kindly.

"My dear Harry, what is the matter with you to-day? Why can't you read the paper, and be quiet, and let me have a little peace? I shall never finish this book, if you keep interrupting me. Oh, dear! what unsettled mortals men are! they never seem contented. The idea of going out this cold day to see your mother! No, I can't go."

"But, my dear Lil, it is really a duty we owe her: I should not like her to think she is neglected."

"Oh! well, then, Harry, if you consider it such an imperative duty, pray don't let me prevent your discharging it; but I do not consider it mine to spend a long tedious evening

with an old lady who always torments me by asking if I know the last new stitch in knitting, and giving me receipts for some extraordinary puddings.

Harry was astounded. Was it possible that was Lilian—his wife—speaking in that disrespectful light manner of his saint-like mother! It was more than he could put up with.

"Madam," he exclaimed passionately, "you strangely forget of *whom* you are speak-

ing; for the future, if you cannot speak in a different strain, I beg you will be *silent*," and he looked defiantly towards the sofa. What a change he beheld in his wife's fair young face! The closed eyes, and spasmodic workings of the mouth and throat, he knew too well foretold a coming storm, and it was not long before it burst forth in all its violence. Lilian was in hysterics, stronger than he had ever witnessed before. What was to be done?



Suddenly flashed across his mind Tom's remedy; it had succeeded, Tom had assured him positively it had, why not now? anyhow he would hazard it. No time was to be lost in hesitation; he must act at once. So he commenced by walking hurriedly up and down the room, with his arms folded in a determined manner. He told her it was useless carrying on those ridiculous scenes any longer, that they had ceased to alarm him; and if

they continued he had made up his mind what course to pursue, and hinted in an undertone, as Tom suggested, the probability of a separation. So, after dashing a glass of cold water over her and placing her under the maid's care, made his timely exit, with a tremendous bang of the street-door, and congratulating himself that he had performed his part admirably.

The banging of the street-door seemed

thoroughly to arouse Lilian. What! he had gone out, left her in that state! Oh! how cruel! how cruel! What could have changed him so terribly? Harry, who was usually so kind and gentle, to dash cold water over her so mercilessly; surely he could not be responsible for his unfeeling actions. A demon must have possessed him, and he was acting under its evil influence. And the word separation she was positive she heard, what could it mean? Perhaps—perhaps he had gone to consult a lawyer. What could she do? what should she do? The thought was maddening.

"Oh! Jane," she cried, in a despairing voice to the maid, who was busily employed in bathing her temples with cold water, "I feel so—so ill—so wretched."

"Yes, ma'am, I dessay yer does. My last young mistress used to feel just in the same kind o' way, so low, and sinking like after one of her—let me see—'attacks,' I think she called 'em."

"Did—did she suffer like me?" asked Lilian, plaintively.

"Lor bless yer soul! she was afflicted awful bad with 'sterics. I never see the like of 'em. Poor master had a hard time of it with her."

"But I suppose he was very kind and gentle, Jane?"

"Well, ma'am, he was for a time; but gentlemen aint got much patience: they don't seem to understand them kind o' things. O, lor! I shall never forget one day if I live to be a hundred years old. Mistress was in awful 'sterics, I bathed her head, and gave her sal volatile, and sich like, but nothing seemed to do her no good, she went on a screeching louder than ever. When all of a sudden, up jumped master, like a madman, and gave her, oh, lor! sich a shaking; it was a mercy he didn't shake the very life out of her."

"Oh, how dreadful! did she die?" asked Lilian, in a frightened voice.

"Die! bless yer soul, no. 'Sterics don't kill."

"No, no. But the shaking, didn't that kill her, Jane?"

"Lor, no, ma'am; it seemed to do her a world o' good: she never had 'em after the shaking."

"But Jane, he must have been a very passionate man."

"Well, no, ma'am, he was generally looked upon as a very kind, peaceable gentleman; but yer see he had a great deal to worrit him, and it was more than he could a-bear."

"It was a very sad case indeed," sighed Lilian. "Poor thing, how I pity her; it would have killed me, I'm sure. Oh! yes, I

never, never could have survived that. But, Jane, you don't think that—that your master would ever—shake me, do you?"

"Well, really, ma'am, I shouldn't like to say; but when gentlemen gets into passions, there's no knowing what they won't do. Passion is a awful thing. Bless me! I remember my grandmother telling me of a man in a fit of passion, who——"

Lilian was in despair. Good gracious! was Jane going to relate any more atrocities! She should go frantic, she felt convinced, if she had to listen. She had better put an end to the conversation at once by pleading fatigue.

"Jane," she said wearily, closing her eyes, "I feel very tired; I think if I were alone, I might try and sleep a little."

"Well I never!" thought Jane. "If gentle-folks aint the oddest kind o' folks that ever I see; one moment they are a screeching enough to have the house down, and the next, oh, lor! talking about going to sleep." And Jane left the room, feeling aggrieved at being dismissed so suddenly.

When Lilian was alone, instead of sleeping, as she had led Jane to believe she should do, she began seriously to reflect on the past. The more she thought of Harry's conduct, the more extraordinary it seemed; the unfeeling things he had said and done, she could never forget, no never. Oh! if he should ever in a fit of passion shake her,—but surely he would never do anything so barbarous as that. And yet Jane, evidently by her conversation, didn't seem to think it improbable. Well, if he did, she was quite certain that she should die of a broken heart. Then what a life of remorse he would lead, to think that he had been the cause of her death. Then Lilian's thoughts wandered off into another strain. Harry she felt sure would return home penitent; he would see that he had acted wrongly and rashly, and would beg and implore her forgiveness in such touching heart-rending language, that it would be impossible not to forgive him. But of course she should impress upon him the heinousness of his doings, and that if such things ever happened again, he must not look to her for mercy. But listen,—yes! that was his step; the culprit was in the hall. Lilian's heart beat wildly. What a long time he was hanging up his hat! How different to what she had expected: she thought he would have rushed in frantically, thrown himself on his knees, and vehemently besought her pardon. What could it mean? But there was no time for further meditation. Harry was now coming into the room; she raised her eyes to his face; that one look was

enough ; it told her plainer than words could have expressed that penitence was not there. Then it was not momentary passion that had caused him to act in the way he had. No, no ! he must have meant all he said and did ; or why would he not speak now ? Why look so cold and stern ? Oh, that she could die ! yes, that very minute. What had she now to live for ? what would the future be to her ?—all dark and drear.

Dinner passed over in gloomy silence, and the evening commenced in the same way. Harry sat in the easy-chair, reading the paper, as if unconscious of his wife's presence. Lilian watched him anxiously, expecting every minute that he would show some symptoms of contrition ; but no, hour after hour passed by, and still Harry's heart remained hardened ; at last she began to doubt if it ever would soften. But she would wait no longer ; it was hopeless to think he would be the first to speak, and to go on living in that wretched state, she couldn't do it. She would appeal to his feelings. She felt sure, if she told him how much she had suffered, the wretched suspense she had endured, he would relent. And she would beseech him never to treat her so again.

"Harry," she said, in a low, quivering voice.

No answer.

"Oh ! Harry, dear Harry ! Do speak to me ; I'm so very very miserable."

Harry rose slowly from his chair, and sat down by her side on the sofa.

"Well, Lilian," he said gravely.

"Oh, Harry ! if you only knew all I have suffered, how wretched I have been, I'm sure you would feel for me. Promise me you will never behave to me again as you did to-day."

"Lilian, I shall only promise on one condition, that is—remember—that you never give me cause to do so."

"I will try, indeed I will," answered Lilian, earnestly.

"Well, my darling, if you really try, I'm sure you will succeed."

And Lilian did succeed in overcoming her little weakness. Whether it was her determination to conquer, or the fear of a good sound shaking, still remains a mystery. But suffice to say, Harry is never troubled with any more "scenes," and his home now is a perfect elysium.

W. A.

PROLONGED SLEEP.

THERE are several cases on record of a prolonged abstinence from food, but they are mostly of old date, and one at least, after much

vain watching, was discovered to be a cheat. What credit is to be given to Dr. Blande's statement, we are not in a position to decide ; but we may at all events believe that he himself is a firm believer in it. The account he gave was read at the French Academy, and in substance it was as follows. A young woman, twenty years of age, fell asleep and slept for fifty days. This was in 1854 ; and nothing of the kind recurred until the beginning of 1862, when she suddenly fell asleep again, and did not awake until March, 1863. Every imaginable effort was made to rouse her, but without effect ; she continued to remain asleep without showing the slightest sign of being disturbed. Her breathing was almost imperceptible ; the pulse low ; the skin rosy and fresh. She neither ate nor drank, and yet there appeared to be a slight tendency towards fattening. On reading his first paper, the doctor entered into some speculations concerning sleep, which are very imperfectly reported. It seems that he distinguishes three kinds of sleep : the diurnal, the annual, and the metamorphic. We have all had experience of the first ; the second corresponds with the hybernation of certain animals ; the third is transitory, as in the case of the transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly. Sleep he considers to be a peculiar form of life, and the primary condition under which life is manifested. Everybody will not agree with him in his theory, but his views are worthy of attention. Subsequently he made another statement on the same subject ; and in confirmation of it he quoted the names of other doctors,—Segalas, Duméril, Darsonville, Puel and others. For an entire year, a lady presented the same symptoms as Madame Macleod and Louise Durand ; that is to say, animal life null, organic life good, but reduced to a minimum ; the pulse slow, breathing almost imperceptible, the flesh soft and fresh, no diminution of flesh, but an absolute insensibility and general contraction. At first every effort was made to awaken them, or to keep them from falling asleep again when they were awake ; but finding the utter uselessness of this treatment, the doctor thought it was cruel to continue it, and suffered the lady first referred to, to sleep as much as she was inclined, its salutary influence having been speedily discerned by him on the two first occasions of her falling asleep, they having followed on two severe attacks of illness, attended by intensely acute suffering. The question why sleep should enjoy the privilege of rendering persons insensible to pain, and of preserving them from loss of flesh, is one which men, with all their scientific knowledge, are very unlikely to solve.

G. L.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII. IN HIDING.

IF Seyton was dissatisfied with the issue of the word-duel, it is certain, that his elderly adversary did not return to his own place in a very jubilant frame of mind: indeed, as he rode soberly back towards Torrcaster, his meditations were of the gloomiest.

The prospects of the joint-stock matrimonial company—such in truth it was—did not look very promising, so far: the risks swelled enormously, and the possible profits dwindled in like proportion, as Mr. Standen contemplated them. He began to be heartily sorry that he had let Bessie go. The house would seem very dreary without her; he did not look forward with any satisfaction, to the society of his saturnine nephew; guessing, tolerably well, what solace or encouragement might be expected from him. Furthermore, though he had affected to laugh them to scorn, he knew better than to disregard Seyton's last words,—whether they were threat or warning. Torrcaster would be no home for one, against whom the face of Marlshire's favourite squire should be set in enmity. It was a nuisance, too: the place was central and convenient; and he had been very comfortable there, on the whole. The hoary old profligate—who had ceased, one would have thought, for many a year, to incur himself with home sympathies—felt something like an honest pang at this last disturbance of his grimy Lares.

His nephew was abroad, when Mr. Standen reached home; and he took the precaution to recruit his energies and fortify himself against catechising, with a hurried dinner, and divers ‘drains’ of extra strength. This was done so effectually, that when the Lawyer returned, he could get but very little out of his uncle, of a coherent or satisfactory nature. Mr. Standen was sullenly reticent, or obstinately obscure; and even made one or two absurd demonstrations of asserting his paternal dignity; hinting, that what had passed was his concern and no one else's, &c., &c.

Kit Daventry kept his temper admirably—he always did, when there was nothing to gain by

losing it—and listened quite patiently to the elder man's maunderings, intersprinkled with vague defiant curses (for Jem Standen, in the quarrelsome stage of drink, resembled the famous writer of Perth, who “stude in ta middle of ta road, and swoor at lairge”); till he had extracted nearly all the information he cared for at the moment.

This much was clear: all overtures of alliance had been positively rejected at Mote, without holding out the faintest prospect of relenting: but a heavy compromise had been offered, which the Torrcaster ambassador had indignantly declined. Seyton had acted throughout as the plenipotentiary of the other side; and the negotiations had scarcely been carried on, or broken off, with strict diplomatic courtesy. On this last point, indeed, Mr. Standen seemed disposed to be rather more communicative; priding himself, as it were, on the truculence that he ultimately displayed.

“He ‘bested’ me above a bit, at first, Kit; but I gave him as good I got before I'd finished with him. You couldn't have done it better yourself—d—d if you could.”

This he repeated more than once, with many drunken chuckles; and, indeed, was muttering words to the same effect, as he staggered off to his bed-chamber.

The Lawyer saw his respectable relative depart, with contemptuous unconcern; only sending after him one aspiration of very doubtful benevolence. Then he mixed a huge tumbler of his wonted strong mixture, and fell to musing: no man ever saw Kit Daventry intoxicated; but he was one of the steady, silent, solitary drinkers, whose meditations are seldom dry.

“Couldn't have done better, myself”—he muttered. “Perhaps the old fool spoke truth, there. I'm not afraid of many men; but, somehow, I don't seem to care about tackling Tom Seyton, with his blood up. And I'll pound it, it was up to-day. I'd have given something, though, to have seen that jolly face of his with a real storm on it. I can't think why I hate that chap so: perhaps I'll know before we die.

Anyhow, I could have done no good, if I had been at Jem Standen's elbow: the father was bound to show himself, alone, in that scene: it's not the poor cousin's turn to come on—just yet."

He laughed a low, soft laugh; that, yet, might have grated on the nerves of an indifferent listener: it was so infernally significant, both as to the past and the future. Then, the current of his musings seemed abruptly to turn into a channel, over which fell darker shadows.

"Suppose it were all to go wrong, after all? Perhaps it would have been best to take their money down, and have done with them. I wonder, how much they would stand? No sum was mentioned to-day, I'll swear; or he'd have blurted that out, at all events. It's not too late now. We must see what the boy's name is worth, though, first; and we'll put it through the mill, before he's a week older. He needn't grudge paying for such a pretty toy as Bessie—pretty enough for a prince, for that matter."

As he paused again, a dark savage look came over his face; and his strong white teeth glittered above his lower lip, while they wrung it hard.

"I wonder, how long he'll keep his promise? Not long—if she tempts him as she *can* tempt. Curse——no, I hardly mean that; perhaps she will be honest—in her own way."

He rose, and shook himself with an angry impatience.

"I don't know what's come over me to-night. I believe I should get jealous, if I went on maundering here: and that's a complaint I've never suffered from. I've been too poor and too busy, I suppose: it's like the gout; only rich old men ought to have it. I'll go down, and see if they've got a rubber at the Rooms. There won't be many more chances, here, of picking up money. We'll have to clear out of this before long—that's certain."

You see, the astute Lawyer had already indorsed Tom Seyton's warning. He left Torr-caster himself on the morrow, and did not return. His uncle only staid long enough to dispose of his horses and furniture. Then, he too disappeared; going no one knew whither. It is only fair to relate that, if he left an indifferent reputation, he left no debts, large or small, behind him. Mrs. Maskelyne received a formal note; containing a London address, in case she should wish, at any future time, to write to Mr. Standen: that gentleman utterly declined to communicate with Seyton, verbally or by letter. The address was at a West-End hotel of rather indifferent repute,—to be

called for.' Then followed a long interval of silence and mystery; for from Brian never a word of answer came.

But to the chronicler all these things are clear. The rebel had not fled near so far, as he would have made his people believe: he had chosen—or rather there was chosen for him—a safer hiding-place than even Paris; the safest perhaps in the civilised world—a large London suburb. It is not worth while to define the neighbourhood more particularly: a dreary uniformity pervades all these out-posts of brick and mortar, that, year by year, testify to fresh inroads of the mighty army of masons, on the 'greenery' beyond.

The aspect of such places is rather depressing to a stranger. I have known men get quite silent and moody, on their way to pigeon-slaughter at Hornsey Wood; falling into gloomy speculations, as to what manner of people resided in the sombre villas, and how they contrived to exist there. But this especial neighbourhood is cheerful, and full of healthy excitement, compared to some others, farther to the East or South; where the craftsman seems to have exhausted his cunning, in producing a melancholy monotony of architecture. Only one thing on earth, I think, can beat them in this line—the long straggling street of an Irish village, built entirely of limestone, seen on a real 'soft' Irish day.

In a Terrace, such as I have described, did Brian Maskelyne take up his quarters—uncomplainingly, if not contentedly. He was not under the same roof with his betrothed. She dwelt close by; under the protection of a convenient aunt, who had turned up, just at the crisis when a *chaperon* was indispensable. Thither Brian had brought her, with all honour and honesty, straight from her father's house. He spent most of his own time with Bessie, as a matter of course; but he had never once attempted to claim a single privilege, beyond such as are universally permitted to avowed affiances. He showed infinite tact, in glossing over, or ignoring, the blunders of speech or manner to which the aunt was unfortunately liable; and sometimes perhaps he rather puzzled the worthy dame with his punctilious courtesies.

"I can't make out, whether he's chaffing, or not," she observed, once, rather sulkily.

To which the niece made answer, with a sort of disdainful impatience—

"Chaffing? He don't know the meaning of the word."

If all the world had witnessed their proceedings, Maskelyne could not have been more

careful to avoid any imprudence that might compromise the fair fame of his intended bride. Kit Daventry allowed that much, when he had once seen them together ; and, thenceforward, was careful to abstain from the ancient consinsly familiarity—at least in Brian's presence. Furthermore—the poor boy forced himself to take Bessie's connections, as he found them ; meeting them always cordially, or, at the least, courteously. But it was piteous, sometimes, to see the struggle, with which he would repress an involuntary start or shudder : for never a day passed, that did not bring some fresh shock to the instincts—prejudices, if you will—inherent in his pure proud blood.

The hardest work of all, was to be consistently civil to Kit Daventry. Even when the latter meant to be most conciliating, Brian hated the crafty handsome face from the bottom of his soul ; and almost preferred the sneering insolence, and affectation of superior worldly wisdom, that the other cared not always to conceal.

Mr. Standen had introduced his nephew to his intended son-in-law, as the man of all others "able to work the wires." By which allegorical expression, he wished the latter to understand, that the Lawyer was the properest person to put him in the way of procuring supplies that were urgently needed. To do Standen justice—he had never, from the first, disguised his own straitened and precarious means : so, Brian was neither very much shocked nor surprised, when Daventry suggested an immediate interview with a certain money-lending celebrity.

'Money-lending' is hardly the right word to use ; for Mr. Hart professed to have no personal interest in any of these transactions, beyond acting as 'middleman' between the borrower and the capitalist. People took this profession—like many other assertions proceeding from the same quarter—with many grains of salt ; but it was no one's interest to contradict—much less disprove—it.

CHAPTER XIV. AD LEONES.

Late in the twilight of a foggy winter's day, Maskelyne and Daventry got out of a close cab at the quietest corner of the secluded street in which Mr. Hart's modest offices were placed. When the noiseless door swung open by some invisible agency, the latter led the way in, with the assurance of one treading on familiar ground : of a truth, Kit had passed through that dim passage pretty often ; though never, in such good company as now.

They found the famous attorney, alone in his sanctum. So famous indeed was David

Hart, and eminent in his peculiar line, that he well deserves brief biographical notice.

Of his origin or birth-place, absolutely nothing was known : taciturn on all subjects—he was unusually so with regard to his own early history ; the most that was ever extracted from him being a vague admission that "his father had been unfortunate ;" from which the more charitable inferred, that the said senior had been the hero of an extraordinary fraudulent bankruptcy ; while others affirmed that, under another name, he had incurred and endured the extremest penalties of the law.

However, David Hart's first appearance in the world was made some score of years ago, as an attorney in a very small way of business ; so small indeed, that he could afford to attend the principal race-meetings pretty regularly, without seriously neglecting the interests of his clients. It soon began to be noised abroad among the lesser fry of ring-men (not nearly so numerous then, as now), that, if any one wanted a modest temporary advance, on moderate security, and didn't mind paying for it, David was a pretty safe draw. From the very first, with an apparent rashness of confidence, he showed a supernatural sagacity in avoiding bad debts ; like an old fox, he would pass by the daintiest bait, that had the taint of the trap about it. He would advance a hundred where no one else would have ventured ten ; and, again, would refuse accommodation where everything seemed to promise fairly : in either case, it almost invariably turned out, that the caprice had sound reason at the bottom of it.

Before long, he made professional acquaintance with two or three wildings of gentle birth, who could no longer afford to be fastidious in choosing their company ; but roughed it, as best they could, in the tatters of smirched purple raiment. Thenceforward, it was easy to extend and elevate his connection ; till now, there was scarcely a great house in England, concerning which David Hart could not have told tales—some, 'too strange not to be true.' At least, so he himself averred ; and, though the man was on occasions a measureless liar, he seldom indulged in purposeless or vain-glorious falsehood.

He had been employed, no doubt, in more delicate commissions, than the mere raising of moneys on usury. When things had come to so hopeless a pass, that regular practitioners would have naught to do with them, people said—"Go to Davy Hart"—very much as they might have advised a friend in mortal sickness, to try some kill-or-cure quack medicines, when all the resources of allopathy had been tried in vain. Truth to say, the remedy—even if successful—was often nearly as fatal

to the patient's constitution, as the disease could have been.

If the class of Mr. Hart's clients had improved, socially speaking, the character of his transactions remained much the same: no really good or reputable thing ever came out of the office of that legal Nazarene. Indeed, to such he did not aspire: he had cast his lines too long in troubled waters, to care for anchoring in quiet land-locked inlets, where there was safe holding-ground; he knew, well enough, that the heaviest fish and the greediest to boot, are taken in the ruffle of tumbling tide-ways.

But of business—such as it was—he always had his hands full. After the great race-meetings, his day was scarcely long enough to give audience to all the unlucky backers, who had been 'plunging' to such fatal purpose, that they were fain to seek David's aid before encountering Black Monday at the Corner. The borrower was always sure of one of two things—a point-blank refusal, or the cash down; and the amount—so long as there was security to bear it—signified nothing. For, putting Mr. Hart's own resources entirely aside, there was at his back a knot of Hebrew capitalists (he had married late in life a wealthy daughter of the tribes), who could have taken up a Foreign Loan, among them, had they been so minded.

The outward appearance of the man was rather significant of his character. A short sturdy figure; with broad brawny shoulders, and a strong bull-neck, on which was set a square solid head, fringed with crisp grizzled hair: the face would have been common-place enough, if it had not been for a pair of deep-set black eyes, remorselessly keen, and lips, braced and rigid. He had none of the unctuous civility, affected by many of his fellows, so disagreeably suggestive of deglutition; both voice and manner were brief and brusque, almost to rudeness.

At the first glance, a stranger felt that he had to deal with a person of no ordinary resolution. In truth it was so: there never breathed a more thoroughly dauntless man, than David Hart. Endowed by nature with very firm nerves, he had acquired a large stock of the most useful—if not the most heroic—sort of courage; the courage of *Empeiria*. Nor was this wonderful; for, in his time, he had stood face to face, with almost every phase of human desperation.

The offices too, had a character of their own. In the outer room sat one or two sharp-looking clerks of rather tender years; who never seemed to do anything but take copies of correspondence, and go on hurried messages.

The inner chamber, wherein Mr. Hart received his clients, resembled rather a luxurious smoking-room than the solemn sanctum of a solicitor; the furniture was rich and massive, and the arm-chairs models in their way. There were hardly any law-books visible; but on a side table reposed the very latest editions of the works of the ingenious Sir Bernard; and not one of these crimson volumes had time to grow dusty from disuse. No piles of japanned deed-boxes lined the walls. Mr. Hart knew better, than to make a show with such ill-omened properties: the least imaginative stranger would have found in them a ghastly significance; such as would attach to things of price, adorning the cottage of reputed 'wreckers.' For, if in that office you had lighted on any muniments, you might have safely sworn, that over the heads of their ancient owners deep waters had closed, long ago.

Indeed sometimes, it seemed as if David took a cynical pleasure, in making the line of demarcation, between himself and the old-fashioned family solicitors, as palpable as possible; he never disregarded etiquette more audaciously, than when confronted, in his own chambers, with these worthy men. There he would sit; rolling out volumes of smoke from an enormous cigar, (he smoked incessantly, the rarest tobacco that money could buy) till his respectable *confrère*—what with physical asphyxia, and professional horror—would hardly be able to whisper faint remonstrances.

Mr. Hart rose, slowly and indifferently, when his visitors entered; meeting them with very scant ceremony; indeed, to Daventry he only vouchsafed the coolest nod; while he indicated a chair to his companion, with the hand that still held the unextinguished cigar.

"It's rather late, Mr. Maskelyne," he said, "and I have no time to spare. Kit Daventry has partly explained your business to me; but I should prefer hearing it from yourself. My first questions are always the same. How much do you want? For how long do you want it? What is the nature of your security?"

The harsh hard voice, with a decided coarseness of accent, jarred unpleasantly on Brian's sensitive ear. But for the questions themselves he was well prepared; and answered them, as clearly and concisely as he could.

Mr. Hart nodded his head twice or thrice, to show that he comprehended, and made a few brief pencil notes; his own face seldom told tales; but perhaps it was, just now, a trifle more discouraging than usual. He seemed to ruminate, for more than a minute after the other had finished speaking; bending

his brows, and growling to himself under his breath, as was his custom.

"The security is queer,"—he said at last,—"devilish queer; there's no getting out of that. It may be worth a hundred thousand; and it mayn't be worth a two-shilling stamp. I don't care so much for your being under age, Mr. Maskelyne. I'm much mistaken if you're one of the sort that plead infancy and put their backer in the hole; (we must have another name, of course—if it's only Kit Daventry's there.) Compliments are not in my line; so you may take that, for what it's worth. I haven't seen the will yet; but I've no doubt you've stated it correctly. You can't wonder, that the matrimonial clause staggers me. Boys will be boys—I don't wish to be impertinent—and you've only to run dead counter to your mother, to be comparatively beggared: for a life interest in 1000*l.* a year is hardly enough to carry what you ask for—with the insurance and our interest. I'm quite frank with you, you see. You expect to pay well for accommodation, of course; you would never have come here, instead of going to your family solicitor, if you had not had your reasons."

Maskelyne bowed his head in assent, and seemed to reflect in his turn. Suddenly, he looked up and spoke, too rapidly for any one to interrupt him; that some one would have tried to do so, is most certain, had Daventry guessed what was to follow.

"I don't want to take your money under false pretences. I do intend to marry, and I have no hope, at present, of gaining my mother's consent; indeed, she has refused it already. So the penal clause will come into effect, if she chooses to carry it out. I do not think she will choose; but that is only my opinion. Now you know all the risks, you can decide if the affair will suit you."

The proud, dauntless look on the fair young face, became it well. Mr. Hart's lip curled, somewhat less cynically than was its wont; but he appreciated yet more keenly—he had a grim humour of his own—the expression of Kit Daventry's. For once, the crafty schemer could not control his countenance; surprise, alarm, and vexation were written there, in characters that a child might have read aright. There was little of the heroic type about the famous David, certainly; but, at that moment, his feelings were not unlike those of the Lord of Luna, when—

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He looked on the flinching Tuscan,
And scorn was in his eye.

"You're frank, at all events, Mr. Maske-

lyne," he said. "It's best, perhaps, always to tell the truth to your lawyer and your doctor. I wish I could get all the world to think so. You shan't lose by it, now. I'll deal with you, neither worse nor better, than I should have done if you had kept back that confession; if Kit Daventry tells you otherwise, don't you believe him. But, you see, you'll be entirely at your mother's mercy, if you once take a step that can't be recalled. You know how far you can trust to it:—I don't. Is she very fond of you?"

Mr. Hart put the question quite simply and naturally, like any other mere business inquiry; but it brought a dark red flush of passion on Brian Maskelyne's brow, and a wrathful flame into his eyes. He was prepared to bear a good deal in the way of humiliation; but not to hear his mother's love made a matter of discount and interest.

"I shall give you no further information," he said; rising as he spoke. "If it don't suit you to accommodate me, I'm only sorry to have taken up your time to no purpose; and I'll wish you good evening at once."

Mr. Hart saw that he had made a blunder; but he was far from being disconcerted by such a trifle; sensitive scruples were entirely out of his line; he had no more innate delicacy than a wild boar, and nearly as tough a hide. Yet he was not a bit inclined to resent the rebuff; indeed he laughed—quite good naturedly for him—as he answered Brian.

"You needn't be so hasty, sir. Once more—I didn't mean to be offensive. But one is obliged to be inquisitive, especially in such a risky affair as yours. I think I shall be able to manage it for you, if, as I said before, you're prepared to pay our price. I must look carefully into the will, of course. If you'll call here at the same hour the day after to-morrow I'll give you a final answer; and the money—if we make a bargain—as soon as the insurance can be completed. And you might as well come, alone. I don't fancy umpires when I'm dealing with my clients, young or old. I stand on no ceremony with Kit, you see: we know each other, pretty well."

Mr. Hart certainly did not stand on ceremony with the worthy in question; he had not once, thus far, recognised his presence or existence, save by these conversational side-strokes—dropped in the careless, half unconscious manner, with which a man at his meal throws scraps to a hound at his feet.

But the Lawyer had his temper under admirable control; and never let it loose, when the luxury was likely to be expensive, as was the case, apparently, just now. He only pressed those wicked lips of his tight together; and

shot one malign glance from under his thick black brows ; then he said, with a hard, forced laugh :

"Yes, we're pretty old acquaintances,—too old to quarrel, at all events. You've your own way of doing business, Davy ; and I'm the last man to wish to interfere with it, or to meddle with what don't concern me. Mr. Maskelyne will be just as safe in your hands, as if I were at his elbow."

Somehow, Mr. Hart did not seem at all propitiated by the other's evident wish to conciliate and concede.

"I think so," he said—very drily—answering only the last words ; and turning abruptly from Daventry. "Well, good night, Mr. Maskelyne : I shall expect you, at the time I've named ; and I hope to have good news for you—if it's good news, to hear that you can buy money dear."

So Brian and his companion departed ; separating, as soon as they were fairly in the street, without exchanging a word relative to the interview just concluded. David Hart smoked on in silence for several minutes after he was left alone ; frowning and muttering, as if rather discontented with his private thoughts. At last he said aloud, in his usual slow, dogged tone.

"It isn't often I feel squeamish about a real good thing ; and this is one, I do believe—fishy as it looks. But if, refusing him the money, would get that pigeon out of Master Kit's hands, he shouldn't have a feather to flutter on, from me. It wouldn't though. There's more than pluck in those big eyes of his ; there's the determination to go to the Devil his own way—if ever I saw it. So, he may as well pay toll to me, as to any other pike-keeper on the road."

With that, Mr. Hart arose and went his way ; first pitching his cigar into the grate, with a vehemence wholly disproportioned to the occasion.

If ever the memoirs of David the Great should be written (they would be much more amusing, and full of incident, than the last crack sensation novel), I trust that his biographer will touch, leniently and lightly, on the instance of weakness here recorded. It is the solitary one that—as far as the world knows—can be quoted against him ; and, doubtless, was afterwards amply atoned for, in other cases, by several gratuitous twists of the feneral screw.

When Maskelyne returned at the appointed time, Mr. Hart received him, not a whit more cordially than before. He merely said that the money was ready, if Brian chose to take it on the terms then laid before him. Indif-

ferent and careless as the latter was in all financial matters, those same terms almost startled him ; but he made no remark, after reading them twice through, except one of simple assent.

Mr. Hart gazed at him, steadily and piercingly.

"Now, mark me," he said in his harshest voice. "It's just as well, you should understand fully, how things stand with you. In the first place, you cannot legally be bound by anything you sign now ; it's a mere debt of honour till you are of age ; when, of course, you will complete the necessary deeds. That's *our* risk ; for the second name on your bill isn't worth the stamp. If you eventually succeed to the Mote property, your present incumbrance will be cleared off like a cobweb ; if you are cut down to the 1000*l.* a year for life, you'll be little better than a beggar. You will have to assign your life-interest to us, of course ; and the residue, after paying interest and insurance-premiums, will hardly keep you in gloves, if you dress as you are accustomed to do. That's *your* risk. Only, if matters come to the worst, don't expect any leniency from us : you're fully warned."

Brian met the scrutiny without flinching : there was a shade of *hauteur* in the tone of his reply ; but not a whit of anger. He had indeed a vague idea, that the other meant well, in his peculiar way.

"I understand, perfectly," he said. "I have to thank you for the trouble you have taken, in making everything clear. I'm fairly warned, as you say. I don't complain of your terms now ; and I shall not complain, if circumstances should compel you to exact the last letter of your bond. Neither shall I forget, that you have trusted to my honour. We may consider the matter settled, then ?"

"Certainly : it will take nearly a week to complete the insurance ; but you can have money sooner, if you are much pressed for it. You had better sign these bills now ; and you can tell Daventry to call here, and write his name across them, early to-morrow. I understood, from the first, that secrecy is one of your chief objects ; and I have not even suggested your asking any friend of your own to join you."

"Yes," Brian answered, more eagerly than he had spoken yet. "It is very important that no one connected with me should know of my being in town, just now. I'll do anything that is requisite ; but I can't show myself, nor give my address, unless I know it is safe. Won't this make a difficulty about the insurance ?"

The other laughed a short surly laugh ;

expressing confidence in his own powers, and pity for the innocence of his client.

"You may trust all that to me," he said. "It's part of our business to keep things dark, without asking why, or wherefore. The sharpest detective in England would get no clue, from any proceedings that I manage for you. There'll be no difficulty whatever about the insurance. The doctor can pass you here, if you like; and you can sign what's requisite here, too."

His rapid fingers kept pace with his tongue, all the while he was speaking; as he ended, he tossed over to Brian a cheque filled up to a large amount.

"That will serve you for the present, I daresay. Take care of it; it's 'to bearer,' you see. Any one can get it cashed for you."

So, with few more words, they parted. But as Brian was leaving the room, Mr. Hart laid his hand on his arm, and said, as if a sudden thought had struck him.

"One moment, Mr. Maskelyne. I'm not your regular man of business; but, if I were, I wouldn't charge you anything for the piece of advice I'm going to give you; especially, as it is hardly likely you'll attend to it. I don't ask you what you mean to do with all this money—a large sum, mind, for a man who can have few debts to speak of. But, it strikes me, you've got into a queer lot—a *very* queer lot—for one of your age and position to be mixed up with. *That's* no concern of mine either, you'll say. Perhaps not; nevertheless, I will advise you so far. In any affair whatever, that has to do with a woman, or a horse, do you back your own judgment, and act on your own impressions—rather than put yourself in Kit Daventry's hands. I'm not going to explain myself; but you may tell him what I've said, if you like. There, I won't detain you any longer. Good night. Your shall hear when you are wanted."

And he almost thrust Maskelyne through the open door.

Brian did not think it requisite to mention to the lawyer what he had heard. But he never quite forgot David Hart's warning; and had cause enough to remember it, afterwards.

(To be continued.)

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

AN IDYLL.

Oh, for the spring, the mountain spring,
The merry-eyed, petulant, wayward thing!
Where doth it come from? none can tell,
None ever gazed on its mossy cell.
Only the wild flowers nestle there,
Or the soft green fronds of the maidenhair:

Only the moonbeams dare to stray
To that sacred nook where the waters play.
Down from the steep hill-side it ran,
But not one can tell where its course began.
Long out of sight you may hear it glide—
Down the rough clefts of the mountain side;
At times with cavernous voice it groans,
Anon it rings o'er the shelving stones,
Or again 'tis hush'd like a child to sleep,
And you think it is lost in some fissure deep;
Then it starts afresh with a laugh and a spring,
The bright-eyed, petulant, wayward thing.

Yet it hath its shadows too, broadly cast
By the beech-trees thick with the reddening mast,
By the old oaks spreading their branches wide,
Or the stately ash-tree, the mountain's pride.
And it hath its tale too, of grief and wrong—
The ring-dove told it in plaintive song,
The swallow heard it, and straightaway flew
With pitying kiss to the surface blue.
The willow caught the sad tale one night,
And droop'd ever after its foliage bright!

"Gone to-morrow—though here to-day!"
This is the tune the waters play.

"Onward for ever—now fast, now slow,
Down to the spreading deep below,
Though the scenes be fair, yet I may not cling
To the summer blossoms, or buds of spring.
Though the sunbeams play on my silver breast
In their radiant sweetness, I dare not rest.
Should I chance to linger, foul miry clay
Might thicken the waves which so fearless
play;

Or great stone barriers rise between
My rain-fed source and the lake unseen.
But 'tis onward ever—no pause to grieve
O'er the scenes I love, or the land I leave.
The giant branches which stretch o'erhead
On me their withering leaves have shed;
Toss'd on my breast, they must hasten on
To the bourne where their kindred all have gone.
I know not where are those regions blest,
Where the leaves pale not, where the waters rest—
I know not all that the wild winds say,
When they tear the trees from their roots away!
I know but little, yet I obey—"
This is the tune which the waters play!

C. S. C.

HAWAII AND CAPTAIN COOK.

THE interest which has been excited by the arrival in this country of Emma, the dowager Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, has naturally directed attention to the early history of that remarkable group; and so connected as is that history with the fate of Captain Cook—one of the most illustrious and successful of British navigators—it has always had a singular charm, especially for the young. The likeness of Queen Emma of Hawaii, which we give on p. 571, is taken from a photograph by M. Silvy, and forms a not unfitting illustration to the sketch and narrative which follow.

There is a vivid contrast between the condition of the Sandwich Islands at the time of their discovery in 1778, and the present year, in which the widowed queen sets

foot, for the first time, in Europe. The wild and almost naked Polynesian tribe that on Captain Cook's visit first worshipped and then slew him, are now clothed and in a better mind; though no doubt much remains to be done to fix and render fruitful the plants of civilisation and religion which seized the soil so rapidly. Already they yield us as their blossom a lady, who, without having ever before quitted her native shores, comes among us with all the graces of cultivated taste and intellect added to the beauty of her natural disposition. Affable, yet truly dignified, Queen Emma charms all those who approach her, and is the welcome guest of the noblest and most educated members of English society. The queen dowager is still young, under thirty; and her lady-in-waiting, whose commanding height and figure make her look older than she is, is two or three years the queen's junior. Her only child died about three years since, and she has been a widow about a year and a half.

It was on the 18th January, 1778, that a portion of the Archipelago, then named the Sandwich Islands, was first discovered by Captains Cook, Clerke and Gore, when traversing the South Pacific Ocean in H.M. ships *Resolution* and *Discovery*.

Out of the twelve islands three only appear on that occasion to have been visited, and the account given by Cook of the first land approached, which he terms *Atooi*, conveys a favourable impression of the inhabitants. They crowded to the shores, and with mingled curiosity and astonishment, greeted the strangers; ultimately putting off for the ships in canoes, and ready to commence an active traffic—willingly exchanging pigs, fish, fowls, and sweet potatoes for nails and bits of iron; articles which they appeared to value more than any others that were offered for their acceptance. Indeed, it was evident that these people were not wholly unfamiliar with the metal they so highly prized, and they were aware it was a substance far better adapted to the purposes of cutting and boring than any their own country produced, and they eagerly asked for it by the names *toe* (*adze*) and *hamaite* (*knife*). Beads and other ornaments they returned as useless, and appeared equally indifferent to a looking-glass which was presented to them. But they gladly accepted, though they did not know to what purpose they were to be applied, articles in earthenware, such as plates, cups and saucers, &c., and with these they returned to the shore in order that they might examine them at their leisure.

Although they at first manifested a thievish disposition, possibly under the impression that they had a right to everything they fancied, they abandoned this evil propensity when made aware that their conduct was disapproved and could not be persevered in with impunity, and it was afterwards observed with great satisfaction that in their commercial transactions, either alongside the ships or on shore, the natives never attempted to cheat, but rendered faithfully to the dealers the articles agreed upon for exchange. Animal food appears to have been abundant, and the value attached to iron something extraordinary, for it would appear that several small pigs were given for a sixpenny nail.

The strangers were received with the greatest deference, and when Captain Cook, who landed from armed boats, reached the shore, the congregated body of natives fell prostrate before him (thus offering a similar tribute of respect to that which they rendered to their own chiefs), and from this humble position they could only be induced to rise by the most expressive and encouraging signs. The captain was then presented with a number of small pigs, and with plantain trees, much the same ceremonies being observed as he had witnessed on like occasions in other islands of the Pacific. When the offering was made, a long prayer was recited by one individual, the rest of the company joining in the responses. Cook readily accepted these gifts, and made such return as was in his power, having brought with him from the vessel various articles which he judged would be acceptable to the untutored islanders. The friendliest relations being thus established, and any timidity which might have existed on the part of the aborigines having vanished as they threw away the stones with which they had originally armed themselves—they conducted Cook to an ample supply of excellent water, and willingly took part in such service as was required by him by assisting the sailors in rolling the water casks to and fro.

They were a people of a nut-brown complexion—robust and well-made in figure: the expression of their countenances was pleasing and open rather than strictly handsome, though for the most part they were possessed of good eyes, and tall, and had long, straight black hair. Though not remarkable for grace of form, or expressiveness of feature, they seemed to be blest with kindly, frank, and cheerful dispositions, and they manifested an innate good breeding, which raised them in the opinion of the navigators above the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands.

The dress of the women differed but little

from that of the men, and consisted of a piece of cloth wrapped about the body and reaching half way down the thighs; the children were altogether unclothed. The ornaments they wore were of stones, shells, bone, and polished wood.

Both sexes appeared to be expert swimmers, leaving their canoes and diving beneath them on the most trifling occasions, or joining their friends, though at a considerable distance. It was very common to see women with infants at the breast jump overboard when the surf ran so high that they could not land from the canoes, and without endangering the lives of the little ones swim safely to shore.

The women managed their infants with great affection, and the men lent their ready assistance in these tender offices—the happiness resulting from these domestic ties, and many other circumstances, indicating a race far removed from the ordinary savage.

From the observations he was enabled to make during inland journeys, and while proceeding along the coast of Atooi, Captain Cook calculated that as many as sixty villages existed in that island, and that the population, though insufficient to cultivate the whole of the land, was tolerably numerous,—exceeding probably thirty thousand souls.

The country on the N.E. side was found to rise gradually from the sea towards the foot of the mountains which occupy the centre of the island. Except about the villages, wood appeared to be confined to the interior. Near the houses also were observed groves of plantain, sugar-canes, and ground cultivated for root crops. The taro appeared to be extensively grown in the valleys, potatoes and canes occupying the higher levels; they were planted regularly in some determinate figure, generally square or oblong, but destitute of enclosures. The great quantity and superior quality of these crops may probably be attributed quite as much to the care bestowed on agricultural pursuits as to the natural fertility of the soil, which seemed to be unadapted to the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut, the few trees that were noticed not being in a thriving condition. Yet, notwithstanding the skill evinced in tillage, the general appearance of the country indicated that it was capable of much more extensive improvement, and that thoroughly cultivated, it would be capable of maintaining at least three times the number of inhabitants it then contained—large tracts equally fertile apparently with those occupied lying entirely fallow.

Great neatness was displayed in the construction of their dwellings, which, though deficient in ventilation, were internally clean.

Mats laid upon dried grass covered the floors, and afforded comfortable sleeping accommodation; and a bench, occupying one end of the apartment, contained the few vessels used for domestic purposes, which were formed from hollowed gourds. These articles were frequently stained and polished with good effect, and wooden bowls and dishes were found among them as nicely wrought as if executed by the turner's lathe. Indeed, the whole of the native manufactures displayed considerable taste and ingenuity: their cloth, made from the *morus papyrifera*, though in texture rather inferior to that found in some of the other islands of the Pacific, was coloured, or dyed, by the inhabitants of Atooi in a superior manner. Among the articles brought for exchange were short cloaks and caps shaped like helmets, made of feathers fastened to a groundwork of net, the designs executed in red and yellow with an effect which led Captain Cook to describe these articles as such as "might be considered elegant, even in countries where dress is more particularly attended to." The mantles were those of ceremony, and the scarlet feathers were furnished by the plumage of a bird found in considerable numbers in the country, and supposed to be a species of merops, of which the skins, dried, but not otherwise prepared, were freely offered for sale. With these adornments the owners were at first very reluctant to part unless in exchange for muskets, but some mantles were eventually purchased for very large nails. White mats, some of considerable size, and ornamented with coloured stripes and figures, were made there—these probably formed occasionally a portion of the dress—as they were thrown over the shoulders when offered for sale, and these were of a superior texture to those used for household purposes, which were coarse and strong. Among their articles of handicraft might also be mentioned small fans of wicker work, with handles tapering from them of the same material, or of wood; these were nicely wrought with cords of hair and fibres of the cocoa-nut intermixed. The great variety of fishing hooks were also very carefully executed; they were met with in bone, in wood pointed with bone, and in pearl-shell. One was procured nine inches long, constructed out of a single piece of bone from a large fish. The elegance of form and beauty of finish of this implement could hardly have been exceeded by the productions of a skilled European workman.

They cooked their vegetables by baking in ovens formed of heated stones; and from the large provision prepared at the same time it was supposed that a whole village messed to-

gether. Animal food seemed to be dressed in the same way, as the few utensils seen could hardly have been turned to the purposes of stewing or boiling. Their repasts were eaten off wooden trenchers—the women, who were not permitted to share with the men, partaking of their food at the same time in a contiguous spot.

Many games and amusements were popular, but for the most part they displayed the skill rather than the strength of the people. The dances were usually accompanied by the sounds of rude musical instruments, to which were added the vocal performances of the women, which produced a tender and pleasing effect.

Yet, notwithstanding the state of semi-civilization which he found, Captain Cook very soon suspected that the revolting practices of cannibalism and of human sacrifices were not uncommon in the Archipelago. In this opinion he was confirmed by various circumstances which occurred on board as well as by his observations in the villages. In the interior, and evidently connected with their worship, he found spots where human oblations had been offered to the memory of certain chiefs, and in these places the *taboo* prevailed as in other localities of the Pacific. What appeared to be a piece of human flesh was on one occasion observed in the hands of a native who went on board. He showed some reluctance to exhibit the contents of his parcel; but being pressed on the subject, admitted his willingness to devour it. A still more startling remark was afterwards made by another individual, who, on being requested to desist from an intrusive act, asked whether the punishment of disobedience would be the forfeiture of life, and that his flesh should be eaten? A companion at the same time intimated that such would certainly be the fate of the Europeans, should any unhappy circumstance lead to an interruption of amicable relations, and place the two parties in the position of enemies.

The favourable situation of the Hawaiian Archipelago as a refreshing place for ships was not unnoticed by Cook, who observes that, had these islands been known to previous navigators, vessels which formerly traversed the ocean with supplies of provisions and water barely sufficient to preserve life, might here have been secure of procuring such necessities as they might require, and that, too, without running the least risk of losing the voyage, the ports lying within the range of the easterly trade winds.

Such is the account, but much abbreviated, given in Cook's voyages of the condition of the Hawaiian Islands, and of the reception

which he and his companions received from the inhabitants.

We will now turn to a "History of the Archipelago," written by native students of the school of Lahainalula, and received by them from the lips of some of the oldest aborigines. From these original writings some idea may be gleaned of the state of the country and of the impression made on the native mind by the unexpected appearance of the strangers.

We quote from the "Mooololo Hawaii," which has been ably translated into French by M. Jules Remy, who resided many years in the islands, and enjoyed during that time many opportunities of acquiring the language and studying the habits of the people.

An opinion appears to prevail among the natives that the Archipelago occupies a space where formerly no land existed; and this theory derives confirmation even from the fabulous tales of unenlightened ages, which ascribe their parentage to Vakea and Sapa, and their rising above the waters as the result of a natural birth. The physical aspect of the people is described by themselves as similar to that of the population of the neighbouring groups, and they are of opinion that they spring from the same common stock as the natives of Tahiti, Nuuhiva, and other islands. On this subject also there is a tradition, "In the period of profound ignorance the Hawaiian said: 'Men came in the first instance to plant themselves here from the midst of the air.' Now the falsity of this assertion is known."

Captain Cook seems to have come to an erroneous conclusion in supposing that his ships were the first that had ever visited these shores; "the elders relate that in former times several vessels foundered in this Archipelago, and that others were seen in the distance in the open sea which did not come to an anchorage." Although their historical narratives were traditionally preserved, there can be little doubt that the leading circumstances of the following recital are true:—

"During the reign of Kealiikaloa, Chief of Hawaii, a vessel arrived. Kanaliloha was her name, and Kukanaloha the name of the stranger who commanded it. His sister was on board with him.

"As they steered towards the land, the ship struck at Pale de Keei, and was torn in pieces by the breakers. The stranger and his sister reached the shore by swimming, and were saved. It is not well-known, but it is probable that the greater part of the crew perished.

"The land gained, the pair prostrated themselves on the shore, either because they expe-

rienced some hesitation when they remembered their forlorn condition ; that they found themselves in the presence of men of a different race ; or that they were overcome by fear. Very long their prostration lasted, and on account of it the name of Kulou, a word which signifies the act of prostration, was given to that part of the coast.

"When evening came, the people offered them the hospitality of their hearths, and spread provisions before them, asking them

whether they were acquainted with that sort of food. They answered, 'We know it—the plant buds and produces leaves.' "

According to the Hawaiian history, the stranger became the father of children by a native woman, and the ancestor of chiefs and other members of the community. The insular accounts also refer to a Spanish galleon, the *Nuestra Señora de Cabadonga*, on board which was found, when captured by Anson, a map of a group of islands which had been seen



Emma, Dowager Queen of the Sandwich Isles. (From a Photograph by M. Silvy.)

during the voyage, and named by the Spaniards "The Monks," but which from the correspondence of their geographical position, probably represented the Hawaiian Archipelago.

The native account of the arrival of Lono (Captain Cook), is as follows :—

"It was at Vaimea, in Kauai, of which Kaneoneo and Keave were the chiefs, that Lono's ship first entered the roadstead, in the month of January, in the year of our Lord 1778. He anchored at night, and when the day came the inhabitants, in the presence of

this wonder, manifested their astonishment by uttering loud cries.

"They said to one another. 'What is this great branched thing ?' Some of them said, 'It is a forest which has slipped into the sea,' and the excitement was very great.

"Then the chiefs ordered some men to go in canoes, that they might properly examine this unknown visitor. They went and reached the side of the vessel,—there they saw the iron which covered the exterior, and they were in ecstasies at the sight of such an abundance of iron.

"In fact, they were previously acquainted with iron, though they had met with it but in small quantities: here there was much more. They then went on board, and there they saw men with white foreheads, bright eyes, and horned heads,* and heard an incomprehensible language.

"They thought that these men were women, on account of the resemblance in the mode of dressing the hair at that period. They observed also that there was a great deal of iron on board, and they were overpowered with wonder, and they returned and related to the chiefs what they had seen, and spoke of the abundance of iron. On hearing this, one of the soldiers of the chief said, 'I will go and take possession of this booty, since pillage is the field of nourishment to me.'†

"The chiefs having consented, the soldier went on board the vessel and carried off iron. When he did so they fired upon him, and this man, named Kapupuu, was killed. Upon this, those in the canoes made off, and returned to shore; where they related that Kapupuu had been killed by a gunshot.

"At night the cannon were fired, and the fire rose in the air; the people supposed it was a god, to whom they gave the name of Lonomakua; and they thought it would be well to submit.

"A princess, named Kamakahalei, the mother of Kaumuali, cried out, 'Let us not make war upon our god—it will be better to conciliate the god, that he may be propitious to us.' Then Kamakahalei gave her daughter to Lono (Captain Cook), as a wife. The woman's name was Lelemahoalani; she was the elder sister of Kaumuali. Lono cohabited with this woman, and the other strangers also with the women of Kauai, who prostituted themselves for iron. After that the women were seized with disease, and then the men were seized with disease, and this dreadful evil became very common in our Hawaii. Behold the devouring gulf of this Archipelago! Sin and death—this is what they first introduced into our Hawaii. Shame be to those who brought such a curse upon us.

"Lono quitted Kauai for the N.W. coast of America, and some months passed before he returned and cast anchor on the north side of Maui Hikina. He arrived within the same year that he had anchored at Vamea, in Kauai, namely, on the 30th of November, 1778.

"At the time that Lono arrived at Maui,

Kalanipoun had come from Hawaii to Maui to make war against Kahakili, and after a battle had returned to settle his forces at Vailuiki in Koolau.

"They rested at night, and when they arose at early dawn, they perceived that Lono had anchored quite near to the shore. * * *

"They observed the form of the vessel—the masts and their appurtenances—and the openings in her sides. The inhabitants were greatly astonished, and said to one another, 'This is the bearer of the cannon, of which we have heard. They are noisy things.'

"They had, in fact, already learnt that the cannon was a noisy thing, for the people from Kauai had visited Oahu, and had related to the people of Oahu all that they knew respecting Lono.

"The Hawaiians had inquired what was the appearance of the ship; he described the masts, the sails, the flags.

"They then asked what the men were like; he replied, 'the men are white men, they have loose skins and angular heads, they are gods, they are volcanoes, for fire issues out of their mouths,* their sides contain bags of treasures, bags that go down deep into their bodies. From these recesses, when they thrust in their hands, they draw forth awls, knives, iron, necklaces, nails; in short, all kinds of things.'

"The Hawaiians also asked, 'What is their language?' Here the man stood bolt upright, put his *malo* by his side, a fragment of a gourd, imitating the manner of the strangers, then drawing the broken calabash from his side, said, 'This is the way they speak: *A hikapalale, hikapalale, heolui, oulali, valavalaki, vaiki, pohu, alohakahiki, aloha haehae aloha ka vahine, aloha ke keiki aloha ka hale.*'

"This man had described the strangers before the arrival of Lono at Maui. When they saw the vessel and its equipments they found that he answered exactly to the description that he had given them.

"Then Kamehameha went on board the ship. When the evening came, the vessel hoisted sail and disappeared, and Kamehameha passed the night on board. The inhabitants thought that the strangers had carried Kamehameha off to a strange country. They regretted him, and bewailed his loss in concert with Kalanipoun.

"But when the morning came the vessel brought Kamehameha back, and he leapt on shore. Then they went away again, and on this occasion sailed towards Hawaii.

"Having quitted Maui, Lono made for the coast of Kohala in the island of Hawaii; it was on the 2nd of December that he ar-

* They mistook the hat for a part of the head.

† The Hawaiian word "hao," which signifies "iron" means also "to pillage," "to take," "to lay hands upon." Hence the play of words—"It is iron; I will go and iron this booty; since to do so is my trade."

* Referring to the pipes smoked by the sailors.

rived there, and the mountains were covered with snow. The spot where he cast anchor was near to Kukuipahu. The natives hastened to look at the vessel, and they observed that the foreigners were at their meals. Then they cried out: 'Truly, these are gods! Behold they are eating human flesh, and fire burns in their mouths.' At this place Lono purchased pigs—a pig being given in exchange for an iron hoop, which would be useful to convert into hatchets and fish-hooks.

"Lono sailed thence, and on the 17th January, 1779, reached the roadstead of Kalakeakua.

"The chief of the island of Hawaii at the time of the arrival of Lono was Kalaniopuu. He was, however, constantly at Maui to make war upon Kahakili. The arrival of Lono occurred at the time when the sailing of the canoes was not permitted, on account of the annual *kapu* (taboo).

"But he being present, the people thought it proper to put the craft to sea, as the god Lono had arrived in his ship. The idea was widely spread among them that he (Lono) was the true God, and that his vessel was a temple.

"And the people saw the caulkers putting tow into the sides of the vessel; and named these strangers the race of Mokuahii, or the constructive gods of canoes. And seeing them with fire in their mouths they gave them the name of Louope (Lono volcano); and looking upon them as gods, the people hastened in crowds to adore Lono.

"The women went on board in great numbers to prostitute themselves with the strangers who gave them iron and looking-glasses; and as they examined the mirrors, the women perceived their own likenesses in them, and were astonished at their grandeur. But they washed off the quicksilver, and the reflected images were gone, and they then much regretted being unable longer to see themselves.

"The inhabitants looked upon Lono as a god, and accordingly rendered him a large tribute of adoration and praise. They brought him offerings of pigs, of food, of the stuffs of the country, of other things, and without putting a price upon anything they presented them as they would to the gods. The priests approached him with prostrations, threw a scarlet mantle upon his shoulders, and then, withdrawing, they gave him pigs and other matters, pronouncing at the same time long harangues. These discourses, which were the regular form of prayer, were uttered with extreme volubility. When Lono landed, the greater part of the natives fled, seized with terror, and those who remained prostrated themselves before him in reverence; and he

was conducted into the house of the gods as well as into a temple, where they worshipped him. Like Herod, Lono accepted this adoration. Anyone might think that for this sin, and also for having introduced amongst us the adulterous disease, God struck him dead.

"On the 24th of January, Kalaniopuu returned from Maui; to prevent the women going on the water he proclaimed the *kapu*; and the strangers then landed in crowds, to give themselves up to profligacy.

"Kalaniopuu displayed generosity and kindness towards Lono; he gave him plumes and feather mantles. In fact, Kalaniopuu rendered him adoration.

"On the 4th of February Lono departed, but when he arrived opposite Kavaiahae, he observed that one of the masts was split, and he returned to Kalakeakua to repair it. On the return of the vessel to the anchorage, the natives continued relations with him,—relations, however, which were less frequent and intimate than before.

"The intrigues of the foreigners with the women had lasted a long time, and some of them were much taken with the visitors; in consequence of which the islanders were very angry.

"When the inhabitants began to manifest opposition, the strangers were not backward in using their guns; besides which, they took possession of the canoe of a chief named Palea; who, in consequence of his resistance to this act, fell struck by a blow from an oar. Upon this his men fought with renewed strength, and commenced throwing stones. At length Palea arose, and, afraid of being killed by Lono, caused the struggle to cease.

"Some little time after, Palea stole a boat from the vessel. To this act of robbery he was probably instigated by revenge; but his greediness for iron might have led him into wrongdoing. This, however, was the immediate cause of contention.

"Lono commanded the chief to seek for the boat, and to restore it to the vessel; this, however, it was impossible to do, as it had been broken up for the sake of the iron.

"Lono and his men, armed with guns, landed, that they might take possession of the chief, with the idea of taking him on board—to remain until the boat was recovered.

"At the time Lono landed to take Kalaniopuu, Kekuhaupio was hastening from Kui to Kaunaloa, and another chief arrived at the same time in a canoe.

"Those who were left on board fired, and the chief named Kalinu was killed on the spot, and Kekuhaupio, who had witnessed his

death, hurried to land, and it was he who prevented Kalaniopuu from going on board.

"When the people found that a chief had been killed, they raised the war-cry; a man at that moment approached Lono, with a wooden knife in his hand. Lono was afraid, and fired, and from that moment the combat began.

"Lono then drew his sword and struck a chief, who vigorously laid hold of him in return, but with the view rather of impeding his action than of killing him.

"Indeed, he shared the popular opinion that Lono, being a god, could not die. But when he uttered a cry of anguish in falling, Kalaimanokahoovaha discovered that he was but mortal. From the moment that he ceased to believe in the divinity of Lono, he did not hesitate about striking him; and he died immediately from the effect of a blow dealt by the chief.

"Upon this the strangers who remained in the vessel discharged their artillery, and many met their death in consequence. The natives had not the same weapons, and they vainly sought to protect themselves from them. The cannon on board redoubled their fire, and many people were slaughtered.

"After that Kalaniopuu, with the people and the chiefs, fled inland, carrying off with them the bodies of Lono and of four other strangers who lay dead at his side; and they reached the summit of the precipice of Kaavaloa.

"There Kalaniopuu offered up Lono as a sacrifice: and when the rites were concluded, the flesh was stripped from the bones; and the bones, the palms of the hands, and the entrails, were preserved.

"And the flesh was consumed with fire. The entrails of Lono were eaten by some children, who took them by mistake for those of a dog, and thus it came about that they ate them. A portion of the bones were carried back on board the vessel, and the remainder were kept by the priests and worshipped.

"On the 23rd of February the vessel left Kaavaloa, and on the 29th of the same month reached Kauai; from Kauai she sailed for Niihau, and on the 15th of March disappeared altogether."*

JOHN BOWRING.

* It is remarkable that, although Captain Cook was accompanied by a second vessel, the authors of the "Mooolelo" never refer to more than one, and in this omission we observe the chief divergence of the two accounts. The narrative of Captains Cook and King refers constantly to the docile character and friendly disposition displayed by the islanders, and the account of the sad catastrophe which ultimately terminated their amicable relations, and of the circumstances which preceded the unfortunate event, fully confirms the native history from which we have so largely quoted.

CITHARA.

A DREAM OF POESY.

I.

As the bright Hesper star
That scarce is risen ere it sets again,
Quenched in the shadows of the later night,
Are all the yearnings of the Poet's soul.
Vain the impassioned voices of his lute,
As is the plaint of some lorn woodland bird
That in the watches of the dewy eve,
Upon the saffron tints of Autumn fall,
Sits warbling out the story of her woes
Alone and all unheard. Ah! who shall tell
The griefs, the joys, the hopes, the sickened heart
That Proteus-like by hours alternate sway
The fierce, inspired Singers of the world?

II.

Born was the Poet in an ancient morn
Of life ambrosial, filling this wide earth
When sweet-toned music breathed through all the
spheres,
And fairy footsteps wandered light as air
Adown the sunny meads of morning-tide.
Soft, mystic voices of another world,
Like waifs prophetic on the break of dawn,
Went whispering tremulous through the summer
skies,
Ringing sweet changes on the west-wind's breath,
Or chasing fragrance from the sun-kissed bed
Of od'rous violets. A spirit ruled
Unseen through all the joy-songs of the morn,
Thrilling as with a super-human glow
Through hill and dale, as 'twere some angel bright
Had stol'n awhile from heaven's chalice cup
One loving drop of blissful life to lull
The hearts of men to dreams of utter hope.

III.

* * * In this rare hour
The Poet soul first took exquisite shape,
And as the green plant drinks the sunlight in
Amid the rosy smiles of some May morn,
Eftsoons to yield its treasures out again
In stately summer-blooms, so did the glow
And witching melody of that fair morn
Dive deeply to his heart and sow the seed
Of immortality. Ah! well I marked
And gloried in the god-like sight to see
The high-soul budding in the poet-boy.
The yearnings undefined, the passion-fires
Of thoughts and aims, and wild unshapen moods
That heaved and panted in that world-young
breast,
Finding no outlet, as a new-caught bird,
That through the gilded barriers of his cage
Sees the green meadows stretching far and wide,
And madly flutters all his strength away,
Yet freedom never more.

But one by one

The golden days of summer came and went,
And in the growing age of fleeting years
The boy did ripen well into the man;
The vague, unshackled thoughts of earlier birth
Took goodly form. As some rare instrument
That, touched by 'prentice hands, doth only give
Tentative notes, wild and irregular;
Yet when the master-player sways the strings,
Is all aburst with ordered melody.
Thus waxed he into manhood's strength at last,
A very world throbb'd high within his heart
Of ripe resolve and fair-winged flights of hope;
The chambers of his soul, like crowded hives

In sultry June, were thronged with busy aims.
 Adown the aisles of Time, yet unfulfilled,
 Came the full echoes of eternity
 Like some fair oracle upon his sense.
 He heard upon the passion of the storm,
 Or in the coyest bird-note of the glades,

Alike the Eternal voice—and in the dew
 Soft glistening in the king-cup's golden eye
 He saw sweet tears of mercy dropt from heaven.
 He lived above the life of other men—
 Love dwelt omnipotent within his heart,
 And stalwart Freedom thrilled through all his nerves.



IV.

The Minstrel rose at morn—a very god
 In that unsullied majesty of hope.
 He gazed upon the sun-lit fields of earth
 As doth the eagle from his eyrie-height,
 And thought how fair, how passing fair this world

Lay stretched beneath his eyes; how all things
 kept
 A live-long holiday of sight and sound,
 Of Beauty breathing richly far and wide
 Through golden summer skies and islets
 green.

High leapt his soul to think how fair a home
Of poesy was this good earth of God's;
But over-soon the halcyon dream died out!
For, as he mingled in the ranks of men,—
Of men that buy and sell, and, grovelling in
The incessant task of bartering, fondly think
The utmost aim of human work achieved
That makes this earth one mighty market-place,—
The high soul sickened in the plague-like breath
Of Mammon's incense odour, and his heart

Grew faint amid the deadly pestilence.
The echoes of his own prophetic voice,
Cassandra-like, came back to him unheard;
And like a pilgrim in a place of tombs,
Seated upon the ruins of the past,
The songs he sang were lost in mocking tones,
Dying away ere scarce the voice was heard
Upon the dreary twilight of the dawn.

V.

In the calm moments of the day's eclipse,
As one by one the dewy stars lit up
Their crystal lanterns in the purple sky,
And deep-hushed silence dwelt through all the
zones,
The Minstrel sought the solace of the hour;
He looked beyond the rift of yellow cloud—
He gazed beyond the throng of summer stars—
And far into the immortal spheres of space
His soul was lost.

Disconsolate his voice,

As some lone echo on the dark sea-shore
Took mournful cadence in this sorrowing song.
"Too soon, too soon the Poet seeks the world;
Too soon he claims amid the ranks of men
His golden heritage, and only scorn
Requites the labours of his lofty song.
He sings beyond the ken of present days,
And him they cannot know, they call him mad,
The beetle-headed crowd! what should it rock
Of treasures hidden in the womb of Time?
Of golden blossoms in Futurity
To which their puny efforts, good or ill,
Are but the fostering soil—the mire whence springs
A spotless rose into th' Eternal dawn.

Yet so indeed the tale hath ever been—
The flower but blooms for one short sunny hour,
And then is crushed into the earth again.
Or, at the best, is gathered for the nonce
To breathe its beauty and its fragrance out
Ere it is cast like any vagrant weed
To float adown the silent waves of Time,
The sweet-voiced chime of music rising sweet
Upon the pauses of the world-wide din!
Then soon, as breaks the hoarse-voice murmur
forth
Of bickering crowds anew all faintly lost
Into itself again.

So comes the cry,
Heard for a moment 'mid the maddened storm
Of some lost mariner far out at sea,
Then hushed for evermore! Alas! the song
The Poet sings is but a hapless one—
A lonely plaint amid a lonelier world;
The music of a soul that, pouring forth
Its own rich ecstasy of love and hope
Unto the grosser thoughts and aims of men,
Finds no response,—a song that, born at first
Of the Infinity, the Soul of souls
Must wander back as did the dove of old
Into the ark whence first it vainly flew."

RICHARD ATKINSON.

ORPHANS AT MUNICH.

"THERE! I've got the Herr Stadt-Rath's (Town-Councillor's) letter of introduction to the Frau Oberin Alphonsa; make yourself ready, and we'll drive off at once to the Elizabethans," cried my kind young friend, Frau von S., as she suddenly appeared before me one fine morning in January last.

"To the Elizabethans! have you secured some hobgoblin vehicle, then, for a journey to Hades?"

"Only an 'objective' droschky, my dear; charge 12 kreutzers (Anglicé, 4d.).

"My Elizabethans are members of the order of the 'Englische Fräulein,' who have taken charge of our Munich Orphan Asylum. Saint Elizabeth, the sweetest of queens and saints, is the patron of the asylum chapel—whence 'Elizabethans;' then the ladies are named 'English damsels,' in memory of their founder, an Englishwoman, who gave a very wholesome, practical character to the order, ignoring piety of the merely sentimental and fakir sort with the dust and ashes view of duty—you mis-doubt the black-gowns, you wicked heretic? Well, you shall judge for yourself, and acknowledge, I fancy, in the end, that some good may even exist in a Romanist Nazareth; and that you may appreciate what you see, give ear to the facts and figures I have gathered for your delectation.

"Our City Orphan Asylum traces its first origin to 1605, when a private citizen made provision for the support of the destitute orphans of Munich. In 1774 our municipality bought a house for their reception. In the troubles consequent on the great war, the house was sold, and the children sent for the most part to peasants in the country. Then, too, there had been a Court Orphan Asylum, founded by Elector Max. I., 1627, available for the orphans of the Court 'Personal,' and those of poor citizens; this was dissolved in 1803, and the young inmates scattered through the rural districts. A Franciscan brother founded an asylum in a faubourg of the city in 1751, with voluntary contributions, but the funds were afterwards mismanaged, and the institution was dissolved, or rather united with the 'City Asylum.' In 1818, our municipality first took charge of the several institutions for destitute children, and rented the house in the Findling Strasse now used for them; it had been formerly a lying-in hospital."

"Why, you talk like a Parliamentary Commission, my dear," I said.

"If you doubt my facts, invoke Dr. Widmer's 'Topographie of Munich,' and if you

want to be enlightened, don't indulge in levity. Now I shall look at my notes. Well, then, our asylum accepts only orphans born in wedlock, and only when they are already six years of age; because the doctors discovered very soon that the younger little trets got on much better with private nurses, found among the peasant women in the country. Illegitimate orphans are provided with 'foster parents' at the cost of the municipality; they make, I am sorry to say, sometimes fifty per cent. of the whole number. These 'foster parents' are paid about 36 florins (3*l.*) a-year for the board, and 5 florins 36 kreutzers (10*s.*) for the clothes of their charges; 30 florins (2*l.* 10*s.*) being given for schooling. The Englische Fräulein are paid for the board of each child in the asylum, and for each member of their order there, just 3½*d.* (!) a-day, but for the boys' master and overlooker 1*s.* 4*d.* The lady superior draws a yearly salary of 7*l.*, each of the lady teachers 6*l.*, the lay sisters receive 5*l.* Eighteen pounds are paid annually to the lady superior for lighting, and five pounds for the demands of whitewash, &c. At least the management is not expensive, you'll allow. You'll be rather disgusted to hear the asylum fell into the care of the order in consequence of the injury it suffered at the hands of a secular master and mistress, who were dismissed in 1861, and who had contrived to give the children an utter incapacity for any useful occupation, with the slightest smattering of Noah's Ark orthodoxy.

"Now my notes are exhausted; you are ready!—*Allons!*"

We had a long drive through the town; the tall white houses glittering in the sun above broad lagoons of mud. The famous half-yearly fair was in full activity on the grand Dult Platz boulevard. Many were the booths that exhibited the home-spun, home-bleached linen which in its rags makes the joy of our paper mills. On scattered cart-loads of straw in the bosquets of leafless trees lay scores innumerable of pots and pans, fashioned as their forebears were long centuries ago. "Ornament" of yellow, or brown, or blue, dashed on with a fine, free hand and liquid brush—no servitude here to arid "willow pattern," or exasperating "wild rose." Booths of saucepans from Roschberg; gingerbread, pale and bilious and limp, from Nuremberg; "prints" from Augsburg, spinning-wheels from Holland, stationery from Berlin. Little excitement, no noise; women behind the stalls knitted the perpetual stockings; men meditated on vanity, perhaps. Here and there the restless eye of a son or daughter of Israel alone represented the spirit of commerce.

In the rear of all this, in a corner, a Punch and Judy show, Punch evidently as unprincipled and riotous as ever—who would care for a Punch who had joined a "Christian Young Men's Association!" The show was flanked by a vast book-stall with a great display of *objets de vertu* and cheap prints, one of the latter represented Napoleon in heaven, with the Duke of Wellington bearing a laurel crown to lay on the hero's cocked hat. Then we passed the Zoological Gallery, where a hurdy-gurdy was playing "My heart's in the highlands" (*Mein Hertz ist in Hochland*), apparently to the disgust of one of the tigers and several macaws, who seemed intent on drowning the barrel. Then the caravan affected by the Artistic Fleas. In England, if a flea is civilised it is made "industrious;" on the Continent, it devotes itself to "art." From a long rank of little shaded stalls, where white-aproned women had floury hands and red faces, there came an odour suggestive of an "engine room" in salt water, but here implying light dumplings boiled in butter. As this odour faded on the air, we passed the Karl's Thor (a specimen of pasteboard style of architecture), and proceeding under the lime trees of our Sun Street, we soon reached the street of the Foundlings and our destination, "The Waisen-Haus," at No. 3.

A few years ago the Findling Strasse was a quiet open road where squirrels made themselves at home in the trees; now the great flood of bricks and mortar fast rising over every vacant space in Munich is making its way even hither, though as yet but hesitatingly. The vast Theresa Field, where the annual races and agricultural show are held, lies at the farther end of the street, suburban gardens occupy its greater length, and very quiet and pleasant is its aspect.

The Stadt Waisen-Haus is of red brick, three stories high, with a lofty tiled roof; substantial and cheerful of aspect, it would not seem out of place in an English country landscape. Fresh white curtains hung at the windows, which were nearly all open, and only those of the ground-floor provided with bars. The brass about the door shone resplendent. Our touch on the bell was answered by the portress, a lay sister, and a "braw, souse" lass, with round red cheeks and dark sparkling eyes; her gown of black serge, black veil, and stiff, unlovely coif, were altogether unable to tone into demureness the good humour and good spirits visible in every line of her countenance. On receiving our letter of introduction to Frau Alphonsa, she bade us enter, and at once conducted us up

the broad oak staircase to the "Conversation room" (parlour).

It was a small apartment, remarkable for nothing but its excessive cleanliness. The floor was bare,—no peculiarity in Bavaria; stuffed benches, covered with snowy linen, lined the walls; a few chairs were placed round a modest little central table; little bolsters covered with crochet-work were rested against the casements to keep out draughts; a portrait—of an early benefactor, probably, with a pretentious shirt collar—I have observed that "benefactors" generally have a weakness for those appendages—hung at one end of the room, the charter of the institution occupying the space over the door.

We had scarcely taken note of these things when the door slowly opened, and I prepared myself to meet an imaginary Mother Superior, stern and grave of aspect, but beheld instead a beautiful young girl, fair, blue-eyed, smiling; she wore the dress of regular members of the order—heavy black gown, white linen apron, cuffs, and tippet, with a coif of lawn with projecting stiffened wings (something like a horse's blinkers turned backwards) over each ear. A black gauze veil, just brought over the edge of the wings, was pinned down above the forehead to the coif, and left to float behind the wearer's shoulders.

"The Frau Oberin is engaged at the present moment," explained this gracious vision, "but she will be very soon at liberty, and begs me to assure you of the pleasure your visit will give her." Then with that delightful ease combined of good breeding and amiability, the young lady entered into conversation; told us how she had formerly made part of the mother community at the famous pensionat at Nymphenburg (a suburb of Munich), where the daughters of the higher nobility are chiefly educated; but she added, smiling, "I much prefer my task here, the little folks are so much more affectionate; and if they have not been under very bad influences previously, are so much more tractable, and even more eager for instruction. Poor little folks, our house is not a *school*, but a *home* to them, and kindness has been often such a rare luxury that their affection is easily won. Then when they leave us we do not lose sight of them; our girls, when grown into young women, constantly visit us, and always gather in considerable numbers for the Christmas party, and we have letters very often from those who 'go to a distance.'"

In reply to a question of ours, the Fräulein informed us there were then 70 boys and as many girls in the institution. Of course, the sexes are kept in distinct portions of the

building. The Frau Oberin Alphonsa (Lady Superior) has the entire superintendence of both households and the domestic training of the girls, assisted by three ladies of the order and eight lay sisters—"and we are really very busy, notwithstanding our numbers," added our informant. "We should need more of us," she added, "if the children received their schooling within the institution, but, much to our regret, by the rules of the foundation they must attend the District Public Schools." A wise rule, perhaps, notwithstanding the regret of that kind lady.

A very lovely, nay, touching picture, did the "Englische Fräulein" offer as she sat by us, her fair young face illumined by the sun; an atmosphere of tranquil happiness seemed to surround her, like the glory the mediæval painters set round their saints. Her voice was very soft, subdued like her gestures perhaps by conventual discipline, but there was no touch of regretfulness in her clear bright eyes. She had thus early renounced the possibility of all that is dearest to the heart of woman, and seemed quite unconscious of the sacrifice. "Heaven grant," I could not but inwardly exclaim, as I looked at her, "Heaven grant she may never learn repentance."

We were still talking of the asylum when the "parlour" door again slowly turned on its hinges (convent doors never open quickly), and the Frau Oberin entered. Again not the type I had imagined, but a delicate, yet active-looking little lady, self-possessed and quiet in manner, an administrative faculty looking out of her quick clear eyes, whilst the household charities shone pleasantly in her smile.

After a few words of cordial greeting, she offered to show us over her establishment, and we left the conversation room under her guidance. We now first noticed an iron grating across the centre of the corridor, and learnt it caged the boys on each floor within their proper limits. Beyond it lay their room for study, a fine airy apartment, the master's room, a boys' sleeping room, warmed in very cold weather by an iron stove; the beds were much the same as those for the girls we saw afterwards. A corner of the apartment was partitioned off for the overlooker's bed. The washing apparatus consisted of two large troughs, but reforms are to be introduced in the matter. A chamber for the boys' clothes adjoins their sleeping room. On the other side of the railing on this floor is the girls' dining hall, the dining-room of the sisters, a committee-room, and the parlour we had just left.

On the second floor are the female dormi-

lories : we entered that of the younger girls first, a fine large apartment with many windows overlooking the street. The beds stood in three ranks down the room ; each had its little night table, with a wash basin (too much like a small pie-dish, perhaps), a small stone-ware mug, a drawer of the table holding hair-brush, tooth-brush, comb, &c. The Frau Oberin called our attention to a cleverly contrived slide at the foot of each bed, which, when drawn out, formed either a seat or a shelf for clothes. What a boon such a luxury would be to the convalescents in an English workhouse ward, who have no choice but between sitting on their beds or lying down. The beds had straw mattresses, my conductress explained apologetically : "it would be scarcely kind to use our children to indulgences they may never find elsewhere, and so horse-hair and feathers to lie on are reserved for the sick room." The sheets were of calico, though the boys have linen, as "they rip any weaker texture into shreds with dreadful rapidity ;" a feather pillow, stout blanket, and nice large plumeau made no uncomfortable little nest. A grown-up bedstead occupied one corner of the apartment ; white dimity curtains enclosing it made a little private apartment for the "Fraülein" who has charge of the ward. The children are never left without supervision, night or day. An atmosphere of genuine innocence is created around them, with no possibility of learning that there is such a thing as wickedness in the world—unless it be from their "manual of confession," perhaps. The dormitory of the elder girls, on the other side the corridor, was the same in its arrangements as that we had just left, but the windows overlooked the garden ; and the walls preached lessons on the dangers of carnal vanity, exemplified in representations of the fall of Absalom, and Joseph's mishap, with his polichrome coat. There was a stove in this as in the other dormitory, and a large crucifix hung on the wall.

"It is singular," said the Frau Oberin, "how much more susceptible to cold the children of the very poor appear to be than those of the wealthier classes. We have to use the greatest care on the first admission of our charges that they do not suffer from our harder habits ; they take cold on the slightest exposure, possibly from the lower vitality incident to poor living, but principally, I think, from the avoidance of fresh air in-doors common with the uneducated. Open windows in winter seem a thing unheard of to many of the children, and I am often requested by their friends, on their admittance, to let their bed-clothes be warmed for them at night.

They are sure the 'poor things' will be ill unless it is done."

As we proceeded down the corridor, we found several of the orphan girls busily scrubbing, and very pleasant it was to see the confident, placid smile with which they rose to greet their superior, who had a kind word for each. In the work-room, which we next entered, there were some twenty girls busy, some cutting out clothes, others sewing, others knitting or mending stockings, under the superintendence of a Fraülein.

"We have some trouble," observed Frau Alphonsa, "to repress the longing our girls have for 'fancy work,' but we keep it down without any compunction. We try to produce good domestic servants, to be afterwards good wives and mothers, and we find that if a child can once fabricate a bit of embroidery or crochet lace, the handling of a scrubbing-brush becomes at once a cruel hardship, and she will do anything rather than go into service. We do not attain any model excellence in needle-work," she added ; "to do so we must sacrifice the practical character of our system greatly. The girls do not cease their daily attendance at the public school until fourteen, and during the remaining two years of their stay here I employ them half the day in sewing, and half in house work, washing, ironing, and so forth. They, however, can cut out all their own clothes and masculine undergarments. Under the late management, a division of labour on the factory system was carried out, so that some of the children sewed admirably, others learned kitchen duties, others cleaning ; but very little beyond their peculiar speciality ; so they were quite helpless when out of the institution."

The stocking-mending in progress was, of course, aided by a wooden egg within the article operated on, a great help to tiny fingers. One little maid, seven years old, was evidently not a little proud of a grand darn she had grafted into a masculine sock, and which she exhibited to the Frau Oberin with modest triumph.

After looking at the seams and the knitting and darning in progress, and speaking with the good-natured-looking Fraülein presiding at a little central table, but who had risen to specially introduce some of her best work-women to us, the Frau Oberin called our attention to two items in the simple furniture of the room we had not previously noticed—two broad low presses, with multitudinous drawers, standing on either side the door. Grown-up, growing-up, and infant dolls, were promiscuously sitting on doll chairs, or lying prone in the absence of joints, on the

top of the presses. Sadly worldly-minded dolls, some of them, with a quite unaccountable taste for the pomps and vanities. None, I suppose, quite wore hoops beneath their petticoats, but they imitated that carnal appliance with great success. Necklaces, frills, and furbelows were exhibited in profusion :— had the designs thereto been evolved out of the inner consciousness of these demure little needle-women ?

"Show your pretty things to the ladies," said the Frau Oberin to one of the children, a pretty black-eyed little lassie, who immediately went down on her knees, and with a great tug pulled one of the drawers open, then retired and watched the effect the exhibition had on us. In the front of the drawer lay two or three books, book-markers, half a dozen little shells, and various mysterious valuables, with a background of pink silk curtains drawn from side to side of the drawer— behind them we had a bird's-eye view into a chapel! tiny-coloured prints made its frescoed walls, ruled writing-paper its windows, a draped seidlitz powder box the altar, on which stood tiny wax candles, vases of flowers, and a crucifix. The admiration Frau von S. and I expressed at these wonders made various other orphans anxious to show their drawers, as we could plainly see in their faces ; and others again who had nothing to show rather sad. Some drawers were laid out as zoological gardens, others as more or less elegant apartments ; in one of these latter hung probably the only looking-glass within Frau Alphonsa's domain, and I regret to say that a dissipated-looking young female doll was gazing at herself therein, whilst her child, in swaddling clothes, lay with its head under the stove.

I think it was not difficult to tell by the contents of the drawers if the little owner had still a mother living. The greater number of the "pretty things" are, however, brought by the "Child Christ," at Christmas, under the great tree which then lights up so many joyful young faces. It was not quite easy to get away from the work-room, the little people were so very happy in showing their accomplishments and possessions, but we finally bade them farewell, and next looked into the wardrobe room adjoining the larger dormitory, where each girl has her own little press for her clothes. Supernatural order was maintained in these presses, of course. In each hung the green frock and mantle of fine duffle cloth for winter Sundays and festivals, the new Scotch gingham of brown check for best summer wear, another no longer new for change or work-days, a little bibbed apron of

the same material, like specimens I had noticed on all the children ; the quilted hood for school-journeys in winter, the black hat for grander occasions, the little silver-lace "regal Haub," a remnant of the old Munich costume still preserved by a few of the serving maids of Munich, and which looks very neat and becoming pinned deftly with silver pins over the chignon.

On a shelf lay the half-dozens of under-clothing and several little collars worn on Sundays and Saints days. In a larger apartment at the end of the building on the next story, and which, being built over the chapel, cannot be applied as a dwelling-room, were the presses filled with new clothing for both boys and girls, and that in use also by the former. "Boys," explained our conductress smiling, "are so incorrigibly 'boys,' that is, so incorrigibly untidy, that we cannot leave their clothes in their own care, but only give them what they require for the week on each Saturday night ; we do not trouble their master in the matter ; besides, the most exemplary men are rarely better than boys themselves in these matters of keeping drawers and presses in order.

"Boys who go to service from our institution," said Frau Alphonsa, "are allowed, if well-conducted, to send their underclothing to be washed and mended here for two years, and very sorely the young blacksmiths and bricklayers try the skill of our little maids." In answer to a question from Frau von S., she informed us that a complete suit of clothing is given to each child on leaving the establishment. Formerly the girls received the green duffle dress they had worn in the asylum, but as the stuff is peculiar, "they not unnaturally did not feel quite at ease in it after leaving us ; besides," she added, smiling, "it seems they need dresses much wider and longer than those worn here, so now they have them made for the outfit of green merino ; moreover, four of the girls who yearly quit us receive a marriage portion of 500 florins (45*l.*) from a fund for the purpose with which the Emperor of Brazil endowed the institution ; until their marriage, or reaching the age of twenty-one, they only receive the interest on their little fortune. It is curious," observed Frau Alphonsa, "how critical of outward appearances these children all are ; when I first came among them, I allowed the new inmates to mix at once with the rest, before receiving their school clothing. I soon, however, found it necessary to keep them *au secret* until fully costumed ; their too-often very poverty-stricken aspect had the worst effect on their reception, and destroyed all due feeling of equality : female vanity, I fear, is ineradicable."

The two rooms used as infirmaries lay at the end of the corridor, and we proceeded to visit them. In the first there were three little girls, convalescents from measles, under the charge of a good-natured-looking little old lay sister. The children—two of whom were nursing dolls, the other was knitting—looked very happy at the sight of the Frau Oberin, and the eldest immediately coming up to her, said very pathetically, “Oh, please Frau Oberin, may we go down to-day; we are so, so strong all of us?” The lay sister here stated the doctor had declared them “quite restored.” “Then to-morrow, my children,” answered the kind lady, “you shall go down, but you must all have a warm bath before doing so.” A shadow fell on the expectant little faces, but they brightened up presently, and the youngest assie, just six years old, found self-possession enough to say, exhibiting a very rugged piece of sock,

“Oh, Frau Oberin, she won’t let herself be knitted nicely; she gets always such a fat eg.”

“Never mind, dear; we’ll find a fat boy to wear it,” was the consoling answer.

As we proceeded to the lower story, Frau Alphonsa gave me the following particulars of each day’s occupation:—The children rise at five or half-past, according to the season, take breakfast, and spend the remaining time until even o’clock in studying school tasks; they then hear mass and proceed to school, return at eleven, when they amuse themselves as they please until dinner, which must be over by midday. They have free time from noon until one o’clock, then a quarter of an hour for study, and to school again till four, when the “vesper bread” is eaten, and tasks recommenced at five for half an hour; then follow an hour and a half for play. At half-past six supper is taken, occupying half an hour, then free time until a quarter past eight, when evening prayers are read, and by nine o’clock all the children are in bed. The only difference in the time arrangements for the two sexes, is that the girls leave for school and return half an hour later than the boys—to avoid any unseemly romping by the way. Saturday and Wednesday are half-holidays.

In the kitchen, which we next visited, there were three or four lay sisters busy preparing dinner, with the assistance of several of the elder girls. One of the sisters, whose tippet had got into a state of disorder from the loss of a pin, and was in process of revolving round her neck, became suddenly aware of this, and flushed deepest rose-colour as she re-arranged the garment and curtsied to the Superior.

Great copper pans made the kitchen wall re-

splendent; the floor was of red glazed bricks, cool and clean; the stove, a grand snowy promontory of Dutch tiles, jutted almost from the wall to the centre of the room. A vast copper marmite, full of soup, simmered on the iron hearth; another scarcely less large gave out a pleasant odour of stewed fruit. Two or three little girls were cutting up vegetables, others preparing salad, others, superintended by a lay sister, conducted the operation of cooking the golden-hued great *nudeln* (light dumplings as eaten in Olympus, I am told).

“You will doubtless be surprised at the simplicity of our diet table,” said Frau Alphonsa; “but our children, you will confess, do not appear to suffer under it,” and she glanced at the rosy faces and dimpled arms of the little cook-maids. The details of the children’s meals are as follows:—Dinner on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, meat-broth, boiled beef and vegetables; on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, broth, with peas, &c., vegetables and pudding; Friday, broth, pudding, and stewed fruit. At four p.m., each child has a piece of bread and stewed fruit; supper either consists of a quarter of a pint of beer with bread and salad, or broth and bread. The great festivals are celebrated with roast veal, and Easter is marked with eggs, ham, and plum-cake.

At a sign from the Lady Superior, one of the lay sisters brought us platters with the broth to taste. It was very good from the quantity of vegetables cooked in it, though without meat.

“Our children really seem healthier with but little meat,” said Frau Alphonsa. I may remark as a commentary, that the vegetables which form an important part of their food, are cooked much more succulently than in England.

A plate of giant *nudeln* and stewed pears was here brought us by the lay sister, who beamed at us so beseechingly, I could not refuse to taste them. The *nudeln* tasted greatly like rather dry Yorkshire pudding. They constitute the usual fast-day dinner. I imagine the little maids looked at us while eating these things with scarcely less interest than if we had been pelicans at the zoological garden devouring flounders.

“Our bills of fare,” observed Frau Alphonsa, “do not admit of our producing any but very plain cooks, but the children at least learn the rudiments of the art thoroughly.” We glanced into the ironing-room, where a lay sister, assisted by half-a-dozen little girls, was busily clear-starching the “lady’s” coifs, and next proceeded through the iron grating into the “boys’ department.” In the great

dining-hall—a fine apartment looking on to the garden—a score of boys were busy sowing platters, knives and forks, broadcast over the long tables amid an uproar worthy of the Charterhouse. Quiet ensued as soon as the black robe of Frau Alphonsa was perceived, and several lads gathered near her, evidently very proud of any notice she bestowed on them. They were dressed in stout cloth jackets and trousers of no distinguishing form. Like the girls, they attend the public school, and the resident Superintendent is charged merely with the duties of maintaining order among them, and insuring their application to their tasks. The resident Master instructs them in elementary drawing, modelling, and various mechanical arts, in order chiefly to pleasantly occupy their leisure hours. The “Master” now entered the room, and after greeting Frau Alphonsa, invited us to inspect his especial domain, a great room adjoining, with carpenters’ benches, drawing boards, piles of card-board, and chips and shavings enough to give it a very business-like aspect. He showed us a multitude of pretty saw-carvings: picture-frames, clock-cases, brackets, card-trays, gorgeous articles of the *bonbonnière* specie, brilliant with the most resplendent French papers, and forming work-boxes, writing-cases, jewel-cases, glove-boxes, boxes for every thing conceivable capable of boxing. Mats in scrolls of different coloured papers formed in mosaic were there, made by the very little boys. All the work of the year is kept until Christmas, when prizes are given for the best specimens, and it afterwards is sold to shops in the town.

The drawing lesson, however, constitutes the boys’ greatest pleasure, the Master assured me; to be excluded from it their chief punishment. “We do not try to make artists of them,” he added, “but it is no slight advantage for the future smith or carpenter to be able to represent his ideas tangibly on paper, even though but roughly.”

I had remarked the good carriage of the boys, and found it explained by the fact of their attending the public gymnastic school thrice weekly in summer, whilst they have drill exercise all the year. On calendar holidays, in fine weather, they make two long excursions in the country, and on Wednesday and Saturday have an hour’s walk; their school being half a mile distant ensures daily exercise to a certain extent, and in warm weather they go twice weekly to the swimming school. We walked round the garden, which is of great size, and provides the establishment with fruit and vegetables for the whole year: of both far more is consumed than could

seem possible with our habits. But for the garden it would be scarcely possible for the ladies to make the payment of twelve pounds per head for the whole establishment at all cover the necessary expenses.

A lay sister was busy digging up a store of potatoes. “We have too much work for one gardener,” explained Frau Alphonsa, “and we cannot afford two, so I let the sisters manage the work. They like the open-air employment extremely.”

There were numberless little arbours in shady nooks of the garden, and two large covered places on the grass where the children dine in warm weather. A large wash-house stands built near the house, and adjoining it are the bath-rooms, with warm and cold water laid on. Boys bathe weekly when not attending the swimming-school, the girls once a month. Four cows supply the establishment with milk; we looked into the cowhouse, where the dark-eyed, turtle-dove coloured ruminators were solemnly submitting to the attentions of a brisk little lay sister whose coif had got dreadfully awry, giving her a very mundane look of roguishness, notwithstanding her endeavours to set it right in time.

We had really trespassed too long on the time and kindness of Frau Alphonsa, but her patience was inexhaustible, and “we must certainly look at their little chapel before leaving though ‘a very humble place.’” It was, indeed, as simple in its arrangements well-nigh as a Nonconformist meeting-house. The whitewashed walls were relieved only by two tablets bearing the names of benefactors to the charity, among them I noticed more than one American. A few lay sisters were kneeling within the doorway, and the Lady Superior knelt with them whilst we walked round to the altar.

But we had now seen all our kind conductress could show us, two hours had slipped away since we entered her doors, so after sitting to rest a few moments in the little parlour, where the beautiful young Fraulein joined us once more, and after further pleasant gossip, we rose to leave. The ladies accompanied us to the door, the rosy little portress emerged from her nest, a cordial adieu was exchanged, and the City Orphan Asylum of Munich, and the kind ladies there, will remain henceforth assuredly among my very pleasantest recollections.

E. S.

DIGGING FOR TRUTH.

TWENTY years ago a party of quarrymen blasting the limestone rock at Caldby Island, near Tenby, laid open a cavern, the flooring

of which consisted of a thick covering of animal matter; in this were embedded bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, lion, tiger, hyæna, great cave bear, &c. Subsequently two more caves were opened out—one on Caldy, and one on the mainland at a curious natural elevation, about a mile and a half from Tenby, called "Hoyles Mouth."

This "Mouth" is the entrance to a series of small caverns running into and through the limestone strata. Traditionally, these were supposed to have been the resort of smugglers, although, from examination, their size precludes the idea of anything of a bulky nature being concealed, the innermost cavern being only accessible by a passage so small that a man has to lie at full length and crawl in like a serpent.

The first examination of this cavern was made in 1860,* when, among a curious conglomeration of shells and fish bones, remains of comparatively recent animals were discovered, together with a few bolts and arrow heads.

Since then nothing further was attempted until a few weeks ago, when a couple of gentlemen visiting Tenby set about a scientific examination, and brought to light much that was interesting and new.

They commenced work at the entrance, where the discovery of a number of worked stones was made, and in a lower strata the upper molar of the great Irish elk (*megaceros*), an animal which existed simultaneously with the great cave bear, a tooth of which was dug out during the former excavation. Some of these worked stones were of a peculiar sort of semi-vitrified rap, a dull green colour with whitish specks, and translucent at the edges, having the same fracture as flint. In the interior chamber of the cavern, under the stalactite floor, they came upon the bones of the great cave bear, a portion of which they were able to extract whole. Near this lay remains of the hyæna, fox, deer, and ox. In the passage, at a distance of about forty feet from the inner chamber, they found also hyæna, fox, deer, and goat bones, a worked flint, and the skeleton of a large bird.

By no means the least interesting portion of this discovery was that all these excavations were made below the old hard natural floor, proving incontestably that the owners of these bones had been contemporaries with the mammoth, or animals of the Pleistocenean period.

Under a shelf of the same substratum, and nearer the entrance, the lower jaw and part of the heel bone of a man were found.

A careful examination proved that at some remote period the sea must have washed into the cavern, the action of the waves being visible, together with the still clearer evidence afforded by a thick deposit of shells in such a position as to show that they had been clinging to the surface of the rock. Now as Hoyles Mouth Cavern is quite 100 feet above sea level, and situated nearly two miles from the high water mark, we have additional proof corroborating the extraordinary rise of level which has taken place in the neighbourhood of Tenby, even within the recollection of those now alive, some of the old men remembering "how small craft used to go nearly a mile over what is now pasture land, and that their fathers had seen boats discharging their cargoes at St. Florence."

Two posts are still to be seen by the hedge side, a mile and a half from Tenby, which were originally placed there to show the depth of the spring tides. The ordnance survey, taken in 1856 by Captain Aldridge, showed that certain rocks in the bay opposite what is known as the Borrows, had risen nearly two feet nearer the surface than they were given in the former chart laid down eighteen years previously. And old Tenby sailors are very eloquent about the "growing of the rocks."

That a great rise in the shore line has taken place is thus incontestable, and also that the district which has risen rests wholly upon a substratum of carboniferous limestone, no trace of any such rise being discernible where the coal line begins. The bones discovered upon Caldy Island are another strong proof of the changes wrought in the face of the country, though in this case of a different nature, there having evidently at some long antecedent period existed a connecting line of dry land between Caldy and the mainland, it being quite clear that no such animals as those pointed out by the bones there laid bare could possibly have existed upon so small an island. We see thus, that although the level may have risen on one hand, it has fallen on the other; and there is ample evidence by authentic written documents in the possession of old Pembrokeshire families that a considerable tract of land has been submerged upon the west coast, and of which the "Myvyrian Archaeology," speaking of this drowned Hundred of Cantwr-y-Gwaelod, says, "there is not only a general tradition, but even the names of a certain number of 100 overwhelmed towns and cities, of the harbours, and of the eminent men who governed them."

It is also recorded that when William Rufus stood upon the shore in Pembrokeshire he affirmed it to be on his mind, to make a bridge

* See Vol. III. p. 248.

of boats across to Ireland, whose shore he could distinctly see.

Another submerged forest stretches from near the Monkstone rocks to the Ray Gwyne points by Pendine; and here, amidst interlacing roots often coated and hid by peat, rise the stocks of considerable trees, some black and crumbling at the touch, others sound, and ringing to the stroke of the hammer.

The geology of Tenby and its vicinity has deservedly attracted much interest, and as some description may help to elucidate the discovery of the dry bones and their history, I shall take the liberty of quoting a page out of Mr. Mason's clever little history of Tenby. He says:—

The formation chiefly developed here is that called the carboniferous. It includes the mountain limestone which supports all the coal strata, and is itself supported by the old red sandstone, and beneath that by the silurian strata. The coal measures lie to the north of the town, and yield anthracite coal. They abound in the ferns and equisetæ, the fossil relics of a former state of the earth. The so called "beetle-stones" are nodules of clay-ironstone, the centre or nucleus of which appears to have been sometimes animal and sometimes vegetable matter. These are found on the shore towards Saundersfoot, where they occur among the ironstone.

The mountain limestone lies to the south of the town shorewise. The Castle Hill is composed of it. This formation is divided by its fossils into three parts, the lower abounds in crinoidæan remains, especially their stems; the middle portion may be identified by its corallines, among which are the lithostrotion basaliforme; and the upper by large bivalve shells, chiefly producta.

The old red sandstone commences at Skrinkle Bay; the junction of this well-defined formation with that last named may be traced by the eye from Skrinkle across the sound to Sandtap Haven, in Caldy, the further side of the island being entirely old red, while the nearer is the limestone. There are not many characteristic fossils of this formation yet discovered in our Pembrokeshire developments. It thrusts itself up to form the ridgeway, which is overlapped on either side by stratum of mountain limestone.

At Freshwater succeeds, in due order, the silurian formation, so remarkable for that strange extinct crustacean called trilobite, the tails of two species of which occurring there seem to identify these with the lower beds. Again inland, near Narberth, perfect specimens are found of the same formation.

The coal basin of Pembrokeshire extends from Saundersfoot to Milford Haven, running, as the anthracite or stone coal seams always do, in a westerly direction. Intimately connected with the geology of Tenby is its climatology. Built as it is upon a peninsula, the town has strictly a marine atmosphere, free from intense frosts, fogs, or any very great variability of temperature. It is peculiarly adapted as winter quarters for those who suffer from pulmonary complaints, and on this

point the evidence given by the resident medical men perfectly agrees.

There is no part of the kingdom more open to geological research. From the Percelly mountains, upon the borders of Cardiganshire, to the cliffs walling off the force of the Atlantic from the southern shores, the country abounds in objects of interest. Every turn of the way opens out some new beauty, or object for historical curiosity; and no country is richer in legendary lore than Anglia Transwallia, or little England beyond Wales, so called by Giraldus because of its peopling by the Flemish colony sent thither by Henry I., the descendants of whom to this day bear such a marked dissimilarity to their Cymric neighbours, that a line drawn through the county might almost seem to divide two distinct people. On one side you would find the language of the Cymry, and on the other English,—English, not Flemish, being the language ordered to be spoken by the settlers; and moreover, it is curious that the colony having been first settled for some time in the north of England, they still make use of many expressions and terms common to the border country.

I. D. FENTON.

AN AUTUMN DAY AT PEVENSEY AND HURSTMONCEAUX.

PEVENSEY CASTLE is one of the most interesting antiquities in East Sussex, and possesses, moreover, the advantage of being exceedingly easy of access; further, it is only six miles distant from the more modern, but not less picturesque ruin of Hurstmonceaux Castle, from which point the tourist, on his progress between Brighton and Hastings, may continue his drive, take a peep at the remains of St. Micheldene Priory, and regain the Brighton and Hastings Railway, by way of the branch line from Hailsham. To accomplish all this, it is true, you must make an early start, but then it is equally true that the pleasantest hours of a summer day are those while the sun is still low enough to throw long shadows across the dewy grass. The morning lights upon the smooth downs are well worth getting out of bed to see, if it be only to catch an inkling of the delights of an artist's life, and gain a key to the beauties of the landscape world.

Pevensay Castle stands within view of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, half a mile or less from the station bearing its name. Around it lie the villages of Westham and Pevensay, each with an old church, showing signs of Norman handiwork, but sadly out of repair, the former especially

bears unhappy evidence of a churchwarden's mania for white-washing; the chancel screen has actually been boarded up, so that during part of the service read from the communion table the officiating clergyman has a very faint chance of being heard; in winter the chancel is dispensed with altogether. There are a number of flag-tombstones bearing date in the seventeenth century, and a cottage just without the churchyard created great interest in my mind from the fact of an almost illegible date, although I subsequently discovered, much to my chagrin, that the stone had been picked up in the churchyard, and being cleverly inserted under a rafter in the old cottage, made to do new duty, and profitably bring many a sixpence into the pockets of the sharp-witted tenants.

Once a sea-port, Pevensey is rated in Domesday Book as containing 60 burgesses, and 50 who paid acknowledgments to the monks, making in all 110. Things must have been one ill with the old town, as in records dating about the time of Edward the Confessor's death we find that the inhabitants numbered only 150 souls.

The castle stands upon a rising slope, and the outward walls accommodate themselves to the nature of the ground, thus deviating from the rectangular form usually followed in ancient Roman fortifications; they are of great thickness and considerable height, while their strength may be fairly judged from the fact of their durability, and by the test of the 1600 years which have passed away since the Civitas Anderida of the Romans frowned upon the great Forest of Pensavel. The material used in the construction of these walls is flint bound together by sea-sand and mortar, of extraordinary consistency. In prosecuting the drainage of the inner moat, a basework of wooden piles was discovered below the stone foundations. These piles were perfectly sound, and some leaves and twigs of trees which had fallen into the interstices were also in a state of complete preservation.

What nature had spared might well be deemed worthy of man's respect; but the inhabitants of Pevensey were singularly deficient in veneration, and some years ago actually made use of their fine old castle as a quarry, leveling off the casing stones to the height of some fourteen or fifteen feet along the outer walls. Modern good feeling has made an attempt to remedy the evil, in a very unsightly manner, by filling up the spaces with red brickwork. These outer walls describe a circuit of seven acres, enclosing the castle proper, or, as it is called, the small castle; this is built upon the eastern side of the walls,

and is of Norman architecture, raised upon the old Roman foundations. The gateway faces west, is flanked by two handsome towers, and was approached by a draw-bridge, and portcullis gate; the moat extends round two sides, and is overlooked by the watch-tower. The keep, which is upon the eastern side, overlooks what was the seaboard, and is in complete ruin. In the inner court of the Norman castle are the foundations of a chapel, and near it an old well of rather singular construction, being of a cylindrical form, with the lower portion cased in by wood. The well was opened up by some members of the Archaeological Society, and has since been nearly filled by rain-water, into which droop the long, bright, glossy green fronds of the hart's-tongue fern, throwing a dim mysterious reflection on the brown water. Glistening in among them, I was fortunate enough to catch sight of a stray sunbeam, and shall long remember the lovely picture.

From the Keep the view is extensive, and at once suggests the reason of this situation having been chosen. Upon the south stretches the sea-line, broken westward by the bold front of Beachey Head; eastward lie the well-known marshes, once covered by the sea, but now affording unsurpassed pasturage to hundreds of fine Herefords and thousands of sheep; to the north, beyond a narrow strip of marsh-land, rises a rich undulating country, once covered by the Forest of Pensavel, the Cair Andrea of the Roman records. Here from hill-side and valley rise church-spires innumerable, the square tower of Hailsham Church crowning the western height.

It was from the great forest that the castle derived its name, "Cair Pensavel Cait," or the fortress by the wood, being the original assignation. The lords of Pevensey were lords likewise of the forest until both were forfeited to Henry I., and were by him bestowed upon Gilbert de Aquila, in whose possession the place reached its climax of magnificence and power, and obtained the distinctive title of "the Honour of the Eagle," the first in right of its having been royal property, the last in deference to its new master's surname.

In 1394, the estate having again fallen to the Crown, was bestowed upon the Duke of Lancaster; and Sir John Pelham, one of the famous old Crowhurst family, was appointed Constable. His charge was held in a stormy period. Sir John was a staunch partizan of the Red Rose, and while absent with his royal master, the Castle of Pevensey was held in siege by a Yorkist Army, composed of a hastily organised mob of "Sussex and Kentish men." Like the Lady Blanche Arundell,

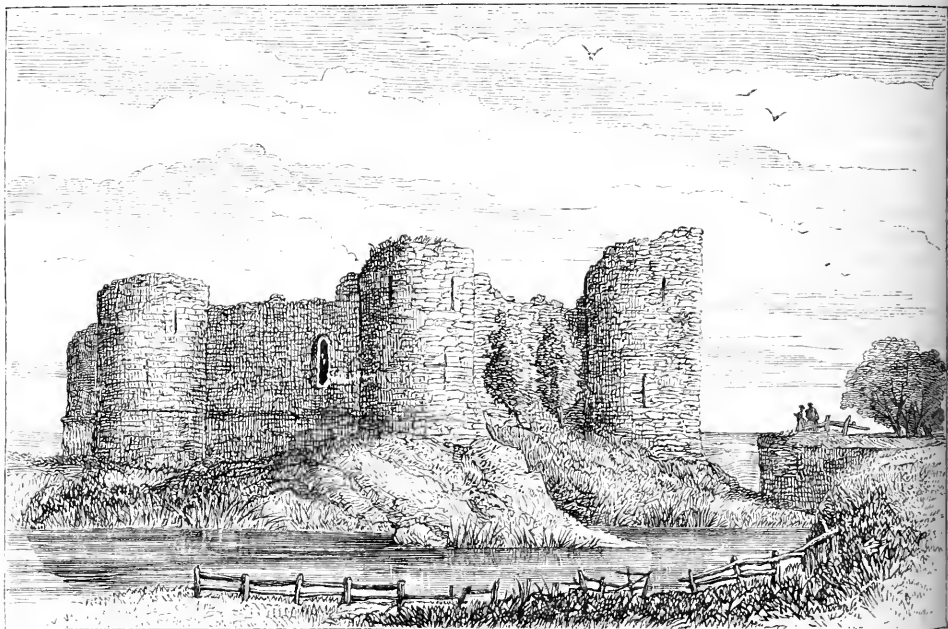
at Wardour Castle, Lady Pelham, nothing daunted, put herself at the head of her little garrison, dispersed the enemy, saved the castle, and afterwards wrote a humorous and modest letter to her "dear Lord," making very light of her heroic work.

On the accession of Henry IV., he rewarded the faithful services of Sir John and his lady by granting to them and their heirs the Constablership of the Castle of Pevensey in perpetuity, adding thereto all the rights and privileges attached to the "Honour of the Eagle." It subsequently became in a manner a royal prison. James, afterwards the first, of Scotland, was confined here by order of

Henry IV.; an imprisonment which broke the old king's heart, and left a blot upon Henry's name. Joanna of Navarre was another illustrious captive.

Looking down from the Keep it is not easy to realize the state of the surrounding country before the gradual retirement of the sea, followed by the draining of the "level," or marshes, laid hundreds of acres down in emerald green pasturage; nor is it easy to imagine the Ashbourn River, now a few feet wide, bearing up to the very walls of the castle the curious and clumsy Roman galleys, manned with their bearded and helmeted crews.

The road to Hurstmonceaux lies across part



Pevensey Castle.

of the marsh, the ditches of which are full of water-lilies, lifting their lovely white cups, brimming with gold, and encircled by their broad floating leaves. The "level" is entirely pasturage, so richly and luxuriantly green that you do not seem to miss the hedges, only greeting them as a pleasant change when you leave the marsh-road and strike off into the higher country, where, between Devon-like banks, overhanging hedges festooned with clematis, honeysuckle, and the pretty purple flowers of the deadly nightshade, the road winds on, past quaint rafted houses, peeping down from above, and looking like veritable nests among the green branches, very peaceful and home-like.

Wittering is the only village upon the road to Hurstmonceaux; and a well-kept, well-to-do, picturesque place it is; church, schools, and parsonage showing, as they ought always to do, the over-looking eye and cultivated taste of the master. About a mile further on, we turned in through lodge-gates, and saw before us a wild-looking common.

"We'll soon be at the castle now," said Sam, our driver, looking over his shoulder with a grin, and mending his pace with the application of a short cart-whip. And so presently, upon reaching the top of a slight ascent, we saw the castle lying in a small plain, immediately below us, not resembling a ruin, but tempting one to think it still habitable by the clearly

defined walls and battlements, and reminding us strongly at this distance of Carew Castle in Pembrokeshire, although on nearer approach the likeness ceases. Hurstmonceaux is built of brick, the only stone used being the framework of the windows, the mouldings, and battlements, which are a sort of green stone, quarried at Eastbourne. The form is a parallelogram, enclosing four courts; octagonal towers flank each angle, but all these are lost sight of by the side of the grand old gateway tower, than which I have never seen an architectural work of the kind that impressed me more sensibly with the idea of combined strength and beauty. It is square, and occupies the centre of the south front, having on either hand turrets rising nearly eighty feet above the level of the moat: these are octagonal in form for fifty feet, then gradually decrease, and become cylindrical, terminating in slender watch-towers. A bold cornice, machicolated and embattled, runs along the summit.

Cross loop-holes and musket-holes pierce the flank towers in three tiers; the outer compartment is lighted by square windows, and ornamented by a stone-carving of the "Wolf-dog and banner" crest of the Fiennes Family.

Hurstmonceaux is a combination of "Hirst," or thick wood, and "Moncieux," the surname of the Norman lord upon whom William the Conqueror bestowed the broad acres and dwelling house of Hirst. The records of this family are exceedingly meagre. The first of the Monceaux lords of whom we read is Waleran, son of Idonea de Hirst. The second Waleran is historically known as taking an active part in the Lancastrian wars, forming very possibly one of the "compagnie" that laid the Castle of Pevensey and Lady Pelham in "a manner of siege." He afterwards formed one of the famous Dover Garrison, where his gallantry seems to have been so warmly appreciated by Henry, that upon his accession he granted him a full pardon, and even paid a visit to Hurstmonceaux upon his route from Michelene to Battle. The ancient house fell by marriage into the possession of Sir John de Fiennes, a scion of a Boulonais family deriving its name from a little village in that district.* It was the grandson of this Sir John who built the Castle of Hurstmonceaux, and whose son married Joan, heiress of Lord Dacre, and was in her right declared Baron Dacre, and styled Dacre of the South to distinguish the family from another branch settled near Gills, and in Cumberland, the "Hot Lord Dacre,

with many a spear," written of by Sir Walter Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

It was an unfortunate descendant of hers, who, charged with poaching in Sir John Pelham's park, was beheaded at Saint Waterings, a place of execution for the counties of Surrey and Sussex, and so called because of the brook being dedicated to Thomas à Becket; Chancer states it to be the spot where pilgrims on their way to Canterbury paused to water their horses. The young Lord Dacre, whose execution may be more properly called a political murder, was succeeded by his brother, and he again by Thomas, Lord Dacre, created Earl of Surrey, who spent a princely fortune in ornamenting the castle; but as he died without direct heirs, the property was sold, and purchased by George (sometimes called Chancellor) Naylor, to whom succeeded Francis, son of the famous Bishop Hare, of whom Pope speaks in his poems more than once.

In those days men who affected a fashionable life, found no pleasure in country society; and Francis Hare, being one of the court gallants, let his fine old castle fall into disrepair, and finally to ruin: indeed such an extent had the work of destruction been permitted to reach that his half-brother and heir thought fit to unroof and completely demolish the interior, erecting and adorning from its spoils the modern mansion of Hurstmonceaux Place. Since those days of Vandalism it has become the property of the Curteis family, to whose good taste are owing its present careful preservation, and the facilities which are afforded to tourists.

From Hurstmonceaux to Micheldene the drive is pretty, and truly characteristic of Sussex. You cross the Ashburn and Cuckmere rivers, and passing through Hailsham, reach the Priory, which, being closely connected with the former interests of Pevensey Castle, appears naturally to claim a portion of our present paper.

Micheldene Priory stands upon the river Cuckmere, which winds prettily down the valley, feeding the moat, now sparkling with water-lilies, and fringed by ferns, reeds and underwood. A substantial bridge spans the moat, and gives access to the gateway-tower, through which you enter a large inner court, where stood the dwelling-house of the monks, who were of the Augustinian order, sometimes called Black Canons, and formed a half-way class, not bound by such strict rules as the regular clergy, and usually heard of as a right jovial brotherhood.

The Priory is now in a state of deplorable ruin, a farm-house and buildings having been

* Dating its importance from Canon de Fiennes, Earl of Beaulieu in 1112.

erected out of the materials left standing by time. There is scarcely anything known of its history, except that it was founded and endowed by Gilbert de Aquila, and that it afforded a resting-place to royalty upon more than one occasion.

The old trees, and many-hued underwood, clustering round and dipping into the moat, and the bits of grey time-stained walls, would make a pretty subject for a water-colour sketch. But time was too pressing to allow me a chance of bearing away such a memento of my visit. Time, tide, and trains wait for no man; and so, reluctantly enough, I obeyed my friend's summons, and turned away from the tempting view.

J. A.

ANA.

EARTH EATERS.—As a general rule, whenever a person alludes to the existence of a people who sustain life by eating earth, his hearer or hearers commonly listen to him with an incredulous smile, and the inward reflection that travellers tell strange stories. A paper on the subject was read not long since at a scientific meeting, in which it was said that certain kinds of earth are really endued with nutritive properties. A tribe at the mouth of the Amazon, say two recent travellers, whose veracity we are told can be relied upon, content themselves, or at least try to do so, with a fatty ferruginous earth, of which they eat about a pound and a half a day. Nor is this the only place where this earth can be obtained, nor is its use confined to those who are unable to obtain anything better; in Bolivia, for instance, an earth of this kind is sold in the public market, an analysis of which yields the following results. Every variety of these earths is almost entirely composed of fresh-water infusores, or microscopic shells. Their nutritive properties therefore are doubtless owing to the retention of animal substances by these shells, which thus constitute a species of antediluvian sustenance. It is not only however in the south that this kind of nutriment is made use of; in a country where warmth is of the first necessity, namely, Lapland, the inhabitants make use of a white mineral earth, in the absence of cereals. This dust is composed of nineteen species of infusores analogous to those now found in the neighbourhood of Berlin. In testing this skeleton dust, which is found in considerable quantities in Sweden and Finland, as well as in Lapland, Retzius discovered that it contained a large proportion of animal matter.

G. L.

TO PATTY.

(FOR AN ALBUM.)

WHAT can I write within a book
Which is to face a face so pretty—
Upon a page, to meet the look
Of one so young, and dear, and witty?

O sweetest thoughts come to my call,
Thoughts sweet as she is, if there be such;
Fancies more fair than come at all,—
Fairer than fairest!—she should see such.

Oh, that in flowers my utterance were!
That, from the page, might bloom my fancies
In sweetness fit to pleasure her,
In lilies, jessamines, and pansies!

"Sweets to the sweet;"—'twere only right,
Rhyming to her, to write in roses
Such dreams as Summer to her sight,
In odorous violets, discloses.

Ah, should I seek all nature through,
The bloom that sweetest to the bee is,
How poorly would it, page, on you,
Show, to the reader, half what she is!

She moves, like June, through sultry hours
Warm'd with such sighs as should be utter'd,
Not in weak words, but passion-flowers,
That lovers' twilight vows have flutter'd.

Silence must praise her; language fails;
Ah, he who would with utterance woo her,
Must breathe such songs as nightingales
Or music's self would murmur to her!

She came to show to our blest sight
What heaven to earth could lend of beauty,
Therefore our blessings are her right,
And to adore her is a duty.

Well, at her feet all hearts may fall!
O sweetest shape of heaven made human,
She sums, in her dear self, the all
Of loveliness that's lent to woman.

To prove God's goodness to our eyes,
Spring and the sight of her were given.
She shows us Eve in Paradise,
And what the angels are in heaven.

Ah, how I wish! alas, in vain!
(To write "in vain," ah, how I suffer!)
That I were twenty-four again,
And not a married, grey old buffer!

Then how about her I would sigh!
With gloves as spotless—boots as natty,
As some one's she knows; Lord! how I
Would love a girl whose name is Patty!

Well, heaven be with her all her way
To heaven itself through death's dark portals
While here our angel makes her stay,
May she know but the joys of mortals!

Wherever with the hours she roam
Her path through flowers and sunshine still be—
Be hers such love as lights my home
When she is forty—as she will be!

W. C. BENNETT

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV. THE WHITE FLAG.

SLOWLY and drearily the days crept on at Mote; as days will do, heavy with hope deferred. The delicate beauty was dying fast out of Emily Maskelyne's wan face; and in her soft eyes there came often the haggard look—half eager, half weary—common to all such as

Watch for steps that come not back.

Often, too, her brows would contract suddenly, as though from a spasm of physical pain; and that significant gesture, the hand pressed quickly to the side, was terribly frequent now.

It was understood, as a matter of course, throughout the county, that ordinary visitors would not be acceptable at Mote. Only a very few intimate friends called from time to time; and to none of these did Mrs. Maskelyne ever uncloset her lips, on the subject of her sorrow, save to Seyton and his wife. These two came, not seldom; though Tom always felt as nervous as a woman, before going into that presence, and utterly depressed, for hours after leaving it. Like most other men of his stamp, he was a very coward in front of a grief which he could not lighten. Tender and True have been coupled together, many a time and oft ere this, since the day of the Good Lord James.

At last, Seyton's stout resolves so far yielded, that he offered himself to go in search of Brian, and to ascertain how things really stood, if he could not prevail upon the latter to return. It was a sore temptation, evidently; yet Mrs. Maskelyne withstood it. She knew enough of her boy's wilful nature, to be sure that any overtures, short of the one main concession, would only embitter him in rebellion; and she had not yet come to the point of surrender; more than all, she mistrusted her own powers of resistance, if they should meet face to face.

But, soon, the restlessness that so constantly attends long bodily or mental pain began to possess her, unendurably. As Brian's

twenty-first birthday drew near, his mother could no longer resist a morbid desire to find herself, on that day, anywhere rather than at Mote. Had they not, often and often, talked over together their simple programme of festivities? And now what had it all come to?

The old family doctor, who shook his grey head more dolorously with each visit, had more than once suggested complete change of air and scene, as a possible remedy, since all others seemed to fail. Suddenly, Mrs. Maskelyne took him at his word. She only tarried long enough to provide herself with a travelling companion—a niece, who had always been her favourite; and then started for the south of France and Italy.

Seyton—whom she consulted, as a matter of course, before definitely fixing anything—confirmed her strongly in her intentions; he, too, thought that anything would be better for the unhappy mother, than wearing her heart out slowly amongst familiar objects, endowed, each with its own pang.

Hestrove very hard to speak the last words cheerily, as he leant over the door of the railway carriage in which Mrs. Maskelyne half reclined,—she was falling fast into the ways of a confirmed invalid.

“Don't worry yourself, if it's possible to help it, with looking for news. I promise faithfully, that you shall have them, good or bad, directly I have any to send. But besides that, Kate or I will write often; and you shall answer, whenever it won't tire you. Miss Devereux—I shall never believe in a young lady's nursing again, if you don't bring your aunt back to us, quite strong and well.”

But Tom's stout manhood nearly broke down just then; and his last ‘Good-bye’ was barely intelligible, for a dry knot in his throat was choking him painfully.

The popular squire of Warleigh, with his merry nod or smile ready for every acquaintance, high or low, was most unlike the moody horseman who rode back through the streets of Torrecaster; speaking to none, and seldom lifting his bent head from his breast. The men

who saw Tom Seyton's face that day, shook their heads afterwards more ominously than ever, when they blamed Brian Maskelyne's folly, and speculated as to his future fortunes.

There are memorials existing yet—telling how, in old time, pilgrims, to atone for some deadly sin, travelled from one far country to another; halting often, and, at every station, enacting some fresh refinement of penance. Without consciousness of guilt, and without intention of self-torture, poor Emily Maskelyne went on a scarcely less woeful journey. Yet it could hardly have been chance that guided her; but rather one of those strange distempered fancies, that are among the saddest symptoms of mortal decay. What else could have made her follow, step by step, the track that she had passed over two-and-twenty years before, in the first blush of matronhood?

George Maskelyne, without being a pedant, was what our fathers used to call—an elegant scholar. He delighted in teaching his fair wife the traditions—legendary or historical—that make many bare plots of classic soil not less holy to the antiquarian, than the ruins shadowed by Mount Palatine. He had a low, soft voice, especially pleasing to the loving ears that listened in those halcyon days. Very often the desolate woman—desolate both as wife and mother, now—heard it again, as she lingered over the ground they had trodden together.

And the features of each place were so wonderfully unchanged. When she halted by Trasimene, there was the same ghostly rustle and whisper in the reed-beds, that stirred them in the gloaming long ago, when those two stood by the dusky water; and George Maskelyne—warming with his subject, as men of peace will do when speaking of war—told the story of the great battle. How, in despite of omen and augury, the Consul led his legions to the onset, through the white shroud-like mist, that soon swallowed up standards and eagles; and how the darkling fight went on—no man heeding or staying his hand—though the ground was rocking with the earthquake, that laid walled cities in ruin, and changed the very face of Nature; till, at the last, Flaminius went down before the Insubrian's lance, and a hopeless struggle became desperate rout. There, was the very pass, through which the wild riders of Numidia came hurling into the press, from their ambush behind the shoulder of the hill; trampling down the fugitives in the shallows, or spearing them as they drowned, till lake and morass were merged in one hideous crimson swamp.

So on—southward ever—till she saw once

more the primæval olives on the verge of the Sorrentine plain: not a leaf seemed to have fallen from the grey gnarled boughs, since she last rested under them; and heard that, under that same shadow, some of those who bore arms before Troy may have lain down to sleep.

But the sharpest pang of all came with the memory of the hopes and fears, that her husband had shared with herself, when—long before their journey was done—they knew that there was promise of an heir to Mote. Heaven had hearkened once—once only—to George Maskelyne's prayer; and his house was not left childless. Had it come to this—that his widow should think in her heart, that there might be crosses, heavier to bear than the curse of barrenness?

No—many times, No. In the extremity of famine, the poor mother never forgot to be thankful for past years of plenty, when, from morning to evening, she feasted her eyes to their full, on the sight of her darling growing up in strength and beauty, like a stately palm.

Famine.

Alas! the word was only too applicable, now. No other could express Emily Maskelyne's intense craving for the tender words and caresses, that had made up the one great delight of her quiet life. The night-season brought her no respite or rest; for her brief troubled dreams were ever haunted with—

The touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that was still.

There are separations harder to bear, than those caused by one sheer sweep of the Death Angel's sword.

It was not wonderful, that the invalid's health did not improve on foreign travel, as physicians and friends had hoped. She herself, probably, nourished no such delusions, from first to last. But, as summer faded into autumn (they were then once more in the north of Italy), Mrs. Maskelyne grew weaker so perceptibly, that she resolved for many reasons to hasten her return. She saw her niece was getting more depressed and nervous, daily: and sharper and more frequent came the inward warnings, to delay the setting of her house in order no longer: more-over she was possessed by the instinctive longing—common to so many creatures besides man—the longing to die at home.

So it happened that, an October evening found Emily Maskelyne once more at Mote.

Almost her first words were to ask, if the Seytons were at Warleigh? When she heard that they were expected home from Scotland, at the end of the week, she seemed quite satisfied; and rose the next morning in better spirits, than she had shown for some time past.

Neither did the journey appear to have exhausted her, as much as might have been expected. Even Miss Devereux was obliged to acknowledge this; though she remonstrated against her aunt's imprudence, when the latter announced that she had telegraphed for the family-solicitor to come down from town, for a long business-afternoon.

But gentle Emily Maskelyne could be as firm, sometimes, as the most repulsive of strong-minded women; when she said—"Margaret, darling—don't think that I will over-exert myself; but—it must be so—" the girl felt it would be cruel to argue further. The legal interview did not last so long as she had feared it would; though more than one instrument was executed, which certain of the household were called in to witness. It appeared that the telegram had told the solicitor enough, to enable him to bring all necessary papers with him.

But, when he had departed, and the two women were alone again together, a great dread overcame Margaret Devereux,—looking on the change that those few hours had wrought in Mrs. Maskelyne's face. Yet, in this change, there was nothing ghastly or startling: what was expressed there, was hardly exhaustion; rather, a repose too intense to be natural—the solemn heart-calm, won only after long weary war.

Over that peace there falls ever an awful funeral shadow: it is such a one as broods in quiet churchyard nooks, where neither sun nor wind may wander—so thickly grow cypress and yews; if any light is cast thereon, it is a faint distant glimmer from the Light that may never be quenched, streaming through the half-opened doors of Heaven.

In answer to her niece's questions, Mrs. Maskelyne would only allow that "she was a little more tired than usual:" indeed she seemed to be in no pain, and was sleeping quietly when the doctor paid his evening visit. The old man sat by her side, waiting till she should wake; and his earnest eyes never moved from the sweet quiet face, till they grew hazy and dim. He had known and loved that face for more than a score of years; and he knew—now, without a glimmer of doubt—that he had a duty before him that night, from which the strongest and wisest of men are apt to shrink—the speaking of a death-warrant.

That duty, though, he did perform, so soon as he was left alone with the invalid after her waking; he said afterwards that, in his long experience, he had never seen the shock fall, to all appearance, so lightly; that it was no surprise, was very evident. The only point

on which Mrs. Maskelyne showed anxiety, was that of time: her eagerness was almost painful, as she asked, "if she might reckon at least on three or four days."

In her peculiar case, it was very difficult to speak with certainty: it was one, too, on which further advice was absolutely useless; even if the invalid had not owned to a nervous dread of seeing any strange physician. So the old doctor was fain to give her such poor comfort, as he could hold out conscientiously. If no sudden shock assailed the system, it was most probable that Mrs. Maskelyne would survive the fourth day. This seemed to pacify her, to some extent; for it was the Seytons that she was so anxious to see, and they were expected home late on the following afternoon. More than once it was on the doctor's lips, to suggest that Brian Maskelyne should, if possible, be found; but he refrained. He knew no more than others did, of the actual state of the estrangement; and feared lest he might produce agitation that would be instantly fatal.

Neither was Miss Devereux wholly unprepared for the heavy tidings: and she bore up bravely. But the next day was intolerably long; she was far more impatient for the evening that was to bring Seyton, than the invalid herself, who lay still, hardly speaking or moving: it seemed as if she was husbanding the last grains of life, with a set purpose.

The twilight was closing in, when suddenly Miss Devereux started up with something like an exclamation of joy; the sound of rapid wheels had come, so much sooner than she had reckoned on, that she forgot, for a moment, the doctor's caution. But the imprudence did not, apparently, do any harm. Mrs. Maskelyne looked up, with only a deep quiet joy on her face; and said:

"The Seytons! I am so very thankful. Will you ask *him* to come to me, first, alone! Kate won't think I'm unkind, I know, darling. You will sit with her, won't you, till I send for you?"

The groom from Warleigh had had the rare good sense to tell his master, at Torrcaster, how urgently he was needed at Mote; so he and Kate had driven thither, straight from the station. With an intense relief and sense of reliance, Emily Maskelyne heard Seyton's step outside her door: those quick firm footfalls always seemed to bring with them comfort and courage.

Once more, in silence, their fingers were locked together; and, once more, the weak wasted hand was the firmer of the twain. But Seyton spoke first: he had hardly opened his lips even to Kate, since he heard the evil

news at Torrcaster ; and, now, his voice sounded hoarse and unsteady.

"You never wrote one word of this : I might have come too late."

She looked up at him, with the faint smile, that became so well the delicate beauty of her face.

"Why should I have written—only to make you sorry, too soon ? And I knew you would come in time. But there is something worse, that you must forgive me—if you can. Let me tell you, while I am able ; though I feel strangely stronger, since your wheels awaked me."

Emily Maskelyne's simple confession was very soon over, in spite of the breathing that grew, every minute, more laboured and irregular. On the previous day she had executed two deeds. In the first, she gave her full consent to the marriage she had hitherto opposed ; in the second, she provided for the ceremony having been performed clandestinely ; and exercised the powers thus accruing to her, by bequeathing everything, without reserve, to her son. There could not be a more complete or unconditional surrender ; and Mrs. Maskelyne hardly tried to excuse it.

"I know I have been weak, and wicked too—" she said. "I have betrayed my poor husband's trust ; and broken faith with you. Ah, why did either of you trust me ? And I did my best : I held out—indeed I did—till my heart was broken. I grew cowardly and false, when I felt that I must die soon. I could not die in peace—I could not lie quiet in my grave—if my own darling Brian thought I had dealt hardly by him—even if it was hard justice. I had rather it was so : I had rather that he—and you—and any that care—should know that his poor mother loved him, better than anything else in all the world—better than her own duty. But I could not have done this—and lived on to see, what I must have seen ; and bear, what I must have borne. *That* would have killed me ; and killed me in cruel pain. Now I am spared all this : it is best—far best—so. Only say that you forgive me ; and that you will pray that George may forgive me, too ?"

Her voice, for a brief space, had grown quite strong and firm in its passionate earnestness ; but, as she finished speaking, it sank into a whisper so faint as to be barely audible ; and she lay panting painfully for breath ; hardly able to swallow the cordial, that Seyton held to her colourless lips.

Forgive ?

The doubt need no more have troubled Emily Maskelyne, than it need have embittered the death-pang of any martyred saint.

Had she confessed a mortal sin, instead of a weakness that the Mother of God might have owned, Seyton could only have spoken such words of kindly comfort, as he tried to murmur then.

For her husband—his pardon be sure, was granted already. The hearts that were tender and pitiful here below, will scarce become austere and stern, when the mortal has put on immortality : not among the spirits of just men made perfect, will hard measure be dealt to the frail ones of this earth, who—having borne their burden faithfully for awhile—sink under it at last. And, you will remember, this was no sacred trust, involving the welfare of a human soul ; but only a prevision of pardonable family-pride. Perhaps, even so great a thing as the mere worldly honour of his house had, for many a year, been to George Maskelyne among the trifles, swept away like thistle-down by the first breath of Eternity.

"Don't talk about forgiveness," Seyton said, when he could speak plainly. "It is I who need to be forgiven, for having taxed your strength so cruelly. It is following my counsel, that has killed you. But I believed, we were acting for the best : God knows, I did."

She took his hand, once more, into both her own—

"He does know it—good, true friend : He knows too how I thank and bless you in my heart. But, indeed it is best—so. I have something more to ask of you. Yes : I thought you would guess it." He would have risen from his seat, if she had not held him fast. "There is no reason why my boy should not come to me—now. You will find him and bring him, if it is possible ?"

All Seyton's prompt energy returned, directly there was anything to be *done* : he looked at his watch, as coolly as if there had been no question of life and death ; and spoke with his usual brief decision.

"I shall catch the mail from Torrcaster, if I start in ten minutes from this time. I don't fear much difficulty in tracing Brian. Standen's address will be clue enough, if it is followed up sharply. I do think, you may reckon on seeing us here before noon to-morrow. Kate will stay with you of course, till I return : she would hardly let me come up alone, as it was."

Mrs. Maskelyne bent her head gratefully ; but still her clasp was on his wrist : she had evidently not said all her say.

"Two or three words more—only two or three"—she whispered. "I hope and pray that I may be spared to kiss my own darling, and press your hand once more. But even if God

should rule it otherwise, I shall go to Him quite peacefully and quietly, if you will promise me one other thing. You promised it years ago ; but everything is so altered that nothing binds you now. In spite of all that has happened—that may happen—will you stand by Brian to the last ? I don't ask you to countenance his marriage : I don't ask you to bring Kate here ; or to come yourself, unless on urgent need. I do ask you—it is much I know—never quite to desert my poor boy. He cannot escape sorrow, I fear, if he escapes shame ; but he will only want your help the more. I have no near relations left : but I would rather trust Brian to you than to my own brother, if he were living still. Say you will do this : say it—so—with your hand in mine."

Halting between each sentence—between each word, at last—her failing voice only just carried her through : but every syllable went as straight home to Seyton's heart, as if it had been uttered in the trumpet-tones of an Angel. On the bluff Saxon face there came a certain grave dignity—the dignity of strong sedate resolve :

"I will stand by Brian to the very last, that I will ; and help him to my very utmost, through good or evil report—be it ever so evil. He may choose to reject my help : but—when I forget to render it—may God forget me and mine."

For a minute or more Emily Maskelyne lay quite still ; no intelligible sound escaped her lips, that moved incessantly as if in earnest speech ; but the eager tension of her features relaxed, as they settled into calm content—the foreshadowing, surely, of the peace that would be perfected soon.

After a few words more of no special import, Seyton went to fetch his wife. The brave little woman was the very person to be relied on, under such circumstances. For, though there were sorrow and sympathy enough at the bottom of her kindly heart, there was no fear of her breaking down. And—fond as she was of the Maskelynes—her friendship with the family was much more recent than that of her husband, and had never been knit so closely. So, it was but natural, now, that she should be less strongly moved than he.

It was full time for Seyton to be starting. His farewell words to Emily Maskelyne, were very simple and brief : he had good reason to reckon on seeing her, at least once more ; and he knew how important it was to spare her further agitation. His hand was on the door, when he heard her voice—quick and hurried, as though some nervous panic had smitten her suddenly—

"You feel sure you will bring him back early to-morrow ? Quite sure ?"

It was ill for Seyton's after peace of mind, that he turned on the threshold to answer ; for the dying woman's eyes met him full, and they followed him for many a day. In that last look, there was an awful craving agony, yet not utterly hopeless ; such as might be seen in the eyes of wrecked sailors, well nigh mad with thirst, when above the horizon mounts the small black cloud, from which—if there is mercy in Heaven—some drops of precious water may fall.

That brief backward glance did more to unman Seyton, than anything he had gone through yet. It was lucky, the time was so pressing ; for he could scarcely trust himself, to mutter a few words of encouragement : then he closed the door quickly, and sprang down the stairs. Even so, a man might flee from some haunted house, after meeting one of the fearful tenants face to face.

But his presence of mind came back, before he had gone a mile through the cool night air : and his plans were all made, before he reached Torrcaster. His own cattle were scarcely equal to another rapid journey ; but he ordered post-horses to be kept saddled, so as to be ready to start at a moment's notice, on the arrival of the 'special' by which Tom proposed to return if his mission succeeded. There were no passengers that he knew by the up-train ; and, so far, it was well : for he preferred his own meditations—gloomy as they were—to the torment of answering or evading enquiries.

CHAPTER XVI. TOO LATE!

BETWEEN ten and eleven that night, Seyton drove up to the hotel, where Standen had said he was to be found. It was not one of the regular 'sporting houses' which always look busy, if they do not seem especially cheerful or inviting ; but, rather, one of those nondescript establishments to be found in certain West-end by-ways, about which hangs a dreary air of shabby gentility far more repulsive than the glaring vulgarity of other taverns. One fancies that the frequenters of such places, must resort thither—not for convivial purposes, or even for the ordinary pursuit of their calling—but to concoct some unusually deep robbery, or merciless 'milking.'

Seyton soon learnt that the man he sought had not called at the hotel, for some days. But there did not seem to be any mystery about his private abode, which was situated in the suburb above alluded to. Indeed, the landlord was disposed to be quite communicative on the subject.

"I've known the time, sir," he remarked sagaciously, "when I'd have looked twice at my man, before giving Jem Standen's address, at this hour of the evening. It looks as if he was wanted, rather particular. But he's no call, to keep dark now; and hasn't had, for some months past. I never remember him so flush of money: he must have been in some rare good things lately. It's pretty sticky of him—not to have put any one of his pals on."

Almost before the other had done speaking, Seyton was in his hansom again, and driving rapidly to the address he had obtained: he found the house after some little trouble; for the geography of these settlements is still rather vaguely defined.

The door was opened by an ill-favoured servant enough; with a sullen atrabilious face, bloated withal, and fishy eyes; in his shabby black, and dingy white neck-tie, he looked something between, a mute out of place, and a debauched dissenting minister—a fine full ticket-of-leave flavour pervading all.

In answer to Seyton's enquiries, this personage stated that "his master was out, and he didn't know when he might be in; but that Mr. Daventry was at home, if that would do as well." It appearing, that such was the case, he bade the visitor, rather surlily, "wait where he was;" and, after taking the latter's name, disappeared through a swinging baize-door into the interior of the house.

It seemed as if the servant had acted over-much on his own responsibility, in making the above admission; for the half-muffled sound of sharp harsh words, ending in a bitter oath, reached Seyton's ears, as he waited. But ere long the Cerberus returned, more sulky than ever; and growled out something that might be interpreted into—"Come this way, please."

During those ten minutes, Tom had leisure to reflect on certain reports, relating to Kit Daventry, that had reached him since they last met in the street; for no personal acquaintance existed between them.

Rumour had not been kinder to Standen and his nephew, when they vanished from Torrcaster, than she is wont to be to better men, whose backs are fairly turned. It is not astonishing, that men of their peculiar stamp will make almost any sacrifices, to avoid being made the subject of public talk: they know, right well, that when the ball of gossip is once set going, it is impossible to say when it will stop; and the chance of a flash of light, falling on some secret corners of their past life, is as terrible to them, as the gleam of a dark-lantern might be, to a robber whose profession is avowed. This thought was in the

Lawyer's mind when he said, in his soliloquy—"We'll have to clear out of this, before long." He guessed, too, that he himself would be more roughly dealt with, by common report, than his uncle and confederate.

So indeed it turned out. Long ere this, Seyton had been made aware that there was not a more shameless scoundrel living, than the man with whom he was now seeking an interview.

The room in which Kit Daventry gave audience was comfortable enough, at first sight: but, the new, costly furniture was beginning to look dirty and tarnished already: it was no wonder; for the atmosphere was laden with the close acrid fumes of stale smoke and strong liquors, so as to be nearly unendurable to healthy lungs.

The Lawyer's appearance and demeanour, that night, were by no means prepossessing. The anger, only half vented on the awkward servant, lingered still in his scowling eyes, and black lowering brows: the visit was evidently both unexpected and unwelcome; and this he did not take the trouble to disguise. He rose as Tom entered, bending his head with a surly civility (which was not acknowledged), and spoke, abruptly; without going through the needless form of offering a chair.

"May I ask what you wanted with my uncle? If it's a mere matter of business, perhaps I can speak and act for him. I presume you would not have come here on any other—after what passed between you when you met last. Indeed, I happen to know that Mr. Standen would not have seen you, if he had been at home. It was a mistake, that you were let in, at all."

The man's manner was coarsely offensive; but his tone was strangely free from the slang vulgarity that usually characterized it; and all his cool cunning could not conceal that he was, for some reason or another, very ill at ease.

"He *would* have seen me"—Seyton answered, very quietly. "But you will do just as well: for my business cannot be simpler. I want Brian Maskelyne's address, at once: I must see him without a minute's delay. It is a question of life and death."

The scowl on Daventry's face grew blacker, yet; and his teeth gleamed through his beard, as he almost snarled out his words:

"I thought as much: by —— I did. So you think you're to ride rough-shod over us—I know some of what you said to Jem Standen, and guess more—and then come and find us ready at your beck and call, to help you to your ends? Brian Maskelyne's of age, and his own master. If he'd wanted to

see you, he'd have told you so himself. But he's too much spirit for that. *He* won't be the first to give in." (Tom remembered afterwards, the raising of the voice just here; and the furtive glance at the folding-doors that closed the farther end of the room.) "And you want his address? My uncle would have given you the same answer, as I do.—I'll see you d—d first."

The rude ferocity of the speaker's manner, was so strangely at variance with his habitual sneering coolness, that a child would have guessed, he was blustering to keep up his failing courage. And there was some reason for this.

Do you remember one sentence in a certain soliloquy—

"I would have given something, to have seen that jolly face, with a real storm on it—!"

Kit Daventry had the opportunity of enjoying that spectacle now, gratuitously.

With all his kindness of heart and easy-going ways, Tom Seyton was somewhat choleric by nature: he had not been in a quarrel, since he left school, more serious than a poaching fray; but he was no more likely to brook insult patiently, than the 'humane' King of Connemara. He thought, in his conscience, that Emily Maskelyne's death lay, chiefly, at the door of those who had beguiled away her son, and confirmed him in rebellion. The arch-schemer—as he had reason to believe—stood there now; insolent and defiant, as though conscious of the triumph, that was, in truth, already won. And this—when every second was priceless; and the briefest delay, a wrong done to her who lay yonder in her mortal agony. Then—keener than ever—rose the memory of the terrible look that, ever since he met it, had been driving Seyton onward, like a goad. His intentions and cause were good, certainly; but the savage devil that, for the moment, reigned in that honest breast, might have prompted the hand of Cain.

"Look here"—Tom said, speaking very low. "I haven't time to bandy words with you. You'll give me that address within the minute, if you're wise. For I'll have it out of your throat—by fair means or foul."

As he spoke, he moved slowly nearer and nearer to the other—his own face transformed past recognition; and with a fell meaning, in his eyes, before which a bolder villain than Daventry might have quailed.

But the Lawyer was a coward to the core of his knavish heart. He was much the taller, if not the more powerful man of the two; and sparring had formed part of his education.

Indeed, he was reckoned rather a dangerous customer, in those brief midnight broils, that are generally decided by the first blow or so; where neither pluck nor stamina find much room for display: that big diamond ring was worn, for use no less than ornament; the sharp facets would cut a temple-vein as with a poniard-stroke. But, on the present occasion he seemed to put but small trust in the resources of 'science'; and evidently preferred a non-combative policy. Help was very near, of course; but this—if he remembered it at all—did not embolden him to play the bullying out. Perhaps he felt, much as Wycliffe did, when quoth the grim buccaneer—

Might I not stab thee, ere one yell
Could rouse the distant sentinel?

There is hardly a creature on earth so helpless, as a cool cunning man, fairly distraught with fear.

As Seyton drew nearer, Daventry put up his hands; but it was only to deprecate violence, and to entreat parley.

"Don't—don't—be so hasty"—he stammered; with a change of manner, that, under other circumstances, would have been irresistibly ludicrous. "I'll give you the address, if—it's really a question of life and death, as you say."

Tom was too earnestly intent on one object, to notice the miserable evasion—it could hardly be called self-deceit—with which the other strove to cloak the dastardly of a surrender at discretion. His own face was still very stern, but the fierce menace gradually faded from it, as he answered, in the same suppressed voice—

"I said wrong: it is a question of death only. Brian cannot hope to see his mother alive, if he reaches Mote after noon to-morrow."

What Daventry's reply would have been—whether he would have attempted the lie of condolence, or allowed his sordid anxieties to appear—can never be known.

Before he could open his lips, the folding-leaves behind Seyton burst open with a rattle, and Brian Maskelyne stood there; clutching the door-handle like a drunken man, as he swayed to and fro; his great black eyes gleaming unnaturally; his fair smooth cheeks blanched to a dead opaque whiteness.

By dint of pondering on the shame and sorrow, already wrought by the wretched boy's wilful madness—to say nothing of what must surely come thereafter—Seyton had contrived, up to this moment, to keep his anger warm; but, at that ghastly apparition, all resentment was swallowed up, in pity for the awful punishment that, he saw, had already begun.

He entirely forgot the presence of a third person, as he turned to meet Brian, with outstretched hands, and a smothered exclamation of welcome.

But Maskelyne shrank back, repelling the other's advance, as if he himself were plague-stricken; and spoke to Daventry, with a horrible quivering laugh, that made Tom's blood run cold.

"Didn't I tell you, it would be so? It has killed her. But I've shown a proper pride—as you call it—and we shall have our own way, at last."

A strong gripe was on his arm, before he could utter another word.

"This is no time for reproaches"—Seyton said, sternly—"far less for reproaches, wasted on *him*. Surely you will come with me, this instant?"

Brian bent his head, and followed, submissively: in the door-way he turned, and looked back at Daventry, who still stood sullenly apart, in a bewildered helpless way.

"You'll let Bessie know"—he said. "She'll guess why I could not tell her myself, or write one line—to-night."

The next minute he was in the street, at Seyton's side.

The Lawyer drew a long breath, when they were fairly gone; and, turning to the table, filled a glass brim-full with brandy: his hand shook so, that he could scarcely carry the dram to his lips, unspilled.

"That's well over"—he muttered. "I didn't see my way out of it, five minutes ago. There's madness in that boy's blood, I do believe. And, as for the other—d—n him—I know, now, why I always hated him so. I'd sooner face a dozen roughs, than those infernal eyes of his, when the devil comes in to them, as it did to-night; and I'd as soon trust my neck in a halter, as in his fingers, if he meant mischief."

As he mused on, his brow began to clear; and the wicked, sneering smile, curled his lip once more.

"It looks very much as if the big *coup* were coming off, after all. It isn't likely, that the mother will die game: she wouldn't have sent for her pet, to tell him he was cut off with a shilling. I wonder where that tipsy old fool has got to: he's later than usual; he won't be fit to talk to either, when he does come in. So I'll go down and tell Bess the news. Good Queen Bess! Here's her health; and *there's* for luck."

He pitched the empty glass into the grate, with that low *sournois* laugh, described before; and, without more ado, went forth into the night.

Brian only spoke once, on their way to the railway.

"Why was I not told of this, sooner?"

"I only knew it myself, six hours ago"—was the reply. Not another word passed between them, till they got out at the station.

It may be well to mention here, that Brian's presence in Standen's house that evening (which looks very like a stage-trick) was the most natural thing imaginable.

He was not yet a-weary of the beauty for which he had paid such a fearful price: but the most infatuated bridegroom—aided and abetted by a more sentimental companion than the fair Bessie—might own, before his happiness is two moons old, that some slight distraction to the monotony of love-making, is not to be despised. Putting his wife aside (for wife she had been, these months past), poor Brian had not the chance of interchanging a single idea with a congenial spirit: he had never cared much for reading; and, in the *incognito* which for obvious reasons he was compelled to observe, amusement and employment were alike out of his reach. His dislike and contempt for Bessie's male relatives—for the cousin especially—had increased well-nigh to loathing. Nevertheless—from pure lack of something to occupy his thoughts, when not amatively engaged—he had interested himself in the turf-speculations of the pair. This especial night was the eve of a great race-meeting; and Brian had gone down to his father-in-law's house to settle, finally, how his money should go on: not finding the latter at home, he had remained to talk over matters with Daventry.

They had been warned at the terminus that a 'special' would probably be needed; so it was as long as might have been expected, before all was ready for a start. While they were waiting, Seyton took some hasty refreshment—it was many hours since he had tasted food—and tried hard to make his companion follow his own example. Tom had a decided belief, as to the relation of the physical to the moral powers; and he guessed that both would soon be sorely tried. But Brian rejected everything but soda-water, which he drank eagerly, unmixed with spirit. Perhaps he was right; there was evidently fever in his veins already; for two round scarlet spots shone out on his white cheeks; and his hand was, by fits and starts, burning, or deadly cold.

Not long after midnight, they were plunging forwards through the dark, at the speed, that can only be got out of a light-loaded engine, with the rails clear in front, for hours to come. And, still those two were very silent:

yet, a few words Seyton forced himself to speak. He held it shame, that one stone of the wall, built up of hate between Brian and his mother, should stand, while his hand could pluck it away. So, as briefly as possible, he told how Emily Maskelyne had yielded every point in dispute; and had forborne to visit, even with the lightest penalty, her son's fatal rebellion.

Not a gleam of triumph or satisfaction dawned on Brian's dreary face, as he listened. Only the big storm-drops, that had been gathering slowly under his long dark lashes, rolled down, one by one. But he made no answer; and thenceforward, to the journey's end, kept his eyes constantly closed—evidently not thinking of sleep, but to show that he wished to be left entirely to himself: this fancy the other was only too ready to indulge.

As Seyton studied his companion's visage more attentively, he felt surprised at himself, for not having noticed, at the first glance, how much it was changed. It was not its exceeding pallor which struck him so painfully; for that was natural just now; neither were the features unhealthily emaciated; but Tom would rather have seen signs of past or present disease, than the weary care-worn look of premature age. Yet it was not the thought of what Brian must have gone through, that made his old friend so sad; rather, it was the certainty of what the future had in store. Ill fares it, surely, with him, who, in the battle of life, has a sore wound under his maiden harness, ere the onset is fairly sounded. No wonder that, while Seyton gazed on the work of the last few months, he should have remembered the gloomy text—

"If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

They were scarcely delayed five minutes, after reaching Torrcaster: the posters were standing ready saddled, close to the station; and every one was on the alert. The cause of Seyton's night-journey had been noised abroad; and there was not a true man in Marlshire, who would not have given his best horse, to forward that errand. The driver had his master's orders, to spare neither whip-cord nor steel; and carried them out with a will. The famous elms of Mote rose, gaunt and grey in the early dawn-light, as—still at a furious gallop—they swept through the open lodge-gates, and up the main avenue; caring nought if the thundering wheels gave warning to those within. What is prudence with the sick, is mockery with the dying; and there is small need of caution, when hope is past.

As the swing of the carriage at the turn threw Seyton against his companion, he felt

the other shiver as though in an ague-fit. There was nothing but pity in his heart, be sure, just then; yet his voice sounded sharp and stern, as he pressed Brian's arm—

"You must command yourself—in mercy to her."

The strong hand seemed to have a magnetic force of its own, for the other ceased to tremble; and said, quite steadily, though in a whisper—

"You may trust me."

Before another word was spoken, the carriage drew up before the huge Norman arch that shadowed the entrance. Brian Maskelyne was at home, once more.

Seyton sprang out first; but—quickly as he moved—a stream of light poured through the opening door before he was fairly on the threshold; and Kate cast herself on his breast, as he came in.

He knew it all at once—knew that his journey had been utterly in vain; for, in spite of his good speed, Death had travelled yet faster—knew, that he had not been able to lighten, by one whit, the remorseful burden that Brian Maskelyne must bear thenceforward for ever. He knew all this, before Kate could murmur through her tears—

"Too late! Too late!"

If those words—ominous at all times—fell on Seyton's heart like drops of lead, how, think you, did it fare with that other close behind, who—clasping his hands over his writhen face, like a man stricken blind—staggered back into the outer dark, with a bitter wailing cry?

This was what had happened at Mote that night.

For an hour or more after Seyton's departure, Mrs. Maskelyne seemed to doze; at least, she lay quite still, with closed eyes, breathing regularly. But she woke up, all at once, panting and scared, as though from some evil dream; and asked, eagerly, for the parish-priest, who lived hard by; indeed, the rectory stood within the park-wall. He was not long in coming; for all the evening through, he had been expecting the summons. By the time he arrived, Mrs. Maskelyne was quiet again; and, outwardly, was more composed than any one of the women who shared her last sacrament. But the valediction of the Church was scarcely spoken, when there came on a spasm of pain, more swift and terrible than any that had preceded it: before it ended, the least experienced of those present knew, that they were standing in the solemn fore-shadow of the Dark Valley.

At last the cruel throes that shook every fibre of the wasted frame, grew fainter and

rarer ; till, under the strong stimulants, Emily Maskelyne revived, enough to speak once again. She looked up at the doctor, who had he. her in his arms all through the paroxysm, and said, quite distinctly—

"Then it is nearer than you thought—much nearer?"

"You will suffer no more pain"—the other answered in a hard constrained voice: he could frame nothing better than that brief indirect reply; for he had not been so unmannered, since he stood by his own daughter's death-bed, many a year ago.

She drew herself free from his clasp, with a strength that surprised all who saw the effort; still gazing up into his eyes; but now, with a wild eagerness in her own.

"I can bear pain—any pain—if I may only see Brian once more for a few minutes—a very few. Cannot you help me to this? I will take anything you give me. Ah, do, in pity, try."

The doctor's sturdy frame quivered like a willow-wand from head to heel, as he spoke, hoarse and low—

"I believe, that no science could say more than this—It is as God wills. Yet it is hard, that you have only my poor skill to appeal to. I ought to have been more firm about calling in a better opinion."

The gentle heart, that had never refused pitiful charity to any breathing creature, asserted itself even amidst the bitterness of death. Emily Maskelyne felt actually repentant, as she saw shame and self-reproach on her old friend's honest face. She pressed his hand hard, as she sank back on her pillow.

"Do not say that: it makes me feel so ungrateful. No one could have done more for me; and I should not have been happy in any other hands. You said well. 'It is as God wills.' I will try not to murmur any more. Let me rest now."

And so she lay for many minutes; never stirring lip or muscle; though sometimes they heard a sound like a smothered moan; and a tear or two, at long intervals, rolled from under her heavy eyelids. When she roused herself, she beckoned the women who were present to her side, one by one, and gave to each a farewell kiss. But she spoke never a word, till Kate's face was touching her own: then the slow, weak whisper came—

"Kiss my own boy, for me—my poor boy. And tell your husband—I trust——"

Her voice died away in a long labouring breath; and no other intelligible syllable passed Emily Maskelyne's lips, though they were moving often, as if in inward prayer. After this, Kate thought she suffered no pain;

and life departed in a faint fluttering struggle, like the agony of a wounded bird.

Does all this seem to you who read, unreal or improbable—the overwrought creation of a romancist in search of a sentimental episode?

Peradventure it may be so. Not being well up in cardiac physiology, I am scarcely prepared, at this moment, to prove that a 'broken heart' can slay so swiftly and surely, unaided by mortal organic disease. But if such a malady does exist, I do honestly believe, that the mothers who have sunk under it would outnumber—aye, ten to one—all the lovesick maidens that ever wore wreaths of willow.

(To be continued.)

LEGENDS FROM THE ARDENNES.

AMONGST the crowd of English who annually visit Spa, there are but few who explore much of the adjacent country. The Salles de Jeux, the daily concerts, the water-drinking and baths, the breakfast at the Barisart, and dinner at the Rocher de Cancale, present too engrossing and too frequently recurring attractions to permit the passing visitor to extend his excursions beyond the surrounding walks, or a few hours' drive in the neighbourhood. Yet he would be amply repaid by a week or a fortnight's tour on foot, or on horseback, through the ever-varying scenes comprised within the provinces of Liège, Namur, and Luxembourg. Sublimity and magnificence he certainly must not expect; but contrasts the most lively and agreeable continually present themselves. The wind-swept heath, the shadowy forest glade, the bushy slope, the sheltered valley, always enlivened with its rapid stream or tiny purling brook, awaken sensations as advantageous and pleasurable of their kind as the imposing grandeur of Switzerland and the Scotch Highlands. There he will come in contact with an intelligent and hospitable peasantry, always repaying civility with civility. Outside the circle too, within which visitors at Spa generally move, Spa prices dwindle away. At the little town of Laroche, for instance, equally remarkable for its beauty and for its exclusion from popular guide-books, the writer, after a week's sojourn, was agreeably surprised to find himself charged at the rate of three francs per diem for lodging and good substantial board! Here, then, we have the combination, so rare in these days, of a salubrious climate, varied and often beautiful scenery, and cheap living.

But there are other attractions to be found in the Ardennes, besides those already mentioned, and which will prove more alluring to

many minds : the numerous legends, namely, which still cling like moss and ivy to many an ancient church and ruined château seen by the tourist as he traverses the country. If any of our readers should think of visiting Spa, it may prove interesting to them to be made acquainted with some of the quaint legends and fancies which yet linger in the surrounding district.*

I. Few who make any prolonged stay at Spa fail to visit the grotto of Remouchamps. On the roadside, about half a mile beyond the grotto, may be seen the Church of Dieupart, the architecture of which is superior to that of most of the country churches in that district. The following legend is connected with its erection, about 500 years ago :—

At that time there stood upon a height, above where the church is now seen, a château, the lord of which, at the date of our story, was a bold and wicked man, the terror of the neighbourhood. He had lived there for about fifteen years with his wife, who had borne him no offspring, and who had come with him from some foreign land, where he had spent his youth, rumour said, in a most disreputable manner. One day there came to the gate of the château a youthful Minnesinger, one of those minstrels who passed from town to town, from castle to castle, delighting the ears of their denizens with romantic ballads, sung to the accompaniment of the harp, and receiving in return bed and board for a short time, and wherewithal to support them on their journey to their next halting-place. He was admitted to the presence of the lord and lady of the castle, and forthwith began his lay. At the first stanza a deadly pallor overspread the features of the baroness, and with a trembling voice she demanded whence he came, from whom he had learned that ballad.

"I come from Trèves," was the reply, "and the ballad was taught me by an aged man with whom I dwelt, and who, when I was sufficiently well skilled in the art of music, sent me forth, and bade me sing it in every town and castle which I should enter."

The seigneur of Monjardin, observing that his wife's emotion was becoming more and more visible and intense, ordered the minstrel to quit the chamber, but to await in the castle his further orders. When he was gone, the baroness exclaimed :—

"Those words ! that air ! methought they were known but to myself and to my father."

"The minstrel is without doubt a spy," said the suspicious baron, "whose object it is

to discover our abode, and give information thereof to some enemies ; but he shall not return to give intelligence to those who have sent him."

"Oh ! slay him not," said the baroness ; "add not the murder of this innocent youth to a list of crimes already too long."

"Well, well," answered the baron, "I shall not deprive him of life, but it were dangerous to give him his liberty ; I will confine him in one of the chambers of the castle." So saying, he went forth to execute his design, but the Minnesinger had disappeared, and could not be found. A few days elapsed, and the young minstrel again appeared at the castle. He was taken by the baron to a secret chamber known only to himself, in a remote tower, far from the inhabited portion of the château.

"Now," asked the baron, "tell me wherefore thou hast come to this castle ? I know well that thou art here on some secret errand, and if it be not revealed thy days are numbered."

But the minstrel gave no other answer than that which he had given before.

"Thou art obstinate, then ? 'tis well that thou shouldst know the punishment that awaits thee : neither food nor drink shall pass thy lips until thou shalt tell me all I desire to know. The place whence thou comest, the ballad thou hast sung, are tokens that some hidden design brings thee here ; 'tis my will that thou disclose it. I will return to-morrow, and give thee one more chance for thy life ; if thou art still obstinate, I will leave thee here to perish."

The baron then departed, carefully fastening the door as he left the chamber.

The next day found the brave minstrel as determined as before to make no further revelations, and so the cruel baron left him to his dreadful fate, informing his wife that he was merely keeping him in custody, as he was more than ever convinced that the minstrel plotted mischief.

Three days had elapsed since he was imprisoned, when an aged man arrived at the château, wearied and footsore, and having craved and obtained an audience of the baron, demanded if he knew aught of a youthful minstrel, who, he had heard, was last seen at the castle.

"Thou dost not remember me," continued the stranger ; "I am thy wife's father. Thou didst carry off, at the head of thy robber band, my daughter from her home at Trèves, and ever since I have made fruitless efforts to discover thine abode. At length I bethought me of a means which has proved successful : I

* See, for fuller information on this subject, a collection of legends, entitled "*Le Val de l'Ambleve*," published at Liège.

knew a sweet ballad which my daughter had composed in her youth ; this I taught to a boy, who, neglected from his infancy by his own relatives, lived under my care. Him I bade go forth, and sing this lay in every town and castle until he should find my daughter, and then send me intelligence where she lived, that I might see her ere I die. This youth came here; thou didst not recognise him, doubtless : he is thy brother——”

The baron stayed to hear no more ; he hastened in an agony of terror to the secret chamber, flung open the door, and beheld extended on the ground the lifeless body of his brother. He caught up the motionless form in his arms, intending to convey it where remedies might be applied ; but—horror!—in his confusion he had closed the door from within, and it could not be opened but from without. His cries were unavailing : none knew of the chamber but himself.

For some time the disappearance of the baron caused the greatest excitement ; but at length, while some repairs were being executed in the masonry of the castle, the workmen discovered the secret chamber, the half worm-eaten, yet still recognisable, corpses of the two brothers, and a written document containing the confession of the baron.

The lady of Monjardin, struck with horror, caused the château to be pulled down, and the present church of Dieupart to be built with its stones.

II. The traveller towards Prussia from Liège may see, at the distance of about three miles from that town, on the summit of a mountain on his left hand, the walls of a little chapel peering through the foliage of a grove of ancient trees. It is the Chapel of Nôtre Dame de Chevrement. Within it stands a miraculous image of the Virgin, and hither, every Sunday and holiday, and especially at Whitsuntide, flock crowds of pilgrims from the surrounding villages, with the twofold object of devotion and amusement. There is nothing in the chapel particularly striking or interesting to the artist, but an inscription over the altar piece will at once arrest the attention of the English visitor, it is :— “S. Maria ora pro Angliâ, 1688.” The following legend accounts for the erection of this chapel :—

The Bishops of Liège, as is well known, were, previous to the French Revolution, temporal as well as spiritual princes. In the latter part of the tenth century, the diocese was governed by Notger, an able prelate, it is said, but one who seems to have been better fitted for his civil than for his ecclesiastical position. At that time a strong keep crowned the hill of Chevrement, and thence the lawless

baron to whom it belonged was wont to sweep down with his numerous retainers, and despoil and terrify the dwellers in the beautiful valley of the Vesdre. Numberless complaints of the outrages committed by him were poured into the ear of the Bishop of Liège, but all the efforts of that prince were unavailing either to punish or convert the hardened sinner,—his heart was as impregnable as his fortress.

When his wife gave birth to her first-born son, the Baron of Chevrement, with the shamelessness which arose from his sense of perfect security, invited the Bishop of Liège to his castle to baptize the infant.

“I will come,” answered Notger, “and as a token of my respect for so high and mighty a seigneur, I will bring all my chapter with me.”

Great preparations were made at Chevrement for the due reception of the prince-bishop, who, on the day appointed, arrived at the castle, accompanied by his canons, all arrayed in splendid ecclesiastical vestments. They were admitted into the castle hall, and the baron was preparing to welcome them in pompous terms, when, on a sign given by the bishop, the pretended canons doffed their copes and cassocks, and presented to the gaze of the astonished criminal a band of steel-clad men, all armed cap-à-pie. The wily Notger, finding impossible all other means of chastising the robber-baron, had seized this opportunity of introducing his soldiers into his keep. We need not add that the baron received the due reward of his misdeeds ; and the victims of his cruelty, grateful to heaven for their deliverance from its scourge, erected the chapel which stands close to the site of the destroyed castle, remains of which may still be seen ; and in the museum of Liège are preserved various coins, arms, &c., which have been found amongst the rubbish.

III. The Cascade de Coo is well known to visitors at Spa, not so much because of the waterfall, which is not striking, as for the beautiful scenery which all along follows the course of the river Ambève, and which at the above-mentioned locality is perhaps seen at its best. Half-an-hour's walk from this well-known spot brings one to the hamlet of Trois-ponts, on a hill rising above which stands the solitary Church of S. Jacques. A strange belief, which he who is anxious to dispel the misty wreaths of fancy might easily verify or destroy, but which the artist and poet will leave untouched in its awful beauty, is attached to this lonely edifice. Here, it is believed amongst the peasants, every Good Friday at midnight is celebrated what in their dialect is

called "la peineuse messe," that is, the sad mass. No earthly congregation assist thereat; no mortal priest performs the doubly mystic function. As midnight strikes,—as that day passes away on which alone, according to the Roman ritual, the sacrifice of the mass cannot be offered,—the windows of S. Jacques suddenly flash with light, the doors are opened by unseen hands, and misty forms—the souls of those who sleep in the adjoining churchyard, and who have not yet passed through the purifying flames—flit into the church. The last parish priest officiates, and he must be served by a mortal acolyte, the only being of flesh and blood amidst that ghostly throng. Due warning is given beforehand to the person chosen to fill this office, and woe betide him, if he shrinks from it!—his affairs will never prosper, no enterprise of his will be blest; if, on the contrary, he have sufficient courage to be present at that awful mass, he will evermore be remembered by those whom he has assisted, when they pass from the gloom of purgatory to the golden halls of Paradise.

IV. There is, or was, a curious belief in the Ardennes, respecting a strange being, invested with mysterious powers, named *Le Toucheur*, which the following narrative, told more at length by the author of "*Le Val de l'Amblève*," well illustrates.

Marie Henrard, the wife of a substantial bourgeois in the village of Basse-Bodeux, not far distant from the hamlet of Trois-ponts, mentioned above, on entering her room one morning in the year 184—, was beyond measure surprised to find it occupied by an individual, anything like whose dress she had never yet seen. When she first saw the figure its back was turned towards her, and it seemed to be examining minutely the various objects that hung on the wall. It was clothed in a long tunic of sheep-skin, resembling in shape the chasuble worn by Roman Catholic priests; yellow hose, and shoes of rough leather were seen below, and on its head was placed a hat with widely-extended brim; its hair was long and tangled, and its apparel was worn with age, and bespattered with mud. On seeing this strange intruder, Marie Henrard uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, which immediately caused the figure to turn round, thereby revealing the bearded visage of a man seemingly of five or six and twenty years of age. His surprise at seeing the mistress of the house was apparently no less than hers at seeing him.

"Pray, madam," he said, "what may you want here?"

"Want here! a strange question to ask me in my own house."

"Your house! it is my mother's, madam, and this is my chamber; though, parblen! it is changed wonderfully since yesterday evening."

Thinking that she had to do with a fool or a knave, Madame Henrard bade him quit the house, otherwise she would be under the necessity of calling for assistance.

"Pardon me, madam," answered the stranger, "you seem to labour under some delusion. This house belongs to my mother, Annette Grisart, widow of Henri Grisart, the late censier of the Baron of Rahier."

Madame Henrard vouchsafed no answer to what seemed to her the words of a real or pretended madman, but going without called lustily for help. Her husband and two or three other men responded to the appeal, and the so-called son of Henri Grisart, shouting for his mother, and denouncing his captors as brigands and assassins, was carried off to the awful presence of M. le Bourgmestre. Here, in presence of a crowd of villagers, he was closely interrogated, and all that could be gathered from his statements, confused and bewildering in the extreme, may be summed up in a few words. The evening before, he said, he had gone a short distance to pay a visit to Clotilde Lemaire, whom he was about to marry. While returning home, he was met by a sturdy mendicant who begged for an alms, and who, on being refused, raised his staff, and struck him on the back. He felt himself suddenly overpowered by a feeling of faintness, and was sensible of rolling down a ravine which was bordered by the path along which he had been walking. He had remained, he supposed, all night in a state of insensibility, for when he awoke he found himself lying at the bottom of the ravine, deeply imbedded in the long herbage, and the morning sun shining upon him; if any doubted the truth of what he said, let them go to a spot which he described, and they would see the form of a man distinctly visible on the soft spongy ground where he had lain. A deputation immediately set off for this purpose, and those who remained behind laid their heads together—the *conseil communal* officially, the rest officiously—to determine whether the scared prisoner before them were rogue or fool. What puzzled these wise-heads, and would have puzzled the wisest, was that he spoke of persons and of a state of things long since past away, as if they were present realities. He demanded to be brought before the Baron of Rahier, he threatened to appeal to the Abbot of Stavelot, and even to the Prince-Bishop of Liège,—dignitaries unknown for the last sixty years. He was unacquainted, too, with any one familiar to those

around him. While their perplexity was at its utmost height, one of the oldest villagers present asserted that during his youth he had heard of the sudden disappearance of the intended husband of a girl named Lemaire, who, after making another marriage, had lately died a widow at an advanced age. He had scarcely made this statement, when the assembled villagers were startled by hearing the prisoner exclaim, "Le voilà, le voilà ! there is the man who struck me !" Having uttered these words, he fell down in violent convulsions, his face suddenly assumed the aspect of an old man's, and he expired. The person to whom he directed their attention was apparently a sturdy beggar, who, on being interrogated, denied having ever seen the unfortunate man who now lay a corpse on the floor. He had just entered the village, he said, on his way to Stavelot ; he was a licensed mendicant, as his papers testified, and he was therefore allowed to proceed on his way without molestation. To complete the mystery, the party which had set out to discover the place where the dead man had spent the night,—or about seventy years,—returned fully confirming what he had related : at the exact spot described by him they had found the form of a man distinctly traced out on the ground.

The aged villager before mentioned now gave out as his decided opinion that Grisart had been struck by Le Toucheur, who, according to the local tradition, was a deathless wanderer on the earth,—an instrument in the hand of Providence for recompensing the charitable, and for taking vengeance on the cold-hearted, and that, under the influence of a spell, he had lain in a lethargy for more than seventy years. B.

KING SOLYMAN AND THE HOOPOES.

I.

KING SOLYMAN sat on his carpet of state,
And, revolving the toils of the world in his pate,
Bethought him to visit the Islands of Rest,
In the regions of sunset, far, far in the West.

He clapped his hands thrice. At the summons
there came

The chief of the Eunuchs, Al-Kadjir by name,
Who humbly before him bowed down, to receive
The command that his highness was going to give.

"Go, bring me, Al-Kadjir, the Carpet of Gold,
And lay it before me all smoothly unrolled,
With its mystical writings by which I divine,
Its circles in circles, and line crossing line."

Al-Kadjir has brought him the carpet ; he gazes
On triangles, circles, and manifold mazes.
Then, sitting down on it, says "Cabbala !" thrice,
And mounts in the air, and is gone in a trice.

He mounts in the air, over mountain and tree,
O'er land and o'er river, o'er shore and o'er sea ;
And the Carpet of Gold bore him on to the West,
Toward the regions of sunset, the Islands of Rest.

Astronomers, spying the Carpet of Gold,
Said, "At last there's the comet we've often
foretold !"

And a mariner, draining the last of a jar,
Half frightened, cried out, "Look, a wandering
star !"

But alas ! it was midday, and terribly hot,
And Solyman wished his umbrella he'd got,
And thought, as he felt the sun burning his back,
By sunset he'd look like Al-Kadjir the black.

Now the King of the Vultures was moving that day,
With his queen and his tribe, and they came on his
way.

Now Solyman well understood, to a word,
The language of man, and of beast, and of bird ;

So he called to the King of the Vultures, and said,
"O King of the Vultures ! fly hither, and spread
Thy broad feathered wings, and thy neck with its
down,
To shelter my back, and my neck, and my crown."

But the King of the Vultures replied with a scream,
"O king ! I'm not *quite* such a goose as I seem ;
To an isle they call Britain I'm taking my brood—
The Commission of Sewers there keeps us in food."

King Solyman lifted his hand to his head,
And in wrath to the King of the Vultures he said,
"From henceforth no down on thy neck shall there
grow ;
By the name of unclean among fowls shalt thou go !"

As he cursed, so it happened. The soft fluffy down
That grew from his shoulders right over his crown,
Unpeeled itself neatly, not leaving a speck,
And left him all naked and raw jusqu'au bec :

And his queen and his brood and the whole of the
race

At the very same time shared his bitter disgrace ;
But the hen birds, tho' grieving, yet some comfort
took

In the thought that like evening dress it would look.

Down fluttered the fluff ; by a passing breeze caught
It was blown o'er the sea till it came safe to port ;
When philosophers, challenged its cause to declare,
Said 'twas *cirrus*—a matter that's formed in the *air*.

But the King of the Sparrows was busy just then
In building a nest for his Majesty's hen ;
And, being in natural philosophy weak,
Flew off with some cirrus of hair in his beak.

To follow the lead of the king is but wise ;
So each sparrow-cock with some cirrus home flies ;
And pecking and patting it down with their breasts,
With cirrus that season they lined all their nests.

In process of time in each egg there began
A "struggle for life," as the proper phrase ran ;
When lo ! not young sparrows came forth ; but, 'tis
clear,
The sparrow-hawk species had origin there.

II.

But Solyman, what with the heat of the sun,
And what with the vulture's desertion, was done ;
And said to himself as he sighed, looking down,
"I'll be black, for already I'm being done brown !"

As he spoke, lo ! before him a gay bird there flew,
To whom he cried sharply, "Hi, there ! who are
you ?"

"Your slave," said the bird, not at all in a fix,
"Is Upupa Epops, Passerine, Order Six ;

"And a name or two more, I believe ;—let me see ;—
An Isodactylus—tenuirostris :—dear me !
These long names confound one ; by the short one
alone,
The King of the Hoopoes, I'm commonly known.

"Can I wait on your highness ?"

"Why, what can you do ?"

King Solyman answered, "you bare-head Hoopoe ?"
And he sighed, as he gave him his finger to peck,
"There's a blister come up on the nape of my neck !"



"Ah ! it's shade that your majesty wants !" So away
Flew the King of the Hoopoes as merry as May,
And screaming out "Hoo—poe !" with voice loud
and shrill,
All the tribe of his subjects attend on his will.

Then upwards he leads them, and shortly he brings
Over Solyman's carpet, and orders "Join wings !"
And so, flying close like an army, deep shade
For his head and his neck and his shoulders they
made.

And still as the Carpet of Gold floated on
They sheltered the King from the heat of the sun ;
Till at last they arrived at the Doors of the West,
When Solyman stopped, and the King thus ad-
dressed :

"O King of the Hoopoes ! your wings and your tail
Have certainly saved me a coup-de-soleil ;
And I feel myself under a great obligation
To you, and the wings and the tails of your
nation.

"My visit down yonder this time will be short ;
In three days I hope to be back at my court,
On the fourth day come thither, and then you shall
choose

A reward for yourself and the tribe of Hoopoes."

The king of the Hoopoes returned in great glee
To his home in the woods by the African sea ;
And thus to his queen, being somewhat elated,
The service he'd done to the king he related :—

"My brother the King of the Jews was delighted
To meet me ; and—what do you think ?—he's in-
vited

Your husband to go there, for me to advise him
On a family matter (poor fellow !) which tries him."

Upupa Epops, as you doubtless expect
From his Majesty's bragging, was rather hen-
pecked ;

So, to keep his prestige in her Majesty's eyes,
Like men he resorted to bunkum and lies.

And all to no purpose ! her feminine wit
The "Truth in things false," like M. Tupper, soon
hit,

So, having unburdened his mind to his mate,
He went to consult with the Council of State.

III.

Assembled in order, the Council of State
Met the following morn for a solemn debate,
And with two days on hand, their opinion to speak,
Each Hoopoe gave play to his powers of beak.

His Majesty, perched on the top of a beech,
Rubbed his beak on a spray and delivered "the
speech ;"

A matter of form, for which nobody cared ;
"An innocuous oration," the critics declared ;

He briefly informed them of what they all knew,
And remarked that he thought they were wise,
loyal, true ;

That said, he retired, and left them to choose
For themselves what to ask for the tribe of Hoopoes.

All day they debated ; for each had his whim
And would have the Council be counselled by him ;
So at last, with debating all wearied and worn,
The meeting adjourned till the following morn.

When Upupa Epops retired to rest,
The Queen perched herself on the edge of the nest,
And meaningly begged to be told by her lord
What *he* would consider the fittest reward ?

Too old was the king to be taken with chaff,
And he well knew the tactics of his better half ;
So a look of inquiry towards her he threw,
And suggestively asked her, "My dear, what would
you?"

"Your Majesty knows," said the Queen, "I've no
voice

In questions of State—so, of course, I've no choice ;
'Tis the cock who frames laws and votes taxes, and
then

To obey and to suffer remain for the hen."

More conjugal chat of this character passed ;
And Upupa Epops got grumpy at last ;
So, pinned in a corner by process inductive,
He had to confess that his views were destructive.

In short, it was no use his beating about,
Magna est veritas—and the Queen got it out ;—
"I should ask him to help me to drive beyond seas
That Merops, the King of the Eaters of bees !"

"O King !" said the Queen, "you can't be aware
Of the state of your head, that it's really quite bare ;
You've a patch on the top that is mangy and raw,
Quite nasty to look at, it's so like a sore :

"I've noticed the same on the whole of the race,
And am thankful to think I don't share the dis-
grace :"

(Here Upupa winked to himself as he said

"It's a pity you can't see the top of your head !")

"King Solymán doubtless would give you some down,
Or feathers, or something to look like a crown ;
Stay—always when asking a favour make bold—
Just ask him to give you a toupee of gold !"

"But my Council of State," said the King of Hoopoes,
"I left it for them to advise what they choose."

"Council ! pooh ! with that great dab of red on their
skulls,
They've got no more sense there than gannets or
gulls."

The Queen of the Hoopoes was getting too deep ;
King Upupa Epops went wisely to sleep ;
But the matter was settled, for, strange to relate,
In every nest ran the self-same debate.

So when the next morning the business came on,
It was put to the vote and then carried *nem. con.*
That the King of the Hoopoes should forthwith be
told

That the choice of the nation was—toupees of gold.

IV.

On the day he'd appointed, King Solymán sate
In the Hall of Reception, in grandeur and state
Outshining the glories of Ormus and Ind,
With Al-Kadjir, the chief of the Eunuchs, behind.

The King of the Hoopoes, most punctual bird,
In the Hall of Reception in due time appeared,
And, advancing his Majesty's finger to peck,
Hoped the blister had gone from his Majesty's neck.

Some slaves entered first with a dish of pilau,
Which Upupa Epops had ne'er seen before ;
But the cook, well aware of the visitor's taste,
Had served up another of lack-beetle paste.

"O King of the Hoopoes what choice hast thou
made,"

King Solymán said, "as reward for that shade ?
'Tis only to name the decision to me,
And the favor is granted in earth, air, or sea."

"The petition, O King ! I may safely declare
Is one more immediately touching the 'air :—
Your Majesty, doubtless, has often remarked
That the top of Queen Upupa's head has been
barked ;

"And use what she will, washes, unguents, or oils,
Kalydor, or pomatum,—in spite of her toils
Still a patch on the top remains mangy and bare
Where her Majesty still wants luxuriant hair.

"Her Majesty's grief is the grief of the nation ;
So the Council of State, after grave consultation,
Have settled among them, *nem. con.*, to make bold
To ask for each Hoopoe a toupee of gold."

King Solyman whistled in utter surprise,
And furrowed his eyebrows, and opened his eyes,
And at last he said, "Granted! at sunrise to-morrow
The toupees of gold you shall have—to your sorrow!

"O King of all Boobies! your choice makes it plain
That the toupee of gold won't be rooted in brain;
And when of your folly you've learnt to repent,
Come again, and a wiser petition present."

At sunrise next morning 'twas strange to behold
Each Hoopoe's head crowned with a toupee of gold;
To watch how they'd flutter and mincingly strut
Delighted to see the grand figure they cut.

All the birds of the air, full of envy and malice,
Came civilly chirping to Upupa's Palace;
But the Mocking Bird mocked, and the Duck observed
"quack!"
And a wee bird said "Hum" as they flew away back.

And one was so merry, he opened his mouth,
And laughing flew off to the Isles of the South,
Where the people, not knowing the comical farce
He had witnessed, still call him "The Laughing Jackass."

But the Tody, a sort of a distant relation,
Was really oppressed with his deep admiration,
And lovingly told them of all he had heard
Said in envy and malice by every bird.

Right glad were the Hoopoes that *their* elevation
Had caused to the feathery world such vexation;
And tho' the false homage they got was too plain,—
Golden toupees they wore, and their pride felt no pain.

v.

Now off to Grand Cairo of course they must go,
Before men their novel adornment to show;
But the boys of Grand Cairo, not given to flatter,
Most vulgarly cried out, "I say, who's your hatter?"

The cockneys of Cairo had got up some clubs,
With a view to promoting the increase of grubs;
Their rules were quite simple—'twas merely to kill
Any bird with two legs, feathered wings, and a bill.

The consequence was that no bird could appear
Without risk of an arrow, in Cairo or near;
The whole of the country was on the *qui vive*
At the sight of a feather alarums to give.

Alas! for the Hoopoes, all Cairo turned out
To hunt them, and shoot them, and mark them,
and shout;—
The Cockneys, obeying their rules and directions;
Collectors, to try and improve their collections;

The ladies, because they were sure a Hoopoe
Would look lovely if stuck on a bonnet of blue;
Their husbands, because it was cheaper than
buying,
To catch them alive, whether sitting or flying;

Philosophers, leaving the picking of bones,
Knocked them over by scores with philosophers'
stones;
And, elased and arranged, any day you may see 'em,
Glassy-eyed, stuffed and camphored, in Cairo
Museum.

Gold turns into money; so toupees of gold
Were quoted on 'Change, rose, declined, and were
sold;
And the bulls and the bears, skilled in jobbings
and riggings,
Found the Hoopoes a sort of aerial diggings.

Alas for the Hoopoes! their pride had its fall
As they mourned that they had any toupees at all;
And, so thinned was the tribe, that on Upupa's nest
"Kara avis in terris" he wrote round the crest.

So quick with the Council he held consultation
On the crisis affecting the heads of the nation,
When his ministers promised a Bill of Reform,
Kept their promise, and it passed through the House
without storm.

King Solyman, holding a Royal Divan,
Was playing at "*Treaty-of-Peace-with-Japan*,"
When Upupa Epops sad, sad to behold,
Came flying before him with toupees of gold.

But quantum mutatus! how down in the beak!
His feelings would scarcely allow him to speak;—
"O King! it was truth that your Majesty told,
That sorrow would come from a toupee of gold;

"We can't go abroad but the low vulgar tribes
Of common tree-birds scream and whistle their
gibes;
While man, on whose head grows a comb of black
down,
Snarcs and shoots us, from envy of our gold crown.

"Your Majesty's slaves, in this woful condition,
Approaching with shame, make their humble
petition,
The toupee of gold O remove from our head,
And leave us no matter how mangy and red!

"This truth we remember the poet has told—
'Uneasy he heads that wear toupees of gold';
And better a head that is hideous to have,
Than one that all creatures are longing to shave."

"O King of the Hoopoes!" King Solyman said,
"I'm glad to find wisdom has come to your head;
And better a head that is ugly and wise
Than one that is foolish, but pleases the eyes.

"When sunrise to-morrow shall light up your nest
The gold shall be changed for a feathery crest,
To keep in remembrance King Solyman's ride,
The shade that you made him, and also your pride."

So it came. On each Hoopoe you see to this day
A crest made of feathers, all brilliant and gay,
And their song, when translated by those who've
been taught,
Means "Experience is never so good as when
bought." PLUMA.

"KING JOHN" ON THE STAGE.

A YEAR after the Restoration, Mr. John Evelyn, having attended a performance of "Hamlet," found occasion to note that "the old plays begin to disgust this refined age since His Majesty's being so long abroad."

Accordingly it happened that many an old and wonderful dramatic lamp was exchanged for a new and worthless one. The old plays were discarded—suffered to go to sleep: among them Shakespeare's tragedy of "King John."

The original representative of the part of *King John* was doubtless Richard Burbage, the leading actor of Shakespeare's time. But of early performances of the play no record has come down to us. For long years "King John" was lost to the stage, and it was more accident than anything else that at last jogged the players' memory on the subject,—compelled them to recollect how valuable a work existed, asleep and shelved, neglected and dust-covered, in the repertory of the theatre. Colley Cibber's adaptation of "Richard the Third" had met with great success, had kept the stage for long years. He was thus probably induced to lay violent hands upon "King John," and to offer to Mr. Fleetwood, then manager of Drury Lane Theatre, a version, or rather a perversion, of that tragedy. Then arose a great cry among the critics: not, possibly, so much because they loved Shakespeare more as that they liked Cibber less. "King John" was re-christened "Papal Tyranny;" the parts were distributed among the players; the rehearsals proceeded, and a date was fixed for the first performance of the new-old play. But the clamour grew to a height; Fielding brought a farce upon the stage of the Haymarket in ridicule of the proceeding; the journals teemed with severe censure of this further meddling with Shakespeare. Cibber paused, lost heart, stole to the playhouse, and without saying a word to any one of his intention, took his play from the prompter's desk, pocketed it, and went his way. When Pope, in his second edition of the "Dunciad," dethroned Theobald and gave his place in the poem to Cibber, a line—

King John in silence modestly expires—

recorded the temporary abandonment of "Papal Tyranny."

But the stir about the matter had done some service; public attention was drawn to Shakespeare's "King John;" Mr. Rich, the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, probably for the first time became acquainted with the fact that such a play was in existence. An enterprising, if not a very enlightened manager, he at once determined upon its revival. On the 26th February, 1737, the play was produced upon the stage of Covent Garden. This was, no doubt, the first time it had been represented since the days of Shakespeare. The part of *King John* was undertaken by Delane, a popular actor from Dublin, who first ap-

peared at Goodman's Fields Theatre in 1731, and forthwith ventured to challenge the stage supremacy which Quin had enjoyed without dispute since the time of Booth. Delane had his admirers, who accounted him superior to the great Mr. Quin, but it does not appear that this was at all the general opinion. As *King John*, Delane made no great impression upon the town. His physical qualifications for the stage were remarkable: in voice and person he was singularly gifted; but, probably, his intellectual advantages were less admirable, while it is suggested that his devotion to the Tragic Muse was somewhat interfered with by the persistency of his adoration of Bacchus. *Faulconbridge* was sustained by Mr. Walker—famous as the original *Captain Macheath*—a large-limbed, black-browed, hearty, humorous, manly actor, who was a great favourite with his audience and acquired fame in the part. Davies, the biographer of Garrick, says that though Sheridan, Delane, Barry, and Garrick had all attempted *Faulconbridge*, "they all fell short of the merits of Tom Walker."* Ryan, memorable as the young actor whom Addison selected from a tribe of players to appear as *Marcus*, in "Cato," now represented *Pandulph*. *Constance* was played by Mrs. Hallam, a favourite tragic actress who had made her first appearance at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1723, and whose tragic powers survived and prevailed over a most untragic and unwieldy figure. Indeed we learn that the public insisted upon her appearance in characters for which, however mentally she might have been suited, her bodily proportions clearly unfitted her. It is said that Foote, most irrepressible of jesters, observing behind the scenes a large "property" barrel, to be rolled about the stage by the *Mad Scholar* in Vanbrugh's adaptation of Fletcher's "Pilgrim," inquired concerning it; but, before he could be answered, cried out, "Oh! I see, I see! Mrs. Hallam's stays, in which she played *Monimia* last night." According to Davies, Mrs. Hallam's *Constance* was natural and impassioned, though less pathetic, spirited, and dignified than Mrs. Cibber's. Altogether the revival of "King John" was attended with considerable success.

The year 1745 brought with it much excitement and alarm. Encouraged by France, Prince Charles Edward—the "Young Chevalier," as he was styled by his friends; the "Popish Pretender," as his foes delighted to designate him—was threatening invasion. It

* For a more particular account of Tom Walker, see a paper entitled "Captain Macheath," in *ONCE A WEEK*, Vol. IV., p. 487.

occurred to the managers that the reproduction of "King John," with its spirited protests against Papal encroachment, would be appropriate under the circumstances, and would surely secure public applause.* Accordingly, on the 20th February, 1745, "King John," was performed at Drury Lane Theatre, Cibber's adaptation of the play, under the name of "Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John," having been produced on the 15th at Covent Garden. The Drury Lane playbill contained an advertisement appealing to gentlemen not to take it ill that they could not be admitted behind the scenes, "the play being so full of characters that any company there will be of great prejudice to the performance." Garrick played *King John* for the first time; Delane as now *Faulconbridge*, Macklin *Pandulph*, and Mrs. Cibber *Constance*. Davies considered that in the resolute reply of the King to the Pope's Legate, Garrick, notwithstanding all his fire and spirit, produced less effect than Quin with his dignified aspect and pompous enunciation, or than Mossop, who afterwards played the part, with his powerful voice and energetic utterance. In the scene where the King hints at the murder of Arthur, it was complained that Garrick's art was too visible and glaring. "If ever his quick intelligence of eye and varied action failed him, it was here," says Davies; and he expresses his preference for Mossop over both Quin and Garrick, and affirms that Sheridan was superior to all three. In the subsequent scene, however, when Hubert comes to tell of Arthur's death, Garrick was held to have triumphed over all competitors. But it is clear that the part did not altogether suit him. Probably he never felt completely at home in it; he seldom repeated it, and presently, as we shall see, refused it to play *Faulconbridge*. Mrs. Cibber as *Constance* was held to be incomparable. Obnoxious to the performance Garrick had met with at the Bedford Coffee House, and expressed some doubt as to Mrs. Cibber's being able to do justice to the force and passion of the part. "Don't tell me, Mr. Garrick," cried Quin, warmly, "that woman has a heart, and can do anything where passion is required." And the result seems to have justified Mr. Quin's confidence. Davies thought *Constance* was Mrs. Cibber's most perfect character, and describes her agonizing scream as

she went off the stage with the words "O Lord! my boy!" as something never to be forgotten. Macklin did not shine as *Pandulph*. Quin said of him that he looked like a cardinal who had been formerly a parish clerk, and Davies considered that neither his person, voice, action, nor deportment conveyed any idea of a great dignitary of the Church.

At Covent Garden, in "Papal Tyranny," Quin was *King John*; Ryan, *Faulconbridge*; Theophilus Cibber, *the Dauphin*; Colley Cibber, *Pandulph*; Mrs. Pritchard, *Constance*; and the beautiful Mrs. Bellamy, *Blanche*. The play is a wretched mangling and mashing of Shakespeare: nearly every line in the original is tampered with, and every scene maltreated, while the interpolations are incessant. In the dedication of the printed play Cibber says impudently, "I have endeavoured to make it more like a play than I found it in Shakespeare." He thought that Shakespeare had not made King John sufficiently resent the insolence of the Pope's Nuncio. "It will require," he writes, "a nicer criticism than I am master of to excuse his being so cold upon so warm an occasion." It is rather hard to impute it to Shakespeare as a fault that he did not foresee how popular would be attacks upon the Papacy when the Pretender threatened invasion—how valuable in Mr. Cibber's eyes was the Act for securing the Protestant Succession. The characters of *Constance* and *Faulconbridge* are completely spoiled in Cibber's version. The first act of the original play is altogether suppressed; Austria is omitted; the dispute between the King and the Nuncio is much expanded; in the scene where the murder of Arthur is first spoken of, the King bids Hubert shut the window shutters (a most miserable stage trick!) before they proceed to discuss the subject; not only does the King's death take place at Swineshead Abbey in the last act, but the body of Prince Arthur is also carried there for interment, and Lady Constance comes over to England to attend the funeral! These are only a few of the absurdities of Cibber's adaptation.

One of the curiosities of the representation was the return of Cibber to the stage, after an absence of fifteen years. He had retired in 1730, on being appointed Poet Laureate, and now, at the age of about seventy-five, he ventured to present himself to the audience in the character of *Pandulph*. He was indulgently received, but his performance considerably taxed the patience of the public. His voice, never strong, was now extremely feeble; he was required to speak and make himself heard in a theatre of a far larger size

* Modern playgoers may bear in mind that when in 1851 certain events occurred which led to the enactment of what is known as the "Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Bill," "King John" was played at one or two of the London theatres, and the King's denunciation of the Pope was received with loud and long-continued cheering: the audience accepting John as a Protestant hero for the time being, and losing sight of the abject submission which was to follow on the heels of his assertion of independence.

than he had been accustomed to : while, from the loss of his teeth, his articulation had become very defective. Then his elocution was of an artificial sing-song style that pertained to a past generation. The natural manner of speaking introduced by Macklin and Garrick had superseded the traditional oratory of the stage. Cibber was continually advising Mrs. Pritchard, the *Constance* of the night, to tone her words, as he called it ; but the actress declined his counsel, and the applause which attended her performance testified to the correctness of her judgment. On the other hand, Theophilus Cibber and Mrs. Bellamy adopted the old actor's method of elocution, and were far less favourably received ; there seemed, indeed, a disposition upon the part of the house to visit upon the son the displeasure they were ashamed to manifest towards the father. Cibber's deportment was thought to be overdone and extravagant. He assumed a stately gait and supercilious aspect, with most lofty gestures, waving up and down a roll of parchment as he paced the stage. "In short," says Davies, "his whole behaviour was so starchily studied that it appeared eminently insignificant, and more resembled his own *Lord Fopington* than a great and dignified churchman."

Hubert was played by Bridgewater, who so ably supported Quin in *King John* as to receive the special thanks of that famous actor. Bridgewater, in addition to his profession as a player, was a coal merchant. Quin, in congratulating him on his careful acting, reminded him that he was not invariably entitled to credit in that respect—"for you know, Bridge," said Quin, "sometimes in the midst of a scene you are thinking of measuring out a bushel of coals to some old crone, and are afraid you will never get your money from her." When Mr. Bridgewater took a benefit, he announced at the bottom of his playbill that tickets were obtainable "at his wharf near White Fryars."

"*Papal Tyranny*" was played ten times, and brought to the theatre a profit of some four hundred pounds. The play, however, was not repeated after its first season. Cibber's last appearance was on the 26th February, the last night of the performance of "*Papal Tyranny*." He survived until December, 1757 : long enough to discover the mistake he had committed in improving Shakespeare, for he saw his adaptation thrown aside and the original text reverted to and received with unhesitating approbation.

The "*Popish Pretender*" arrived at last, in spite of *King John's* protests, delivered in Messrs. Quin and Garrick's finest manner amid

the prolonged plaudits of the theatre. Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland, unfurled his standard, gathered an army round him, came forth in triumph from the North, spreading alarm on all sides, and causing something like a panic in London. King George hurried over from Hanover ; the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended ; the household troops encamped in Hyde Park ; the City merchants opened a subscription at Garraway's to raise a quarter of a million for the service of the king, rallied round the Bank of England, and took measures to sustain public credit, and meet "a run." "Owing to the Scotch rebellion," records a historian of the stage, "the theatres at this time were in a great measure deserted." No wonder. The town had something else to think about besides plays and players just then. The children of Thespis even deemed themselves bound to manifest their loyalty, and abandoning "property" weapons, armed themselves with real swords and guns, and prepared to fight for the king should need be. The General Advertiser of September 28, 1745, announced that Mr. Lacy, master of His Majesty's company of comedians at Drury Lane, had applied for leave to raise two hundred men in defence of His Majesty's person and government, in which the whole company of players were willing to engage. There must have been but "bad business" at the theatres on "Black Friday," the 6th December, when the news arrived in London that the Pretender was at Derby, between the Duke of Cumberland's army and the capital. Better tidings came in presently, however. The Highlanders were retreating. The country was saved. Later occurred the victory of Culloden ; the frantic joy of the Londoners at the news bore witness to the extent of their previous apprehensions. "John Bull is as haughty and valiant to-night, as he was abject and cowardly when the Highlanders were at Derby," said Smollett, as he walked from the Golden Ball in Cockspur Street to his lodgings in Mayfair, his wig in his pocket, lest it should be burned by sparks from squibs and bonfires, and his sword in his hand, lest it should be stolen, or he should be molested by the riotous mob ; and he cautioned his companion, Dr. Carlyle, afterwards of Inveresk, to hold his tongue, lest his northern accent should draw upon them insult or attack. At last all danger was over ; people could go to the play in peace once more ; and the kings of the theatre had their own again.

In 1751 Garrick's great rival, Spranger Barry, "the silver-toned," first appeared as *Faulconbridge* ; but the performance disappointed his admirers, and was comparatively a

ailure. Barry's *forte* was pathos and sentiment; and, apart from his noble physical advantages, he was by no means qualified to represent *Faulconbridge*. In 1754 Garrick played *Faulconbridge* to the *King John* of Mossop. Garrick's small figure made it a matter of some difficulty to find an actor of a still smaller figure to appear as *Robert Faulconbridge*, and look properly mean by the side of his illegitimate brother. At last one Simpson, Scotchman, the "starved apothecary" of the theatre,—“as feeble in body as he was in acting,” says Davies—was selected as being of sufficiently miserable aspect for the part. But all Garrick's spirit and art, it was found, could not make amends for his physical deficiencies in *Faulconbridge*. A critic of the time complained that he had “neither sufficiency of figure nor heroic jocularity.” Mossop was considered successful as the *King*; his acting was always distinguished for its fire and vigour, if not for its grace. In 1760 “*King John*” was played at Drury Lane by royal command, and with great success. Garrick was said, however, to have been much hurt that his *Faulconbridge* was less admired by George the Third than Sheridan's *King John*, and in consequence he stopped the run of the play, and quarrelled with his rival. It may be remembered that Churchill, in the “*Rosciad*,” makes especial mention of Sheridan's performance of *King John*, and after complaining of his inharmonious voice, his violent action—

In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knocked poor Davies down,

he concludes favourably:—

View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds the merit's all his own.

Constance was played by Mrs. Yates, whom Davies regarded as the legitimate successor of Mrs. Cibber in the part.

Subsequent *King Johns* were Powell (during Garrick's absence from England), Reddish, and Henderson; *Faulconbridge* being sustained by Holland, Palmer, and Smith; Mrs. Barry, afterwards Mrs. Crawford, gaining great fame as *Constance*. Then we arrive at the Kemble period, and find on the 10th December, 1783, Mrs. Siddons appearing at Drury Lane Theatre for the first time as *Constance* to the *King John* of her brother, and the *Faulconbridge* of “Gentleman” Smith. The play was produced by the express desire of George the Third.

It was Mrs. Siddons' boast that she gradually improved in all her characters, and that she never repeated her performance of any part

without studying it anew. Her *Constance*, it is remarkable, did not, in the first instance, meet with that recognition from the public that it afterwards received. No doubt it was originally a less powerful and perfect performance than it became ultimately; but it is also true that, early in her career, a large party of critics had, for reasons into which it is not necessary to enter, banded themselves together to hinder the success of the actress. Campbell, her biographer, was present at her performance of *Constance* ten years after she had first undertaken the character, and speaks in glowing terms of the consummate genius of the representation. “I could speak,” he writes, “as a wonderstruck witness to her power. . . . I see her, in my mind's eye, the embodied image of maternal love and intrepidity; of wronged and righteous feeling: of proud grief and majestic desolation. With what unutterable tenderness was her brow bent over her ‘pretty’ *Arthur* at one moment, and in the next how nobly drawn back in a look at her enemies that dignified her vituperation! When she patted *Lewis* on the breast, with the words, ‘Thine honour! oh, thine honour!’ there was a sublimity in the laugh of her sarcasm. I could point out the passages where her vicissitudes of hurried and deliberate gesture would have made you imagine that her very body seemed to think. Her elocution varied its tones from the height of vehemence to the lowest despondency, with an eagle-like power of stooping and soaring, and with the rapidity of thought.” *Constance* does not appear after the third act of the play, and at one time a sort of fashion prevailed among the spectators of quitting the theatre after Mrs. Siddons' part was concluded: a compliment to the actress somewhat at the expense of John Kemble and of Shakespeare.

Mr. Boaden describes the dress of Mrs. Siddons as *Constance*. She wore “a black body and train of satin, and a petticoat of white, disposed in certainly the most tasteful forms of that day:” and she dishevelled her hair “with graceful wildness.”

John Kemble, it is clear, was eclipsed by his great sister. Yet his *King John* must have been an impressive and picturesque performance: the scenes with *Hubert* subtle and solemn, the death at Swinhead elaborately powerful. Hazlitt complained that Kemble could not harrow or electrify; that his acting was without master-touches, and “the deep, piercing, heartfelt tones of nature.” But then Hazlitt was a devoted admirer of the Kean school of acting, which was absolutely antagonistic to Kemble's. Indeed, he commences his criticism upon Kemble's *King*

John.*—"We wish we had never seen Mr. Kean. He has destroyed the Kemble religion; and it is the religion in which we were brought up. Never again shall we behold Mr. Kemble with the same pleasure that we did, &c."

In 1803 it is necessary to chronicle the appearance of an amendment of Shakespeare after the manner of Gibber. The offender on this occasion was Dr. Valpy, who having altered "*King John*," with the object of its being performed by the pupils at his school at Reading, was mad enough to print his new version, and further to publish it by bringing it upon the stage of Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mrs. Litchfield, who played *Constance*. He omitted the first act of the original, added new matter of his own (notably, an allusion to the state of France in 1800 !), and even dared to interpolate extracts from Gibber's "*Papal Tyranny*." As Geneste says of the Doctor and his play, "he seems to have sat down to correct Shakespeare as he would correct a boy's exercise, putting in and putting out as it suited his fancy." The version appears to have been only once repeated. Mr. George Frederick Cooke was the *King John*. He was received with hisses, and was compelled to apologise for his *indisposition* on a previous night before he was allowed to commence his part.

As an instance of a strong cast we may note a performance of "*King John*" at Covent Garden in 1804, when Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were supported by Cooke as *Hubert*, Henry Siddons as *Salisbury*, and Charles Kemble as *Faulconbridge*. Such an array of talent affords justification to those old playgoers who delight in descanting upon the "palmy days of the drama," and its subsequent decline and fall. For many years the *Faulconbridge* of Charles Kemble was an especial delight to the theatrical public. Cooke's *Hubert* was particularly admired.

In 1818 Edmund Kean, at Drury Lane, made a few appearances in *King John*, without achieving any great distinction, however. In 1823 Mr. Macready played *King John* at Covent Garden for the first time. Twenty years later the same actor, having become lessee and manager, produced the play at the same theatre on a scale of extraordinary splendour, and made the part one of the most perfect in his repertory.

"*King John*" was produced at the Princess's Theatre in February, 1852, and was the first of those decorated revivals of Shake-

spere which distinguished Mr. Charles Kean's career as manager. Mr. Kean was, of course, the *King John*, and Mrs. Kean the *Lady Constance*, Mr. Alfred Wigan being the *Faulconbridge*; but the most marked histrionic success was probably gained by the *Arthur* of Miss Kate Terry, then a child of ten years of age. In spite of the splendour and accuracy of the scenery and appointments, "*King John*" did not enjoy the protracted run of Mr. Kean's subsequent revivals, and the play was not reverted to after the season of its first production.

In conclusion, it may be noted that, in the present revival of "*King John*" at Drury Lane (Nov. 1865), the part of the *King* is sustained by the actor (Mr. Phelps) who played *Hubert* under Mr. Macready's management.

DUTTON COOK.

VALLOMBROSA.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower.

Milton's "Paradise Lost."

FLORENCE the beautiful was full of flowers and gaiety, and people hurrying frantically through the streets busily seeking some new excitement,—floods of brilliant sunshine bathing the city from morn till eve,—gilding the sombre old Palazzo into youth again—flashing down perpendicular rays of glory into quaint old-world courtyards, and narrow bye-lanes, lighting up mouldering escutcheons and forgotten decorations, and dressing the old town with more than a semblance of its youthful bloom. It is early spring in our own far-off land, but real summer in this more genial clime, and the motley crowd of northern barbarians who have been busy all winter in ransacking the ruins of Rome, or the art treasures of Naples, are collecting here in numbers for their annual migration back to their colder homes, following the wise example of those cosmopolitan birds, the swallows; so the familiar features of John Bull, and his even more familiar red-covered guide-book, meet you at every turn. The shops are full of pretty toys, and the stream of foreign gold flows freely into native pockets, but under the influence of all this noise and exciting bustle Florence becomes—dare I say it?—a trifledusty, and we began agitating anew a long-talked-of expedition to the leafy shades of Vallombrosa. In vain people assured us there would not be a single leaf out on that mountain height. "Recollect Vallombrosa is a bit of Switzerland dropped by chance into Tuscany; you may see pines in plenty, but as for chestnuts,

* This was in 1816, however, when Kemble's powers had much declined. He was on the eve of retiring from the stage.

the glory of that region, not a vestige of green will be visible; there will be nothing fit to eat, and as you must be the very first travellers who have passed this year, the beds will be damp, and you will be frozen." To all this we replied by quoting "Come, gentile, la mezza notte d'Aprile," and declaring that the respect of Swiss pines, and possibly Swiss wild flowers, was too tempting a prospect to be resisted. Besides, were we not all on the point of leaving Florence for our various destinations,—and few are the English travellers who do not fancy themselves bound to be at some particular place by a given day: for, though doubtless "Time was made for slaves," still there are many Britons, in spite of the old song, who are most abject slaves to that inexorable old deity with the emblematical scythe and hour-glass. So taking a solemn farewell of our friends over-night, who looked on us as self-devoted martyrs going on an expedition almost as dangerous and fruitless as one to the North Pole, we started, a merry carriage-full, by seven o'clock one morning, and soon left the busy, dusty streets of Florence behind us, and met many country-folk seated in their comfortable light "calessini" with each a swift-trotting clever little pony, jingling their mutual bells, and shaking their tall head-plumes and many-coloured tassels with great pride and delight; and long narrow carts with *condini* bringing in their farm fruits to market—some of the women very handsome, with faces of rose rich colouring and exuberant vitality, like the southern sun: for the pallid Italian cheek belongs essentially to the denizens of the city, and the Tuscan peasant woman is often as rosy and healthy-looking as her Devonshire sister might be. We pass fields of corn that have just broken out into leaf, but still retain in patches that wonderful orange-gold flame colour, which decks the young stigmas before the leaves burst forth, and orchards gay with many-coloured anemones; every shade of grey is to be seen, but the commonest are those deep red ones with glowing black centres: we stop sometimes to pluck a tall dark purple orchid, or a yellow tulip, and finish off the bouquet with the graceful pale green wild arum, which we insist on gathering, notwithstanding the country prejudice as to its poisonous nature; and as we advance farther, and the sun gains more power, we become sensible of that peculiarly fresh odour, like everything else, unless it is a faint idea of honey-dew—I mean that indescribable scent which floats over the opening flower buds of the young vines,—and so at last we reach a village, and are instantly greeted by melancholy sights, squalid beggars and helpless

cripples brought out and laid by the way-side, each cripple having a noisy, active relation by him, to run screaming after carriages, and pick up stray coins: happily, under the new régime in Italy such sights are fast disappearing. We stop here to water the horses, and see that great preparations are being everywhere made for the approaching hot weather,—an Italian does not seem to think much beforehand of winter,—cold weather is a misery to him, so he wraps his cloak around him in the style of a classical toga, and prepares to endure in silence as he best can; but for summer it is a different thing, even the very dogs are all shaved in anticipation—not like the conventional poodle, but a clean sweep over everything but the ears. Here is a vil-



Mountain Children, Pelago.

lage dandy taking an airing—of course he walks up to examine our carriage-full—and his two clean-shaven dogs with him: one of them, being country-born, accepts his position contentedly, but the other, an unhappy mongrel skye-terrier, is evidently so much ashamed of his long bony appearance that he hardly knows how to bear it,—he turns his head shyly and deprecatingly towards the strangers, but, meeting only sincerely sympathizing looks, ventures to howl plaintively, and the dandy thinks that we are stricken dumb with admiration of his foreign dog. We meet, on leaving the village, lines of picturesque, clumsy carts, drawn by those grey, large-eyed, patient oxen, with long pendants hanging from their ears, made of cuttings of various-coloured cloths, which swing

gracefully as the animal moves, and no doubt assist materially in keeping off those wearisome flies the pest of a hot climate. You sometimes get very pretty peeps of the river, and rugged sides of the Val d'Arno, where the railroad is making rapid progress, driving its way apparently through the mountain range that bounds the valley of Florence on this side. At length we reach a way-side inn, where the horses can get some refreshment, but we walk on to find a shady spot where we can eat our *dînéner*, the materials for which have come with us. We are obliged to be content with an olive-tree, where we succeed in making a very comfortable meal, though I am sensible of a certain amount of shrinking from our temporary shelter, as olive-trees are apt to be infested by various grubs; and then the country people believe each tree inhabited by a sort of guardian spirit in the shape of a snake (what a melancholy falling-off since the classical days of the Dryads)! and though I believe that notion has arisen from the snaky-looking folds of the trunk and branches, still it makes you look warily round,—indeed, I think altogether the olive is more suggestive to the imagination than pleasant in reality—that “tender green” is apt to grow monotonous on repetition, and I know few objects so hopeless for a picture, they want “tone” so dreadfully. The natives are always working at their olive-trees; sometimes they dig a deep trench round them and fill it with water, then they lay bare the roots, and cut at them in what seems a wantonly cruel manner: no wonder the poor tree twists and writhes its long arms together in agony.

It is a singular thing to see, as you do sometimes in Tuscany, corn growing under the olive-trees, and vines trailing their long stems from one tree to another; so that you have literally, as well as figuratively, nearly all that man requires—corn, wine, and oil—close to your hand. I really believe the natives think more of the olive harvest than any other; they always begin a conversation by telling you how the olives are looking, and then lament the high price of oil, which has more than doubled of late years,—and that in Italian households is a grievous change. Olive-trees only look picturesque in autumn, when the peasants are gathering the little black plum-looking fruit. It is very different from our English notion of olives. I remember seeing a lady, passionately fond of them at home, eagerly putting out her hand for a ripe olive, and finding to her horror her mouth filled with fresh Lucca oil. Our route led through more thinly-planted olive woods till we reached Pelago, where the road ceases, and you must leave the carriage and take to

ponies; and here it is necessary to be very determined about having ponies, as the people always try to persuade you to take a bullock-cart, and half an hour in that kind of conveyance is enough to dislocate every bone in your body. Fortunately, we had been previously warned, and refused to listen to anything about bullocks; so, while the ponies were preparing, we strolled through the town—a quiet primitive little place, with the Tuscan “cachet” on everything around: no other word expresses this kind of scenery. There is a decent enough village hotel here, which artists, when out on sketching tours in summer, sometimes make their head-quarters.

The children, who as usual followed us in crowds, are very pretty, with bright clear skins, and slight, delicate limbs. The materials for many pictures could be found among them. The village does not look poverty-stricken, and boasts a very picturesque bridge over a wide bed of large stones, even now perfectly dry, but no doubt in winter a raging torrent. Soon after leaving Pelago you enter the great belt of chestnut-trees that clothes the mountainous approach to Vallombrosa, the paved pathways are quite shadowed over by their interlacing boughs: certainly the foliage was not abundant—the young bright green leaves were drooping, as is the wont of chestnut leaves to do when they first meet the bracing spring breezes. After an hour's ascent the air grows keener, and you begin to hear the melancholy “sough” of the wind through the pine-trees, and to see banks of brilliant emerald moss, thickly besprinkled with the very wild flowers we had hoped to find; and then you come to a cross erected on an open space, with a glorious view over the Val d'Arno. No wonder artists abound in Italy, for nowhere else can they luxuriate in such wonderful subtleties of colour. After this the chestnut-trees become rarer, and pine and beech wood more plentiful, till you reach a mountain valley covered with lovely greensward; and those who see fresh turf every day can hardly imagine the delight with which our unaccustomed eyes welcomed the home-like sight, for there is very little turf, properly so called, in Italy. On the plains the grass grows so strong and rank, that any attempt at mowing it only lays bare the roots. Even at Demidorf's Villa, with every appliance that modern civilisation can suggest in the way of mowing and watering machines, the turf is a failure. No summer drought ever scorches the eternal verdure of these luxuriant pastures, watered by trickling streams and sheltered by thick groves of trees, and at the end of a poplar avenue, gleaming out from a dark background of pines, stands the con-

ent with its tall tower. We, however, members of the proscribed sex, are not allowed to approach the convent. We turn aside towards the "foresteria," a dwelling set apart for the use of travellers. Gentlemen coming here are admitted inside the walls of the convent, but mixed parties are sent to the "foresteria," which is precisely like a *dāk angalaw* in India, a large unfurnished-looking room in the middle, and sleeping rooms all round. Scarcely had we dismounted than a lay brother came hurrying in to welcome us, and the more heartily that no visitors had arrived for some months: we were the harbingers of summer. He advised us to lose no time in going up to see the sunset, and promised to be dinner ready on our return, and we started, under the charge of a feeble old monk, who no doubt was considered case-hardened by age,—as these brothers, belonging to a very strict order of Benedictines, ought not even to behold a woman: nevertheless we saw enough heaven heads peeping out of cell windows to convince us that the rules of the convent had failed entirely to eradicate that so-called feminine failing of curiosity. And then we strolled out on green turfy paths, bordered by sparkling streams, and gathered delicate wood anemones, the wind-flower. There were plenty of other flowers, but none so lovely as the wind-flower, which we had found nowhere else in Italy. The various coloured anemones do so plentifully besprinkle the plains, boast more florid style of beauty than this fragile gem. We were only deterred by the fear of losing ourselves from penetrating further into the wide-spreading forest at the back of the convent,—whose solemnity in the fast-deepening hush of twilight quite equalled my pre-conceived notion of those "Etrurian shades" the blind poet loved so well; and the old monk warned us not to loiter too long, lest we should miss the sunset: and so we turned into the steep winding paths that lead (still under pine-trees) to that pearly-white Paradiso which we had often seen as a tiny peak gleaming out from the mountain side when we stood gazing on that unique landscape spread out before the triple arches of the Ponte Vecchio, in Florence. Our garrulous conductor showed us the rocky bed, and told us the history of the old hermit who always slept with his face towards Florence, perhaps to breathe a daily thanksgiving that he was free from the distracting turmoil of that turbulent city, perhaps only because he was a man of taste, and loved to look on the fair valley lying at his feet. Then we waited for the monk — to enter that little white-washed chapel, whose threshold must not be profaned

by the frivolous foot of a woman. The old monk pityingly shook his head as he closed the door on us, firmly believing we were dying with curiosity to see the meagre contents of those whitewashed walls. "What could you do to us if we ran past you now?" we have sometimes asked of monks unlocking the gates of cloisters to let us peep in—such as those of San Paolo, for instance, whose long vista of twisted and fretted columns, and low Moorish arches half hidden in luxuriant vegetation, are well worth more than a peep.

"Nothing," replies the alarmed *custode*.

"Then why are we not allowed to go in?"

"I do not know," murmurs the puzzled monk, "unless it is that women make such a noise."

The masculine visit to this particular chapel being soon over, we proceed to the plateau in front of Paradiso, and wait patiently to know if we are to be so fortunate as to see the sun set or not. We are not impatient; the landscape is worth looking at, though not just now surpassingly beautiful, for after all it is the magic colouring of Italy that throws such an unearthly charm over everything. The view may be a very common-place one,—and seen in the grey light of a winter morning there are many home scenes far more attractive,—but just as the glamour of love flings a radiance over the plainest face, so does the most simple object flash into life when touched by the fiery sunset of the south. Standing on Fiesole, for instance, the coldest northern heart must fall prostrate in admiration, when the whole world seems bathed in an atmosphere of lambent flame, a paly soft pink, but indescribably beautiful. It is like the rosy glow of Switzerland, but warmer, more tremulous, and mixed with golden light; and seen through that medium, each hill looks like a dream, each valley a very paradise of untroubled rest. The houses are fairy dwellings, and the trees shiver for one moment with excess of delight, and then sink into deep dreamless slumber as the dying sun "fades from ruin, rock, and river," and the cold blue pall of night silently broods over the world. At the present moment our prospects look rather gloomy, a grey haze had gathered in the west, behind which the "orb of day" was fast disappearing. Our old guide was much distressed lest the sun should not do his duty, and we not seeing Florence should never believe how beautiful it was: but behold our good genius is in the ascendant! the mist is yielding, out beam the sun's rays, and, touching the spot where Florence lay hidden a moment before, it springs up into sight at once, an enchanted city! It has a very strange effect: the rays passing over the

town, it appeared to us as if the city were a panorama slowly moving across our eyes, and as each well-known building is illumined for an instant, and then disappeared, it looks like phantasmagoria; and the old monk announced with a sigh of relief, "Ecco il Duomo," as the cathedral and campanile silently loom into sight, and are enshrined, a tiny shadow picture, in a slanting ray of ruddy light—never to be forgotten. In a few seconds it was all over, and the pine woods looked already dark and cold as we descended their winding paths back to the "foresteria," and found dinner ready, and the lay brother prepared for any amount of talk. The first

thing was to bring to our notice an English copy of Milton's works, which fell open naturally at the extract about the convent. I wonder how many people would have heard of Vallombrosa had Milton never visited it. A secluded mountain convent, not more beautifully situated than many others, it would have remained almost unknown to the outer world, but a single ray of the divine fire of genius has touched it, and behold the name stands illumined for ever! The convent *cuisine* is not exactly first-rate, but they gave us plain food better cooked than we should have found in any of the village hotels. It is said that gentlemen who are admitted to the monks'



Pelago.

own refectory find nothing to be desired, but carrying a dinner some hundred yards in the cold air must be a somewhat trying process. The monks make a great deal of money out of their forests. The extent of land possessed by the convent may be imagined when their tax to Government amounts to 20,000 scudo—and a Tuscan scudo is worth four and sixpence. All these revenues will in time lapse to the State, as the doom of most of these large convents was sealed even in the Grand Duke's time; they were then forbidden to choose any new members, though sometimes as a favour permitted to take in a new novice, but no farther grace is allowed them, and when the present

brethren die out their property returns to Government. I remember on first coming to Italy being much puzzled to find no distinction made, as with us, between convents and monasteries; everything is a convent here, only you specify if it is for men or women. The Italian difference between a monastic or a convent life relates solely to the varying orders, whether the monks lead a sort of family life together, or are secluded each in his own cell.

We rose the next morning without having suffered any harm from the damp beds that were prophesied for us, and took leave of the foresteria. You must not offer any remuneration for your accommodation, but may leave

bout a scudo each for the servants of the establishment. Nothing was left for us now but to view the chapel, the only part of the convent we might enter, and the lay brother hastily sent off to desire the musical genius of the fraternity to be in attendance that we might hear the organ, a very good one, played with some taste by a man who had never heard any other music—entirely a self-taught organist. The lay brother spoke with great pride of “our genius,” and it had evidently been a subject of some speculation in that imple-minded confraternity, what their genius might have turned out, had he only been sent to Florence to hear the wonderful organ of the Duomo. The convent has a hereditary right to a musical genius, for one of its earliest brethren was Guido Aretino, in the eleventh century, who was the inventor of the musical alphabet, and also supposed to be the originator of the arbitrary division of music into lines and spaces, those enemies of our juvenile days. The chapel has nothing to distinguish it from numerous others; the French carried away what valuables it once contained. The present buildings date only from 1637; the convent was originally founded in 1070, by Gualberto, a Florentine of noble family, who, meeting a man with whom he had a deadly feud one Good Friday, near San Miniato, prepared to slay him. The unfortunate man, finding no escape, knelt down to ask for mercy, attending his arms in the form of a cross, and imploring Gualberto to remember what day they were celebrating. Struck by this appeal, Gualberto forgave him, and as the two newly-conciled enemies went to the church of San Miniato to cement their friendship by prayer, the image of our Saviour on the cross bowed its head to Gualberto, who immediately devoted himself to a religious life. This legend is furnished pictures to various artists. Bidding adieu to our friendly lay brother, and safely taking away our floral spoils, we remounted our ponies, and with many farewell looks at the peaceful old convent, returned to Poggio, where the carriage was waiting to take us back to sunny Florence; and as we entered the walls of the “Beautiful City,” we acknowledged that the splendid garlands of yellow and white Banksia roses that were flung in such wild profusion across the trees and over the garden walls were as lovely in their way as the simpler beauties of the mountains. For some days our rooms were decorated with various saucers filled with pale, delicate flowers and soft emerald moss; but these too soon faded away, and left us only the undying memories of the leafy shades of Allombrosa.

M. A. W.-D.

CELTIC TRIBUTES AND STIPENDS.

THE “Book of Rights,” one of the publications of the Celtic Society, gives, amongst other curious particulars, the amount and kind of tribute paid by each lord or head of a tribe to the prince of the province, and the amount of stipend or present given by the prince to each of his chiefs in return for military service. From this, no doubt, the book received its name, as it gives the rights of the prince as against the chiefs in the matter of tribute, and of the chiefs in regard to the stipend or pay due to them from the prince.

There were in Ireland at the time to which this book refers, at least six provincial kings or princes, each of whom had under him a great number of chiefs or lords. As might be expected, the tributes varied with the territories. The tributes included oxen, cows, wethers, hogs, cloaks, mantles, masses of iron, and salted pig. For most of these Ireland is noted at the present day, especially for the salted pig—the gentleman that pays the *rent*. There was only one territory bound to furnish iron; it was in the kingdom of Connaught. The cloaks were to be of every description and colour; some chiefs had to bring red, some purple, some white, and not a few parti-coloured cloaks. The tributes were either of natural products or home-made material. To state an idea of the amount furnished, we will give the revenue of one of the small provincial princes. The king of Uladh, who held the territory comprising the modern counties of Antrim and Down, was entitled to 500 beeves, 1150 cows, 450 oxen, 850 hogs and pigs, 300 fat wethers, and 800 cloaks of various colours. It might be instructive to notice the number of cattle, sheep, and pigs at the present time in the same territory. Down and Antrim, a few years ago, by the Parliamentary Return, contained 248,000 cattle, 103,000 sheep, 92,000 pigs. The amount of the revenue of the king of Uladh, if the animals were reckoned at the modern valuation, would amount to £15,347 per annum, rejecting fractions and details. He would be an ingenious statistician that could show that Ireland had not improved since the so-called “good old times;” even if we disregard the fact that the cattle, sheep, and swine of the Celtic tribes were wild and kept in herds in the forests and on the mountains.

The stipends, or presents, or pay given by the prince to his chieftains comprised—horses, *scings*, (supposed to be horse-trappings,) shields, swords, drinking horns, gold rings, chess-boards, bondmen and bondwomen, hounds, coats of mail, and last of all, ships. In addition to all these, to some lords were given tunics, cloaks

and cattle. Horses appear to have belonged only to chiefs, and to have been used only for war : they never appear as tribute from the lord to the prince, but they were a very common article of stipend from the prince to the chieftain. Drinking horns are continually referred to in accounts of banquets in ancient Irish history, and seem to have been the only vessels so used.

Chess-boards were a more common present in some territories than in others. Bondmen and bondwomen were, undoubtedly, prisoners of war, of whom there was no lack as long as the coasts of Scotland, England, and France could provide them. It was in one of the forays made by a Celtic prince on France that St. Patrick was carried to Ireland, where he spent his boyhood, herding swine on the Antrim hills. The bondmen and bondwomen are sometimes minutely described as "strong men," "not sickly," and "brown-haired bond-women;" these and other appellatives were used to bolster up the rude metre in which most of the accounts are given. The ships were given by the king of Uladh to some of his chiefs : some however of the chiefs living along the southern and western coasts also got ships as stipend from their princes, as well as the chiefs of Down and Antrim. These two counties possessed the greatest maritime power, from their nearness to Scotland, to which there was continual traffic. It was one of the prerogatives of the prince of Uladh to have a fleet on Strangford Lough (*Lough Cuam*), and the lord of Dufferin, amongst other things, was entitled to ten ships from the same prince. It is remarkable that the present Lord of Dufferin is a sea king too, though his far famed yacht has roved much further and to better purpose than ever the vessels of his Celtic predecessors did in times of yore.

C. S.

THE FITZGERALD ARMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

Dublin, Nov. 2, 1865.

SIR,—In your number for Sept. 23rd * a writer gives an account of the origin of the arms of the ducal house of Leinster, which may or may not be correct. But at all events it is at variance with that given by the present Marquis of Kildare in his account of "Woodstock Castle," near Athy. He says that an alarm of fire having been given at this castle about the year 1200, "In the confusion that ensued the child was forgotten, and when the servant returned to seek him, the room in which he lay was found in ruins. While there lamenting his supposed death, they heard a strange noise from the top of one of the towers ; on looking up they saw a monkey or

ape, which was usually kept chained, holding the child in his arms. The child (who was John, Earl of Kildare, and head of the Fitzgeralds) afterwards adopted the monkey for his crest and supporters, and some of his descendants took the additional motto of 'Non immemor beneficii.'"—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
CURIOSUS.

HEAD AND HEART.

"HEART," quoth Head, "thou'rt ever fretting,
Panting evermore,
Beating like a netted linnet
'Gainst its prison door.
Say, how can I give thee quiet,
All thy troubles say,
For this never-ceasing riot
Wears my peace away."

"Head," said Heart, "I'm very weary,
Living all alone,
Dwelling, like a sculptur'd maiden,
In a vault of stone.
Choose me some heart that will listen
To love's gentle lore ;
Laugh and weep with, aye be near me,
Leave me nevermore.

"Heart," said Head, "I've cast about me,
Guessing at thy state,
Ransacked all the world of maidens
For thy fitting mate.
And, like hawk in air, I circle,
Watching how the shrike
Fears his victim, while I hover.
Doubtful where to strike.

"Now 'tis dark-eyed Leonora
I would win for thee,
Now 'tis thought of light-eyed Alice
Softly stirs in me.
So, like Mahomet, I waver
In the realm of love ;
Shall I cage the soaring eagle,
Or the gentle dove ?

"Juno-like is Leonora
In her haughty mien,
Flashing pride, and scorn and passion
Like the Ethiop queen.
Queen is she by beauty's birthright,
Cold as distant star,
Conqueror-like, with trains of captives
Following her car.

"But the simple-nurtur'd Alice
Comes like summer morn,
With a zephyr herald stirring
Fields of bladed corn.
Dewy-fresh, with softened sunlight
In her guileless eye,
Trustful, truthful, daisy-natur'd
Born to love or die."

"Head," said Heart, "with Leonora
Pain would come, and grief,
Pride and coldness soon would sere me
Like a winter leaf.
But with Alice twined about me
All my woes would cease,
And a wail of trouble never-
More should cloud my peace." J. R. C.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII. DILETTANTI.

AND all this while, Vincent Flemyng tarried still in Rome. Yet his success had hardly been so great as might have been expected, considering the advantages under which he started there. For his introducer was more familiar with the place than most of the natives, and—albeit young in years—had long ago been gifted with the freedom of the Eternal City.

The father of Vesey Ferrars had been an amateur-painter of no small renown, and still more celebrated as a collector: he himself had never ventured on anything more ambitious than some meek water-colours, and rarely trusted to his own judgment in picture-purchase; but there was born, and abode with him, a great veneration for Art, and affection for artists.

As a rule, the modern Mæcenas is, simply, a social nuisance. Even poor patient penniless Phormio must be sorely tried, sometimes, by that pompous benevolence, and condescension measured out by the grain; while to the disinterested public such patrons are absolutely intolerable.

But amongst those affable tyrants, Vesey was not numbered. He hated the very word munificent; and would have resented its application to himself, as a personal insult. When he gave a good price for a good picture, he did not consider that he was conferring the lightest obligation; neither did he think, that the possession of one of the best private galleries in Europe, warranted him in overbearing the professional opinions of better judges. He had learnt the secret—rare amongst men of his class—of being able to render help without implying patronage: help, too, in right good season. His name was of evil odour in the precincts of certain dealers, dwelling in the purlieus of Soho. Not unfrequently, when they had nearly clinched an admirable bargain, by the simple process of putting on the screw, they came back, to find that a timely visit from Vesey Ferrars had enabled the intended victim, for the nonce, to laugh at their beards: so the baffled middle-man was fain to depart;

uttering words, much akin to those that issue from the mouths of wreckers, when they see a stranded vessel go suddenly afloat.

I think, such curses must be as well worth earning, as the blessing of a mitred bishop.

In truth, Ferrars was such a thoroughly good fellow, and had so many tastes congenial to their own, that the artist-guild would have welcomed him enthusiastically, had he come among them with never a plack in his purse. But—*abundance de bien, ne nuit jamais*: they were quite content to take him, with all the great possessions on his back that he carried so lightsofely; and the most cynical of the caricaturists forbore, even in secret, from making a mock at his Vandyck beard, and mediæval eccentricities in velvet and feather—small vanities to which Vesey was notoriously prone.

His acquaintance with Flemyng was not of long date; it had sprung up while Ferrars was paying a brief visit to a younger brother at the same college; but he began to take an interest in Vincent, from the moment that he discovered the latter's artistic propensities. These were not very definitely developed at that time; for it was in the days of rose-coloured anticipation, when Flemyng reckoned on academic triumph as a certainty; and proposed to choose a profession, at his ease. Yet, even then, it was settled that he should bear Ferrars company that winter, to Rome.

Things were greatly altered now. But Vesey's sympathies were only enlisted more strongly, when he learnt that the other meant, henceforward, to follow Painting as a profession, instead of an amusement. He was wont to look on the silver side of every man's shield: so, it is not wonderful that he should have given Vincent credit for much more earnestness—to say nothing of talent—than was in that weak, unstable nature.

There was ever jubilation in the studios, when it was known that Vesey Ferrars had come to the fore again: before he had been twelve hours in Rome, he heard ‘Welcome’ spoken in nearly as many languages; and never a man of them all, but meant what he said

heartily and honestly, without flattery or hope of advantage." There was usually a sort of chronic 'feed' going on during the first week after his arrival: but, on the present occasion, Vesey himself gave an entertainment of unusual splendour—not to say, solemnity—which taxed the resources of the Lepre to the very uttermost; not so much in the way of cooking, as of accommodation.

Only men of some mark were bidden to this banquet, at which Vincent Flemyng was recommended to the good graces of the whole cosmopolite fraternity: the host would have had every member of it there, had it been possible; and was hardly contented with that crowded representative chamber. The guests were all in high good-humour, and anything but critically disposed; moreover, Vesey Ferrars's voucher had always, hitherto, been found more or less trustworthy: nevertheless, on several of those present Vincent Flemyng's first appearance did not leave a favourable impression.

He was pleasant and polite enough, certainly; did not obtrude his own opinions, and listened to those of others with an agreeable deference; seemed determined to be pleased with everything and everybody. But artistic eyes—accustomed to watch and chronicle every varying expression of the human countenance—are very keen observers: some did not fail to remark, that little heartiness lay beneath the smooth surface-courtesy; and with such, the supercilious curl of the upper lip could not pass current for a smile.

Old Dick Haddo, who has hung about Rome these thirty years—doing nothing on earth but deliver art criticisms, (which are really valuable) since a misguided relative left him a modest competence—till he has come to be considered the *Doyen des Ateliers*, on the morrow, embodied the feeling of more than one malcontent, in his own coarse slipshod language.

"Don't tell me, it was the garlic got into his nose"—the irascible senior grunted, in answer to a meek apologist. "I saw it turn up, before the *olla*—devilish good it was too—came into the room. The company wasn't good enough for him—not such as he'd been used to—that's about the mark of it. As if, what was good enough for Vesey, wasn't good enough for him! We'll have to be civil, of course; but—you mind me, boys—that chap will never let us be more, if we wished it, ever so."

Yet the opposition was decidedly weak, numerically; and Vincent Flemyng had a good working majority in his favour, to start with. His personal appearance was decidedly attrac-

tive; and this goes further perhaps, with the artistic lot than with any other purely masculine confraternity; his manner too was soft and pleasant enough—bar the covert superciliousness; and there was a sort of suppressed brilliancy in his conversation, as if he could be more clever, if he would: moreover, in the few sketches that he had troubled himself to finish, there was undeniable promise.

That was the most provoking—though not the worst—side of Vincent's character. He was always promising: as for performance—*Altro*.

All things however considered, he got, as was aforesaid, a remarkably good start. Before Vesey Ferrars went southwards, he had done his friend a last good office, by gaining for him admission into a famous studio, whose doors, as a rule, were only opened to pupils who had already won a certain reputation. So—having omitted nothing that could set Vincent forward on his way—he left him, with great confidence, to the mercies of the Future.

But the old desultory lack of purpose, and over-weening self-confidence, that had marred the scholar's success, hung round the embryo painter, like a loose cumbrous robe: he had no idea of 'stripping to his work,' much less of toiling slowly and steadily onwards, with strain of limb, and sweat of brow.

However, truth to tell, before he had time to settle fairly down in his new pursuits, there came a temptation into his life, that might have been a reason—if not an excuse—for idleness, in a more earnest enthusiast. I doubt gravely, if Pygmalion achieved any triumph worth mentioning, after it seemed good to Erycina to grant his prayer.

You guess what I mean, of course?

Marion Charteris was punctual to, what we needs must call, her tryst; and, thenceforward for many a day, Art had but a fickle follower in Vincent Flemyng.

Everything happened exactly as the fair dame had predicted, or—promised. Her liege lord certainly escorted her to Rome; and saw her luxuriously established in a breezy *primo piano* on the slope of the Pincian, with an ample credit at Torlonia's. Having done this, John Charteris considered himself clear, for the present, of marital obligations; and devoted the rest of his spare time to his invalid sister. He made little difference betwixt any of his social duties; going through them all—whether as magistrate, legislator, landlord, or head of a family—with the same stolid solemn pertinacity; striving to render to every one his or her due, and never a whit more. Before the week was out, the bucolic nostalgia had possessed him, and he had started homewards;

leaving his fair wife to her own devices, without a single doubt or misgiving: unless such were implied in his parting warning—

“Mind you wrap up well at night, Marion. Chills are very dangerous, here.”

During that week Flemmyng kept himself very much in the background: he had tact enough to know, that it would be unwise to dissemble his presence altogether; so he called once, when Mr. Charteris was nearly sure to be out, and Marion was equally sure to have some female friends with her. He need not have troubled himself to be diplomatic: it is more than doubtful, if John Charteris noticed that particular card amongst the heap of others; if he did, it is most certain that it did not cost him a second thought.

But, when King Katte's back was fairly turned, bright eyes began to gleam out of the dark corners of the Mause-Thurm; and, ere long, the innocent games began.

Vincent Flemmyng could not exactly take up the flirtation at the point where he had left it—few men have the luck to do that—but he found Marion only too ready to avail herself of his escort on all possible occasions, and to accept his homage—uttered or implied. Indeed, the two were almost inseparable, though seldom—so far as the world knew—alone together. Loitering through picture-galleries of a forenoon—riding homewards over the purple Campagna through the deepening shadows—lounging in the twilight *palchi* of the Tor di Nona—withdrawn a little from the crowd of dancers thronging the saloons of Grammont, Doria, or Colonna—that pale discontented face was never far distant from Marion Charteris's ‘shining shoulder.’

Discontented it was: for, day by day, the conviction forced itself more gallingly on Flemmyng, that he was wooing a phantom, and striving to grasp a snow-wreath. His overweening vanity made him slow to recognise the truth; but he did recognise it at last, with a bitterness of spirit hard to describe. Yet the idea of relinquishing the pursuit never crossed his mind for an instant; and this pertinacity arose rather from weakness than strength of character.

A practical profligate, resolute of purpose and will, would soon have brought matters to a climax; and—if unable to bow another neck to the yoke—would, at once, have broken it from his own. But Vincent was a very tyro, in everything save theory. Moreover, his passion—breaking out, at times, in fierce fitful flashes—was by no means an all-consuming flame: it never engrossed him, to the extent of making him insensible to the temptations of high play, to which he became, daily, more

and more addicted. Also, he was well aware, that the position of *cicisbeo* to a famous beauty, gave him a certain social importance, though not of the most creditable sort; and—

He dared not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.

So—occasionally indulging in feeble efforts at rebellion—he followed still in the train of his fair conqueror; a querulous, but not unwilling captive.

Yet, Marion Charteris paid more than a nominal price for her amusement.

There are women who—relying, let us hope, on their final integrity of intention—will compromise themselves more for coquetry, than others will do for crime. She, of whom I write, was one of these. Something, perhaps, ought to be set down to her deficient moral training; something more to the reckless nature inherited from the wild old robber-knight, her father: but, with all this given in, it must be owned that Marion's conduct, about this time, was imprudent in the extreme.

In most places, there would have arisen a scandal blatant and venomous. But Roman society—though free from Florentine licence—is rather inclined to lenient short-sightedness in such matters. The natives have their own little affairs to attend to; and trouble themselves not at all with alien peccadilloes: whilst, under soft Italian skies, the British *Censor Morum* notoriously mitigates the terrors of his front, and the rancour of his tongue.

Yet two women did take up their parable against the error of Mrs. Charteris's ways—her aunt and her sister-in-law. Of the first, Marion was rather fond; and she met that remonstrance with a gay contemptuous good-humour.

“A boy like that, bring your pupil to grief? *Pas si bête, ma tante*. Poor Vincent means no more harm than—I do. We've known each other ever since we left our nurseries, you know. Indeed, I consider him quite in the light of a sheep-dog: and there are plenty of wolves prowling about here; I shouldn't feel safe, quite alone.”

To which the other replied, with some asperity, that “she didn't believe in nursery-friendships; and in male sheep-dogs of tender age; or in——”

“What *do* you believe in, Aunt Milly?” Marion asked, simply.

This question rather disconcerted the elder lady; for her articles of faith were, in truth, exceedingly few and vague: before she could collect herself to reply, Marion had flitted on her wilful way.

But with the other monitress it fared very differently. There had never been much love between the sisters-in-law. Lady Rainscliffe was a thorough Charteris—staid, solemn, and intensely respectable; her temper, that had never been serene, was embittered by protracted ill-health. She had disapproved of her brother's marriage from the first, and had not scrupled to express her opinions openly; neither—upon the rare occasions of their meeting—had she shown any disposition to conciliate the fair stranger. It must be owned that the tone of her remonstrance, now, was rather judicial and menacing; and too full of allusions to 'peril of family honour.'

Marion stood and listened, with half averted head—so patiently, that the other began to be proud of the wholesome terror inspired by the elaborated oration: but, as the last syllable was spoken, she turned and looked Lady Rainscliffe full in the face—the pupils of her deep-grey eyes darkening, as was their wont when she was bitterly angered.

"Did my husband leave you any commission, to watch or to school me?" she asked, with an ominous calmness.

The other was so surprised, at overt defiance where she had expected submission, that she could hardly put into words an indignant disclaimer.

"I am glad of it"—Marion went on, just as quietly. "Glad for John's sake, as well as my own. We have never had an angry word since we were married. Perhaps you did not know that? We have seen you so seldom at Charteris Royal." (She smiled, as her antagonist winced under the stab. Her brother's fancied estrangement, which she always imputed to Marion, was one of Lady Rainscliffe's heaviest crosses.) "So, I understand, you have spoken entirely on your own authority? I shall not stoop to defend myself, or deny anything. I dare say the 'family honour' is just as dear to me as it is to you. I have my children to consider, as well as myself, your know." (Stab the second: the other's marriage-bed was barren.) "But, if you think it is not safe in my hands, you had better write to John and tell him so. I won't bear malice for what you have said, now; I suppose you spoke according to your own ideas of duty. But I cannot thank you: if you had meant kindly, you would have spoken in another tone. I will never listen to another word on this subject: it will be best, that we should both forget it has been opened at all."

As Marion swept from the room—with head erect and neck wreathed superbly, like a queen declining to plead before a vulgar tribunal—astonishment, rather than wrath, kept the other

silent. Could that haughty woman—with her imperial defiance and disdain—ever have been the wild Irish girl whom she had looked down upon for years, with a contemptuous dislike, as a pretty wayward poppet, at the best?

Strict and austere, and often-times uncharitable, Lady Rainscliffe was not vindictive. Conviction somehow crept over her that, through all her reckless coquetry, Marion was clear of guilt either in fact or intention: having once realised this, she abandoned all idea of writing to her brother. She knew what incurable misery has often been wrought by such tale-bearing—there are trees that wither away utterly, if their bark be once rudely rent away—and Lady Rainscliffe was too just, if not too generous, to incur such fearful risk, to avenge her own affronted pride. There never could be cordiality betwixt them; but it is doubtful if she did not like her sister-in-law better than before, when the first burst of her temper had passed.

Cannot you fancy the capital, that a finished coquette would make out of these two passages-of-arms, when narrating them to her supposed fellow-culprit? Some of these ingenious young females have a knack of amplifying the proportions, and disguising the substance, of a simple offering of millet and honey, till there seems to issue therefrom the unctuous reek of a hecatomb.

It is so pleasant to be able to say to a servitor, on the point of 'striking' for higher wages—

"See what I have undergone—for you."

Uttered low and plaintively, and aided by a judicious amount of eye-play, this talisman will rarely fail in bringing back rebellious spirits to their allegiance.

Mrs. Charteris had other sops too at hand, wherewith to pacify her Azor, when he grew fractious and growled over-loud. Like all other men of his stamp, Flemmyng was much given to small causeless jealousies.

Marion knew right well, how to turn this weakness to account. She would get up a mild bye-flirtation; and carry it on till Vincent began to sulk, and finally, to upbraid. Then would ensue a scene of charming penitence and mock submission; and the offender—

Folding her white hands so meekly—

would accept fair terms of truce; the prime condition being, of course, the dismissal of the obnoxious intruder.

Altogether, it was very 'pretty fooling.' Nevertheless, before Easter was past, the lady had grown somewhat weary of her pastime, and of her playmate—if the truth must be told. She was not really sorry when

her husband came to fetch her home ; not sorry, either, that John hurried her away in such haste (a pet Bill of the Chalkshire landowners was 'on,' immediately after the recess) that the bustle of packing-up scarcely left space for one brief leave taking.

So, all might have ended harmlessly ; and the beleaguered garrison might have marched out, with all the honours of such unholy warfare ; leaving no tell-tale trophy in the hands of the assailant. But Mrs. Charteris was too thorough a woman, to leave well alone.

Several of her intimates came down to the Piazza de' Termini, to wish her a last good-speed : amongst these was Vincent Flemyng. Marion was fairly frightened by his white haggard face, and wild hopeless eyes. They haunted her on her journey—there was no chance for one word of private farewell—till, for the first time in her life, she grew remorseful.

Pity—she could not guess, that her stricken swain had been deep in lausquet, till day broke, and he dared tempt evil fortune no further. The 'red gold,' whose loss troubled him most, just then, was not, I dare aver, that which shimmered in her glorious tresses ; and cheeks are blanched by late hours, not less rapidly than by thwarted love.

Such a knowledge would have saved Marion from an unpardonable folly. Acting on her first impulse, she employed her first available moments of solitude, in writing to Flemyng.

She had done this before ; and divers note-lets had fluttered his way, during the Roman philanderings ; but there was nothing seriously compromising in any of these : moreover, she relied implicitly on his repeated assurance, that every scrap of her handwriting was burnt as soon as it was read : with all her little wiles and coquettish stratagems, she was herself utterly incapable of a deliberate falsehood ; and it was about the last thing she suspected in others.

This letter was very different. It was not exactly criminal ; because the writer had no positive guilt to confess or imply : but many a sinner, to whom marriage-vows are a mockery, would have expressed herself less rashly and unguardedly : it was such a letter that few wives would see in their husbands' hands, without feeling faint with fear and shame—such as few mothers would hear read in their children's ears, without a wish that the earth would open, to swallow up them and their dishonour.

A score of times, at least, during the week after that precious epistle had been posted, did poor Marion wish it recalled. She wished it—having perfect trust in the faith and discretion

of the man to whom it was addressed. The punishment would almost have equalled the offence, if she could have seen the crafty satisfaction, succeed the first look of surprise on Vincent Flemyng's face, as he read every line twice carefully over ; and then locked up the letter in the inmost recess of a dispatch-box, that held other ensamples of the same handwriting ; muttering half aloud—

"I must win, the next time we play. She'll never trump *that* card."

With all these Platonic diversions and distractions, it is easy to conceive how Vincent's studies must have languished. To any conversant with such matters, it will be needless to say that the fair Cause herself was first and foremost in upbraiding the truant.

"I positively will not have you come out, to-morrow, till you have done such and such an amount of work."

Ah, comrade of mine ! Have not we, in our time, heard words like these ? And do we not know, pretty well, what such prohibitions are worth ?

Overnight, we bow the head, and murmur submission. But the morrow breaks bright and breezy ; the very day for making mirth, or making hay, or making—never mind what else. Flesh is frail ; too frail for self-sacrifice, just now. We will work double-tides, when skies begin to lower ; let us take our pleasure a-field, whilst they are cloudless. 'Art is long ; Life is short'—quotha ! Then Art can the better afford to wait. So

Black Bayard from the stable bring ;
The rain is o'er, the winds are down.

No other, this blithe morning, shall ride at our bonnibell's bridle-rein.

When we came into the presence of our mistress and mistress, were her brows bent very menacingly ? I trow not. Just a semblance of surprise, perhaps—or a shake of the head, more saucy than reproachful—and then came the sweetest smile, that condoned the offence, and gave absolution in full.

All through those weeks of idlesse, Flemyng had nourished vague resolutions of buckling to work in earnest, so soon as Mrs. Charteris should have departed. When this happened, he did make some such effort. But the mind, no more than the body, is to be relied on, when it is once thoroughly unstrung ; there is a time when energetic action ceases to be a matter of will.

You remember, the favourite theme of Scandinavian legends : how the valiant Sea-King went on from conquest to conquest, making sport of toil and peril in the hardihood of his might ; till he fell under the spell of some lovely witch-lady ; in whose

lap he lay, till his stark sinewy limbs grew round and enervate, and his brown brawny hands soft and womanly white : how, when the charm was broken at the last, he donned his rusted armour, and went forth to do battle as of afore-time ; but, finding that his strength had become as nought, came to a shameful end. Such stories repeat themselves, infinitely often, in every century of the world's history ; rarely, even in a cycle of ages, does the prowess of Sardanapalus startle friends and foes.

The parallel holds terribly true with those, whose life-battle has to be fought out with dexterity of hand or brain ; and so Vincent Flemyng found it.

It is not likely, that, even with steady labour, he would ever have achieved any great eminence, as a painter. There was a weak washy 'prettiness,' about his best efforts, more discouraging to his master, than crudeness of conception, or coarseness of colouring. There was no *substance* to improve ; a fatal—'thus far and no farther'—stamp, was set upon each and every one of Vincent's most ambitious tentatives. If he was no favourite with his fellow-students, it is certain that no professional envy lay at the bottom of his unpopularity.

Unpopular, he unquestionably was. He did not over-awe his associates in the least ; or even impress them, as he supposed, with his social superiority ; the honest fellows were simply bored by his manneisms and affectations. Most of them had been brought into contact—more or less familiar—with Britons of infinitely higher rank than Flemyng could pretend to ; they had no democratic prejudices against the 'Swell' *par et simple*. A man was just as welcome at their club, coming thither in his evening armour, straight from the saloons of the Doria, as if the dust of a grimy studio lingered on his raiment and unwashed hands. It was merely a question of doffing the 'white-choker'—metaphorically if not literally—and making oneself at home. But, to neither the one nor the other of these things, could Flemyng condescend. Naturally enough, the circle of his intimates narrowed daily : he wearied the patience even of those who would have petted a quarrelsome cur, that had been owned by Vesey Ferrars : as the spring advanced, the only familiars that were left him, were certain members of the English Club ; the connecting link being a common devotion to high play.

Vincent began to feel much the same disgust for Rome as he had done for Oxford, after his discomfiture in the schools : but, for many reasons, it did not suit him to return to

England, just yet. He would have been half ashamed to confess, that he had given up his new profession, on such brief trial : besides this there were certain creditors at home, whom he did not wish to face, till his finances were more flourishing.

He wandered about Lombardy and Piedmont, in a desultory purposeless fashion, through the summer ; sketching a little now and then ; but not pretending to do any earnest work. He would attach himself, for a day or two, to any party of his acquaintance that he chanced to meet, and quit them just as capriciously. During this time, he wrote not unfrequently to Mrs. Charteris, and she was weak enough to reply regularly ; though she never again committed herself, as she had done in that one unhappy letter. But he had become so remiss in his communication with Warleigh, that even Kate grew weary of the one-sided correspondence ; and Mrs. Flemyng found it hard to excuse her boy even to herself. In the beginning of autumn, Vincent came across a college-friend who was preparing for a start up the Nile : very little persuasion was needed to induce him to join the party.

That languid mock-travel was exactly suited to his character : he was made to lie under an awning, and quote scraps of dead languages, between puffs of cigarette-smoke, till the pleasure-trip seemed to assume a certain business-like form, and the least erudite of his companions felt like a scientific explorer.

There let him bide, for awhile. Not often again, while his life shall last, will Vincent Flemyng float on smooth, silent waters.

CHAPTER XVIII. SHALL OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT ?

MRS. MASKELYNE'S was a very quiet funeral. It must needs have been so, under the circumstances, even if the poor lady's wishes, to that effect, had not been clearly set down in her brief testament. Amongst the few intimate friends and old retainers, who saw her laid by her husband's side, was Seyton of Warleigh. He was standing by the open vault, when the rites were done—half uncertain, as to whether he should address Maskelyne or no—when the latter touched his arm. The two had not exchanged a word since that night, when Brian was left alone with his dead ; for Seyton had joined the simple foot-procession at the hall-door of Mote, without crossing the threshold.

"I want to speak to you"—Brian whispered. "Will you come to the library ? Mr. Nesbitt will be there too." The last-named was the rector of the parish, who had just performed the ceremony.

"I will wait for him," Tom answered ; and,

when the clergyman was ready, the two walked slowly together across the park; following Brian very closely. They were half-way to the house, before either spoke. Then Seyton broke the silence abruptly.

"You can guess what he wants us for? It is to speak about his wife. Do you know if she is here?"

"I know that she is not," the other said. "I learnt so much last night, accidentally. It is a terrible business, altogether. I wish I saw my way clearly in it, or rather through it. It will be so very awkward for us, when she does come."

It was a cold raw gusty morning; but the divine looked uncomfortably warm, just then. He was a pious hard-working man, and nervously anxious to leave no duty undone; but sadly deficient in moral courage and worldly wisdom. He owed everything that he possessed to the Maskelynes: perhaps it was no wonder, if the prospect of a conflict betwixt gratitude and the obligations of his office, fairly appalled him. But Tom Seyton had very little sympathy with trepidations such as these.

"I don't understand you," he said, rather sternly. "Why should there be any doubt or difficulty? If the marriage was properly solemnised, at the proper time, and no previous lightness of life can be proved against Mrs.—Mrs. Maskelyne" (the word seemed to choke him), "there can be no possible reason why my wife, or yours, should not call on her. If it be otherwise, Brian would not venture to present her to either. As to intimacy—you'll use your own discretion, I suppose; as I shall mine."

Though the good parson was somewhat abashed, for the moment, he was certainly comforted by this decisive view of the case. Neither spoke another word till they entered the library together.

Brian Maskelyne was sitting at a table strewn with papers and open letters, leaning his brow on his hand. He lifted up his face as they came in—such a wan weary face—greeting them mutely; then his head dropped again; and so he sate, for a minute or more. When he began to speak, his eyes were still shaded.

"You may think me unfeeling and unnatural, perhaps, in troubling you with my own affairs, at such a moment. I cannot help that. I do so, because I hold it to be my simple duty. For the wrong I did my dead mother, God will judge me—if He has not done so already. I cannot atone for this, by failing in other duties. I know right well what difficulties are in store for me and mine. It is just

for this reason, that I have called in here to-day my parish-priest, and the friend whom my father trusted in, not less than I do. It is about my wife of course, that I would speak. Will you look at these papers?"

It was strange to hear that dull monotonous voice, and formal utterance, issuing from lips scarcely darkened with down; the terrible incongruity struck both the hearers, as they took the proffered documents, and perused them silently.

They were only two; and simple enough. The first was a marriage-certificate, regularly signed and fully attested; the ceremony having been performed at a suburban church, immediately on Brian's attaining his majority. The other was the affidavit of Anna Maria Standen, spinster; stating that her niece had resided under her roof and sole charge, from the day of her flight from Torcaster to the eve of the wedding—inclusive.

"The proofs are not full enough, I dare say"—Brian went on, after a pause. "At least, the world might easily find a flaw in them. But they are all I can give. Will they not be sufficient for you? See now—I speak not only as before God, but before my dead mother; for her coffin is not covered yet—I believe my wife to be as pure as she was, when by my father at the altar. Seyton—Tom Seyton—you've known me from my cradle: you don't think I am lying?"

His tones rang out boldly—almost wildly—now; and, as he rose to his feet, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, there shone out on his face an honest chivalry, not unworthy of the race, who—with all their faults and follies—had seldom thoroughly belied their motto—"Do or Die."

Tom Seyton rose too, quickly; and his hand met Brian's half-way.

"Of course I believe you. I couldn't help it, if I would. And Nesbitt is satisfied too, I know. My wife shall call here, as soon as your doors are open again. That is all I can promise, at present. But Brian—I want three words with you, alone, before I go."

The minister, albeit not over sagacious on such points, had the tact to perceive that the grand principle of—"least said is soonest mended"—was especially applicable here. It is not necessary to record the set formalities, with which he proceeded to indorse the opinions of the previous speaker; after which—and certain ceremonial condolences—he took his departure, with a mind agreeably lightened of its load.

Not till the door was fairly closed, did either of the other men open his lips. Then Maskelyne spoke.

"Let me say one word first. She has

written her pardon here"—he touched a letter lying before him—"but I hanker to *hear* the words, 'I forgive.' I think I might sleep, if I heard you say them once. She trusted you so fully; and you were with her so nearly to the end, that you might almost speak for her. Won't you try and say those words? Perhaps it is a sick man's fancy; for I do feel strangely ill."

"I do forgive heartily"—Seyton answered—"at least, I would, if you had done me the faintest wrong; and that your poor mother did so, no one knows better than I; though Kate gave you her very last message. You must not give way to sick fancies either: you must be man enough, to bear great sorrow—aye and great remorse—as you would bear great bodily pain. Besides, you have hard work before you—in many ways—for many a day to come. It seems cruel to speak, as I must speak now: but it would be worse cruelty, to leave misunderstanding behind me. You said just now—"I had known you from your cradle": that is why I use language, as plain as I should to my own child, if he were of your age, and stood where you stand. Come what may, *you* will always be welcome at Warleigh; and, if you are in any real need of me, you may reckon on me, while I live, either here or elsewhere. And we shall always meet on the old terms, on any neutral ground. But for your wife—it is different." His face darkened visibly.—"She shall have Kate's countenance and mine—if she thinks it worth having—thus far. No one shall speak of her before me, otherwise than is fitting of the woman whom you married fairly and honourably—though in secret. And Kate shall call here, formally, at regular intervals, if you both wish it. But closer intimacy there never can be. I wish—from my heart I wish—that, out of the old friends of your family, we were likely to stand aloof—yes, alone."

Brian looked up at the speaker, rather piteously than angrily.

"Do you mean that I am likely to lose them all?"

There was a full minute's pause; then the low steady answer came.

"Such as come often here, will have loved your mother—less than I did."

I have said before, that some of Tom Seyton's abrupt home-truths were apt to cut deeper than if they had been aimed in malice: so it was now. At the last word Brian Maskelyne sank backward into the chair behind him, burying his face in his hands once more, with a scarcely repressed groan. When he looked up, his long black eyelashes were wet.

God help him! With guilt and troubles and responsibilities enough on his shoulders to crush a strong wise man, he was but a boy in many ways, after all.

"There never can be anger between us; I know that much," he said. "See—even now, I can thank you for what you have done: aye—and for what you have promised to do. But I can't speak of these things any more, to-day. Perhaps I shall be better, when I'm alone. Won't you come over, and help me through this business that makes my head whirl, to-morrow or next day? I shall be quite alone till I go up to town."

Tom assented readily; and soon after went his way. He spent most of the two following days at Mote. During that time, not a word was interchanged, on any save business-topics. But, as Seyton stood on the hall-steps bidding Brian good-by, the other detained his hand, whilst he spoke slowly and reluctantly, as though urged on by some inward prompting, that he would fain have repressed.

"One word before I go. I didn't like your look, when you first mentioned my wife. You know nothing against her, surely? It must have been only my fancy. Tell me it was so: tell me that I am safe—quite safe—in trusting her. By heaven, I should go mad, if I did not feel sure that all her heart and love is mine, after what she has cost me."

Seyton shook himself clear of the earnest grasp, with a kind of abrupt energy.

"What puts such ideas into your brain?" he said almost roughly. "It will soon wear itself out, at this rate. I know—absolutely nothing. Will that satisfy you? Now—good-by. You're almost late as it is."

As he watched Brian drive away, Seyton felt something like the self-reproach of an honest man, who—for good and sufficient reasons—has withheld part of the truth that he might have told. He *knew* nothing, certainly: yet vague rumours—the first faint smoke-wreaths from a smouldering fire—had reached him, not over favourable to the fair fame of the beautiful bride: his own inward convictions—prejudices, if you will—spoke still more plainly. Not to mince matters—Tom felt assured that, though she might succeed in hoodwinking the world, and her husband, to her life's end, Bessie Maskelyne was little better than the worst of her sex at heart.

Most people, I think, would allow that he was justified in holding his peace. It would sadly disturb the equilibrium of society, if such candid opinions were often laid upon the altar even of hereditary friendship.

(To be continued.)

BORDIGHERA ;

A NEW WINTER HOME.

WANDERING on the Continent is very delightful, but wandering occasionally becomes wearisome, and the traveller is glad to pitch his tent in some quiet spot and ruralise a while. In summer it is easy enough to find all that can be desired, but in winter it is difficult to find a mild climate with a habitation of moderate comfort, unless one resorts to a regular invalid colony. Such were our reflections as we lingered over the breakfast-table at Lugano, having just determined that it was high time to quit our comfortable quarters there for some more southern clime. But where should we go? Doctors' advice and doctors' books inclined us to the Riviera, but Nice was crowded and conventional, and Mentone invalid and medical. San Remo might possibly supply what we sought: or suppose we were to visit the scene of Ruffini's charming tale, and recline beneath the waving palms of Bordighera. A wanderer's tent is soon pitched and soon struck, and it would be easy to move if either climate or lodging failed to satisfy us. And so the die was cast, and after loitering a few days at Milan and Genoa, we took our places in the Nice diligence one fine morning, and trundled merrily along the far famed Corniche Road, the beauties of which have been often described by the pens of far more able writers than myself.

Once arrived at Bordighera, we settled down very comfortably, lodging in a hotel, which, though not very large, was clean, and in which the cooking would have done credit to an establishment of far greater pretensions. We were for a time its only inmates, and enjoyed all the comforts of a private country house without its expenses or incumbrances. However, ere long stray visitors from Nice, Mentone, and San Remo flocked in.

But let us leave these personal matters, and take the reader with us for a stroll. As we saunter under the olive grove at the back of house, just notice the wonderful network of the gnarled and twisted branches, and look at the tiny peeps of blue sky between the leaves, and the deep shade beneath the thick-set trees. We soon come into a well-worn path, said, with some probability, to be an old Roman road; follow this up, and ten minutes will bring us to the town. Mind that we look not back till we ascend to yonder archway, which admits us within the walls; but now turn round and say if ever a more enchanting scene greeted your astonished gaze. The archway forms a framework to the picture; in the foreground the stately palms wave their broad fronds

gently with the breeze, their tips lighted by the sun, and all beneath in ever-varying shade.

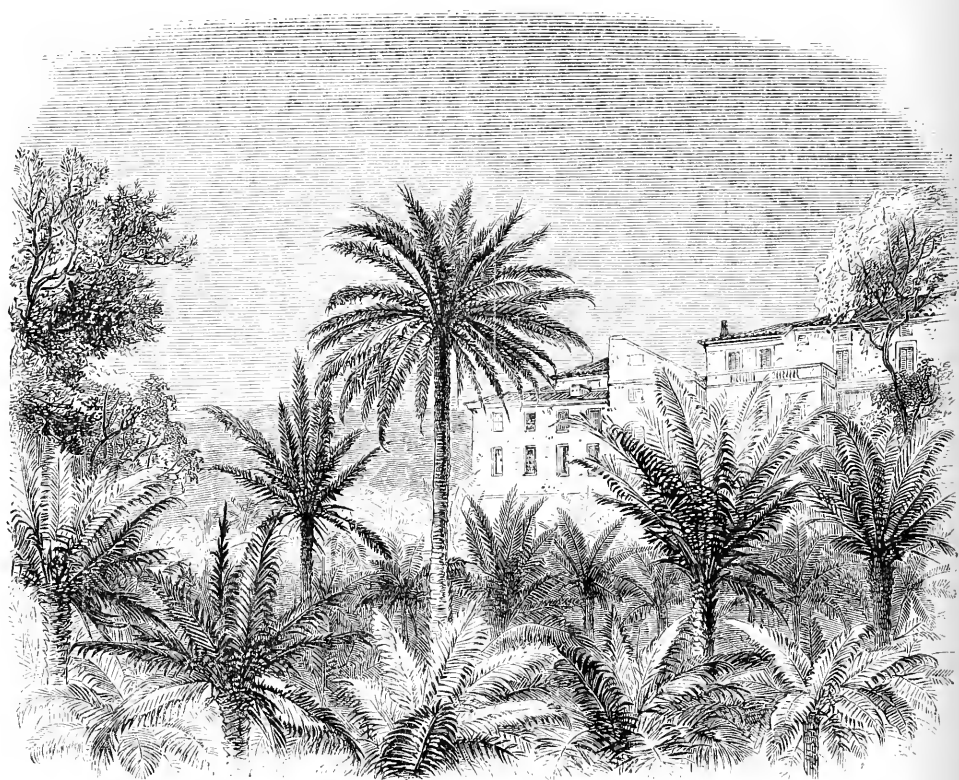
Beyond is a perfect sea of olives, which looks now dark, now light, as the wind raises a ripple on its surface, just lifting up the tiny leaves, and turning first the dark and then the lighter under side to view, and in the distance the mountains rear their lofty heads, and in front of them is the quaint old town of Ventimiglia, the Intermelium of the Romans, which is mentioned by Strabo as a good-sized town. It has been the scene of many fierce contests, the most serious of which occurred on the revolt of the inhabitants against the Genoese Republic, in 1221, when the Podestat of Genoa, who must have been a man of amazing energy, diverted the river Roya from its course, and built two fortresses on the left bank and a new town on the plain, the remains of which gave rise to the present suburb of San Agostino. Though so fiercely besieged, the inhabitants held out for a year, and endured all the horrors of famine before they surrendered to the Podestat. Ventimiglia now contains a population of 6300. The cathedral stands on the site of the ancient temple of Juno, and tradition informs us that the church of St. Michael was formerly the temple of Castor and Pollux. Another legend states that St. Barnabas was the first bishop of Ventimiglia; it is still a bishopric.

And now let us skirt the town wall and stand upon the common. We know no view upon this coast so lovely. Look eastward, and again the waving palms give an oriental aspect to the scene; the red rocks which head the first point glare in the sun with a fiery glow; beyond these a second point runs out, of more peaceful and cultivated appearance. Two villages or little towns are on this headland. That on the crest of the hill is Colla, which boasts of two good-sized churches, one of which, surmounted by a large white dome, is conspicuous on the right. Just beneath Colla is the little village of Ospedaletti, for the origin of which "Doctor Antonio" accounts by a tradition that a ship belonging to the Knights of Rhodes landed some of their men here who were sick of the plague, and the barracks which they erected for their reception formed the nucleus of the present village. High above Colla rises a mountain peak, a grey, mysterious, bluish outline, while further out, beyond the point, is a more distant promontory, more barren in its aspect and dwarfed by distance, but not too far to see the white speck upon the point, which is the sanctuary of the Madonna della Guardia.

Now look westward; again the waving palms,

again the rippling sea of olives, but wider in extent than that we saw before. To the right are black hills of olives, with here an ancient tower peeping through the trees, and further off the little chapel of Santa Croce gleaming on a higher point, with the faint grey outline of the Alps just tipped with snow beyond. Straight before us is Ventimiglia; the Mentone mountains, the Granmondo, the Berceau, and the Aiguille rise behind it. Beneath these mountains lies Mentone, formerly an insignificant little town, now a famous refuge for invalids, with three

English doctors and two English churches, and all the comforts and appliances of English living. Then comes the black streak made by the olive trees on Cap St. Martin, and beyond it the white walls of the casino at Monaco glitter in the sun, standing on a promontory by itself, just a size smaller than that on which the town of Monaco is situated. A huge grey rocky mountain rears its square head perpendicularly behind the town; just below the head, the tower of Turbia appears. Still further to the left is the promontory of St. Jean, with the lighthouse on its point, which marks the



entrance to the natural harbour of Villafranca. To the extreme left is the dim outline of the Estrelles, mountains of quaint, fantastic shape, formerly the terror of nervous travellers between Toulon and Nice, but now tunnelled by the railway. Between Villafranca and the Estrelles you see a low black line, rising towards the end; this is the promontory of Antibes, on the other side of which is the bay of Cannes and the Ile St. Marguerite, where the mysterious Mau in the Iron Mask was long confined.

But we have travelled far from Bordighera,

and we have plenty more to see. Turn your eyes in a south-easterly direction, look along the horizon, and you will see a fairy-like vision. Snow peaks glistening in the sun, strange and irregular in form, and so distant that you can hardly believe you saw nothing when you looked in this direction yesterday, and that you will probably see nothing in the same direction to-morrow, yet there it is—Corsica itself; that highest snow mountain is the Monte Rotondo, 9000 feet high. And now, if you can tear yourself away, let us cross the common, and keeping under the south wall of the town, we

will go through the grove of palms which skirts the east and north sides of the town. It is about the largest grove in the neighbourhood, though the trees are hardly so stately and well grown as those in the garden just beneath the town, of which the illustration opposite will give the reader some idea.

Or if you are inclined for a longer excursion, we can follow up the first valley as we walk towards Ventimiglia and pay a visit to Borghetto, that quaint little village perched midway up the hill-side. I well remember what a pleasant pic-nic we had there last spring, and how, while some of our party sketched that old archway and the quaint corner of the street, the populace assembled round us *en masse*, struck with the novelty of the idea that anything in their Borghetto could be worth painting. I remember, too, how the younger members of the community clustered round us when we ate our dinner under the olives, and threatened for a time to molest our peace, till, to our great amusement, one little fellow armed himself with a long stick, and having perched himself on a high bank, kept the others fairly at bay. In the square, by the church, a tablet on a house records that Carlo Botta, exiled from Piedmont, on account of his political opinions, in 1794, lodged within its walls, and that the nephew of his host erected the tablet in honour of the event in 1859.

There are two other excursions well worth mentioning. The first is to Perinaldo, the other to Dolce Acqua; they may, however, be united, and one long walk will suffice for both. Perinaldo is celebrated as the birth-place of the astronomer, Jean Dominique Cassini, who discovered the satellites of Saturn. We must follow up the second valley, and make up our minds for a twelve-mile walk with plenty of scrambling.

Three little towns which we pass, Valle Crosia, St. Biagio, and Soldano, will give you plenty of opportunities for sketching, if you are inclined to loiter; or if you prefer a bit of wild nature, wait for a few miles, till we come to a rocky pass, where the stream comes boiling and bubbling down between two high rocks, which nearly meet, and which present a most singular appearance. And now let us hope that you do not mind a stiff climb, as Perinaldo is far above us.

The last time we came here, one of our party rode a rough pony well used to mountain paths, but the poor beast was well nigh beat by the steep ascent which we have to mount, and when we met some peasants near our destination they stopped and gaped with astonishment, declaring that they had never seen a horse up there before. But

still, after sundry rests and backward looks down the long valley, through which we trace the winding stream, while at the far end a lovely bit of dark blue sea embosomed in the olives, with bright blue sky above, completes a charming picture—at last we are up, and after wandering about the curious alleys, dignified by the name of streets, and eating our luncheon in the café of the town, and admiring its ceiling, on which a rude representation of Mercury is bounded by a circle intended for the world, about which its quarters are inscribed in large red letters, with no servile imitation of correct orthography: after we have done all this, and feel refreshed, we must go homewards across the mountains for the sake of seeing Dolce Acqua.

It will repay us well, for we get a panoramic view of the snow ranges on the north, while beneath the path the hills are clad with thick pines, and then a little further on we look down upon two more towns, Apriaali and Isola Buona. Near the latter is a sulphurous spring, which may some day bring fame to the little town, as it is said to be highly beneficial for all diseases of the skin. And now we are just over Dolce Acqua and its fine old castle, which is in a state of well preserved ruin. It is a famous place for pic-nics. One very merry one took place there last year, when we encamped upon the green turf in the castle, while all the children in the town came to see us feed; we requested them to keep at a friendly distance, on the understanding that when we had done they should begin, so forthwith they took their places upon the walls and there sat round us, laughing and chattering while we feasted and made libations on the ground. Then sallying forth amid clamorous demands for *sous*, we wandered about among the dark arched streets, and chancing on a flageolet player and a large empty room, some of our party amused themselves with dancing, to the admiration of the natives.

Like Ventimiglia, Dolce Acqua has seen stormy days. In 1425 the inhabitants of the former town besieged it, and in 1625 there was a regular revolution in the little town, the inhabitants taking up arms against their lords. The river Nervia runs through the town, and is crossed by a most singular bridge, of a single lofty pointed arch of about thirty-three metres' span.

The walk back down the valley of the Nervia is very picturesque, but we have neither time nor space to dilate upon its beauties. One great charm of this country is its endless variety, and those who really love beautiful scenery will not be sorry to make acquaintance with Bordighera.

H. S.

"DINING WITH THE KING."

WE have so seldom an opportunity of obtaining a glimpse at the *vie privée* of Royalty, more especially as connected with personages and incidents of a contemporary date, that we offer, with an assured confidence in its more than ordinary interest, the following brief narrative, which commemorates the particulars associated with a private dinner at Buckingham Palace, as detailed from the communication of a late distinguished clergyman, who enjoyed an official connection with the court of William the Fourth.

The gentleman alluded to was the Rev. John Sleath, D.D., &c., Subdean of the Chapel Royal, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and High-Master of St. Paul's School. Previously to his appointment to these dignities he was for some years a Master of Rugby School; and he was a native of the county of Warwick. He held other preferment in the Church, besides the offices enumerated; and was widely known as a most accomplished scholar, and was the possessor of peculiarly urbane and dignified manners, that eminently qualified him for a higher position in the table of ecclesiastical precedence, and of courtly distinction, than he ultimately reached. His expectations of being elevated to the episcopal bench were, for several years preceding his death, very confidently entertained; and we believe they were encouraged in quarters which fully justified his ambition of gaining a promotion, to which few of his contemporaries could more honourably have aspired on the score of personal merit.

The papers of the day having announced the intelligence of Dr. Sleath's introduction at the royal table, one of his more intimate friends took an early opportunity of obtaining from him the particulars of his visit, which are here given as recorded, for the information of a mutual acquaintance, in a letter of the same date.

On the Sunday preceding the reverend doctor's invitation to dine at the Palace, some one at the royal table had alluded in terms of very warm approval to a sermon preached that morning at St. James's by Dr. Sleath, upon which the King, turning to Mr. Wood, Prince George's tutor, said—"Wood, tell Dr. Sleath he must preach next Sunday at Chapel Royal; you must write to him." On the Wednesday following, he received the King's commands to attend a new bishop's doing homage at half past ten o'clock; previously to retiring, at the conclusion of the ceremony, he was honoured by His Majesty's further commands, that he should dine that evening at the Palace.

It is generally understood, in the circles more immediately cognizant in matters of courtly ceremonial, that a dinner at the private table of royalty, though esteemed an enviable privilege by the invited, is by no means usually a subject for very agreeable recollection, save as far as the indulgence of a sentiment of gratified self-esteem may lead persons so honoured to chronicle the event with feelings of qualified satisfaction. But a participation in the pleasures of the board, as dispensed under the genial influences called into exercise by the frank and easy joviality and unmeasured condescension of our late popular sovereign William the Fourth, was an occasion of real festive enjoyment—an event of unmistakable gaiety and good cheer. The open-hearted cordiality of the King, and the amiable and unassuming deportment of his most estimable consort, Queen Adelaide, put each guest fairly at his ease, and gave a welcome that enhanced the sense of the royal courtesy.

The party assembled on the occasion here particularly alluded to, appears to have consisted of individuals who formed an attractive *entourage* around the hospitable and princely board. On Dr. Sleath's arrival, he was shown into the reception-room, where he found the King standing before the fire, talking to Lord James O'Brien, the Marquis of Winchester, Viscount Hill, Earl Amherst, the Earl and Countess of Mayo, two *aides-de-camp*, and a maid of honour. He was received in a very marked and gracious manner, and soon felt himself perfectly free from any idea of formal constraint. Presently arrived the Queen, and made her salutations in an easy quiet manner, in acknowledgment of the profound *obeissances* of those present. Her Majesty was soon followed by His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, who, after making his bows to the company, accosted in a warmly friendly manner, Dr. Sleath, with whom he continued to converse in a tone of lively and unaffected heartiness. We should have noticed more particularly the appearance of the Queen, who was attired in full mourning—a satin gown, boa, long necklace, and gauze cap, constituting the principal features of Her Majesty's toilette. When dinner was announced, the King said—"Prince George, take the Queen." His Majesty took the Countess Mayo; the Marquis of Winchester the maid of honour. The party consisted of about sixteen persons; there were no presiding seats at the table as on ordinary social occasions in general society; no "top" and "bottom," to use conventional terms implying the common arrangement in such matters.

The King and Queen sat opposite each other,

on each side, at the middle part of the table ; Prince George on the left hand of the Queen, the Marquis of Winchester on her right ; then the maid of honour, and then the Doctor. The Queen, to use Dr. Sleath's expression, "was very quiet," and addressed her conversation chiefly to Prince George, but only talked a little during her stay at table. The King "was very pleasant." No dishes were set upon the table—nothing in the shape of eatables appeared there. The entire space was covered with an immense variety of ornamental articles, curiously and elaborately constructed, to which a striking effect was communicated by the softened lights of the numerous wax candles that clustered above the board. Ten servants in superb liveries assisted during the dinner, and behind the King's chair stood a gentleman in black, who gave His Majesty wine. To descendant on the varied succession of appetising viands would be superfluous. Even princes are restricted to the enjoyment of the same objects of food participated by their subjects as ordinary delicacies. Thus, cod-fish, soles, white soup, turtle soup, roast beef, fowls, cutlets, patties, game of all kinds, and sweet-dishes of every conceivable variety, were handed about to the guests with that prompt and skilful attention peculiar to highly-trained servitors in our best houses. Soon after the fish was distributed the King said to Dr. Sleath—"Remember you preach to us on Sunday ; and will you do me the honour to take wine ? What do you do with yourself these holidays ?" "Sire ! I go into Warwickshire, where I was born, to see all my friends." "Ah, well : Amherst, fill your glass—you are a Warwickshire boy. Here's to the health of the Warwickshire lads and lasses !" at which they all laughed, and drank the toast. (We are not, *en passant*, sufficiently well acquainted with the noble lord's antecedents, to say how he verified the King's assertion of this connection with the county referred to.) After the dinner, a magnificent dessert was put upon the table, the *coup d'œil* of which was a spectacular treat to be over afterwards recalled with a feeling of unabated admiration. The men stayed to change the ice-plates, and then left. After a rather brief interval the Queen nodded to the King, who immediately said aloud—"Door !" which was opened by the man in black ; all the gentlemen stood up : and then the Queen arose, and her two ladies, and left the room. The gentlemen sat till eleven o'clock, the King "very pleasant ;" he left the table alone, and the rest a quarter of an hour after.

They were shown to another part of the palace—the Queen's Private Drawing-room. In the gallery were two servants preparing tea

and coffee. No eatables were introduced. The tea-equipage was of the utmost possible splendour. Prince George was in high spirits, very attentive, repeatedly asking them to take more. They found Her Majesty seated at the table, doing "rough stitch," Lord Hill talking to her ; the King half asleep, leaning on the table ; the two ladies talking together. They were all very chatty and agreeable. At half-past eleven, the Queen walked off with her ladies, and the rest at twelve, the King wishing them a hearty "Good night."

The doctor preached the ordered sermon on the following Sunday, and alluded therein very happily to the Duke of Gloucester, then lately deceased ; and he was afterwards assured that his discourse had afforded their Majesties the highest satisfaction.

ROBERT BIGSEY, LL.D.

OUR FOX TOBY.

"Toby" was born in a wood, out of the mazes of which he was taken to Oxford to be educated. He began life, like many other celebrities, in a humble sphere, and, as is often the case, his talents and promised beauty in early childhood were not appreciated ; for, whereas his brothers and sisters were much thought of, Toby was little esteemed, and suffered much the same fate as did the "Ugly Duckling." There is no doubt that his *amour propre* was constantly being hurt, and that he was wretched at finding himself despised. However, from the city he was promoted to the university, and entered (on the sly) at St. Edmund Hall, through the kind assistance of his undergraduate benefactor. College life generally shows what men are made of. Often will the idle school-boy, on entering upon his university life, determine that his career there shall be a contrast to his school life ; and so, making a good start, and backed by good resolutions as a reading man, he keeps himself up to the mark. Or, on the other hand, the clever captain of a school, the gainer of endless volumes, which testify of his various successes, finds, on reaching the university, many others, even amongst his own friends, who excel him, and who are so far above him that he gets discouraged, and thus he easily gives in to the advice of his non-reading friends, and with Alexandrian rapidity cuts his well-knit Gordian knot of knowledge, the work of years. That done, he thinks he has shown himself a man, and commences enjoying himself as fast as possible. Away fly his airy-built castles of "a first," or rather of his striving for "a first," and of his reading out a prize essay or poem from the Rostra to

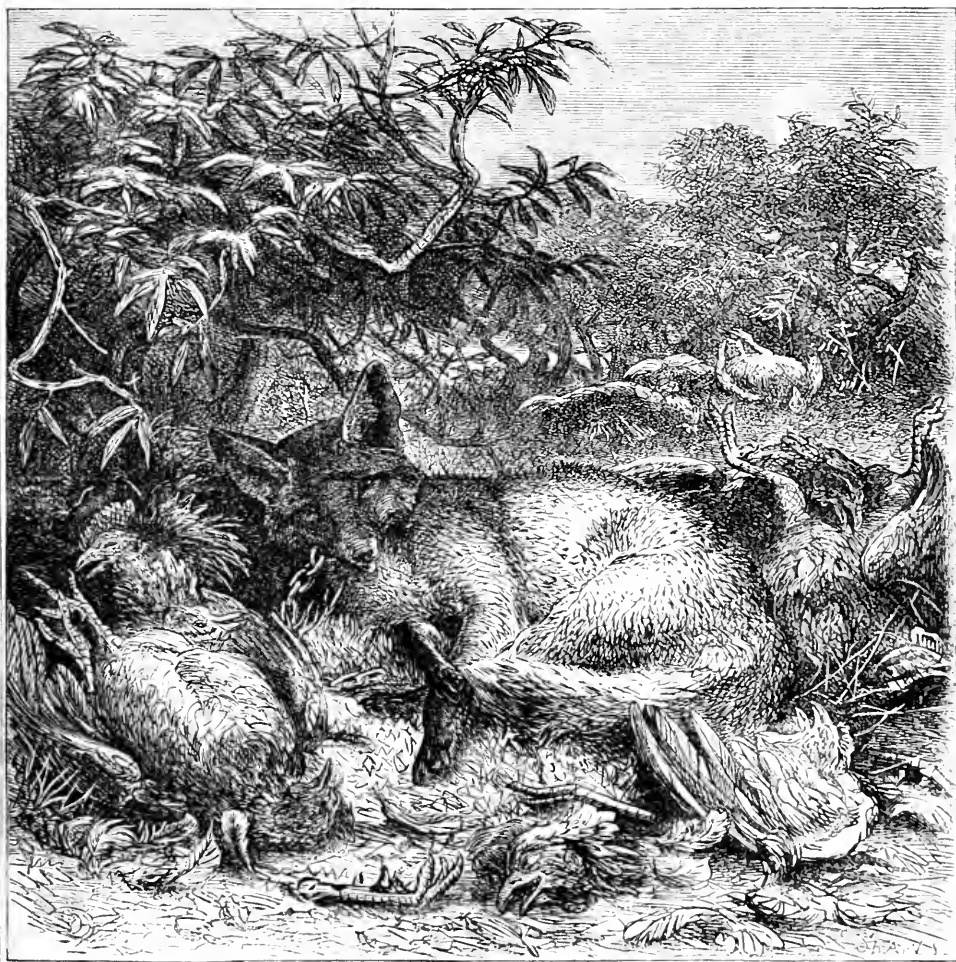
an admiring audience. (We will not say that the audience admire *him*, or that generally they are very attentive.) But now perchance his airy castle seems likely to become a substantially-built mansion, where there is no need of taking your furniture on valuation, but where it is kindly given to you. The Rostra from which he is likely to hold forth, are not of quite the same shape as that which he once wished for, and the audience he is likely to have, is not quite so "gentile" or so "recherchée" as he had anticipated. Such are often his prospects, and were it not for some hard-working man, who comes forward to help his once "family hope," not only with great trouble, and to the detriment of several other hopes, but with a saddened heart, which has received one of its heaviest wounds, and one from which it can never be healed, he would be entirely ruined.

Toby's aspirations were of the highest order, for, on entering first into his college life, he passed through an ordeal of fire from which he emerged scatheless. He plunged into the strictest solitude, though all appeared to him dark and hopeless. Still he made the attempt, for his first college act was to dash up the chimney of his friend's room, where a fire was still alight. How long he remained there seems uncertain; that he came down there was no doubt, and that he worked hard that night also none could gainsay. The ink he used was soot, and he wrote (indistinctly) even over the clean linen which was lying about the room, preparatory to his friend's "going down" next day. The books bore marks of his fondness for them, for he had searched them through and through, his teeth being the witnesses. Again, kindly trying to help his friend with his portmanteau straps, he had bitten them also to pieces. Toby's first "long" passed like many "longs," in being out in the air from morning till night; but, as he was always for doing all things thoroughly, he stopped out also from night till morning. His daily life varied but little; sometimes he would be unchained from his house, and go out with his walking-stick, or rather running-stick, which was fastened to his chain at the farther end. It was heavy enough to prevent Toby's little pads from carrying him too far and too quickly away, but not too heavy to prevent him from running about and enjoying himself with his new friend Captain, who (just like a friend) seemed made to help Toby idle away his "long," for Captain was a "badeau" of the first order. He was a species of dog marine, being as efficient on land as on water. He was a retriever, but having early in life given up his profession,

he would spend his day in doing nothing, and helping others to do the same. Captain for some time, I am sorry to say, was very unfriendly to Toby, for he sulked about like a dog in the manger round his kennel (which was given to Toby), although he himself never was in it or went near it. However, by degrees he became more courteous, and would at last condescend to play with his friend: and very amusing it was. When Toby had his running-stick on, he would mew almost like a cat, as he lay on his back wagging his tail dog-like, as if he were glad; then suddenly he would dart up, and run at Captain, nibbling his paws, then race away over the flower-beds without the slightest respect to the brightest geranium, or the most fragile little annuals, bounding round and round the standard rose-trees, and shaking down the full-blown flowers in a blushing shower over him, till at last he could not easily unwind himself without help; and then woe betide any lady in a light-coloured dress, or with her dress festooned so as to display a white *jupon*, if she tried to help him; for most ungratefully, and unlike Mr. Punch's captivating Toby (who of course is as great an admirer of ladies as his master), he would fly at it, and hold it in his teeth. It is though more gallant to suppose that he was so taken by the lady as to display his admiration by kissing the hem of her garment, and that thus after all he was worthy of being Mr. Punch's Toby's namesake. When unwound, he was more vicious than ever, and ran all the more violently at Captain. Sometimes he would feign being tired, and Captain would become bolder in his play, then foxily would Toby nibble him much harder, and pounce up and tear away afresh. Toby was perforce a vegetarian, so he would tire sooner than Captain; moreover, alas! the gallant marine was a coward, and would, when too much bitten, turn tail, and run away. The first time that Toby passed a moonlight night with us we shall not easily forget. His musical serenade was something so fearful that it can only be compared to fancied noises, such, for instance, as the yowl one has read of in the Irish fairy legends, given by the imp that was exorcised by the brewing of egg-shells made by the poor mother whose child had been carried away, whilst an imp had been put in the cradle instead. It was like a prolonged yowl of hopeless despair, so plaintive, so uncanny, that it simply terrified our unaccustomed ears. Even when one knew that it was Toby addressing *la luna senza vel*, it made one long for Cynthia to be covered, lovely as she was unveiled. I am afraid (in anticipation of his future fellowship) Toby was fond of

eating, and, if he knew a biscuit was in your pocket, his long nose would rout about till you gave it to him. Moreover, being provident, he would, to the grass's detriment, burrow holes wherein to deposit occasional bones, which he used to have as a treat, or maybe he was a fox sexton child. I also fancy that he brought to bear his Oxford philosophical training by the digging of graves,

which he never filled, and that when doing so he was searching for the valuable stone. When Toby came out to walk with us—*par parenthese*, I have heard that but one tame fox ever followed *de son chef*, and a farmer's wife possessed it. When she went to market, her fox followed her, and the story goes on to say that the fox suddenly leaped up in front of the good woman's horse one day to save itself



See page 632.

from the hounds;—well, when Toby came out to walk with us, he was held by his chain, but never would he walk in the direction you wished him to go; you might coax, or pull violently, or give spiteful hasty tugs, or use rough means, or try to go the way he was going—no! all was in vain; he would instantly change his way of going; his favourite way was to struggle violently backwards; but sometimes, when the freak took him, and he

fancied somebody was coming behind him, he would dash on in front frantically, nearly pulling you down, or through fright he would wind himself round and round you tightly, so that you could not move. I often wondered that the poor little fellow's head was not torn off. When he was panting or weary, we used to carry him. In the cricket-field he enjoyed himself, being fastened to a tree, one of a belt of trees and shrubs. Anybody could

stroke him without fear, save when they came in the vicinity of his precious brush, when he would turn sharply round, and bite *qui que ce soit*

Poor little Toby! often did he try to run away, and often did he succeed, but being short-winded, and having his enemy chain on, he was soon caught again. At the end of his first "long" Toby returned to a lodging in an Oxford cellar—not, alas! a Christchurch one in Canterbury quad. His second "long" he came again to pass with us, and he was to have our home 'mid the downs for his, and to be for the future amidst his many old friends, who had been so kind to him. But I am afraid that his Oxford training had not profited him much; for, not being contented with the gentle domestic life of the previous year, when he still had homeine influence to restrain him, he became restless, and would go in search of exciting amusement. Once, nay twice, he was found 'mid some neighbouring gorse. On the second occasion, being a regular excursionist, he had started on a Sunday morning in quest of pleasure, and a neighbouring farmer found that eight of his fowls had gone, decoyed by Toby's bad example. Ah me! the next Sunday was Toby again missing; missing too were the fowls of a kind friend of his, decoyed in the like manner by him, and yet Toby's adopted parents had not (such was his lady friend's generosity) to replace the missing fowls.

A long, yes, a very long, week was Toby gone! And there came no tidings of him till on the Monday week a cart arrived from a neighbouring farm which contained two sacks; from out of one came the remains of thirty-two fowls; in the other sack was Toby, in consequence of his evil courses, quite reckless and savage. Not only had thirty-two fallen victims to Toby's rapacious appetite, but thirty-two others, too mangled to be brought here, were lying in Applesham farmyard. After such a *bouquet* of horrors, Toby was sent back to Oxford to his undergraduate friend and former owner. Your last Oxford term, my Toby, was but of fourteen days' duration. Your first ordeal, as we saw, had been by fire, when, not through any fear of singeing, or of the unkind impetus which might be given to you by Professor Kingsley's Mr. Grimes—poor little Tom's master sweep, but through your natural timidity, you ascended your friend's chimney.

Your last ordeal was forced upon you by cruel men and dogs, who broke in upon your privacy, and chased you away and away till at length a kindly fox syren, rising 'mid a little forest of water wraithine reedy spears, made way for

you, and laid you lovingly on a glorious couch of soft blue lent by the forget-me-nots, the cool water chafing your fevered brow. Then at the fox syren's word you were consigned to her arms, and so you sank to rest. Doubtless you are a Vulpine water-baby, and you have seen sweet little Tom, the water-baby, to whose tender care I resign you. So Toby you lived, and so you died. We cannot let your waifs and strays end without telling of your gentleman friend at Applesham. The trouble that you caused we felt that we could never repay. But our blank cheque sent to replace the sixty-four victims, we could not have expected to be returned intact. Yet so it was. It came back from our generous neighbour accompanied by a kind note. And moreover, before the last echoes of the guns had died away on September 1, there came from the same kind quarter a leash of partridges. Oh Toby! had you been with us still, we should have tried to make you blush as we told you with what forbearance and generosity your rapacity had been repaid. But before all this had happened you had left your home on the downs, travelled back to Oxford, and there had come to your untimely end.

MARY HENRIETTA WILSON.

AN EVENING AT A WORKINGMAN'S CLUB.

A FEW weeks since, I received a flattering invitation from a Working Man to spend an evening with him at his Club. The word Club sounded droll at first on my ear from a man in a labour-stained corduroy suit; but a moment's reflection corrected the involuntary impression, and I cordially and gladly accepted the invitation. And why not? The Poor Man is equally entitled to his Club as the Rich, and more so. The Rich Man has a thousand ways of passing his time, a thousand distractions, which the Poor Man has not. The one need never be weary or ennuied but from the excess of his leisure and opportunities, from an *embarras de richesse*; whereas the other has need of every kind of salutary amusement to keep alive in him that better part which is but too little thought of in the toil and drudgery of life. Gladly I accepted the invitation, especially as it promised to afford me an excellent occasion to study a new phase of my fellow-labourer's existence, and to note what were the practical results of a grand social movement with which I had heartily sympathised, but which I had, like many others, too little investigated.

The note of invitation was accompanied by the following handbill, or circular:—

WORKING MEN'S CLUB,

— STREET.

COMFORTABLE READING ROOMS.

Well lighted and supplied with Newspapers, the best Periodicals, and upwards of 100 Volumes of Books.

A SMOKING AND COFFEE ROOMS,
CHESS, DRAUGHTS, BAGATTELLE, AND SKITTLE-GROUND.

EVENING CLASSES, AND LECTURES ON INTERESTING
SUBJECTS.

Discussion Class on Tuesday Evening.
Singing Class on Wednesday Evening.
Geometry Class do. do.
Chess Class, Thursday Evening.
Drawing Class, Friday Evening.
A Free-and-Easy on Saturday.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

2d. per week, or 1s. 6d. per quarter in advance.
No member admitted under 18 years of age.

Working Men are earnestly invited to support this Club, the management being in their own hands.

I.B.—House of Call for every class of Working Men.

Open on Week-Days from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m., and on
Sundays from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., for reading and
conversation only.

All who take an interest in this movement are invited
to call and see the rooms.

The last sentence especially applied to me and seemed to be a second invitation, indorsing that of my friend. Accordingly one evening set off to pay the promised visit.

Both time and place were remarkably propitious, and offered some touching contrasts. The night was wet, cold, and dreary, and made one long to be indoors. The neighbourhood, too, in which the Club had been established was squalid in the extreme. The gas-lights at the low butchers' and green-rocers' shops flared through a dense mist, or steam, which was rendered lurid by the flare; the pavement was sloppy and slippery as I trudged along, whilst the pools of water in the streets and gutters appeared on fire as they reflected the fluttering flames of the tradesmen's burners. Every object was dripping with wretchedness. The pallid creatures who flitted by me in this rank atmosphere of discomfort, or grouped themselves for shelter beneath the eaves of the doorways, had a ghastly appearance in their forlorn and baking misery. It seemed to me that in the street, in which the Club was situated, despair had established his head-quarters. A black banner might have waved across its entrance, inscribed with the motto, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." It was narrow, low, overhanging, dark, and dilapidated—the

perennial den of suffering. Those who abode within its gloomy precincts partook of its grim character, and, as they passed, shook their drenched frames with a shudder that said, true as language ever conveyed the meaning of the heart, "This cannot last long; a few, a very few, years of neglect and disease, and then—Death," yes, Death the Rest-giver; Death the Comforter. Two women were lingering near a brilliantly illuminated and gorgeously decorated gin-palace. Taking some coppers from their pockets, they turned them over and over again in the palms of their hands, reluctantly, apparently, to part with them, or calculating if they had enough for a quatern, and let us hope, to spare. But such a night! they must have the burning solace, the hideous consolation of alcohol; so after a moment's talk they dashed into the splendid Hall of Ruin dazzling with light and colour. Was not that shelter far less pitiless than the streaming skies and the nipping wind? Deplorable Refuge!—what a Circean sty the interior!—what men, what women, what language!

Opposite, exactly opposite, to this gilded sink of misery and sin was the Club—a neat comfortable corner-house, well-lighted from every window. What a contrast to the tumble-down tenements which stretched away right and left into the reeling darkness! The next house had many of its panes broken, and patched up with paper or rags; the shutters and window-sills were rotten and black with soot; the door was literally plastered with mud. Poverty,—hopeless, degraded, prostrate poverty—was written in every feature of that forlorn building, the home of at least half-a-dozen families.

What a contrast, too, to the flaunting, flaring, blazing "public" on the other side of the way, was the Club.

I crossed over, knocked, and at once gained admittance. My friend and host for the occasion was, I learnt, up-stairs, presiding over a public debate, so was unable to receive me in person; but he had left word that on my arrival I should be shown into the Parliament Chamber.

A glance round into the passages and rooms, as I went up-stairs, revealed an air of cleanliness and comfort, of peace and order that told marvellously by the side of the scenes I had just quitted outside.

Well would it be for those who question the orderly disposition of the masses, their power of self-control, and their readiness to hear reason, to be present at such a discussion as I listened to that memorable evening. They would soon convince themselves of the

patience, good-humour, and let me say, gravity, with which an English artisan and common labourer can conduct a debate. We do not expect to find their names and speeches recorded in the chronicles of Hansard; yet many of the observations thrown out on the occasion of my visit would not have been misplaced in the voluminous pages of that mysterious editor and publisher.

The room into which I was ushered was amply large for the purpose; in fact, it had formerly been two, but had been converted into one by the demolition of a pair of folding-doors, and a slight widening of the breach thus made. Forms were ranged along by the walls, whilst at the upper end, constituting a bench of honour, stood a table placed crosswise, behind which sat the principal speakers. The subject of debate was a well-worn one, "The American War, and the Justice of Neutrality," whether England had been right in remaining neutral. I forget the exact form of the proposition; but this was the sum and substance at issue: "Was England justified in remaining neutral? Was the North originally in the right or in the wrong?" Here was a pretty wide field, and the subject, I must say, was widely treated. I am not going to report the debate of that evening. I will, however, indicate a few of the chief features of the discussion, in order to show the manner in which it was conducted, and the style of the rhetoric.

I went prepared—I had been forewarned—to hear some forcible, not to say rough-hewn oratory. And to such I was treated, though in a mitigated degree. The want of polish and refinement was by no means so conspicuous as I expected to find it; curious, however, was it to notice how strong the ruling passion was in each speaker; how he made each subject turn upon some idiosyncrasy, and revolve around it, however unconnected or alien the train of argument. Thus one man—a deep original thinker, who expressed his views boldly, not to say bluntly, made the "currency question" the pivot on which all his ideas moved. This style was somewhat novel to me; but not to the majority of the audience, who were amused with his ingenuity, and good-humouredly put up with remarks, comments, and financial facts they had heard fifty times before. A second speaker took a politico-philanthropic view of the question, and nothing less than negro-suffrage would satisfy him; a third regarded the subject commercially and socially; a fourth took a historical and international survey of the question; and so on.

Of course, the speakers displayed a great variety of power and eloquence; as much, in

fact, as the difference in the fashion, colour, and material of their clothes. Some were better informed than others, having read thoughtfully, if not largely; some had a natural fluency of speech, and a vivid imagination; some had had greater experience in addressing an audience. All, however, conducted themselves with decorum and confidence, every encouragement being given even to the weakest and most tedious to go on. What appeared still more striking was the serious demeanour of the assembly. Every one seemed to feel that he was taking part in a grave debate, and not in a mere desultory rhetorical display, started for the sake of an hour's amusement. An excellent regulation limited each speaker to ten minutes. A sand-glass stood on the table, and when the fountain became exhausted at one end, the President turned the crystal cascade upside down with a gentle tap. This is an unmistakeable sign to the Demosthenes of the moment that his eloquence must cease. Should he, however, in the glow and excitement of his declamation, forget to notice the falling sands, or fail to hear the gentle tap, the company reminded him of the fact, either by a slight shuffle of the feet, or an appeal to the chairman. It was pleasant to witness how good-humouredly he who had the "ear of the house" submitted to the discipline of silence. "Time up," was a sore cry to more than one, but it was cheerfully obeyed.

As soon as the debate was over, my friend joined me. He was not only anxious to have my opinion, but evidently nervous, I could see, by the excuses and apologies he made about it.

"You must not look here for elegance of style, and I dare say the grammar was not to your ear altogether pure," was almost the first words he uttered.

"To say nothing," I interposed with a smile, "of the dumb 'h's' made to speak, and the bold ones burked."

"If you don't get elegance, grammar, or your 'h's,'" replied my friend, slightly annoyed, "you have strength of expression and sincerity. Every man spoke his convictions; what he said came from the heart."

"Don't mistake me, my friend. What I have seen and heard has delighted me exceedingly. The moral good effected I consider incalculable."

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"I say so frankly, because I think so. To get labouring men in their every-day clothes, just leaving off work, to turn in and sit and listen to such a debate as I have heard to-night, is a great fact; then the opportunity so

afforded of ventilating opinions amongst these workmen is a great gain; and I was pleased, also," I added, "to see so little of the 'stump' introduced by either of the speakers. Moderation in the views put forward struck me forcibly."

"If any one had ventured to express too broad an opinion," replied my guide, "he knew he would be warmly taken to task by probably the next speaker; he's free in every respect. You cannot imagine the good effected by the fact, that all are equal in this Wittenamot."

I have dwelt longer on this phase of the Working Man's Club, as it seemed to me the highest and most remarkable. There were, however, other phases, each good in its way, which I will briefly note.

Whilst the foregoing conversation was taking place, my friend had conducted me into other parts of the Club. On the storey above the debating-room is the Library. It was in an incipient state; nevertheless on the table lay several weekly and monthly periodicals, illustrated and non-illustrated, some newspapers, and a pamphlet or two. Thus any member, who felt so disposed, might come in and gather up the news and opinions of the day in what was verily a studious quiet. On the shelves were a few, a very few books, the gifts of friends. They were mostly of a miscellaneous description, and included tales and sensational novels, history, travels, &c. Although it must be confessed the majority like light reading—and why should they not?—many delight in scientific works, and the works of writers on political economy. This latter class of reading, however, belongs mainly to the skilled artisan. His strong mind, like his strong hand, must have something solid and tough to handle. There was also a feeble attempt at a natural history museum in the room. On the mantel-shelf were ranged—not, however, in complete order—several geological specimens, with the names attached to each of them; above the mantel-piece was a case of stuffed birds, and in a recess some dried plants and herbs. If I remember rightly, there was also a drawer containing a small collection of dried moths and butterflies.

"Our natural history collection, like our library," observed my friend, who, by-the-by, found took a prominent part in the management of the Club, "is not large; but it will grow. Strange as it may seem, several of our members have already shown a deep interest both in geology and botany, and I have great hopes of before long being able to furnish them with a larger collection."

Thinking I had seen enough of the educa-

tional department, or apartment, my friend took me down-stairs to the ground-floor. A delicious aromatic odour, which reminded one of Araby the Blest, or at least of the Mocha berry, filled the passages, which, I was told, proceeded from the kitchen, where tea and coffee were always kept hot, and could be had, at "the shortest notice," and at a "moderate price," in conjunction with bread and butter, toast, eggs, bloaters, a chop, or a rasher of bacon. The *cuisine* was not very spacious; it was originally the back parlour, and had been fitted up with a coffee-hop battery, or range, and decorated with cups and saucers, plates and dishes. The cook and her husband were installed in the house in the capacity of warders, and in addition to the duties of the kitchen, had to keep the establishment neat and clean. Much of the comfort of the members depend upon them.

There were only two places more for me to visit—the bagatelle-room and the skittle-alley. The bagatelle-room adjoined the kitchen; in fact, it was originally the front parlour. It was a good commodious size, and here I found several young men standing over the game, some as players, some as spectators. They all seemed to take a lively interest in the stroke of the cue-holder, and its success. These young men were the same who, six months back, frequented the bagatelle-rooms of public-houses, played for pots of beer, and wrangled over the results of the game. Here there was the utmost order and good spirits; no gambling was permitted by the rules of the Club, or malt-liquor. Smoking, however, was not prohibited, and this luxury several of the young fellows indulged in with infinite zest. The skittle-alley was a stage lower down. It had formerly been the courtyard and cellar. It was now thrown into one, and was nicely fitted up, and frequented by the more active and muscular of the members.

To one point I must draw particular attention, otherwise my account of the Club would do it signal injustice. The night I attended was a "parliamentary night"; had I visited my friend on a Tuesday or a Saturday, I should have been regaled with a discussion or a concert, known as a Free-and-Easy, according to the evening. The debate to me, however, was worth all the rest, for it told me more distinctly and emphatically into what these Working Men's Clubs might eventually be developed; it showed me advantageously the class and character of the men who become members, and gave me a general estimate of their moral and intellectual calibre. These institutions, I felt convinced, as I left that night, will become colleges—if they are not so already—in

which lessons of order, self-control, and true morality will become insensibly inculcated and permanently acquired.

A word in general about the Clubs. Will they endure, and wherein does their vitality exist? That they will last has become self-evident; the basis of their strength and growth lying in their constitution. They are *free* from what Charles Dickens happily terms "that grand impertinence—patronage." The first and essential principle of these Clubs is self-government. On this rock they stand. They are managed and controlled by a body elected from amongst the members, and by themselves. That they have kind and influential friends who give them counsel, aid them with their experience, and sometimes lend them material support, is true; but these benefactors do not and cannot directly, without the franchise of the whole Club, interfere in its governance—least of all as patrons or sovereign directors. Naturally there are many details which the members, left to themselves, can scarcely be expected to carry out; but when once a Club has been launched and set afloat in the right direction, it is astonishing to find what marked administrative capacities its committee has shown. To the Working-Men's Club Union much, too, is due, for it has done great things in extending the formation and consolidating the foundation of these Clubs, supporting them, indeed, through the swaddling stage of their existence, until they had strength enough to stand alone. When, however, they have been cut adrift of the parent institute, they have, as a rule, thriven exceedingly well.

One good sign—and one my chivalric nature will not allow me to overlook—is the favour the Clubs meet with from the women. Enlist female influence on your side, and you are safe. Many a wife has already blessed the day her husband paid his first instalment for admission.

"My husband," said one woman to the secretary of this very Club, "used to spend his week's earnings at the 'public' on Saturday night, except a little he brought home to me, and what could he do the other evenings? He would hang about after Monday outside, until some one asked him to take something, for he had a score there by Monday. Now he gets to his Club, as he knows he shall get good company, and a 'some ut' to amuse him; and he may smoke, though he cannot drink; however, he has his pint afore he goes in, and there is no more temptation. He comes back to me regularly, and is at his work betimes."

Here is practical reformation. What occurs

in one case will occur again, and in hundreds of instances. The good here effected, it may be said, is of a negative character; yet it can hardly be negative, when it drags a victim back from vice. Neutral ground is fallow ground, ready and waiting for the hand of the husbandman; so is it with the human heart and intellect; if you can draw them back from a false course of affection and argument, you have achieved a great work. Fortunately the Working Men's Clubs are calculated to do more than reclaim drunkards; they are prepared to elevate his tastes and habits, and to make each subscriber an eminently respectable member of society.

HAROLD KING.

FREDENSBORG.

SOME nine miles west of Elsinore, in the northern part of the island of Zealand, is situated the castle of Fredensborg, the favourite country residence of the King of Denmark. Adjoining the castle, and bearing its name, lies a small town, or rather hamlet, consisting of rustic cottages, whose white walls in summer form an agreeable contrast to the dark foliage of the trees and shrubbery by which they are surrounded on all sides. Two or three narrow streets, with small, one-storied, and brick-built houses, form the rest of this diminutive place, and are chiefly noted by the tourist on account of the superlative badness of their pavement. The inmates of the cottages are mostly old ladies and pensioned officials—military as well as civil—with their families, who have resorted to this place on account of its cheap living, and quiet, beautiful, scenery. Indeed, the latter is the sole attraction, which, during the summer months, draws a large number of visitors from Copenhagen, the distance being only about thirty English miles. Their number has considerably increased since Christian IX. selected the palace for his summer residence, and by so doing caused it to be joined by rail with the capital, reducing the journey to about an hour's ride.

The surrounding country bears a strong resemblance to an English landscape, and at this time of the year presents a pleasing succession of yellow cornfields and dense forests, principally composed of beech and oak—the former with its light green, downy foliage, decidedly predominating. One small prosperous village, with its white church, is quickly followed by another, and another. The peasants are a robust and healthy-looking race, among whom poverty seems unknown.

The palace lies in the middle of an extensive park of old majestic trees, whose lofty crowns hide it from all sides, the spire, point-

ing towards the blue sky, being the only portion of the building visible from the environs. About a hundred yards farther back lies Esrom Lake, separated from the palace by the gardens and avenues of the park. The ground slopes gently down towards the lake, whose calm surface is but seldom ruffled by the wind, encircled as it is by an uninterrupted range of mighty beech forests. In some places the trees stand so near the beach as to reflect their thick crowns in the clear water. Half-hidden in this girdle of woods may be seen a couple of villages with their rustic churches, whose bells, ringing for vespers, are distinctly heard on the opposite bank on calm evenings. Opposite Fredensborg lies Esrom, another small hamlet, from which the lake derives its name, with the remains of a monastery, where, before the reformation, the good friars dozed away existence, secluded from the noise of the outer world.

Fredensborg Castle was founded by King Frederick IV., and finished by the same monarch in the year 1720. In its principal hall took place the signature of the treaty of peace, then just concluded between Denmark and Sweden, which event obtained for the new palace the name of Fredensborg, i.e., the castle of peace. It is built of brick with stone copings, and constructed in the usual tasteless style of that epoch; it having been subsequently whitewashed has not improved its appearance. An avenue of fine lime-trees leads from the high-road up to the paved entrance-court, in the middle of which stands the statue of Peace. When I visited the place, some eight years ago, the court-yard was overgrown with weed, and everything bore the mark of decay. However, the interior of the palace as well worth inspecting. Everything appeared to be in the same state as when inhabited by the Dowager Queen Juliane Marie and her court. The rooms were lofty and spacious, with beautifully moulded and painted ceilings. The furniture consisted of large venetian mirrors, richly carved consoles, and white-lacquered ottomans and chairs, from which the gilding had almost entirely faded away. Covering the walls, was a large collection of pictures, chiefly portraits, among which I noticed the young Prince Frederick (he "Arveprinds"), of whom the late King Frederick VII. was a grandson.

It was in this quiet abode that the widow of Frederick V., Juliane Marie, spent the latter part of her agitated life. And, indeed, her career had been a stormy one. A princess of Brunswick, and sister to the celebrated duke of that name who fell at the battle of Denha, she became the second queen of Freder-

rick V. At her marriage she found her royal husband already immersed in those dissipated habits, which, not many years after, sent him to join his ancestors in the chapel of Roeskilde. Juliane Marie was a strong-minded and ambitious woman. She soon succeeded in assuming the place of the king at the head of the Privy Council, thence administrating the affairs of the State, while His Majesty got tipsy in the company of his German favourites. The new queen tried even to secure the succession for her son, the hunchback prince, as he was afterwards popularly termed. In order to attain this end, she made an attempt—so said her enemies at Court, and their number was legion—to poison the Crown Prince Christian, during an illness, and was only prevented from doing so by the timely interference of a Norwegian nurse, who had witnessed her pouring a powder into his medicine.

On the death of Frederick V., which happened in 1766, his son, Christian VII., ascended the Danish throne, and the influence exercised hitherto by Juliane on the government of the realm ceased at once. She withdrew without resistance, but from her retirement she continued to keep a vigilant eye on the movements of her successors, Struensee and Brandt, entertaining numerous intrigues with their enemies. Meanwhile, Christian VII. had married his beautiful cousin, Caroline Mathilde, sister to George III., a princess whose misfortunes have obtained for her such melancholy renown. The chief instrument in her fall was Juliane Marie, who after that event emerged from her obscurity, and for twelve more years took an active part in the government. In 1784, she retired for the last time from the Cabinet Council, and shortly afterwards took up her residence at Fredensborg, where she passed the last twelve years of her life in the midst of her small court, only leaving this peaceful retreat now and then, for an excursion to Elsinore, or to the other side of the lake. Whatever may be said of her official career, and the faults or crimes to which she was prompted by a senseless ambition, thus much must be owned, that her private life was stainless, and her sojourn at Fredensborg was wholly devoted to the charitable task of helping the poor, old, and suffering. To those who surrounded her she was kind and affable; and her death, which occurred in 1796, at the age of seventy-six, was sincerely bewailed by everybody who had known her intimately, as well as by those poor homes, where her never-failing benevolence had kept misery from the door, and alleviated the pain of illness.

So much of Queen Juliane Marie, the last occupant of these stately apartments. During the following reigns Fredensborg was most undeservedly neglected and left to decay.

Among the curiosities pointed out to the visitor, is a long, narrow, dark, and almost perpendicular staircase, which leads in one straight flight from the top of the building to the bottom of the cellars. Its mysterious and gloomy appearance, in addition to several accidents of which it has been the cause, has obtained for it a certain celebrity. It is told that, during the reign of Frederick V., a German Margravine fell from the landing straight down to the depth below, and was killed on the spot. Her ghost took possession of the stairs, and frightened all whose business compelled them to pass that way. Another tragical story, in connection with the same staircase, is related of the young and handsome Countess de Bevern, the favourite lady-in-waiting of Juliane Marie, who met with her death in a similar manner. She had been missing for several days, and all researches had been without result. Every corner had been explored, but no trace was to be found of her, and nobody could give the key to her disappearance. At last, the fatal staircase was thought of, and there, alas! at the bottom, was found her beautiful body, mangled and lifeless. Her remains were buried in the royal chapel, and for a long time the queen was disconsolate.

During my stay at Fredensborg, my favourite resort was the park, and I used to stroll through its long and silent alleys, dreaming myself back to the past, when the Court of Juliane Marie gave life to the place. I could see all its former inhabitants: the courtier, with his powdered wig, and long stick, strutting stately through the lofty hall, escorting some German-Danish maid-of-honour with her "panier" and red-heeled shoes. I could hear them laughing and chatting in the solitary haunts of the park, where so many a rendezvous had taken place, which seemed now more solitary than ever, and the quiet, sunny lake was no longer enlivened by the queen's merry sailing-parties. But the spirit of the past seemed still to linger about these solitudes, and people them with beings of a bygone generation.

I left Fredensborg reluctantly; and two or three years have passed since I saw it last. So, if anybody should visit it now, after having read this sketch, he may perhaps find some alterations in the palace, which were necessary to render it a habitable residence for the sovereign of Denmark; but the placid and charming scenery is still such as I have described it, and the veteran trees of the park are still

spreading their majestic crowns as a roof over their avenues, while the breeze is carrying across the lake the sound of the pleasant bells in Nøddebo and Esrom.

H. F. HOLSTEBROG.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND HIS WARE.

PART II.



Josiah Wedgwood's First Teapot. See page 642.

WE owe an apology to our readers—and, we fear, to Miss Meteyard also—for not having sooner made good our promise* of carrying on our account of Josiah Wedgwood's career of honourable industry and artistic progress to a more recent date than the point where we left him. But apologies are a waste of words and of time; so we will resume our pen without further preface, or further expression of our regret.

At the "Ivy House" and the "Bell Works"† we find Josiah Wedgwood no sooner fairly installed as a "master potter" than he resolves to devote his special attention to the improvement of the ordinary cream-ware which had been up to that time the chief product of the neighbourhood, in which his energy, industry, and artistic skill, joined to his chemical knowledge, helped him considerably. Miss Meteyard writes:—

The manufacture of white ware, relief tiles, and small ornamental articles, was carried on at the new works. But Wedgwood saw clearly that it was not these classes of ware which would either open or secure a new and great market. What was wanting was a ware of a superior description, so excellent in all respects as to be suited to the tables of the upper classes; and which, when improvements and facility in production should enable the manufacturer to sell it at a cheaper rate, might reach those of the middle classes. He had for a considerable period, as we have seen, turned his attention towards the improvement of the ordinary cream-coloured ware, manufactured at

* See page 10.

† These works were so called because the workmen were called together to their work by a bell instead of by a horn, as had been customary up to that time.

various pot-works in Burslem and its neighbourhood. But his experiments had been desultory; rather directed to future purposes than immediate results. He

now, however, concentrated all his energies for a period in this one direction. Every essential of body, glaze, form, and ornament was alike the object of his



Mercury uniting the hands of England and France. Flaxman.



Group of Jasper Ware, from the Collection of Mr. S. C. Hall.

care. But through the various necessary processes his patience was often sorely tried; his repeated failures most disheartening. One kiln after another

was pulled down in order to correct some defect, or effect some necessary improvement. His losses from this source alone were at this period very heavy, and

the ware itself was often destroyed before he could bring his firing processes to the requisite degree of perfection. His chemical combinations often baffled him; and his experiments both in body and glaze would, after the greatest pains, turn out entire failures. Yet, unwearied and indomitable in spirit, he persevered, and success came. He had to invent, and, if not that, to improve almost every tool, instrument, and apparatus; and to seek for smiths and machinists to work under his guidance. Lathes, whirlers, punches, gravers, models, moulds, drying-pans, and many other things were all variously improved. He often passed the whole day at the bench beside his men, and in many cases instructed them individually. The first pattern of each original piece he almost always made himself; and though no great draughtsman, the enamellers could work from his designs.

This work, as might be expected, cost him days of toil and sleepless nights, many of which he spent, while the rest of his household were in bed, in careful chemical experiments. In addition to these labours, he gave his spare time to the improvement of green glazed ware, agate knife handles, snuffboxes, perforated and streaked dessert plates, and other substitutes for the foreign earthenware and porcelain so largely imported at that time by the ships of the East India Company, and the Dutch fayence, generally known as Delft Pottery. At length, and after repeated failures, he produced, by a mixture of native marl and sand mixed with clay, as perfect an imitation of oriental porcelain as had ever been attained by the Delft potters of other days. His success in matching an article of this kind for a wealthy Staffordshire gentlemen helped greatly to establish his name and reputation, and ultimately led to extensive commissions.

We have not time to follow Josiah Wedgwood through all the successive steps by which he rose to greatness in his time, and made his name, perhaps more literally than any one before or since has done, a household word. Were we to attempt to do so, we should far exceed the limits of a periodical like this, and enter fairly into rivalry with Miss Meteyard's formidable volume, a task from which we should shrink with dismay. Those who would wish to pursue this subject in a technical and scientific manner will be amply rewarded by a study of the first instalment of her "Life of Wedgwood," and the shorter but completed work* on the same subject by Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., from which we have borrowed, by permission, the exquisite illustrations to the present paper.

We have already said, or at all events have implied, that with all his poetic taste and high scientific attainments, Josiah Wedg-

wood was a thoroughly practical man. He was no visionary schemer; but he had the gift, the great gift, of foreseeing and seizing on opportunities, and of making them conducive to the great end of his life. This is the secret of his connection—a far more important one than, perhaps, is generally imagined—with the proposal of his friend and partner Bentley, to join the rivers Trent and Mersey together by a navigable canal. His first meeting with Bentley at Liverpool, during an illness, appears to have been the work of chance, if there be such a thing as chance in the world; but this partnership with a man of a thoroughly congenial spirit had the greatest influence on all his after life. As an inland manufacturer, Wedgwood felt deeply interested in a scheme which he foresaw would cheapen the transit of both raw materials and manufactured goods; and Bentley, as a member of the Liverpool Corporation, was equally impressed with the importance of such a plan for increasing the commerce of his native town. Accordingly, having taken Brindley and Smeaton into their confidence, as engineers and surveyors, the two friends, just a hundred years ago, published a pamphlet urging the necessity of the scheme, which happily was warmly espoused by Lord Gower, the great-grandfather of the present Duke of Sutherland, and at that time the most influential nobleman and landowner in the county of Stafford; by Sir William Meredith, then M.P. for Liverpool, and Mr., afterwards Lord, Foley. It is well known how, after a long and patient struggle, Mr. Wedgwood saw his scheme taken up by the Duke of Bridgewater himself, and how the bill for uniting the "Grand Trunk" and the "Bridgewater" Canals passed through both houses of Parliament and received the Royal Assent.

From that day forth the fortunes of the Staffordshire potteries in general, and of Josiah Wedgwood's in particular, were made. In partnership with Bentley, he produced by far the best wares, and, aided by the internal water communication, he could send his wares to a ready market, safely and cheaply, and without the vexatious delays and frequent accidents which would occur on the old bridge roads along which they had formerly been carried by pack-horses.

Ever fond of old classical associations, Josiah Wedgwood now resolved, that as the public at large had begun to patronise in his wares a renaissance of ancient art, due credit should be given to the soil whence that revived taste had found a material for its affection and worship. Accordingly, when he realised the object of his early aspirations, and

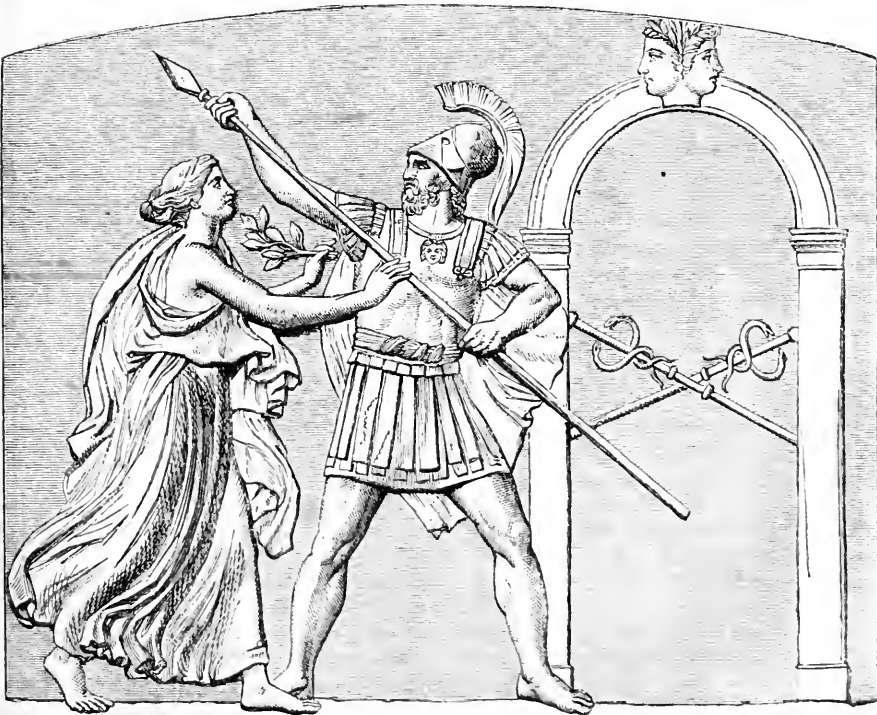
* The Wedgwoods: being a Life of Josiah Wedgwood, &c., and a History of the early Potteries of Staffordshire, by Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., &c." Virtue Brothers, 1865.

and bought, for some 3000*l.*, a residential estate near Burslem, he christened the place Etruria, in acknowledgment of the debt due

from modern potters to the potters of ancient Tuscany. As our readers are aware, this Etruria became in half a century a populous



Dejeuné Service, belonging to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.



Peace preventing Mars from bursting the door of Janus's Temple. Flaxman.

and thriving district, and has contributed very largely to the prosperity of the trades and manufactures of the central districts of England.

But though Josiah Wedgwood was thus practical and laborious, he could show himself, on occasion, a thorough gentleman in the best meaning of the term; and his innate self-

respect and good sense inspired him, almost intuitively, with all that is required to make the courtier.

His skill was first mentioned to Queen Charlotte by Miss Chetwynd, a lady of the court, and connected with Staffordshire by family ties. We read in Miss Meteyard's book :—

Mr. Wedgwood now rarely made a journey to London without paying his respects to his "good patroness," Miss Chetwynd, at the Queen's or Buckingham House, as Buckingham Palace was at that day called. Occasionally a summons came from royalty itself. The King wanted tiles, or something new in milkpans for the dairy at Frogmore, or the Queen wished to see the latest patterns in cream-ware. How handsomely Mr. Wedgwood dressed himself on these occasions, the bills will just now show. His sword, bought at "ye sign of ye Flaming Sword in Great Newport Street," was of the best make, his waistcoat was resplendent with lace, and the barber profited by both his chin and his wig. He must have looked well in this costume, although time and thought may probably have not yet illumined his strongly-marked face with all that mingled expression of benevolence, refinement, goodness, and meditation, which sit enshrined on Sir Joshua's noble portrait of this great Englishman.

A most charming anecdote has come down to our day, in relation to one of these visits at court. Mr. Wedgwood was summoned to the Palace, and, on arriving at the appointed hour on a sunny spring or summer's morning, was ushered into the royal presence. The Queen stood with her ladies beneath an unshaded window, and here it was that Mr. Wedgwood advancing made his obeisance, and, displaying the ware he had brought, answered the royal questions. But as her Majesty thus stood examining some exquisite specimens of the art, which years of ceaseless toil and unrepined obscurity had brought to this perfection, the sun's power increased, and its rays, falling on her face, caused her obvious annoyance. The possible etiquette was to have mentioned the matter to one of the unobservant ladies in attendance, who in turn would have summoned a page or royal footman. But Mr. Wedgwood thought only of removing the intruding glare, and that speedily. He simply walked straight to the window, and pulled down the blind. The Queen, aware in an instant of the relief and its cause, looked up from the object she was regarding, and, inclining her head, smiled her thanks. "Ladies," she said, addressing her attendants, "Mr. Wedgwood is, you see, already an accomplished courtier." It was courtesy, however, learnt in the school of nature—the offspring of a manly and generous respect for woman—and he would have shown it as much to a peasant as to the Queen, who was his foremost patron.

For the latter part of Josiah Wedgwood's career, as we have said, Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt is our trusty guide. Like Miss Meteyard, he has enriched the pages of his admirable biography with some of the most beautiful and costly illustrations, exhibiting in chronological order nearly all the finest productions of the great man's skill. Foremost among these in date, and perhaps in archaic interest too, stands his cut of the first teapot made by Josiah Wedgwood. The relic is still carefully preserved at Etruria, and though its original spout is gone and has been replaced by one of

metal, it is valued by its owners as above all price. We give it as a head-piece to this paper.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all is the group of articles in jasper ware on page 639, as given by Mr. Jewitt, from the fine collection of Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, and the bas-reliefs made under his superintending care by Flaxman, who owed, to say the least, some of his after celebrity to the excellent practical school in which he had been trained under the great Josiah. Not less exquisite in its way is the chaste *dejeûné* service of what is known *par excellence* as "Wedgwood Ware," from the very perfect collection in the possession of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. We wish that we had space at command to give specimens of ceramic art applied to beads, necklaces, and bracelets, medallion cameo-portraits, vases, inkstands, trays, and other articles of what Mr. Punch once styled "bigotry and virtue." Mr. Jewitt's illustration of Flaxman's design for a set of chessmen, still preserved at Etruria, is given on the opposite page.

As he grew on towards old age, Josiah Wedgwood held patriarchal rank in his family, and was honoured and respected, not merely in his native county, but throughout the length and breadth of England; and even in foreign countries his worth was known by report. Down to nearly the last few months of his life he was active and busy in the discharge of his duties, and few men could look back at five years short of the Psalmist's "three score years and ten" to a life spent more usefully or more honourably. He was seized with his last illness during the course of the year 1794, and he breathed his last calmly and composedly, surrounded by his friends and his family, on the 3rd of January in the following year.

Such men as Josiah Wedgwood, "the heroes of our great industries," as Miss Meteyard gracefully and forcibly calls them, do not live in vain. Their good deeds, their frugal, industrious self denying sober lives, their patient industry, their persevering skill, in part may be said to "follow them," in part to remain with us their successors, as hints to us to go and do likewise. It has been well remarked that our military and naval conquerors are expensive luxuries after all; and that they often do as much harm as good—from one point of view, at least—cannot be a matter of doubt. As a modern writer says, "There is nothing for which we pay so dearly as our victories and our acquisitions by the sword; but the man who takes the clay from beneath our feet, and makes out of it a means, not of destruction, but of existence for thousands of

his fellow creatures, is a benefactor to his kind, about whom there can be no manner of doubt . . . and it is only just that the remarkable men who have enlarged our means of maintaining ourselves, and given work and bread to our people, should to some extent share in the popular veneration side by side with the more magnificent heroes of the battlefield. A new province, even if the times permitted such an acquisition, might well be less important than a new trade; and to develop the internal resources of a country is a work of more real and actual importance than any mere addition to her wealth and extent."

There is, of course, little of epic interest in a man who begins life a humble mechanic and ends it after having taught his countrymen how to combine beauty with skill, and cheapness with high art, in respect of a few articles of daily in-door use; and his services are incapable of being compared with those of an Alexander, a Napoleon, a Wellington, or a Nelson, simply because they have no point in common, and there is no common standard by which to judge them. But the lives of such men as Josiah Wedgwood, George Stephenson, and Brindley, reveal not only much of the workings of individual minds, but also many features of the great heart of the nation and people who gave those great men birth; and perhaps it may be true, as a writer in "Blackwood" remarks, that there is "no Staffordshire grandee whose family archives could throw so much light upon our domestic story as does the biography of this master-potter, now, after the lapse of more than half a century, given into our hands."

And if we ask ourselves what was the chief secret of Josiah Wedgwood's great success in life, as compared with most inventors and men of genius, we should say that it lay in his steady practical nature. He was one of those men who seem made to succeed; conservative of what is good, but ever ready to advance to progress and to reform, where progress and reform are necessary. He was fond of a high order of art, yet far from visionary, perhaps scarcely imaginative; but with his soberness, he was genial and courteous to all. He had a faculty of drawing others to himself.

Gentlemen entirely unconnected with his art put themselves to pains to collect drawings for him when that happened to be in their way; or if their minds took a scientific turn, they made experiments for him, and helped him with hints as to the chemical elements which could be combined most successfully. He appears throughout his life a perfectly comprehensible and reasonable man, honestly devoted to his profession, but no way addicted to those flights of imagination which go beyond the general sympathies—a man who could give and take, and whose honest tendency to increase in substance and wealth and comfort gave

body and shape to his other aspirations. He, too, could help his neighbours, as they helped him. Art was with him no passion, but a sensible purpose, meaning more than the mere production of beautiful things or winning of personal fame. Such a character is more congenial, perhaps, to the English mind than



Flaxman's Chessmen.

the half-crazy genius, possessed by one idea, could ever be; and accordingly everybody helped Wedgwood heartily, and encouraged him, and bought his wares, and aided his researches; so that, instead of losing life and fortune in the perfecting of his favourite art, as so many have done, his art brought him wealth and reputation, and an enlarged and expanded life.

In conclusion, we may congratulate Staffordshire, and England in general, that in this life of Wedgwood its magnates and territorial aristocracy stand out in their proper position if they would be true to the name of an *aristocracy*, in respect of their dealings with the great man of whom we have written; and, as Miss Meteyard very justly remarks, "The Duke of Sutherland has at this moment no brighter jewel in his ducal coronet than the revelations which Wedgwood's letters now published, make of the graceful and friendly intercourse which existed in the last century between Trentham on the one hand and Burslem on the other."

It is only the *parvenu* peer of yesterday, or the peeress picked up at haphazard from the cotton mill or the timber wharf, that despises honest industry and untitled merit. To their honour be it said, the Leveson-Gowers, the Talbots, the De Greys, the Chetwynds, the Sneyds, the Ansons, the Broughtons, the Heathcotes, the Bagots, and the heads of other noble houses of Staffordshire were the first who used—we purposely omit to say patronised—Wedgwood's exquisite cream ware, praised it far and near, and recommended it to their friends. The foundations of this success lay of necessity in the great genius and enthusiasm which, joined to unwearied and persistent labour, had enabled him to grasp the laws and secrets of his art, and the skill with which he applied his results practically; but it is not the less an honour or less a truth, that the nobles of his own county were, as they ought to have been, among his earliest customers and truest friends, and that their simple and graceful courtesies bring to mind the dukes and princes of the age of the Renaissance. *Honos alit artes*, is an eternal truth; and *artes prosunt patrie* is another. May the children of those nobles in the third generation learn to emulate their virtue in this respect, and then the aristocracy of Great Britain need not fear an early downfall.

E. WALFORD.

THE WATER OUZEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

BUXTON, 4th Nov., 1865.

SIR,—After a pleasant walk through Monsal and Miller's Dales yesterday, I was returning to Buxton by the highway which leads from this place to Derby, and at a little distance on this side of King's Sterndale I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the "Water Ouzel, or Dipper." I did not at the time know its name; and thinking it might be some rare English, or possibly a stray foreign bird, I have paid a visit to the library in the Hot

Bath Colonnade, where I have been able satisfactorily to identify my unknown feathered friend with the "Water Ouzel, or Dipper," the subject of an article by Mr. Edward Jesse, in your number of to-day.

Thinking the coincidence curious, and also that it might afford pleasure to some of your readers to know another locality in addition to those mentioned in Mr. Jesse's communication where this very beautiful and interesting bird may be found, I have troubled you with this letter.

I am not resident in Buxton, but on making inquiries I find that the Water Ouzel, or Dipper (which, by-the-way, is also called the Water Blackbird), is, if not common, at least not rare in this neighbourhood, and that occasionally in the winter season it may be seen very contentedly earning its own living amongst the waterfowl in the waters which ornament the Hall Gardens here.

The river Wye runs brawlingly along on the left side of the turnpike, the main highway of the old coaching days leading from Buxton to Derby; and it was when walking on this road, at a distance of about two and a-half miles from Buxton, that I saw this pretty bird perched, or standing, upon a small stone in the water, and so absorbed in its own business, whatever that might really be, that it remained under my observation at least two minutes, showing off the little "perky" airs and graces which I find are so characteristic of the bird before diving into the quickly flowing stream, when, of course, I lost sight of it.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

M. W.

FIRST LOVE.

WE wander'd on the mountain's brow

At eve, my love and I;

To watch the sunset's fiery glow,

To hear the fir-tree's sigh.

I woo'd the maiden by my side,

She hung her bashful head;

And would you know what she replied,

And what your poet said?

"A boon!" said I, "by those fair stars

That gem th' all-golden west,

And brighten through yon blue-laced bars

Like islands of the blest!

"Grant me my boon, sweet maid, and leave

Thy lover lapp'd in bliss!

Ah, bend thy stately neck, nor grieve

To spare thy swain—a kiss!"

My goddess turn'd her dovelike eyes,

And stilled her blushing fears;

Drew near, and then—to my surprise

Instead—she box'd my ears!

W. M. G.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX. AT HOME.

WE need not linger over the triumphs of the Standen party, when they knew that the grand prize was fairly within their grasp, without let, hindrance, or deduction. There may be something picturesque in the swoop of the *rapacidae*; they are but a sorry sight, as they sit, flapping their pinions over the quarry before the battering begins.

It is hardly fair, though, to apply this simile to Bessie Maskelyne at Mote. It would have been well, if all her impulses had been as lameless and natural, as that which caused her pulse to bound exultingly, as she roved through the long gilded galleries and gorgeous saloons of her new home; finding it deliciously difficult to realise the truth, that she was absolute mistress of all. Of all—with a very trifling exception. Of the rooms that had been especially his mother's, Brian kept the keys; and no one but himself was allowed to cross their thresholds. Bessie troubled herself very little about this whim; indeed—so far as her husband was concerned—she was not likely to be jealous either of the living or the dead.

For some time, the two were entirely alone, at Mote. As the excitement and novelty wore off, the lady's restless spirit began to chafe under the splendid monotony that she had once thought so enviable; and she became subject to occasional fits of rather decided reticence. Brian was everything that was kind, certainly; he seemed fonder of her every day; and was always ready to attend her whithersoever she fancied to wander, on foot, in carriage, or in saddle. But he had by no means shaken off what Bessie—more forcibly than elegantly—called, 'the mopes.' It provoked her sometimes, to see how listlessly—almost despondingly indeed—he would shake his head, when she ventured on any speculation, as to 'when people would begin to call *ec.*': the best interpretation to be put upon this manner, was, that he thought it too soon to speak of such things, as yet.

Before the days of mourning expired, Marlshire had had ample leisure to discuss the

terms, on which the new dynasty at Mote ought to be received.

It was rather a puzzling question to most people. There was no solid reason, for keeping Mrs. Maskelyne without the pale. Both the squire of Warleigh, and the rector of Motesbury, were in a position to affirm that the marriage had been perfectly regular, albeit clandestine—the inducement to secrecy being palpable—and that there were not the faintest grounds for imputation of ante-nuptial frailty. The lady's parentage was objectionable, of course; but not a whit more so than that of several dames, who had gradually made their way into the inner circle of Marlshire society, after hovering awhile on its verge. Besides all this, it was notorious that poor Emily Maskelyne had—however reluctantly—ratified Brian's choice, before she died. This last point, Bessie's advocates made their battle-horse; and they rode it to the front, upon every possible occasion.

But the other side argued, that a consent, extorted as it were in *articulo mortis*, was invalid in Social Law. Moreover, they pointed the finger of scorn at the testimony of Anna Maria Standen, spinster; alleging that such a witness was wholly undeserving of credit; so that an awkward interval, really, remained to be accounted for. With these stern casuists Brian's own assertions went for nothing; for—said they—a husband's evidence, in such a case, is no more to be received, than a wife's in an ordinary Criminal Court. The gist of the whole argument came to this—that Jem Standen's daughter was not entitled to the benefit of a doubt.

The disputants soon ranged themselves, formally, into bands.

Lady Peverell—finding that, by a rare chance, the feeling of the county was likely to be with her, when she wished to make herself disagreeable—set her austere face against Mote, like a very flint-stone; and took her stand upon the bold ground of—'cut, without compromise.'

As a matter of course, *La Reine Gaillarde*

headed the opposite faction. The instant she heard what line her ancient antagonist had adopted, she announced her own intentions of calling on the bride, as soon as the decencies of mourning would allow; and of 'taking her up, if she turned out well.' On which, the elder dame retorted—letting off the steam of a virtuous high-pressure with a snort, wrathful and resonant—'That she had long ceased to be surprised, at anything Lady Laura Brancepeth might say or do.'

And so matters remained, for awhile.

Both parties were naturally anxious to enlist the Seytons on their side; or, at the least, to have the advantage of their opinion. But Seyton utterly declined to enter into the merits of the case; merely saying that, 'they should call, of course;' and Kate, even with her intimates, only committed herself to the avowal that, 'she should do exactly as Tom told her.' The subject was so evidently painful to both of them, that the most inveterate busy-body shrank from pressing it.

The *châtelaine* of Brancepeth kept her word: her ponies came spinning up the elm-avenue, two days after it became known, that the doors of Mote were open to the world again. Truth to say—she was rather disappointed with her visit.

All her courage and self-possession—she had plenty of both—could not enable Mrs. Maskelyne to appear in her right place, whilst she did the honours of her new home. She might have fared better, perhaps, with Brian by her side; but he chanced to be out; so she had to bear the brunt of the interview as best she might. She was clever enough to know, that she was not playing her part well; and this provoked her, intensely; for she would have given a year of life, to have sent that especial visitor away, with a favourable impression: the effort to seem at her ease made her manner bold, almost defiant. No wonder that the other, who—with all her reckless independence—was *grande dame* to the tip of her dainty finger, felt the conviction grow, every instant, stronger, that there never could be any sympathy betwixt herself and the superb *roturière*.

"It's a great pity, my dear," she said,—making her moan to a confidante. "I wanted so much to take her up, if it was only to vex Grimalkin." (So, she feared not to speak of the august Peverell.) "But it won't do. She'll never suit us: I can see that. Somehow—I don't think she's honest; and there's a perpetual self-assertion about her that no nerves can stand."

Neither was Bessie's first interview with Mrs. Seyton much more successful; though,

here, the fault was not all on her side. Indeed, an old friend might have been puzzled to recognise merry, frank-spoken Kate, in that sedate personage, dropping one decorous common-place after another, like one who repeats a set wearisome lesson. Perhaps Mrs. Maskelyne was not wholly unjustified, in afterwards characterising her visitor, in her own forcible language, as—'stiff and frumpish.'

On this occasion, Brian was present. But he was too nervous, to be of much use in making things go off, more smoothly and pleasantly.

Much more bitterly would Bessie Maskelyne have chafed, if she could have guessed at the struggle and constraint, with which Kate Seyton forced herself to sit out her appointed half-hour. Something near akin to loathing sprang up in her gentle nature as she looked on the usurper, enthroned—audacious, triumphant—in the seat of her who had sunk so lately under shame and sorrow. The very mourning, that could not tone down the splendour of Bessie's gorgeous beauty, seemed a mockery and insult. With the gleaming blue eyes before her, and the clear ringing voice—not always subdued enough—in her ears, Kate's thoughts went back to a sweet pale face, that once lay so close to her own, whilst the weak lips whispered—

"Kiss my own boy—for me—my poor boy."

With all this in her mind—and more—she would have been no true woman, had she forced herself to be cordial. It was no wonder that these two should have parted, for the first time, in mutual distrust and dislike.

Mrs. Maskelyne, it must be confessed, was not always so unlucky. As she grew more settled in her fresh dignity, much of the awkwardness above alluded to passed off, and certain asperities of manner were quite smoothed away. Some of her visitors—especially of the male sex—were too dazzled by her personal attractions, to be very critical; they thought how superb she would look, presiding at one of the great entertainments for which Mote used once to be famous, but which had been much less frequent of late years: seen at the end of such a pleasant festive vista, Bessie Maskelyne, to such eyes, appeared well nigh faultless.

But none of these last-named adherents were of importance enough, to turn the scale of the county's verdict. It must be owned, that this was unfavourable by a considerable majority of votes: indeed, after being as it were set, for some months, on her trial, neutrality was about all that Brian's wife could fairly reckon upon.

He did not try to delude himself, either as to her position, or his own : truly, hardly a day passed, without giving him reason to remember certain words, spoken by Tom Seyton on the morning of the funeral. Few, indeed, of the old friends of the family crossed the threshold of Mote, after the first formal call ; moreover, when he met such accidentally, he fancied—it could scarcely be fancy—that there was on their faces a cold reserve ; or, sometimes, a pity yet harder to bear.

Realising all this—did he once repent his marriage, or begrudge its cost ? Not once, I dare aver. Though remorse for the sorrow he had brought on his dead mother haunted him still, like a ghost, he bore his burden alone ; and never thought of making Bessie an accomplice in that mortal sin. Nay—each visible sign of the world's avoidance, drew him closer to his fair wife's side ; till even her hard hollow nature began to be touched by the delicate tenderness, that never slept or slackened.

Before very long, Mr. Standen put in an appearance at Mote—invited specially, by Brian ; for Bessie never troubled herself, to make a suggestion on the subject.

However jubilant he might have felt at heart, he made his entry, by no means with flaunt of colours, or beat of drum. That same *religio loci*, which overcame him on his first visit, possessed him again, directly he had passed the ponderous portals. Every one knows the faint antique half-aromatic fragrance, which pervades old halls, hung with mouldering trophies of chase or war. To most nostrils it comes, gratefully enough ; but it weighed down Mr. Standen's lungs, like the fumes of strong incense.

He responded to his son-in-law's greeting with much deference and ceremony. The lord of Mote and its broad acres, was a very different personage from the penniless refugee, over whose head hung the sword of disinheritance.

"If you'll put me in some out of the way corner, I shan't trouble you, much"—he said, meekly. But he was hugely delighted, when he was shown the apartments prepared for him.

They were three pleasant rooms enough, in a remote wing, looking on the one side over the park, on the other into the stable-quadrange. Bessie had selected them, herself ; and she deigned to express a hope, that her parent would 'make himself at home' there. He did so, thoroughly, after a while ; but, for all practical purposes, he might as well have been located a league away from the house. He soon found out that 'late hours

didn't always suit him ;' and petitioned to be allowed to dine, occasionally, in his own rooms and at his own time. The fact was, that he could neither eat nor drink in comfort, in the presence of the Butler—an elder of venerable presence, who was in the habit of 'fixing' Mr. Standen with solemn questioning eyes. He preferred being ministered unto by one of the under-footmen, set specially apart for that service, with whom he could prattle affably during meals ; pleasing himself the while with the idea, that he was 'condescending.'

Ere long, he was on terms of confidential familiarity with the head-coachman, who—albeit intensely respectable—had for many years made the Racing Calendar his favourite study. It was quite a sight, to see those two, conning over the handicaps, and 'spotting' probable 'good things'—grave and authoritative, as Cabinet Councillors.

Jem Standen rarely ventured to race-meetings, now ; and did all his betting by commission. He had grown much shakier, of late ; and the roaring turmoil of the Ring bewildered him, though he was familiar with its every sound. Indeed, the poor old Silenus was rapidly becoming incapable of harming any one—but himself. He still drank hard of nights ; but, as it was always in solitude, none, but the purveyor of his liquor, knew *how* hard. He would creep out, on sunny afternoons, on the back of a sober hack, and dawdle about the woodland rides ; rarely going beyond the demesne-walls ; halting whenever he came to a good point of view, to mutter to himself—with a weak vacuous chuckle—

"All Bessie's—every stick and stone of 'em—Bessie's."

But he was happy enough—happier than he had ever been in his disreputable life—and, perhaps, quite as inoffensive as any crapulous eremite of ancient time.

Twice or thrice, Maskelyne was compelled to go to town on business ; and Bessie bore him company. On each of these occasions, Kit Daventry called on them ; beyond these formalities, no intercourse was kept up with him—so far as Brian knew. He did not think it necessary to honour all his wife's relations ; and the Lawyer was not pressed to pay an early visit.

Indeed, a year and more passed away, before that dark handsome face showed itself at Mote.

CHAPTER XX. NEVE TU SPERNE CHOREAS.

A LONG vaulted hall, over-narrow for fair proportion, and made narrower still by the side-rows of quaint old pillars supporting the

dusky roof ; somewhat clumsily, though gaudily, decorated ; and very tryingly lighted with a line of tiny gas-jets running round the cornice, and a huge centre chandelier ; the floor far from unexceptionable ; for no amount of hard rubbing can efface the dents of nailed shoon, left from the last farmers'-meeting held in the Town Hall of Torrcaster.

There is a provincial air about the whole presence-chamber, which surely does not extend to the company there assembled. For, at certain seasons, the great families of two counties emulate each other in striving to fill it becomingly ; and over the uneven flooring glide, as lightly as they may, many feet familiar with Palace *parquets*. The good folk in those parts are very proud of these gatherings ; and distance and weather on such occasions become as things of naught. Delicate dames who, in the midst of the season, are apt to wax plaintive over the necessity of attending some entertainment in the south-western precincts of Belgravia, will gather their party together quite cheerfully for a ten-mile drive through the cold, when the object is one of the Torrcaster balls. They are pleasant enough, too, to tempt many strangers to repeat their visit as often as they can get the chance ; so that not a few of such faces are as well-known in the Town Hall as those of the native gentles.

It is about the noon of night ; and people are settling to their work, or play, in earnest. The best men have got through nearly all their duty-dances by this time, and have leisure to think of their private and selfish interests. Divers tablets are crowded already with those mysterious hieroglyphics that leave so much room for feminine diplomacy : for sometimes they seem like the Median code—at others, as if written on flowing water.

Several of our acquaintances are to the fore, you see. You have time for a long glance round before the next waltz begins.

There is Blanche Ellerslie in her favourite corner, somewhat in the shadow of the pillar, though a gleam of light falls athwart one side of the demure, dainty head bent down, just now, in pensive languor. She has made good use of her time already, and will work with the heart of the stalwart cavalier who stands by her side, speaking at intervals in brief energetic whispers ; never relaxing the while the voracious gaze of his fierce glittering eyes.

Vereker Vane has commanded these five years past that famous light-cavalry corps—the Princess' Own Prancers. He is one of the best tacticians in the service, though very young for his grade ; and has invented several new manœuvres, so extraordinarily

difficult, not to say dangerous, of execution, that a certain Prussian General was moved almost to tears of envy, when they were gone through for his especial benefit. Vane is a bitter martinet on parade, but the cheeriest of all convivialists in the mess-room, and elsewhere ; indeed, some anxious mothers of cornets have said, that it would be well if the Colonel did not promote revelry quite so much, both by precept and example. For some of the boys are rather a sorry sight of a morning ; while the effects of late hours and deep drinking are thrown off from his cast-steel constitution, like rain-drops from a covering of water-proof.

Yet it is easy to see that Vereker Vane has lived all the days of his life ; his handsome face is neither haggard nor drawn, but there is a hard battered look about it that tells its own tale. He is apt to be somewhat abrupt and overbearing, even in the making of love ; indeed the gallant's amours have hitherto been mostly of a facile, not to say, venal description. The fortresses he would have stormed opened their gates before the first trumpet had done sounding ; and the fruit that he plucked would have been over-ripe for most tastes.

After this brief sketch, you will guess, perhaps, what chance the poor Sabreur will have in the white, lissom hands of Blanche Ellerslie.

Standing somewhat aloof, and watching the proceedings of his superior with amused appreciation on his broad comical face, is another ornament of the same corps ; known all over England as—"Daddy Goring." He got that sobriquet—no man knows how or why—within a week after he joined, and it has stuck to him ever since. There is nothing truculent, or even martial, about his appearance. Round and rubicund as a full-blown abbot, he was born for one especial office—that of a Master of Revels. Of a truth, he radiates conviviality wheresoever he goes ; at any symposium he seems out of place, elsewhere than in the presidential chair ; strangers have been known to come into his presence morose and morbid, and to depart more than decently merry, exhilarated not by strong liquor, but solely by the jovial contagion. No amount of ill-luck, or contrariety of circumstances, has ever been able seriously to disturb his glorious self-complacency, or to abate the flow of a rich Rabelaisian humour ; he laughs at love, as at all other earthly troubles ; and the women like him never a whit the worse.

Daddy Goring is a favoured guest in all manner of mansions ; and can accommodate himself to his society, with marvellous facility

and unerring tact. Perhaps he himself prefers the free-and-easy style; but his 'company-mauners' fit him like a glove; and he seems not less at his ease whilst singing a second to Violet Pendragon, than when his deep sonorous voice trolls out one of those equivocal ditties that solace the small hours of our militant youth. It is an acolastic sort of life, to be sure; but, were anything to befall that stout bacchanalian, a wider social blank would ensue than would be left by many sour-visaged Solomons.

Others too are watching the pair; amongst them Lady Laura Brancepeth, who is somewhat aggrieved by their proceedings. Vereker Vane is just the sort of cavalier that she likes to enrol in her own body-guard, the standard of which is somewhat higher than that of the Household Cavalry; for *La Reine Gaillarde*—herself of superb stature—will abide no dwarfish courtiers. So, with no serious designs on his peace of mind, she chafes none the less at seeing him entirely engrossed by the dangerous widow. One of her intimates, reading her feelings aright, whispers with provocative intent,—

"*La belle Blanche* is playing her little game again, I perceive. How quiet she is over it, too!"

To which the Lady Laura responds—biting her scarlet lips angrily—that—

"Still waters never run straight."

She has a terrible knack at *travestie* of proverbs, and has occasionally scandalised society not a little by her misquotations; though no one can help laughing at them. Such as overhear, laugh now, of course; and the culprit herself joins in, quite heartily: her shortlived vexation has almost vanished, before ten bars of her favourite waltz have been played. She will be worth looking at, a few seconds later, when she swirls past Lady Peverell—going best pace with a partner willing and able to breathe her—yet not so fast, but that she finds time to flash back over her shoulder a merry defiance, in answer to the other's scowl.

Chalkshire is almost as effectively represented on these occasions as Marlshire itself: from the first-named county several large parties have come in; the largest of all, from Charteris Royal. Marion is in brilliant beauty to-night; but she does not seem in her wonted high spirits; a nervous worried look creeps out on her face at times; and a certain abruptness of gesture betrays some inward annoyance or care. This is observable even whilst he is conversing most animatedly with the fortunate cavalier, who stands, very evidently, highest in her favour, just now—a tall dark man; with hair and beard trimmed after a

foreign fashion; and features decidedly attractive in spite of the utter languor that pervades them, and broods in the large sleepy eyes.

Lord Ranksborough is rather a remarkable person in his way; if it were only for the curious contradictions in his temperament. There never was born a lazier or more perfectly imperturbable creature. He had never deigned to seek seriously, a help meet for him—indeed he was scarcely quoted in the marriage-market now—and was rather too prone to divert his loneliness by other men's fire-sides. Though he had never yet been a partner in any fatal misdemeanor, he had an unhappy talent for compromising the objects of his admiration. But even these flirtations he conducted in a serene impassive fashion; dropping a low earnest word now and then, with the air of one who lays a priceless pearl at his mistress' feet; and filling up all blanks and pauses with the eloquence of his practised eyes.

Strangers, looking on Ranksborough for the first time, thought it a jest, when they were told that he was one of the very hardest men over a country that ever sat in saddle; and that seldom has fleetest or stauncher stalker dealt death among the deer. It was strange to see, how he would pass from a state of complete repose to the extremes of physical exertion, and relapse again, rapidly as an unstrung bow.

It may be, that these contrasts in his character invested the man with a certain attraction and interest. For he was very popular in his own set; and womankind seemed to find more fascination in his listless homage than in the assiduous devotion of others. It was evident enough to-night, that Marion Charteris was a willing and heedful listener. Yet, as was aforesaid, her glances would wander occasionally—always in the same direction—with the vexed impatient expression of one fretting under the vigilance of a third person's eyes.

If you follow those glances, they will lead you straight to the corner, where, half masqued by a pillar, stands Vincent Flenyng; with jealous wrath written in every line of his lowering brow.

He is a good deal changed since you saw him last,—scarcely for the better. That long Vandyke beard, which he is gnawing so savagely just now, is picturesque certainly; but it does not suit his peculiar style of face: moreover a sullen distrustful look has settled down there, almost more unpleasant than the old superciliousness. It is hard not to believe that the man would be capable of much that

was base and bad, if he once got thoroughly vicious.

He has only been back in England about a week ; and this is his first meeting with Marion. He had received one brief note, begging him not to call at Charteris Royal—for reasons hereafter to be explained—till after the Torrcaster ball. The explanation had not come yet ; for he had barely had the opportunity of a hurried passing greeting as she swept in in the midst of her party, leaning on Ranksborough's arm ; whose support she seemed rather loth to abandon. He might, of course, have joined the group that—constantly changing its atoms—surrounded Marion wherever she chanced to linger ; but this did not suit Flemyng's purpose : scattered crumbs of conversation were not likely to satisfy him, after so long a fast. So he stood aloof, nursing his anger moodily ; scarcely deigning to reply to salutation or question ; watching ever for such penitential signals, as were wont to pacify him, long ago, in Rome. But now, the dark grey eyes had no message for him.

About this time, something that he saw—or fancied he saw—overcame the last faint promptings of prudence and patience : he walked with a quick decided step towards the spot where Marion was standing,—still engaged in a virtual *tête-à-tête*, though the throng brushed her ample skirts on passing. There are fair recluses, who can create for themselves, and one other, a convenient solitude in the inmost heart of a crowd.

Now Vincent was guilty of a gross error in generalship, even before entering into action.

O, pretty page, whose dimpled chin
Never hath known the barber's shear ;

hearken to the counsel of a senior, tottering on the verge of two-score.

If she in whom you trusted hath shown signs of treachery ; or even gone openly over to the enemy's camp, and you think to bring her back *à main armée*, be cunning, I pray you, in choosing the season of your onslaught. If you cannot catch the fair renegade walking alone—like Alp on the moon-lit shore—let the attack be made at any other moment, rather than when your rival is her only protector, and must, perforce, judge the combat, if he do not draw and strike in.

Nor was this Vincent's only mistake. The first words of one who, without sufficient warrant, troubles confidential converse, should, at least, be guardedly courteous and deferential : Flemyng's were neither.

"You can spare me this waltz, I know ?"

The faintest note of interrogation would express all the question that was conveyed ;

indeed, there was a familiar assumption of authority that, under the circumstances, bordered nearly on insolence. Ranksborough's slumbrous eyes opened, broad and black, on the intruder in haughty astonishment ; while Marion's cheek flushed, painfully, with vexation and shame. Her lips were sharply compressed for a second or two, as if she had some difficulty in repressing her first impulse to speak : had she obeyed it, Vincent Flemyng's vanity—tenacious as it was—would hardly have survived the shock. I don't mean, that she would have answered the discourteous according to his discourtesy ; she could easily have retorted with one of those graceful rapier thrusts that, in all ages, have proved far more deadly than even the slash of two-handed swords.

But, with all her recklessness, poor Marion knew right well—though she knew not all—that it would never do to push matters to extremity just now ; it was necessary to temporize, if only to quiet the suspicions that she saw gleaming under Ranksborough's arching brows : she had not been so much interested in any capture for a long time ; it would be too hard to lose her hart-royal when he seemed fairly in the toils. If she could command her voice, she could not quite command her Irish eyes : they shot out one natural glance—only one ; then the long lashes drooped ; and, when they rose again, the eyes, too, were schooled. But, if to the 'white witches' of our day were given Canidia's power, of withering with a look, Vincent Flemyng would have felt a curious sensation in the very marrow of his bones. Yet was her laugh not unmusical, as she made answer.

"I must spare you one turn, for old acquaintance sake, though I don't mean to dance much to-night ; and travellers have privileges, too. But you need not have made so sure of it, beforehand. That comes of smoking pipes with pachas, whom 'to hear is to obey.'"

As she laid her hand on Vincent's arm, she turned on Ranksborough the prettiest pleading look : words could not have expressed more plainly.—"I had better humour this fractious child. Be patient : I shall not be very long away."

And Ranksborough—a passed interpreter of such language—bowed his head gently ; whilst his lips rather intimated than syllabled,—

"*Ne vous gênez pas.*"

The disgraced favourite was utterly unconscious of that rapid interchange of signals ; but his tone was sufficiently sullen, as he murmured,—

"I suppose I ought to apologise for taking

you out of such pleasant company, even for a few minutes. It is worth being absent for two years, to come back and find oneself so welcome."

"Nonsense!" she retorted, pettishly. "You know, very well, that there's nothing to apologise for; unless it is for that absurd confidential fashion of addressing me before an utter stranger."

"No stranger to *you*, Madonna, at least. I can guess now why it was better I should keep away from Charteris Royal."

Marion half withdrew her hand from the arm on which it leant—far more lightly than in the olden time.

"You *will* not allow one to be glad, you are home again. It is such up-hill work, pacifying you suspicious people! My reasons were simple enough. The Cardales were staying with us. You know what a *mauvaise langue* hers is; and she don't like me. She made up a whole book of fables about my goings on in Rome; and a few of them are not forgotten yet. I really couldn't afford to give her a chance of publishing a second edition. They have gossiped quite enough, in these parts, as it is.

Fleming made no answer. They were walking then beyond the line of pillars, and near the lower end of the hall, which was comparatively deserted. Looking up into his face, Marion saw an evil smile dwelling on his lip, that made her feel vaguely uncomfortable.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked, impatiently. "I do wish you would speak out."

"I was thinking," the other said, "how very prudent and provident you had become of late—how much more prudent, than when you posted that charming letter from Genoa."

"I was reading it over only late last night—as a sort of sop to stay one's appetite, you know."

A very bold heart—over-bold said her enemies—beat under Marion Charteris' girdle; but it was as though a frozen hand grasped it now; for several seconds, she felt faint and breathless.

The dim fear that had haunted her, from the very hour, when she had begun to repent having set her hand to such a record of guilty folly, stood before her now, visible and tangible. There was no dissembling the cruel tubborn fact: she lay at the mercy of one, who was not likely to yield an inch of his advantage-ground. For she read only too rightly the malign meaning of the eyes, that belied the assumed carelessness of the speaker's tone. It was a bitter moment for Marion Charteris;

bitter enough to have atoned for more than one venial sin. And no darker guilt lay on her conscience: lightly as she seemed to esteem the duties of wife and mother, she had never rendered herself absolutely unworthy of either name; she had given the world a right to speak jestingly of her—no more.

She had no idea how Vincent would use his power: she only knew that he could use it; and the knowledge made her sick at heart. Even her husband's homely figure, that never yet had over-awed her fancy, seemed, just now, to assume the austere dignity of judge and avenger; she felt as if she dared not trust herself alone in his presence. She could laugh at these exaggerated terrors in after days; but, while the fit lasted, it was not so easy to realize its humorous side.

"You—you told me you burnt every line I wrote," she whispered, as soon as she recovered her breath a little. "How could you —"

"*Did* I say so?" the other retorted, with insolent coolness. "We said so many things in those days, that we have forgotten since. There's no rule without an exception. I suppose I made one, in favour of that letter—and a few more. It is quite a model, in its peculiar style; though, I daresay, you could improve on it now: practice makes perfect, of course. I wonder, if others would appreciate it as much as I have done?"

The Irish blood, that never yet counted cost or danger when tyranny was to the fore, surged up in Marion's veins, hot and dauntless. She dropped her tormentor's arm; and looked him fairly in the face, without a sign of submission on her own.

"We have had rather too much of this. I had hoped we might meet as old friends should. It seems this is not to be, and I must sue for peace. Will you tell me your terms? I've been utterly foolish, of course; but—what would you have me be? I *did* trust your word, Vincent. You had better speak plainly. Vague threats don't frighten me. Am I to understand——"

"This is not the place to talk about terms," Vincent broke in savagely; speaking always in the same smothered undertone. "Only understand, that you are dealing with a man, now, instead of the boy that you fooled so long. I'm older, at all events, if not wiser or better, than when we parted."

Her eyes rested on his face, till, heated as he was by bitter passion, he shivered inwardly under their freezing scorn.

"A man!" she said. "What woman

could doubt your manhood, when you give her proofs like these? Do I not treat you with all possible respect? I should hardly say to a boy, 'What is it that you require of your handmaid?' I suppose the first condition is, that you should have the *entrée* to Charteris Royal. You will do us too much honour, whenever it shall please you to come there."

A little ironical curtsey gave the last finishing-stroke to the mock humility of the defiance. Flemmyng was getting very much the worst of the word-play. He felt he must have breathing-space; and this could only be gained by breaking ground. He did so, not ungracefully; indeed, the soft, gradual sadness that overspread his features would have done credit to an abler facial artist.

"At least, do not speak so," he murmured. "I would rather hear you speak angrily, a thousand times. It was my fault for provoking you. I believe I'm half mad to-night. Forget every word I've said yet; and forgive—as you have forgiven before. Can you make no allowances for me—coming back after such an absence, and finding that my place near you is quite filled up? I insist on nothing—far less threaten. Only I should like to come for a little while to Charteris Royal, whenever it suits you perfectly."

Now Marion was not in the least deceived, or thrown off her guard, by this sudden lowering of her adversary's sword. But her woman's wit told her, that it was for her advantage, to accept for the moment even that hollow truce; it told her, too, that her best chance of annihilating the proofs of past folly would be found under her own roof. She answered with her old bright mischievous smile,—

"That is better, *beau sire*. It is so stupid for old friends to quarrel. We'll forget and forgive all to-night's hard sayings. Why shouldn't you come to us, next Monday? Some bores will be gone by then; and several great people are coming. Amongst others—no, I won't tell you. It shall be a pleasant surprise. The Roman memories will all vanish when you've once seen *her*. Don't begin to protest. There's no time just now. You asked me to waltz, you know; it would be as well to take three turns, if only for the look of the thing. Besides, I'm curious to see if you've lost my step, out there in the East. Perhaps the Almèh have taught you better ones."

He laughed low to himself—thinking how his strong will had triumphed. The next second, his arm was round her waist; and they were merged in the throng.

(To be continued.)

THE ANSWER.

I.

A LITTLE note, sweet-scented, delicate,
Has lain upon my table half the morn,
And I, poor coward, fear to know my fate,
Feeling myself but worthy of her scorn;
Wishing, regretfully, I had forborne
To mar the quiet dream in which I moved,
And been content in silence to have loved.

II.

In silence to have loved her, nothing thinking
But how to serve her with a fervent zeal,
And show no outward signs of worship, shrinking
From any word or act that might reveal
The secret of my heart; for now I feel,
Now hope is dead within me, in what measure
Unconscious hope was parcel of my pleasure.

III.

It is not fit that she, so young and fair,
Should love me with the love that makes us one;
There is a tell-tale grizzle in my hair,
Time hath cast over me a sober tone,
The bounty of my youth is past and gone:
It is not fit! she is too young and fair!
I feel the truth within me, and despair.

IV.

Yet hope is strong and fights against my reason,
Upholding still, although I feel it vain,
The fond presumption, with a zealous treason
Against the honest knowledge that is pain,
That she may love me as I wish, and fain,
Weakly and foolishly, I would rely
Upon the promptings of kind cruelty.

V.

I have played rashly, and the die is cast
That beggars me or gives me double stake;
Yet for some minutes—they will be the last—
I cling unto my doubt and will not wake
To reap the harvest of my fond mistake.
Enough! I overcome my dread at last.
What is it? "As a Friend"—Ah! all is past.

W. G.

ARMIES AND THEIR SUFFERINGS.

THE advancement of Social Science, which brought together so large a number of distinguished men at Birmingham, has recently attracted to Berne a great many of the most learned and philanthropic men of continental countries. The papers read there have not yet been published, at least so far as I am aware, but different continental journals have given extracts or brief summaries of portions of them, as interesting to Englishmen as to men of other nations. Among the subjects of greatest and most universal interest discussed, were the cost of armies, and the care in time of war of the sick and wounded soldiers composing them: two subjects closely linked

together, and affecting every individual in Europe on pecuniary or humanitarian grounds, or by a combination of the two. Respecting the first of these questions, some of the ablest writers have long been contending that armies are a great waste of time and money which might be expended in carrying out the grandest public works, and the cause of intense bodily and mental suffering such as the human mind is capable of forming only a faint conception of. That the arguments of these writers have been influential in England and throughout Europe is no longer a question of doubt. Those who have opportunities of learning the real state of public feeling on the Continent, are well aware that, even in the most warlike nation of the Continent, there no longer exists a desire for war, but, on the contrary, a very sincere desire for peace. It is no doubt true that this desire arises chiefly out of financial considerations; but it is of little consequence whence the desire arises, so that the labours of those who have devoted themselves to the abolition of war on higher grounds are crowned with success. To a certain extent their efforts have borne fruit, and there is scarcely a nation on the Continent which has not already, or is not about to reduce its army. The principal speakers at the Berne Congress seem to have wisely abstained from urging impracticable measures, and to have endeavoured to show how a large military force may be kept in readiness to repel aggression at the lowest cost. The example it recommended was that of Switzerland; and the importance of the subject from a social point of view is a sufficient reason for giving some of the statistics a place in our columns, though we cannot, of course, guarantee their absolute correctness.

The defence of Switzerland is entrusted to a militia, respecting which we are told that the total number under organisation, armed and equipped with twenty per cent. of special arms,—meaning, we suppose, such arms as we include under the names of the Whitworth rifle, the Lancaster, breech-loaders, and so forth—is two hundred thousand, with forty-five mounted batteries of artillery, and three thousand cavalry. The average time devoted to the military service is from one hundred to one hundred and ten days for the infantry; one hundred to one hundred and seventy for special arms, with an addition of fifty per cent. for non-commissioned officers, and one hundred for officers of higher grades: which represent six days and a half yearly per man of the organised army, and is equal to half a day for the entire population. So much for the lost time. The expenditure on account of this militia is borne by the Confederation, the cantons, and the

men themselves in the following proportions:—The Confederation pays £112,000, the cantons £188,000, and the men themselves £30,000; altogether the money expenditure is £330,000; which is about 32s. 7½d. per head of the whole population of Switzerland. Including the payment of one franc a day to each man while on service, the total military expenditure will be £375,000 yearly.

This outlay of time and money is contrasted with that which Belgium expends under the head of military expenditure. That country, which has a population double that of Switzerland, viz., 4,800,000, makes up her army yearly to 100,000, with fifteen per cent. of special arms, twenty-five mounted batteries, and six thousand cavalry. Thirty-eight thousand of these are on permanent active service; which gives one hundred and forty days for each man composing the army, or three days per head of the entire population of the kingdom. The money expenditure is altogether £2,080,000; whereas, if its expenditure was at the same rate as that of Switzerland, it ought not to exceed £800,000; and this we are told with three hundred thousand more men than Switzerland has.

Taking Belgium as an example of the remainder of the European States, and the entire population of Europe at three hundred and eighty millions, the military expenditure of about £120,000,000 will be at the rate of ten francs sixty centimes per head, against three francs forty centimes per head which it would be if the Swiss system were adopted throughout Europe.

“The effective force of European armies on a war footing,” says one journal, “is 3,000,000; on active service at least 1,500,000; representing a loss of 550,000,000 days. With the Swiss system it would be only 180,000. Finally, the Swiss system being at the rate of eight per cent. of the population, its system of organisation would give Europe twenty-three millions of soldiers instead of three millions.” This last argument seems to be urged for the purpose of inducing governments to abandon the employment of standing armies, by convincing them that they might possess a much larger military force at their command if they did so, and at a cost greatly inferior; but it is quite evident that the substitution of a militia force, by throwing obstacles in the way of getting an army together, is recommended because it would prevent war from being declared without greater deliberation than at present,—is, in fact, a step towards abolishing war altogether. I merely give here such statistics as I have met with, and have no means of testing their cor-

rectness ; as for the subject to which they refer, that could only be satisfactorily discussed by going into the matter at great length.

We now come to the other matter referred to at the beginning of this paper, which has the sympathy of all, however extreme their views on the subject of war may be, viz., the alleviation of the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers.

The subject is one which has for a long time engaged the attention of humane men, and which has passed out of the domain of theory into actual practice, and in which Englishmen very honourably distinguished themselves during the Danish war.

It is far from being a new idea, and instances might be given of treaties between English and foreign commanders for the purpose of sparing the unfortunate soldiers as many of the evils consequent on war as could be contrived. But what is sought now, since M. Dinant of Geneva revived the subject, is to form a regular organisation for the purpose. The thing was tried on a great scale in America during the late war. In that country, arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded soldiers were altogether non-existent, for the very sufficient reason that, not expecting a war, they had no army, and that, when this essential of warfare was got together, all the other requisites had to be formed afterwards. No description that has been written could convey anything more than a faint idea of the terrible sufferings of the men after a battle in America, from being left untended for many hours, and it has even been asserted for days, after the battle, on the spot where they fell mutilated by shot and shell. To alleviate these horrors, a society calling itself the Sanitary Commission was formed, and to supply it with funds, Sanitary Fairs were held in Philadelphia and elsewhere, which were in fact bazaars on a prodigious scale, the contributions to the stalls of which were made by private individuals, and included every conceivable article. Thus, the saddler sent saddles ; the shoemaker, boots ; the tailor, habiliments ; the farmer grain or poultry, or anything else he had on hand ; and so forth, down to very small matters indeed, contributed by the very poor, nothing being rejected on account of its small intrinsic value. In Philadelphia alone, about five hundred of the principal ladies of the city sat at stalls day after day to dispose of these articles, and who, moreover, adopted every conceivable device which feminine ingenuity could suggest for increasing the funds to be devoted to the furtherance of the charitable objects they had in view.

European Governments, as we are all aware, have entered into an arrangement for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the event of another war ; and not before it was required. Probably some of our readers may have seen the returns compiled by Dr. Chenu, of the sacrifice of human life caused by the war in the Crimea, showing that of the 800,000 who perished, only a comparatively small proportion were actually killed in battle, and that the rest died of their wounds and sickness, a very large number of whom would have lived if they had received prompt aid. M. Dinant now gives us similar information with respect to the single battle of Solferino. The result of that one day's fighting in killed and wounded, including the Austrian and French and Sardinian armies, was a loss of three field-m Marshals, nine generals, fifteen hundred and sixty-six officers of all grades, of whom six hundred and thirty were Austrians, and nine hundred and thirty-six allies, and about forty thousand non-commissioned officers and soldiers. Two months later, forty thousand more had to be added to the total of deaths arising from fever and other maladies consequent on this battle and the pernicious effects of the climate and other causes which grew out of the war. But this terrible slaughter by disease does not convey to the mind any true idea of the fearful sufferings to which the unfortunate sick and wounded were subjected. After the battle of Solferino, the wounded had to be transported in vehicles which would have caused serious pain to healthy persons if forced to travel in them for any length of time, and which must have been productive of terrible agony to the maimed soldiers, dragged as they were by bullocks and mules through an atmosphere loaded with dust to Castiglione in the first instance, and thence to Brescia, a journey of four days, before they could receive the care and attention their condition required. The objects of the association are not restricted to the mere distribution of medicaments or delicacies supplied by or purchased out of funds furnished by charitable individuals, but extends to the mitigation of their sufferings in every way. The ingenuity of inventors is called upon for the production of articles for this special purpose, and a space will be allotted at the Paris Exhibition for showing them.

A good work once begun rarely stops at the attainment of the object for which it was originated. It has been proposed that societies, international or otherwise, should be organised for the purpose of giving relief to sufferers by sweeping catastrophes, such as extensive fires, inundations, and epidemics.

G. LUMLEY.

A REGION OF LAKES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ICELAND: ITS SCENES AND SAGAS."

Eirek's Jökull.



HERE is an Icelandic saying, "As countless as the isles in the Breida Fjord, as the hills in the Vatns Dale, and as the lakes on the Arnar-vatus Heath."

Olsen, in his map of Iceland, seems to have spirted the ink from his pen over a portion of his paper to represent the islands, to have given up the hills in despair, and to have put in the lakes at random.

A mysterious region is that of the lakes. I shall never forget my first vision of it. Having travelled all day through a valley between ice mountains, under glacier-crowned black cliffs, rising to a dizzy height without a break, and topped with a precipice of green ice, shut in behind by ridges of deepest snow, shut in before by a huge jökull with precipitous sides and cloud-topped cap; not a blade of grass any-

where, not a sound of living creature, insect, or bird, to relieve the dead silence. On ascending a snow-patched hillock, there suddenly burst upon me a wondrous view. I saw a vast tract of deep purple desert, extending to the horizon, studded all over with spangles of water.

From the height whence I gazed, this desert seemed to be a dead level, but such it is not; it is in reality a rolling tract of upland, elevated about 2000 feet above the sea.

The descent to it was accomplished with no small amount of difficulty, on account of the accumulation of snow, and its rotten condition. We had to scramble down a staircase

of obsidian rocks of deep glossy black, thread our way amongst the *débris* of avalanches, and over huge glacial moraines, picking our course as best we could, for road there is none, till at last we heard the melancholy pipe of the whimbrel, and the call of the plover, and in another moment we came upon a little grey wintry turf. I had an opportunity here of noticing the devastation caused by the spring thaw; for in the midst of a barren slope of bald rock, some ten acres in area, rose a snag of good soil to the height of twelve feet. The whole of this slope had been at one time covered with twelve feet of rich soil, but it had, by some change of direction in the descending rush of thawed snow-water, been swept clear, leaving only one fragment of earth capped with grass, accidentally preserved.

The depth to which soil accumulates in Iceland is astonishing, and I have ridden under bluffs of the most rich earth which, under a warmer sun, would prove invaluable as a dressing—the volcanic constituents of the soil being such as produce the most luxuriant crops. But in Iceland no use can be made of this excellent material, for no grain will ripen, and it is a question whether the climate would permit green crops to come to maturity. At the foot of the pass rolled the Hvítá, or White River, appropriately so called on account of its milky appearance, the water being full of undissolved snow. The stream rushes along with the violence of a torrent, and we had some difficulty in fording it: some of the horses lost their footing, and were swept down the stream, but recovered themselves at a bend in the river, and all reached the opposite bank in safety.

After a canter over a tract desolated by a volcanic outbreak, which has covered it with black sand and huge piles of scoria, we drew rein at a green patch surrounding a turf hovel, and I pitched my tent for the night, hoping to advance into the heart of the lake region on the following morning; but towards midnight, as I sat in my tent skinning a magnificent great northern diver which had been shot that day, and occasionally looking up at the range of snow mountains standing up like a wall before me, I noticed white clouds gather over their heads; then black ragged masses of vapour accumulated over the sky, and within scarce five minutes the stillness of the Arctic night was broken by a storm which raged with awful fury. There was neither thunder nor lightning, but the sound of the wind roaring down the snow valleys, and shaking the avalanches off their ledges to fall with a crash into the chasms and ravines which opened on all sides, was overpoweringly grand. The rain

came down in torrents as though the sluices of heaven were opened; but the little tent kept the water out and stood up against the wind, though it shook and swayed in the blast. It was an anxious night, as we feared lest the pegs or guys should give, and we be exposed to the violence of the gale without shelter. Towards seven o'clock in the morning the storm abated, but it left behind it such a threatening sky that I was obliged to defer my journey till the following day.

As rain fell incessantly for twenty-four hours, I was confined under canvas or within the hovel. The latter is in reality a farmhouse; it is square, and is built of turf. The windows are mere holes a few inches square, to admit the least possible amount of light and no air. It would have been impossible for us to have slept in the house on the previous night, as every bed was full to overflowing—the farm containing six beds, and each bed four sleepers. When I add that the sleeping-room measured about fourteen feet by twelve feet, it will readily be imagined that no Englishman would like to take up his quarters in such a stifling hole. I spent the day in dressing bird skins, and finishing some sketches made the day before. Next morning the skies were cloudless, and we started on horseback for the lakes under the direction of the farmer, who professed to know something about the lie of the land.

A strange ride over huge slabs of lava, in and out among bristling jags of stone which once had been in a state of fluidity, skirting an impatient little river, the Northlingafjot, which made its way seaward, notwithstanding all the barriers of lava thrown in its way; twisting and doubling, the brawling river pushed on, driving forward with steadfast purpose, or with that obstinacy which always succeeds, however great are the impediments laid in its course.

The first part of our ride was enlivened by the abundance of the flowers adorning every rock and every patch of soil. The lemon-hued, yellow-eyed *Dryas octopetala*; the dwarf campion in patches, pink of the tenderest blush hue, or red as blood, sometimes even snowy white; saxifrages of various kinds, white and quivering in the sharp air, golden and low-growing in sheltered nooks; *Geranium sylvaticum* in full leaf, but not yet in a blaze of flowers; bullet-headed *Parnassia*, waiting for a warm west breeze to coax them into expansion; pale violet butterwort, defying wind and weather, and shaking its delicate head above some swampy spot; sundew, sparkling in its array of gems; the Alpine erigeron showing its modest pink head on every grassy

atch, the daisy of Arctic meadow-land. But that is you intensely blue point in a bed of turf? The minute *Gentiana bavarica* just pening in the warm sun. I see more of these blue specks, and the little slope on which it rows resembles a piece of green carpet, through which runs a thread of azure. And now we are in the region of lakes, landlocked among stony hills, and of all sizes; some large finding sheets of water, others mere tarns. Each is tenanted by a couple of dreamy swans floating in all their spotless whiteness of breeding plumage, and reflected as white in the still water. And here and there we come on a northern diver in her ball-dress of black lace over white silk, and her blue-green metallic head-dress; or perhaps we hear wild weird laughter and mocking cries from behind a trap hill of shattered blocks, and on unmounting it we find that there is no Nippen making merry in his pool, but the diver re-icing at her incubation, sitting on her dingy egg, and calling to her mate, whom her caruncle eye has detected, as a black blotch against the sky, returning with a fish for his pouse.

I must have passed a score of lakes before finding one where there was sufficient grass for my horses, and even then the amount was so scanty that it would only last them a single night. The lake where I camped was the lesser Eagle-Lake, a fine sheet of water extending some two miles between barren hills. The view from it was magnificent. Eirick's Ökull, a noble pile of black rock and ice, stood up before us in shape like a gigantic bride-cake. The sides are precipitous from whatever point it is viewed, rising straight up from a desert of lava which has boiled out at its base and has flowed for twelve miles from its source.

The largest of the lakes is the Great Eagle-Lake, one historically interesting, as it was the place of refuge of the greatest hero Iceland ever saw,—Grettir the Strong. Grettir was outlawed on account of having accidentally set fire to a house in which were the sons of a certain Thorir. The young men were so drunk at the time that they perished in the flames. Thorir set a price on Grettir's head, and hunted him from one retreat to another, till he took refuge on the brink of the Great Eagle-Lake, the most elevated of all the sheets of water in the district. I visited the spot, and traced the ruined foundations of the brave man's hut. It was June 28th, and my horse broke the ice with his hoofs as he trod over a frozen swamp to reach it. Here Grettir spent our weary years, from 1019 to 1022, and he left it because his enemies had discovered his retreat, and were continually attempting his

life there. He supported himself by fishing, and by taking birds' eggs in spring.

I found a party of fishermen, two men and a boy, on this lake. They had built themselves a hovel fourteen feet long, six feet broad, and only four feet high; yet they had in it a fire, supplied with fish skins and bones. I looked within, but the odour was insupportable,—the smoke making its way out at the door, the cabin being unprovided with chimney or window. It was built of stones rudely piled up to form walls, and roofed with turf. The ground around was literally covered with the insides of fish, which the men had cast aside when they had opened the fish. The stench was intolerable. In winter the place is quite deserted. The men were dressed in sheep-skins, with fur caps, the hair turned outward; they had long grey beards, and their faces were tanned brown with exposure, so that they presented a troll-like and decidedly "uncanny" appearance.

A pretty cascade tumbles into the lake at the east end; near it is a ruined hut built for the convenience of travellers. Some theological students, with the Bishop, were once snowed in there, and the Bishop ate the students, or *vice versa*, I really forget which.

I had a thirteen hours' ride over russet desert that day, only meeting with a patch of grass on one spot, and that was not what I had supposed an oasis to be, yet without it the desert would be quite impassable. We had to rest the better part of an hour on this patch of grey wintry turf, that the horses might get a mouthful. I spread a macintosh on the ground and seated myself thereon tailor fashion, in an india-rubber poncho, and bore the wind and pelting rain and snow as stoically as possible.

THE SKELETON IN THE CHAPEL.

A SHORT time ago, after I had retired to my room for the night, some events occurred so extraordinary and unaccountable, that I can no longer refrain from laying them before the public, in the hope that some ingenious person may be able to throw some light on the tissue of supernatural proceedings which took place before my eyes, and which I am anxious to write down exactly as they occurred, while they are still quite fresh in my memory.

But, that my tale may not be supposed to be merely the result of an excited mind or a superstitious temperament, I solemnly assure my readers that I am not nervous, and that I do not—or, rather, that I did not—believe in ghosts. Disbelief in the supernatural was almost a part of my religion, and many a time

have I laughed at my sisters as they walked along the passages of our old house, clinging to each other, and peering carefully into all the deep recesses and dark corners, after some tale of horror had been told in the twilight, making their blood run cold. To me, such stories were mere evidences of the credulity of my neighbours, as I never failed to account for them all, satisfactorily to myself, by the admission of human agency, and concealed mechanism. But now my creed is shaken, and my security gone.

I must first describe my home. Part of it is so old that no accurate date has ever been assigned to it, though popular tradition asserts that it was built by one Sir Ralph de B., the boon companion of madcap Harry, and the sharer of the wild frolics of his youth, and in his steadier and regal days his devoted follower through many a bloody field, on one of which he won his spurs, being knighted by his master on the field of battle. At length, being full of years and honours, he obtained permission of the monarch to retire from active service; and enriched with the spoils of war, he proposed to end his days in peace and comfort in the strong castle he had caused to be erected on the spot where my paternal home now stands, and of which one dilapidated wing, now remaining, forms part of our present habitation. This wing I must describe minutely.

The ground-floor consists of a long low room, formerly the dining-hall, and now used as a lumber-room. It has a deep recess, for a fireplace, at one end, and in the other and along one side, are narrow lancet windows, through which the light tries almost in vain to penetrate, so thickly are they overgrown with ivy. Above this are several decaying floors, which divided the dining-hall from the living-rooms, and these again from the chapel, which, in accordance with the beautiful notion which prevailed in the olden time, was built near the roof, that the prayers of the believers might the more readily ascend to Heaven. The stones with which it was built were fast crumbling away, and were thickly covered with moss and lichen; the rafters overhead were few, and broken, and gave easy access to the birds and bats, who were now its only inhabitants. This desolate scene often brought to my mind the lines in the beautiful poem of a great author now lately dead,—

“The wild bird rears its callow young
Where once the pealing anthem rung.”

The more modern part of the house, which was of the date of Queen Anne, had been built by Sir Hugo de B., when he had

retrieved the fortunes of his family by long service in foreign parts, and returned to England in the early part of the eighteenth century, to find the home of his fathers a burnt and blackened ruin; for his father, so runs the legend, had offended Cromwell by conveying secret assistance to King Charles, and in revenge the Roundheads set fire to his castle one dark night, and burnt it to the ground, all except the portion described above, which somehow escaped the flames. This old part was joined to the new house by a long dark passage, now never used, and the door at the end, which opened into the remains of a kind of gallery which ran along one side of the chapel, was kept locked and bolted, and had been so from time immemorial. My own room was the nearest inhabited one to this passage, and was near enough to the ruin for the screams and wild cries of the strange birds, who often assembled there at night, to reach my ears, and sometimes almost to prevent my sleeping; and often too I heard the wind whistling and moaning round the old walls like a melancholy spirit; but these sounds never made me nervous, I knew too well what they were. More to please my friends than myself, a loaded revolver was always kept beside my bed, in case of any adventurous burglar climbing up the rotten old stairs which led from the dining-hall to the chapel, and thence along the edge of the battlement to my window—a thing which might easily be done.

On the night in question, from force of habit, I examined the loading and priming of my barrels before going to bed, and felt convinced that I was fully a match (with such effective friends as they were) for any man who might choose to disturb my slumbers.

For some reason I could not go to sleep, and lay tossing restlessly in my bed, getting more and more angry at my unusual wakefulness, and occasionally consulting my watch by the light of the moon, which streamed brightly into my room. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, and still I lay wide awake. I was just thinking, in despair, of getting up and taking a book, when I heard a sound, so mysterious, so thrilling, and yet so distant, that I ran hastily to the window to see whether some person were not calling for help in the park. I could see nothing, and was trying to convince myself that it was all imagination, when the sound was repeated; and this time there was no doubt about it; it was the cry of a woman, a wild, despairing, agonizing cry, and now it sounded nearer. I was turning to the door, intending to rush out and give the alarm, when a hand was laid on my shoulder—a cold, icy,

heavy hand. I turned my head, and saw—nothing! The pressure of those fingers was listinet, firm, and resolute. I was rooted to the ground with horror. Then from out the silence rose again that bitter shriek, more wild, more agonizing, more prolonged. I can-

not describe the horror of it, nor can I describe the sense of utter helplessness and incapacity which seized me while those icy fingers pressed on my shoulder; they seemed to chill and freeze my very being, and almost to deprive me of consciousness. I had an intuitive feel-



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g that I must make some strong effort, or lose my senses. I made it. I sprang forward, seized my revolver, and fired it wildly over my shoulder. The fingers relaxed their hold. I heard a low, mocking laugh, and something like a cold breeze passed by me. I began to breathe again, and looked round. Unconsciously I fixed my eyes on the broad ray of moonlight that streamed into the room. As I looked at it another ray of light, cold and blue, seemed to cross it at right-angles; by degrees it became clearer, and a certain part

of it seemed to grow more dense. Gradually it assumed a form; the form of a child, with its hands clasped over its heart; and between its fingers trickled—oh, horror!—a stream of blood! I could not take my eyes off it. It came nearer, floating on in that false moonbeam. It came close to me, stopped, raised one hand, and beckoned to me to follow. It was not courage, nor my own wish, but an irresistible impulse which compelled me to follow it. Slowly it glided through the door, which opened of its own accord, along the long

unused passage, through the bolted door at the end, and which opened, like the other, into the gallery of the old chapel. Again it raised one hand, and pointed into the chapel below, and vanished. But how can I describe the sight which met my eyes? The chapel, instead of wearing its usual desolate and ruined aspect, was now gorgeously decorated in that rich and fanciful guise of which the Roman Catholic worship admits. But the details I could not distinguish, for it was but dimly lighted by two candles near the altar and one small lamp in a distant corner. By degrees the light grew brighter and flickered on the golden chains of the censers, and on the bright gilt frame of the large altar-piece, and disclosed to me the scene which I will endeavour calmly to paint, though the recollection of it, and of the horrible sensation of that cold hand, which I again felt on my shoulder, almost deprives me of the power of calm reflection even now. Had it continued longer, I am convinced I must have gone mad. On the altar-steps lay the form of a lovely boy, dead, and with a stream of blood flowing from his heart, dyeing the stone with its crimson stain. Near the body of the murdered child stood a girl with head averted, listening to the words of a young man who was evidently entreating her to grant some request, for he knelt on one knee before her, and in so doing turned his head. Shall I ever forget that countenance? So wicked—so hypocritical—so demoniacal! He held a dagger in his hand, but held it out of sight of the girl, whose face I could not see, but whose size and figure gave me the idea of her being about seventeen or eighteen years old. He seemed to beg and beg more earnestly, and she as firmly to refuse. Suddenly he started to his feet and pointed to a distant corner of the chapel, where I saw the lantern gleaming. The girl turned her face imploringly towards him. I caught sight of it as she did so; it was pale and beautiful, and her long tresses of light waving hair hung negligently down her back. This time she seemed to be imploring and he refusing; at last she fell to the ground, fainting, and, with a glare of triumphant malice, he seized her by her hair and arm, and dragged her across the chapel to the spot where the lamp was burning. I followed them with my eyes, and saw—a hole in the wall, evidently recently made; a workman, with stones and mortar, standing beside it. Could he?—no, the idea was too horrible—and yet, yes, he *is* going to wall her up alive! I tried to scream, to leap headlong into the chapel; but no, I lost all consciousness from that moment.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on

the ledge, which I have before described as forming the remains of the old gallery, the moon shining coldly through the rafters, and the chapel in its usual state of solitude and ruin. I began to hope it might be all a dream—a fearfully vivid one; but no, the door which had opened of its own accord to my supernatural guide, was now locked and bolted on the chapel side, so that it *could not* have been unfastened from the passage. By climbing down the crumbling wall I reached the floor of the chapel, thence by a stairway to the battlements, along the edge of them to my window, which was fastened on the inside; breaking a pane, I undid the latch, and let myself in. The door was locked on the inside. One of the barrels of my revolver had been fired. This, then, was no dream—no fancy.

As soon as I saw the first labourers coming to their work in the morning, I called to them to come to the chapel with pickaxes, and desiring them to pull down the wall which last night had appeared so freshly disturbed, but which now was moss-grown like the rest, I sat down to view the result of the investigations. As I expected, the wall returned a hollow sound at the first blow; and ere long a perfect skeleton was discovered. The surprise of the workmen was great, not so my own. What a fearful tragedy had been enacted here! But who were the actors? Who were the victims?

Since writing the above I have made a careful search through the family papers, in the hope of eliciting something which might throw some light on the dark scene in the chapel.

After much trouble in deciphering the old half-destroyed records, I think I have succeeded. On one torn scrap of parchment I find the following words: “In ye yeare 1620 dyed Sir Reginalde. To his sone, young Master Raymonde, the good knight leaves his all; in default of heirs, the inheritance will go to the sister of the young Sir Raymonde, Mistress Elizabeth, now aged of eighteen years.”

Another story, and one which seems to apply strongly to the scene I witnessed, I gather from the tattered remains of a kind of journal kept probably by some old retainer of the family. “One night of this yeare (1621) a sad tragedie did happen. The younge Sir Raymonde and his faire sister were loste. Mastere Guy, who had come to the castle in hopes to win for his wife his cousin, Mistress Elizabeth, caused great searche to be made for them; and soon brought newes that the body

of the younge Sir Raymonde had been found by himself lying deade on ye steps of ye high altare, slain, as it did seem, by a dagger. Nor had more than three daies passed, when he lid declare to us that likewise the bodie of his aïre cousin was found, in a river of water, listant five miles away, and that his vassals were bringing her dead bodie in a faire coffin to be buried in the olde chapelle with ye bodie also of her brothere. Sir Guy was now, by inheritance, master, and did give orders for he burying of his cousins. Ye bodie of our leare Mistress Elizabeth came, nailed up in a coffin, so that none of her olde retainers did look on her sweete face again. For her loss hey grieved much; the more that Sir Guy was a hard mastere to them, and being false both to Cromwell and to Charles, his castle was burned about his ears, and he was forced to fly for life to France. We heard he was laine in a duel, and no one grieved for him."

I had the supposed coffin of Elizabeth de B. examined, and, as I anticipated, it was empty; nor was there a trace of its ever having been otherwise. This is all I have been able to glean on the subject, and it certainly affords key to the scene which I saw, and the skeleton, which was exhibited to many, is one proof amongst others that what I went through that night was no dream, but an inexplicable vision actually seen by my waking sight.

COUNT RUMFORD AND THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

To my mind, the first thing, or one of the first things, to be examined in every town is the public garden or public walk that grows out of it. This may be an English, or a country, point of view. It may seem ridiculous to those who judge towns as centres of business, and those who look on them as centres of gaiety. Others may object to it as introducing a compromise between town and country, and stealing the beauties of the one to cloak the dinginess of the other. If you want fresh air and grass, the shade of the trees and their breezy motion, they would tell you to go to the country. But everybody cannot go to the country, and why may not the workers in towns have some little imitation of what they cannot have in reality?

The Germans understand this better than we do. With less pedestrian enthusiasm than the English, they provide facilities for walking with far more liberality. I do not remember to have visited any German town which had not some park or garden as an oasis in the desert of houses. But of all those I have visited, there is not one to compare with the

English garden at Munich; it is not too much to say that it is the one great attraction of the place; the only one which cannot be questioned, and from whose merits there is no deduction to be made.

No capital city is better situated than Vienna, with graceful hills and lovely valleys in its immediate neighbourhood, with many gardens about the suburbs, and the wide open Prater leading down to where

Her great Danube, rolling fair,
Enwinds her isles.

But each of these places has to be reached by a long walk through streets and among houses; nor is there any one of them that equals the irregular design, the winding paths, of the English garden. Much the same fault is to be found in Dresden. Other parks are void of water, or limited in extent and variety. The park of Weimar is so small, and its muddy Ilm so far inferior to the free dashing streams that are diverted from the Isar, that Mr. Lewes's rapturous description of it in his "Life of Goethe" is almost more appropriate if applied to Munich. "The park fills the foreground of the picture, and always rises first in the memory. Any one who has spent happy hours wandering through its sunny walks and winding shades, watching its beauties changing through the fulness of summer, and the striking contrasts of autumn as it deepens into winter, will easily understand how Goethe could have been content to live in so small a city, which had, besides its nest of friends, so charming a park."

The English garden, as we may learn from the guide-books, was laid out by Count Rumford, under Carl Theodore, the last Elector of Bavaria. The spot was originally a desolate and marshy wood, running parallel with the course of the Isar; it is now a park four miles long and a mile broad; a perfect labyrinth of walks between the stems of spreading trees, with occasional patches of meadow opening out on either side, and with water-courses through which the swift streams that have been turned off from the Isar, run with almost natural luxuriance. Not far from the entrance is a waterfall, and the bed of the stream where it dashes down is strewn with wild moss-grown blocks, around which the water foams and gambols. At another place it is taken in to form a swimming-bath; and a basin of clear spring water, with fountains and jets, makes a pleasant change from the cloudier river;—coffee-gardens, baths, and places of resort are planted about the park, where music plays, and the towns-people flock out on Sundays and holidays. In one place a Chinese pagoda, in another a lake, with boats in summer and skating in winter, and mili-

tary music stealing over the distance. These places are the delight of the people of Munich. But the man in search of solitude may enjoy the lovely walks without interruption or intrusion. And the number of lovely walks can hardly be computed; you may choose a new one day after day, and yet return to the old ones without satiety. I may say with Comus,—

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side—
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.

The winding walks, intersected by the roots of trees, the expanse of green, in which the magnificent clumps stand aloof like stags in a pasture, the smooth sweep of sward leading along the swift stream to the rustic bridge, the curve of the stream, with the fall of its bank, seen through the trees above like a picture of the Danube winding miles below, are but a few of the beauties you must ever linger to observe, the charms that Nature scatters so lavishly where a little help is given her. In the autumn, when one has come back from the country, the summer seems to have nestled here in a cosy nook, and to be meditating a longer stay. In winter, the heavy snow settles on all the boughs, and weighs them down, so that you seem shut in by the bars of a cage, or wandering through a magic forest, in which all the trees are of solid silver. The snow lies smooth and thick on all the little sprays as if crystallised, and each step brings you into another frame or setting of white branches, as if you had lost your way, and could find no landmarks to take you back again. The dark water, fed by the snow-blackened sources of the river, courses rapidly between banks of smooth deep white, and snow confused with foam breaks over the waterfall. And then, as spring comes on, how the buds break out into the very tenderest green. Next come lilac-flowers and apple-blossoms, covering the whole area with delicious scents. And gradually the shade grows thicker as the sun is more powerful, so that the burning rays come softened through the screen of foliage, the fierce white changed into refreshing green.

King Louis of Bavaria has attempted to improve the English garden by erecting a small temple on a mound not far from the entrance, and in this temple a monument to the garden's founder and embellisher. Following that absurd theory which prevails in the small kingdoms of Germany, and which assigns any improvement effected during any reign to the reigning monarch, so that ineffectual opposition is ranked as encouragement, the King has inscribed the names of Carl Theodore and

Maximilian Joseph on this monument; but the name that ought to have been placed there is that of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford. I am very much inclined to believe that Munich owes more to this man than to many of its kings. The English garden is certainly a more pleasant sight than the desolate streets with their gloomy public buildings. And in other ways I imagine the influence of Count Rumford is far more felt than any royal patronage. The cheerful and contented air of the Munich people, the absence of very striking cases of poverty, the apparent well-being, the scarcity of beggars, cannot fail to impress the visitor. These are not results that can be attained by private benevolence, which can only touch isolated cases, and leaves the general want without any visible effect. No doubt King Louis has distributed his money with great munificence, and has done a great deal of good, so far as personal charity can avail, but his entire neglect of practical measures would have entailed more want on a suffering people than any amount of giving could have remedied. The steps taken by Count Rumford, on the other hand, struck at the root of the most inveterate evils. A perusal of his *Essays** is a most valuable preparation for any study of Munich, and I am much indebted to Mr. Helps for having put me on their scent. In the first series of "Friends in Council," Vol. i. p. 74, Milverton is discovered reading "Rumford's Essays," and being asked what he finds to interest him there, replies,—“Everything he writes about. He is to me a delightful writer; he throws so much life into all his writings. Whether they are about making the most of food or fuel, or propounding the benefits of bathing, or inveighing against smoke, it is that he went, and saw, and did and experimented himself, and upon himself. His proceedings at Munich to feed the poor are more interesting than many a novel. It is surprising, too, how far he was before the world in all the things he gave his mind to.” It is almost to be wished Mr. Helps had gone more into details. Count Rumford's *Essays* are not much known to the readers of the present age, and yet they seem to contain many hints that might be valuable even in our present more advanced state of science; and in matters which are not purely scientific, he seems to have been so much before his age that he has not been caught up yet. This is particularly noticeable in regard to his crusade against mendicancy in Bavaria.

He tells us in his first Essay that the preva-

* "Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical." By Benjamin, Count of Rumford. Fifth Edition. London: printed for Cadell & Davies. 1800.

ence of beggars throughout the country had come at last insupportable ; the laws which existed against beggary were never enforced, and begging had become almost a recognised profession. Strong sturdy healthy men infested the streets and public places of Munich ; it was impossible to cross the street without being attacked by them ; they went round to private houses, and stole if they had an opportunity ; they even went into churches, and begged of people who were praying, so that undisturbed devotion had to be purchased of them. They exposed their own children naked in the coldest weather, and beat them if they returned home without money ; they stole the children of others, and maimed them in order to exhibit their sufferings ; there were, in short, no bounds to their rapacity. In the country, the children even of the best farmers made a point of begging from passengers. One scarcely ever met a person on the road on foot, particularly a woman, who did not hold out her hand for charity ;" and the shepherds who tended their flocks by the roadside had a deduction made from their wages in consideration of the opportunity they had of begging from the travellers. These statements are fully confirmed by other writers. In the life of Lessing we find a letter of the year 1771, which states that a lady on the way from Munich to Augsburg was surrounded in one place by at least eighty beggars, and that the circle did not move until the postilion lashed it with his whip. Whole families run after you in Munich, says the same writer, and cry out that they ought not to be left to starve.

Such was the state of the evil which Count Rumford resolved to remedy ; and the measures he took were effectual. In the first four years after the adoption of his measures above ten thousand vagabonds were arrested, of whom more than six hundred were taken in Munich alone. The mere process of arresting would not, of course, have been sufficient unless something was done with the beggars. But he tells us that mendicity was effectually suppressed in Hamburg by an establishment for their relief. But Count Rumford's plans seem to have been something better. It probably served as a model for the steps ordered by Napoleon in 1807. In two letters to the Minister of the Interior, Napoleon directed that a hundred depôts for the poor should be established, and every street beggar was to be taken there. "But he must be treated kindly," said Napoleon ; "it would be unjust and cruel to treat him as a malefactor. All we must do is to turn him to a useful occupation." These were Count Rumford's principles. He

began by cantoning regiments of cavalry about the country, who were to make daily patrols, and apprehend all thieves and vagabonds. In Munich the officers and non-commissioned officers of three regiments of infantry were stationed in the streets on the day appointed for beginning the arrest of all beggars, and in less than one hour the town was thoroughly cleared. New Year's Day, 1790, was selected for the opening day, partly, no doubt, to begin the year, and partly because that day was considered peculiarly set apart for giving alms, and the beggars were sure to muster in full force.

The Count assembled the field officers and the chief magistrates of the town at his lodgings, explained to them his plans, and asked for their assistance. That the measure might not be considered a purely military one, each field-officer was accompanied by one of the magistrates, the chief magistrate attending the Count himself. The Count and the chief-magistrate had hardly got into the street when they were accosted by a beggar who asked for an alms. The Count arrested him immediately with his own hands, and the others, having so good an example set them, were not slow to follow it. All the beggars who were taken up were conducted to the Town Hall ; their names were written down, and they were sent to the military workhouse, where they were employed according to their ability. At first the awkwardness natural to those who had never done a piece of work in their lives, caused them to be occupied with the easiest tasks ; but in time the encouragement they received, the high payment made them for their labour, added to the real pleasure of working, contributed to push them forward, and their contentment as they advanced was quite remarkable. In one place the Count dwells touchingly on "the exquisite delight which a sensible mind must feel upon seeing many hundreds of wretched beings awaking from a state of misery and inactivity, as from a dream, and applying themselves with cheerfulness to the employments of useful industry,—upon seeing the first dawn of placid content break upon a countenance covered with habitual gloom, and furrowed and distorted by misery." In another place, after describing the enforced idleness of children who were too young to work, and the jealous emulation they felt when witnessing the activity of others, he adds, "they frequently solicited with the greatest importunity to be permitted to work, and often cried most heartily if this favour was not instantly granted them. How sweet these tears were to me, can easily be imagined !" What a pleasant picture these passages present

us, and how different is Count Rumford's plan for persuading people to work, from that adopted down to the present day in youthful education !

Cleanliness and regular meals were important allies in the Count's system. "I considered," he says, "what circumstance in life—after the necessities, food and raiment—contributes most to comfort, and I found it to be cleanliness. So very extensive is its influence that it reaches even to the brute creation. With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves, and put their plumage in order, and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant do they ever appear ! Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment ; and singing-birds are always remarked for the neatness of their plumage. And so great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth and nastiness ; nor do I believe there ever was a person *scrupulously attentive to cleanliness* who was a consummate villain." Mr. Dickens might have quoted the last sentence (the italics are Count Rumford's own) as a motto to his Christmas story of Tom Tiddler. But the details furnished about the food supplied to the inmates of the workhouse are even more important, as they furnish the links of the reasoning which guided the Count in making his well-known economical soup. Each person received a pound and a quarter of a rich wholesome soup of peas and barley mixed with cuttings of fine white bread. The cost of this soup amounted to one third of a penny per portion, and afterwards, when potatoes were added to the soup, the cost was reduced to scarcely more than a farthing per portion. Of course prices were then much lower than they are now. It is not uncommon to hear residents of sixteen or twenty years in Munich assert that prices have doubled within their recollection, but the figures given by Count Rumford serve as a check on such exaggeration. The price of beef, of wood, of barley, of flour, is at present exactly double, sometimes a little more than double, what it was in 1795. I confess I have been much pleased by discovering the actual state of the case, as the marvellous increase in prices that is often quoted implies a marvellous increase of prosperity, and consequently a previous state of half barbarity. A French bishop used to congratulate all the Germans he met on the great progress their nation had made, appealing to the German name for gloves (hand-shoes) to prove that no long time before the Teutonic nation must

have gone on all-fours. The same deduction would needs be forced upon us by the doubling of prices in twenty years.

But to return to the wonderful qualities of the soup. The cost of wood for cooking enough soup for a thousand persons was only four-pence-halfpenny ; the peas and barley were of course bought in large quantities at a time when they were abundant, and the voluntary gifts of stale bread and scraps of meat from the bakers and butchers, on whom the beggars had formerly levied contributions, considerably diminished the expense and enriched the compound. In 1795 there was a custom in Munich, as there is to this day, of the butchers being allowed to throw in bones or scraps with the good pieces of meat to make up the weight, for the price of meat is fixed by authority, and this is the only means of disposing of the refuse pieces. Families have, of course, very little use for such scraps, and it was often the custom to throw them into the poor's tub, so that they served to thicken the soup. Carts were sent round every day to collect these donations, one with a cask for soup, another with a covered tub for meat, and another with a closed chest for bread, and small tubs inscribed "for the poor," were hung up in all the butchers' shops in town. The bread given by the bakers was generally the stale bread of former days, which was more fitted for eating in the soup than fresh bread, as it was dry and hard, rendering mastication necessary, and thus assisting powerfully to promote digestion. "It likewise," adds the Count, "*prolongs the duration of the enjoyment of eating*, a matter of very great importance indeed, and which has not hitherto been sufficiently attended to." The bread is not boiled, as in those tasteless soups which disfigure the usual excellence of French tables, but the soup is poured hot upon it the very moment before serving. But the chief merit is assigned to the barley, with which the Count realised surprising results, and which he considers the rice of Great Britain. He says it thickens a vast quantity of water, imparts a degree of richness to the soup that nothing else can give, and with little taste in itself, renders more savoury ingredients peculiarly palatable. In the portion of soup provided for each person in the military workhouse, and found amply sufficient to satisfy the appetite, as well as to support life, there entered only six ounces of solid food, and yet the weight of each portion amounted to twenty ounces. If any one is so much interested in these statements as to wish to make the experiment himself, I must refer him to Count Rumford's volumes. He will find the chapters on popular cookery more in-

resting, as Mr. Helps has told him, than any a novel.

One of Rumford's recommendations affords curious commentary on Mr. Helps's remark touching his advance on his age. It is since the appearance of the "Friends in Council" that the Russian bath has been so much urged in England; yet I find Count Rumford examining its advantages, and recommending its adoption, in an Essay dated sixty years ago.

It is only the other day Mr. Trollope was telling us of the bad effects on the health and complexion of the heating by warm air in America, and one constantly hears Englishmen reaching up the open fireplaces and kitchen-ranges of their native country over the stoves and baking of Germany. Rumford has an essay on the advantage of living in warm rooms at an even temperature, and quotes the excellent health of the Swedes and Russians, their little susceptibility to cold, in spite of the sudden transitions from hot rooms to intense frost, in proof of his argument. The greater part of a volume is devoted to a description of kitchen fireplaces, and of a new species of roaster intended to supplant the range and spit. Another long essay is given to the remodelling of open fireplaces, and we are told in a note that the first experiment made with fireplaces in London was in Lord Palmerston's town residence in Hanover Square, an experiment soon followed up in other houses in town, as well as at the same nobleman's seat at Broadlands, near Southampton. That Count Rumford had only the general good in view in all these improvements, and that he devoted himself most generously to the welfare of others, appears from a note in this essay on chimney fireplaces, in which he requests the public and manufacturers to observe, "That the author does not intend to take out himself, or to suffer others to take out, any patent for any invention of his which may be of public utility; all persons are at full liberty to imitate them, and vend them at their own emolument, when, and where, and in any way they may think proper; and those who wish for any further information respecting any of those inventions or improvements, will receive (gratis) all the information they can require by applying to the author, who will take pleasure in giving them every assistance in his power." I cannot help thinking that something might be made out of very many of his suggestions at the present day.

To be thwarted and opposed is the fate of every reformer, and Count Rumford does not seem to have been excepted from the rule. The ingratitude of Munich to him is no doubt striking when we consider the services he has

rendered. A street is named after him, it is true, but being placed where scarcely any visitor to the town would bend his steps, its existence is hardly known. It may be that the scene of his labours was in that quarter, which, in other circumstances, would be a sufficient reason for commemorating him there. But the French have not put their Place Kléber in the desert, nor have the English given the name of Wellington Street to the road that crosses the Field of Waterloo. No statue or monument of Rumford stands in the open places of Munich, although the corporation have been so hasty to commemorate King Ludwig that they have raised him a statue in which everybody can detect a sad want of resemblance. And Bavaria is still wanting in things which Rumford was not allowed to supply. He tells us that he wished to improve the breed of horses by buying valuable mares, and giving them, under certain easy conditions, to farmers who had grounds fitted for breeding; but his attempts were frustrated by supineness or jealousy, and the breed of horses suffers to this day.

E. WILBERFORCE.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

GASPING and tired after my late exertions—for I had just been cheering at the top of my voice, and committing all the other madman-like absurdities considered necessary now-a-days to the starting of a "happy pair" on their nuptial career,—I leaned against one of the portico pillars of my friend's house for a moment's rest. My hand yet ached from the effects of the bridegroom's last spasmodic squeeze, my heart was warm, and my face, no doubt, beamed with the reflection of the universal joy. I envied immensely the glorious happiness of my old chum, and was lost in the wonder whether the day-dream of *my* life would ever come true, and the like happy fate be decreed me, when I was startled by a plaintive voice at my elbow saying "Oh! poor things! poor *wretched* things! How I do pity them!"

I turned, and lo! the dejected speaker (than whom I never saw a blither, prettier specimen of feminine humanity, although at this moment both brow and eye were clouded by a melancholy quite incomprehensible to me) stood gazing with sad eyes after the retreating carriage, and murmuring to herself, "Poor things! poor things!"

"Good gracious, madam, what do you mean?" exclaimed I, startled out of delicious dreams and all my proprieties as well; "here I've been envying my old friend, and thinking

him one of the luckiest dogs in existence ! married to an uncommonly nice girl—possessing plenty of money, plenty of friends, and a nice place, and just off for his honeymoon ! What can a man want more ? And yet you lament over him and his wife as if they were the most miserable of mankind ! Really, madam, I cannot see the need for so much commiseration !” Perhaps I was rude for speaking so sharply to the fair lady ; but I was an innocent young bachelor, just escaped for a day or two from those miserable dust-bins yclept “chambers,” to act as best man and supporter to my oldest and greatest friend, and fully believing that nothing could be required to perfect human bliss beyond a nice wife and plenty of money ; so that the shock to my feelings was great, and indignation mastered, for a second, that urbanity and extreme politeness for which I am in general so famous.

If I could but find words to express the pity in her look at the thought of my puerile delusion ! the melancholy of her slow shake of the head as she answered,—

“The plenitude of friends and riches, and the possession of a nice place, are doubtless chief ingredients in the cup of happiness ; but believe me, there cannot be a greater sarcasm—a more cruel quip—than calling the first short time of married life, ‘a honeymoon,’ and the victims to it, a ‘happy pair !’” Then with a retrospective sigh she added, “I’m sure I *never* was half so miserable in all my life, and I have heard many another say the same.”

“My dear madam, you amaze me ! and really—a—I can scarcely imagine it possible for a honeymoon to have been other than happy, when you were the fair bride ! At all events, I’m sure your husband would not endorse that opinion.”

“You are quite mistaken, sir,” quoth a good-looking man who had lounged up to us, and evidently overheard my last speech, together with its elegant compliment,—“quite mistaken. I entirely agree with what my wife says. I never in all my life was so utterly and truly miserable, as during that first hideous week of our married life.”

“Week, sir ? I thought a honeymoon was always a month !” was my quick and ardent rejoinder.

“A man must have much greater powers of endurance than I possess, if he could manage a month—we cut and run at the end of a week, didn’t we, love ?”

“At the *end* of a week ? Why, Harry, we were only four days alone ; don’t you remember, Capt.—, of the 13th, dined with us on the Saturday, and then he came on Sunday and we

persuaded him to breakfast and lunch with us on Monday, and between whiles to go to the Minster, although, poor dear, he was so seedy ! Do you recollect what a frightful cold he’d caught when the window was open the evening before after dinner, and we were all as cold as charity, only *far* too polite to one another to ask for it to be shut ? He really was quite a godsend, for you know we couldn’t have survived if it had not been for him !”

“It’s perfectly true—I don’t believe we could—It was awful !” said the *ci-devant* happy man.

“But excuse me !” interrupted I, aghast, “do you really mean me to understand that the scene of all this misery was that delightful old place, York, where I always fancy there is more amusement and interest than anywhere out of Town ?”

“Oh, no, no ; perhaps we could have endured existence there for a few days. But you see, sir, we had been unluckily victims to your delusion, and thought that because we were just married, we must perforce be happy, and in need of nothing to amuse us but our own charming selves. And so, we settled to go to a desolate, horrible place called Bolton Abbey” (it was just an easy afternoon’s journey from where we were), “where we thought it would be heaven on earth, of course—to wander about enjoying the delight of each other’s society and—a—in fact, make fools of ourselves, as every one else does ! I know one thing” added he, viciously, “I never was so sick of any one in my life as I was of my wife all the time—never !”

The lady laughed, and seemed, by the rueful shake of her head, entirely to reciprocate this last piece of politeness ; while I, intensely amused, and anxious at the same time to hear a man’s real experience of what had always been to me the brightest possible day-dream, answered—

“Well, but I have always heard that Bolton Abbey is quite the reverse of desolate and miserable—a lovely place, with charming walks and a nice old-fashioned inn and first-rate fishing—”

“Fishing !” cried both in a breath, “why, my good friend, whoever thinks of *fishing* on a honeymoon ?”

“No,” continued the gentleman, “it was an accepted fact that we were a ‘happy pair,’ and what further was needful ? Besides, it was useless to think of out-door amusements, for we were married in the middle of winter, and the weather was cold and foggy ; while as for the charming walks you talk about—the paths were one mass of clay and mud, and as the fashion of wearing very long dresses had just

come in, and my wife considered it the proper thing to walk arm-in-arm, of course she couldn't hold hers up, and there it trailed, all dragged and dirty, about a yard behind her! If I'd only seen it before marriage instead of after, I should have declared off, for I don't think there is anything that disgusts me so much as that—but as it was in 'our honeymoon,' forsooth, I didn't dare, for the life of me, utter a word of complaint."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk of *your* annoyances, dear! I wonder what mine were when I arrived at our journey's end and found everything I especially wanted, left behind! Yes! would you believe it, sir? Only married an hour or two, and the first thing he did was to forget to see my boxes put in, and so when I arrived, as I said, at Bolton Abbey, my sole possessions were a very small bonnet, and some cuffs and collars! Talk of my dragged dress, indeed!" (the poor lady was quite in a huff at the bare recollection) "what was that to a Bride without her Boxes?"

"Well but, my love, I did telegraph for them."

"Certainly," was the unmollified answer; "what else could be done? and that was *my* idea. It's no use to try and get out of it, Harry. You lost your wits and head altogether the day, and never found them again the whole time we were there, to judge from appearances, for I never knew any one half so dull as you were!"

"And what wonder if I was dull! There wasn't, sir, a book to read, or a bit of work to keep her" (pointing to his wife) "out of mischief, or anything, indeed, but a Times a fortnight old, and a torn number of the Illustrated London News, with pictures representing the exclus of Noah and his family from the ark, or something equally ancient. No, there was nothing to be done but stare at my wife the whole day and try to look affectionate; and when I could stand that no longer, to steal away and do my best to kill an hour or two with a cigar."

"And then, at your nice old-fashioned inn, to" chimed in the lady, "every one knew we were 'moons;' and if we but stirred out of our sitting-room, there were eyes without number peeping round every corner, and we heard the servants laughing, until we really felt as ashamed of ourselves as if we had been quite wicked! It wasn't very much better, either, when at last we fled to York; for on Sunday there were people that we knew in the Minster, and we could see them pointing about to others of their friends, for they nodded and smiled, and made me feel so abashed that, could I have made anyone believe me, I

would have vowed we had been married a dozen years at least!"

"But after this terrible week was over, madam," said I, when my mirth had somewhat subsided, "may I ask what became of you then? For I suppose you hardly dared run home again directly and confess the result of your 'trial trip?'"

"No, we didn't go home, although, oh! how I longed to get away and make an end of playing at matrimony. We went to stay with some friends, but it was almost worse here than ever for me—for Harry had made such a fuss about the quantity of luggage, that, thinking I could do without, I had amiably left my very swell things at home—so imagine my horror, when we arrived, to find I had been expected to be all *en grand tenu*, and there were all sorts of people invited to meet us, and dinner parties every night—and poor I had again to figure in the horrid character of a Boxless Bride! Certainly it was a dreadful time. But *he* was all right, as there was plenty of hunting and shooting, and we had had *quite* enough of the affections at Bolton Abbey to make us thankful to be rid of one another for a while!"

"Ah!" she added, as I struggled to restrain my laughter within decent bounds; "it's all very well to laugh *now*, but you wouldn't have laughed if you had had all the *misery* to endure which we had"—(the emphasis on that *misery* was tremendous): then, after a pause, she continued with the greatest earnestness—

"But it is not only from our own sufferings that I bid you beware of entertaining any such delusive idea as that 'happy pairs' enjoy themselves. Ask anyone who is not trammelled by sentimental nonsense, whether their honeymoon was not the most wearisome, detestable part of their lives, and I'm sure you will find we have not exaggerated the horrors of the institution at all. Why it is an institution, I cannot think. Why people cannot get married, and stay at home and have a merry time of it, like our neighbours in France, who see their friends and dance and amuse themselves, instead of being turned off, two poor wretches—into some out-of-the-way place to mope themselves almost to death! However, I suppose while it is the accepted mode of procedure, it is only the sensible few who will refuse to give in to it; only, my good sir, be advised by us, and when your time comes to be married, don't be deluded into sacrificing yourself and your wife on the altar of popular prejudice! Don't you go for a honeymoon!"

With which solemn warning, my fair friend turned away, and, putting her arm within her husband's, strolled off, to revive their spirits and smooth down the ruffled feathers of their

memory by recalling the satisfactory fact that they could not commit such a mistake again ; and leaving me with the firm conviction that my pet day-dream is all moonshine—that marriage appears to be a very equivocal enjoyment, and a “honeymoon” —rank madness.

The touching recital of my friends' troubles floated not unheeded by. From the profound consideration of all I had heard, I evoked one fixed resolve. If ever I *do* marry I will be one of the sensible few—I will *not* go for a honeymoon.

M. M. T. O.

“IN THE CLOUDS.”



SITTING underneath a tree
I build airy castles,
While in every cloud I blow
Float my fairy vassals,
Dancing round me, dancing round
me,

Circling in the vapour,
Like the midges o'er a pool,
Like the boys released from school,
Or moths around a taper.

Let me preach in playful tone
With the due inflation ;
Pointing morals, sure as fate,
To my congregation.

“ See this slender rod of clay,
White and frail and little,
Type of poor mortality,
(That Death snaps in cruel play,)
Life is no less brittle.”

Thin and sharp and winding blue
Rise the clouds above one,
Lingering o'er the preacher's head
(How can such things love one?)
Half contemptuously I roll
Up my sermon paper,
“ Riches, beauty, glory—all”
(Let the words like good seed fall)
“ Vanish like a vapour.” W. THORNBURY.

THE BONE MAN OF HOSTONIC.

In a recess beside the great west door of the church of Hostonic, in Bohemia, stood for many generations a gaunt skeleton, its skull dropping on the breast, and the hands folded as though in prayer. Immediately before it was the tomb of a noble family once residing in the neighbourhood, but now extinct.

The strange attitude of the skeleton fixed the idea in the popular mind, that the Bone Man prayed without ceasing to a dead woman, who lay in the vault before him. Several times was the skeleton removed from its niche, and buried under the green sod in the churchyard, but on the following morning those who came to early mass saw the grave open, and the turf folded back, and within the sacred building stood, as before, the white Bone Man with drooping head, and folded hands, at the west door. And well might he be condemned by the judgment of God to stand thus, year by year, before the tomb, for long ago he had been a lawless knight, fearing not God, nor reverend man, and he had come in his wanderings to Hostonic, where he had seen the Lady of Hostonic, the only daughter of the nobleman who then inhabited the castle whose ruins are now the haunt of the owl, and he had brought the Lily to shame, and to an early death. When the old lord in anger slew him, his corpse would not rest in its grave, but rose, and stationed itself at the head of the tomb, with the dim eyes fixed on the sepulchral stone which hid the Lily, and there he awaited his release. The corpse became a skeleton, centuries rolled by, and still the release had not been effected. But one morning those who went to church found the niche empty, and the skeleton had crumbled into a little heap of grey dust. How this was effected I will relate, as the Bohemian peasantry tell the tale.

One night there was uproar in the tavern of Hostonic; three brothers, with their pockets full of money, had been drinking and gambling all day, and purposed continuing the same amusements all night. Their drunken shouts and laughter continued till long after every house in the village was closed, and every light extinguished.

They were waited upon by a servant girl who had been deserted by her husband, and who had but lately, for the first time, become a mother. By her poverty she had been drawn into service. Many a rude and ugly job at her expense was made by the tipsy men, but she remained silent, modestly and patiently waiting on them without speaking more than was necessary.

As she came out of the cellar with full pitcher, one of the brothers said to her, laughing,

"Well, my girl! I suppose you are busy making clothes for the baby, eh?"

"Ah, sir!" she replied; "I have not the materials of which to make them; would that I had. The poor little lamb will need them, indeed!"

"I'll tell you what," said the second brother, shaking his head drunkenly; "you must earn the money to buy them, and the cradle, too."

"Only too willingly, sir!"

"Well, I don't mind giving you the money," continued the thoughtless fellow; "if you will do something for it."

"Anything which is not beyond my strength," said the girl eagerly, as her cheek flushed with hope; "tell me what I am to do, and I will do it."

"Nothing very difficult, my girl, no-thing ve-ry dif-fi-cult," quoth the intoxicated man; and then, with a burst of laughter, he said, looking round to his brothers for applause, "you shall fetch me the skeleton which stands at the church door! Eh, lads, she shall do that, shan't she; and we will pay her!"

The maid recoiled in horror, and her cheek blanched,

"Oh, sir!" she said faintly; "do not make a mock of me in my misery, and tempt God with such profanities!"

But the other brothers praised him who had made the offer, and drawing their purses from their pockets they poured out thalers and groschens, and made of them a small pile in the middle of the table.

"There!" shouted they; "fetch us the Bone Man, and you shall have this as a baptismal gift for your brat."

The poor girl trembled in every limb; she looked at the money, and then at the red, heated faces of the drunken men, and she knew not what to say. That little pile of silver would, indeed, be a goldsend to her,—but at what a cost was it to be won? She thought of the gloomy churchyard, and the solemn church, shrouded in darkness, and of the skeleton standing in the wall niche before the tomb.

"Come, you must not be long making up your mind," said the eldest of the brothers; "we do not make such offers more than once."

"Let me have two minutes to decide," she begged, looking once more at the money, and then, flying to her chamber, she bent over her little one and kissed it. "Anything for thee, my poor one!" she sighed; "and if it be a sin, may God in His mercy pardon me."

Then, after having crossed herself, she returned to the parlour, and agreed to do what the three men required.

As she left the tavern, all was dark, a keen wind blew over the country, beneath a still, star-spangled, cloudless sky ; it wailed among the eaves of the houses, and tossed the autumn leaves about in the square of the little town. The church stood on a rise : as the young woman approached it, her heart beat faster.

She opened the churchyard gate as the evening bell tinkled ; she stood still, and recited her "Ave Maria" with fervour, then stepped out of sight, to allow the sexton to return without observing her. The old man, bent double with age, went coughing from the graveyard to his bed, and she remained alone among the dead. For some moments a struggle raged within her ; she shuddered at the prospect of what she had to do, and felt disposed to return to the inn, but love for her babe prevailed, and she walked up the path leading to the church door.

And now there was a feeble glimmer in the east, and the new moon peeped above the horizon ; and she shuddered as she stepped into the shadow of a mulberry-tree which grew in the churchyard.

She turned the handle of the door, and the latch flew up with a noise which was echoed through the vaults and aisles of the church. A feeble, rosy glow from the lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament gleamed on the altar, but a white moonbeam through a low window fell along the west wall, bringing out the skull and folded hands as frosted silver, in strong relief against the ebon gloom of the recess in which stood the Bone Man of Hostonic. As the frightened girl looked on the skeleton, it seemed to her as though the fleshless mouth moved in prayer, and as though a blue flame flickered in the eye-cavities.

The girl summoned up all her courage, grasped the skeleton, flung it upon her back, and ran through the churchyard, passed the gate, flew with her rattling load across the market-place, dashed into the tavern, cast the Bone Man on the table, and sinking on to a bench, burst into a flood of tears.

A silence fell upon those in the room ; all looked with a shudder at the heap of bones, and then with astonishment at the girl. Even the three brothers recoiled from the skeleton as it was flung before them ; the courage of the maid amazed them ; they had reckoned on her turning back at the churchyard gate, and had calculated on joking her on the failure of her courage.

But the eldest, staggering to his feet, said, "I tell you all, the lass has well earned her

money. She shall have it, and sit down by us and have a drop of something to warm her, too."

In the meanwhile the girl had somewhat recovered herself, and she was called to the table to give an account of her expedition. But she, still pale with fear, only replied to their questions with—

"God saved me from anything very terrible ; but, as I carried the skeleton, it seemed to me as though *some one* were following. Not for any money would I do it again."

"But what is to be done with the Bone Man ?" asked one of the brothers ; "he cannot remain here, and I daren't take him back."

"Nor I," said the second.

"And I am quite sure," hiccupped the third, "that I couldn't walk as far."

"The skeleton must go back, that is positive," said the first : "we shall get into trouble if it is found here."

"Then let her who brought it take it back," thundered out the second with an oath.

The maid, shuddering at the thought of having to make the horrible expedition again, exclaimed, "That was not part of our agreement. I have kept my portion of the contract, and you have said yourself that I have earned the money."

"So you have, my girl ; so you have, undoubtedly," said the fellow ; "but, hang it ! we don't want to have a skeleton lying amongst our glasses, and under our very noses, whilst we are making merry. I'd take it myself to its proper place, were my legs steady enough, and my conscience clear. We will give you more money, if you will replace the Bone Man in his old position in Hostonic Church."

"Oh, sir !" gasped the maid ; "I cannot ! indeed ! I swore that I never would tempt God like this again for the love of gold."

"Nor shall you," quoth the toper ; "not a groschen shall you get from any of us, if you do as we bid you ; but this will I promise,—I have no children of my own, and I will pay for the education of your little babe when it is old enough to go to school, and I call these comrades here to witness, that the lad shall not be unremembered in my will."

The maid looked with trembling at the hideous object which spraddled across the table. Her breast heaved ; she folded her hands in prayer and closed her eyes. The agitation of her feelings, and the battle of conflicting passions, were clearly traceable on her countenance. Suddenly her face became calm.

"As you wish," she said, resolutely ; "it is God's will. Yours be the sin, and you will have to answer for it."

As she spoke she lifted the shivering frame bones, and threw it on her back. Flurriedly saying her last, she went forth into the night, and none ventured to follow her.

Would you know the cause of the girl's strange? As she had prayed, an idea then came to her brain, as an inspiration from God, that she should dedicate her child to the church. She took the thought as a revelation of Divine Will, and bowed there and then to offer her the one to God, if He would protect her on a expedition.

She traversed the midnight-place with her aching burden, and began to ascend the hill, scarcely hearing the rattle made by the sea, for she had become used to the sound.

But as she neared the graveyard, the weight of her load became greater and greater, and a burden bowed her down. This she did not observe at first, as her senses were in a kind of confusion, born of the light given, it came so evident that she was filled with overwhelming horror. In moving the shroud, she sank repeatedly to her knees, all but prostrated beneath the load which seemed to weigh a hundredweights. It was with a desperate effort that she scrambled into the church, reached the altar, and tried to sustain her awful burden. With unspeakable terror she found that this was now beyond a power, for the fingers had unclasped upon a bosom, and the arms held her as in a vise. A voice, like the moaning of wind through storm trees, rushed into her ear, and a chill death stirred over her cheek.

"I will not let thee go, till thou swearst obtain pardon for me from her below, ascend into the vault and pray for me." Every hair on the poor girl's head stiffened, and a cold sweat broke out upon her brow. She shivered as a leaf in the wind, and was unable to articulate a word in reply.

"With thou do my will!" asked the voice, and the maid felt the hands tightening their grasp, and heard the creaking of the bone doors against each other.

"I will," gasped she in her deadly fear, as fingers fell apart with a click, and the shroud slipped from her shoulders. She raised and looked at the skeleton. A dim of phantom life seemed to animate its countenance, there was an expression of unutterable eagerness in the fleshless face, and a liver of anxiety vibrating through the bony ribs. The jaws stirred, and the same strange fire rushed into the girl's ear.

"Lift the stone from the vault door, and down the steps. You will find at the bottom a woman in black, sitting in her coffin, lamp-light reading a book. Plead with

her for pardon. Will she pardon me, I can find no forgiveness with God."

The maid obeyed. She lifted the stone from its place by the wall, and vision was revealed into it. It rose at her touch, and disclosed a murky depth of stone steps.

With swimming brain, the girl descended into the vault. At the further end burned a dim flame. A soft cool air breathed over her cheek. As she reached the lowest step she looked round. The vault was capacious, with painted roof supported by huge drums of Romanesque pillars. A festive glimmer illuminated it. On all sides were stone coffins with intricate carvings sculptured upon them. On some lay withered wreaths of flowers, on others crowded swarms of beetles. The light by which all this was rendered visible proceeded from the small eastern flame of a lamp suspended in the centre of the vault over an open sarcophagus. There, draped in black, as her mother sat, with her pale face supported on her hand, her head surrounded with a garland of faded roses, sat a woman reading out of a large book which lay open on her lap. The maid approached her with trembling steps, and bent the knee before her. Not a word came in the solemn reading figure. The white face was not raised, but the shadowed eyes lifted from the pages of the book.

With faltering voice the girl besought forgiveness for the Bone Man. No answer. The woman in the coffin seemed to be unconscious of the presence of a living being before her. More earnestly pleaded the maid, her heart beating, and a deep anxiety to obtain the knight's release, filling her compassionate bosom. She called to the woman's remembrance her old love for the knight, the deep sorrow which he had endured for so many years, standing deprived of rest before her tomb.

The reading woman shook her head, without raising her eyes.

With heavy heart the girl retraced her steps, despairing of obtaining anything from the lady in the vault. At the top of the stair stood the Bone Man, bearded in pure monochrome, an expression of agonized expectation on his face, every bone threatening with animation.

"Am I forgiven?"

"She has not forgiven you," answered the maid in a scarcely audible voice.

"Back, back into the vault, and plead till you have obtained my pardon."

The maid would have spoken, but the skeleton raised its hand and pointed peremptorily towards the vault, and the girl felt constrained to obey. Fear now disappeared, and she felt the warm blood flow into her cheek as evenly as though she were at home rocking her babe.

Again she knelt to the woman in black, and prayed with fervour for the Bone Man. She pleaded by the hopes of salvation, the mercy of God, the Redeemer's wounds; her tears fell on the sepulchre floor; she wrung her hands, and sobs broke the thread of her prayer. Still the pale woman remained unmoved, still did she read in the great book without raising her eyes to the weeping petitioner before her, and only at intervals shook her head. An hour passed thus; the girl clasped the rim of the sarcophagus, and writhed in the vehemence of her supplication on the pavement. There was no change in the pallid woman, save that the wreath about her temples had shed its withered leaves, and had broken into tiny fresh buds.

Faint and weary, despairing of success, the poor girl again retraced her steps to the upper world. The skeleton was at the top, leaning forward in breathless eagerness, and grey fear spread over its ghastly face.

"Has she forgiven me?"

The maid sadly shook her head.

"Back again," moaned the strange voice; "without you I cannot obtain pardon. If you cannot procure my release, I am accursed for ever. Quick! midnight is long past, and all must be decided before cockcrow."

The trembling bony hands were wrung in bitterness of distress.

Once more the maid descended. The same scene was re-enacted. Again she supplicated, and again, for all answer she obtained was the shake of the pale woman's head. The girl had pleaded by the name of everything sacred and had failed, she seemed to have nothing left by which to plead; but, with her head on the cold floor in the exhaustion of her hope, she asked for pardon for the knight in the name of her own little new-born babe.

At the word the great book was closed, the pale woman looked up, and a flush ran over her face, the wreath of roses around her head burst into a glorious white flower, filling the vault with exquisite fragrance.

"For the sake of thy little babe he is pardoned," said the woman. Then she sank back in her coffin, the great book fell closed on her breast, the lid shut down with a clash, and the lamp went out.

The maid hurried above with joyous heart, guided by the patch of silver which the moon cast on the topmost step.

"She has pardoned you!" she cried, as she saw the white face gleaming down to her.

The voice which replied was soft as the murmur of a summer-breeze among the corn.

"You have done well in asking in behalf of an innocent child. I in my life spared not

innocence, and God sentenced me to find no rest till in the name of an innocent child I could obtain release."

The skeleton knelt towards the Blessed Sacrament, before which burned the sanctuary lamp.

"Glory be to God!" he said, and extended his fleshless arms, and his jaws moved in prayer and thanksgiving.

The girl looked at him, kneeling in the glory of the moon, and a sweetness and calm settled over the face, divesting it of all that was dreadful. Softly and almost imperceptibly he seemed to melt away, with the peaceful and beautiful expression on the uplifted countenance steadily brightening, and when the crowing of the cock rang out sharply through the night air, the Bone Man of Hostonic was a little heap of dust.

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

ANA.

IDENTIFICATION OF A MURDERER BY MEANS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—In a tale which was published in this periodical some months ago,* the discovery of a murderer was described by means of a photograph taken from the victim's eye. Not long since there appeared in the *Gazetta del Popolo* the following paragraph: "A great deal has been said in foreign journals, especially in England and America, of a curious experiment made on deceased persons, which consists in reproducing, by means of photography a few hours after death, the last object on which the eyes rested. Our own journals have repeated these statements, and have related instances in which these experiments have been successful, but few believed them, and especially men of science, who, in the matter of discoveries, are always incredulous. When the body of the woman Spagnoli was found, Leopold Viti, chief of the police at Florence, resolved to put the matter to the test, though it was not absolutely necessary to the discovery of the murderer, who was then strongly suspected. A photographer named Semplicini was entrusted with the conduct of the experiment; and the care he took to succeed was not to be surpassed. The eye was magnified to the requisite dimensions, a photograph was taken of it, and to the astonishment of the chief of the police, and it may be added to that of the artist himself, there appeared the image of a part of the body and the profile of one of the two men who had been in prison for some time on the charge of murder. A comparison between the photograph and the individual alluded to, left no doubt whatever on this point.

* See Vol. XI., page 137.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXI. A KALEIDOSCOPE.

EVEN in that whirling eddy, one or two amusing features might present themselves to interested observers, like you and me.

If you want an ensample of the miseries of an ill-assorted match, there is one ready to our hand.

Early in the evening, Harry Anstice, a chief-corner-stone of the Marlshire squirearchy—moved thereunto by his evil genius, and by '47 claret,—ventured to proffer himself a partner to Violet Damer, y-clept by her own very fast set ‘The Firefly.’ The damsel—allowing nothing further of the aspirant, than that he owned many broad acres, and seeing that he was ‘a marvellous proper man’—inhibited him on her tablets not unwillingly. Now, Violet has an artist’s love for waltzing; and does it, some people say, almost *too* well for a non-professional. Having quite as keen an eye for matrimonial main-chances as her fellows, she would hardly entrust herself to the unapparent of a dukedom—a notoriously bad mover’—without making moan over the self-sacrifice. Harry Anstice is but a moderate reformer, with all the advantages given in, an abundant elbow-room, and an indulgent partner used to his ways. Ever since he made that rash plunge, he has been haunted with misgivings, lest—having undertaken a task far beyond his power—he should be brought to open shame. These doubts and fears have waxed stronger, as the moment of trial drew nearer; he has been fidgeting about nervously all the evening, too flurried to attempt anything beyond square dances; but, nevertheless, has waxed hot already, more than is becoming.

“I was all in a lather, before I got to the starting-post”—poor Harry said; describing his sensations to his chief confidant.

At last, his courage is brought to the sticking-point with several agonising turns of the screw; and, claspings his partner’s delicate waist with convulsive energy, he plunges headlong into the whirl, with that blind recklessness which so often accompanies a sinking heart.

Before they have taken five turns, the Firefly recognises the appalling fact that her cavalier is steering wild, and has not the faintest power of regulating his own long vacillating steps, much less of guiding hers, aright; instead of avoiding collisions, by a dexterous side sway, or quick reverse, he blunders on, as if it were the bounden duty of others to clear out of his track—“just like a great White Elephant,”—said the lady afterwards (she had just been reading somebody’s Diary in Siam). As a matter of course, both have rather a rough time of it. Now, there is a very dauntless spirit, and tough vitality to boot, within that fragile frame of Violet’s; she minds hard knocks in the press of battle as little as any Maid of Orleans or Saragossa; but it is too aggravating, to have to go to the ambulance after a simple field-day, where, for all possible evolutions, there is verge to spare. A sharp word is on her lips, when Harry anticipates her, by staggering back into the outer circle—dizzy and breathless. Yes, actually breathless; though he can do his mile in 5·20 any day, and can walk half the keepers in Marlshire to a stand-still. He can scarcely stammer out some vague “hope that she is not tired;” to which the Firefly responds—

“No, not tired; but——”

Completing the sentence with a quick, upward glance, like a sting, which will rankle long in poor Harry’s memory; warning him, let us hope, against meddling with those bright-eyed little town-mice unadvisedly.

Of a very different stamp is that other couple—floating along, smoothly and lightly, as dancers seen in a dream; while solid obstacles of flesh and blood seem to melt out of their path, like bodiless shadows. The pretty blonde with the large, brown, plaintive eyes, is Minnie Carrington; betrothed a month ago with great parental exultation—herself contentedly acquiescing—to the wealthy rector of Mudiford Magna. Her cavalier you may possibly have heard of before. It is no other than Bertie Grenvil.

Things, amatory and financial, have gone rather hard of late with that graceless Cherub; and, according to his custom, he has decided on absence from the scene of action, till the different *embroglic* shall have disentangled themselves. He has come down to the country, with "a whole carriage-bagful of good resolutions," as he himself expressed it; and has taken the pledge of total abstinence, as far as love-making of any sort is concerned, for the entirety of his long leave. Truth to say, the goblet that he has drained so often, and more than once foresworn, seems perilously near his lips just now.

Yes, it is a very sympathetic and confidential performance altogether; and exceeding pleasant to look upon to disinterested bystanders, such as you and I. Yet it were better, perchance, if that waltz had never been played.

Better, certainly, for the peace of mind of yonder rubicund divine, who watches the couple in evident travail of spirit; vowing, doubtless, to himself that measures, short, sharp, and decisive, shall soon be taken with these vanities; and that never again, with his free will, shall his spouse-elect gyrate in the grasp of a godless guardsman; and waxing even hotter in his distemperature, till at last, he feels as truculent as one of the crop-eared chaplains who preached fire and sword against the bravos of Alsatia, and the pages of White-hall.

Better, too, for the *langoureuse* Minnie herself; whose dreams may be haunted, for some time to come, with recollections of soft chestnut hair, almost brushing her own tresses; and of a low musical voice, murmuring those broken sentences that form texts for so many after meditations. I doubt if, during the next week at least, she will hear the heavy step of her plethoric affianced without a guilty shudder of repugnance.

As for that reprobate Cherub—it were folly indeed to waste pity or thought on one who, if 'scuffling' be sin, is surely long past praying for.

There to the right—a little wide of the heart of the throng—goes Vereker Vane; you can guess who his partner is, though his tall figure almost masks her just now. The soldier's face is set, and his eyes are glittering with a sort of fierce eagerness; even so, may have looked some tawny-haired rover in the rough old times—carrying off his beautiful prize through shivering lances, or over angry waters; such an one as the hero of that famous song, in which you seem to hear the swirl of waves, and the whistle of rising winds—

Like the swift cormorant,
Who, with broad wings aslant,
Seeketh some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden;
So under mist and rain,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

And, in the little quiet face that rests on the stalwart martialist's shoulder, you will read nothing but the trustfulness—of weak womanhood, confiding in her natural protectorate. Yet, I wis it is not hard to discern, which is the stronger and governing spirit of the twain. Omphalè was clever enough in her own benighted day; but she might have learnt a lesson or two worth all her simple science, sitting at the tiny feet of Blanche Ellerslie.

One more *croquis*, for old acquaintance sake, before we leave that fair company to their diversions.

Look at Kate Seyton, gliding swiftly and steadily along, supported by the solid right arm of the Major of the Princess' Own.

Alec Turnbull is rather a character. He is far senior to his chief, both in age and length of service; and, some think, is even better in certain points of drill, though not so brilliant a tactician. The ancient family of which he is a cadet is very poor, and has no interest to spare. So he had to save and wait for many a weary year, before he could purchase his troop; and might have waited yet longer for his majority, if a death vacancy had not helped him. Indeed, he could say—like that veteran whose mild little joke answered so well—"It was no wonder if he were somewhat bald, when so many had gone over his head."

He might have been comparatively affluent, and a field-officer long ago, if he would have exchanged: but the one aim of his life's ambition has been, to command the Princess' Own; and it is rumoured he has laid by enough to attain this, whensoever Vereker shall become weary of soldiering. No earthly thing is so near to the Major's heart, as the honour and well-being of that famous corps. He believes as religiously as any other Article of Faith—and he is a sincere, single-hearted Christian—that there never was such a regiment since the days of chivalry—

And never will be, till the world shall end.

In spite of his personal economy, the veriest spendthrift of them all is not more free-handed than he, whenever there is a question of expense that may augment the festive renown of the mess. It is, indeed, mainly owing to him that the Prancers are so marvellously popular.

Those youngsters are always fond of Old Alec (as they call him, with a kindly irreverence when his back is turned); and he keeps them up to the social collar admirably, whenever they show signs of shirking. He insists that it is incumbent on soldiers, who have been hospitably received in a county, to reciprocate, by being ever ready to breathe such female relatives of their hosts as may be chorographically inclined. And this maxim he has backed up for many years by example, no less than by precept. Practice has made him perfect to a certain extent; he waltzes with a mechanical precision, just as if he were executing a revolution in the saddle. If not a very brilliant, he is a very safe, cavalier; and is no more like to bring his partner to grief, than to 'cob' a squadron in the field.

So Kate is not much to be pitied, after all. This, too, is evidently her husband's opinion, when—leaning against a pillar, near to the top of the hall, discoursing horse-and-hound talk with Frank Braybroke—ceases not to follow her admiringly, with his honest eyes. Every succeeding year, Tom reflects, with increasing satisfaction, that his pet "can hold her own with the best of them still."

And there is no lack of competition. For, on these special occasions, it is the want of Malshire matronhood—still short of life's meridian—to indulge their genius in the dancing; many that, in town and elsewhere, never venture on anything beyond a staid quibble or chastened Lancers, or beam on you from the wall with a steady lustre, flash out for the nonce—the brightest of revolving lights.

"It's a very full meet, to-night," says the Squire, at last. "I make out several new lots, and all the old ones—but one. Doesn't it seem strange—not to see a single representative of Mote? Brian's mourning is well over, surely?"

And Tom Seyton's face darkens, as he answers—nearly in the words of that bold leader, who bearded the regicides in their den—"He has more sense than to be here."

More sense: or, perhaps—not enough of courage. For Maskelyne was becoming a model coward, as far as his wife was concerned. Nor was this so wonderful. At the few gatherings at which they had been present—archery-meetings and the like—the fear of the county was not to be mistaken. The cold civilities of a few, only made the neglect, or aversion, of the majority stand out in stronger relief. Brian knew, well enough, what awaited them, if they should brave it out at a Torrecaster ball. He guessed, that the scanty circle that would rally round

Bessie would be made up of courtiers, of whom even she need not be proud—a few beardless cornets, too young to be seriously compromised by any small social folly—two or three 'outsiders' of the squirearchy, who might think it worth while to sacrifice somewhat of their dingy dignity to the dinners and preserves of Mote—a stranger or so from a far country, like Bertie Grenvil; privileged offenders, when they could plead a fair face as an excuse.

For his own position, Brian had entirely ceased to care; but, on his wife's account, he was morbidly susceptible: he felt that he *could* not face the present ordeal. She herself—with all her wilfulness and self-reliance—did not feel very eager for the encounter; and—when her husband expressed a reluctance to go—thought it better to acquiesce sullenly; reserving her sense of injury for a more fitting occasion.

Perhaps, both were right; though, with every backward step before the tide setting against them, they lost ground never to be regained.

Did you ever, at an assembly where the notabilities of a county are gathered together, see a beautiful woman put, wholly or even partially, under the ban? Such as have assisted at such a spectacle will not lightly forget it: I think that modern civilization can show us few sadder ones. It happens somehow, that seldom or never is a plain or unattractive female tied to this social stake: almost always, it is some lovely Lady Glamis, with whom frail humanity cannot but sympathize, even if she have deserved her doom.

It is all pitiful exceedingly: the hardihood of the victim as she rears her fair white brow, defiantly, against her tormentors; striving not to betray the smart, were it by the quiver of an eyelid, while the small poisoned shafts come home—the eager lighting-up of her face, as some ancient friend, or recent acquaintance, draws near—the blank disappointment, harder than anger to dissemble, as the prudent knight passes by, unheeding—the feverish triumph, in the midst of pain, when some paladin, more reckless than his brethren-in-arms, dares to wear her colours, at least for this night's tourney: more pitiful than all—to such as reverence the tenderness of womanhood—the scarcely covert exultation of the skilful archeresses, who, safe behind the rampart of the Château Vierge, smite and spare not.

You will be good enough to remember, that I am not speaking of proven guilt, where the presence of the culprit is an insult to her former fellows: but only of those cases of rumour and surmise, where no worse can be

alleged against the lady than the vague Irishism,—‘She has had a blast.’ Neither am I prepared to deny that, ‘whatever is, is right?’ But—admitting the justice of the sentence—it follows not, that we should delight in witnessing its execution.

Moreover, an instinct of humanity, and not one of its worst, impels us to condole—if not to side—with any one overborne by superior numbers or superior strength; and this is wholly irrespective of the righteousness of their cause. A most exemplary divine—by no means Ultra-Muscular, and Anti-Colenso to the back-bone—confessed to me, awhile ago, that, throughout the first of recorded Sacred Wars, his sympathies went consistently with the Philistines—save in the matter of Samson.

CHAPTER XXII. LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

IN the boudoir, at Charteris Royal, once more.

Darkness has set in an hour ago; one shaded lamp in a remote corner scarcely relieves the general depth of shadow; only when the oak-pile smouldering on the hearth bursts into fitful flame or a tiny volcano of sparks, the walls and hangings shoot out gleams of blue and silver; the fountain still tinkles on, with the same subdued monotonous music; and the same faint exotic fragrance hangs in the air, as when you last were here.

Once more Marion is deep in a *tête-à-tête*; but, this time, a woman shares her confidences.

A singularly picturesque group—seen even in this imperfect light.

The fair *châtelaine* is nestling on a broad velvet cushion; her right cheek pillowed on her arms that are crossed over her companion's knees. The latter half-reclines in the depths of a vast low lounging-chair; the hand that supports her chin coming forth a little out of the shadow, so that each flash from the embers falls on the slender wrist and shapely fingers. In spite of the intense indolence of the attitude, you will be struck, at the very first glance, by its inexpressible grace. You cannot judge of the colour of their raiment; yet, somehow, you know that it is rich and rare; even before a fire-gleam, brighter than its fellows, brings out sheen of velvet and shimmer of gems.

Let us say a word or two as to the stranger's outward seeming—speaking, as though she were now in the full day-light, under which, sooner or later, she must needs appear.

Yet to some who read, she may not be utterly a stranger. For—more years ago than

are pleasant to count—I, who write, tried to sketch that same face; and failed, I daresay, as I surely should fail, now.

Yet it lived once, in flesh and blood fatally fair: the face of Marmaduke Dorrillon's wife—born, Flora Bellasys.

A few summers have passed over her head since she first sat for her portrait; but no shadow of change has marred her royal beauty. The superb figure has fulfilled the promise of youth—no more; the severest sculptor could not wish it lighter by a line: the bright healthy blood mantles as richly as ever under the soft olive skin; but the clear rose-tint is not a whit too warm in colour: the features, though they bear the stamp of strong passions and stronger will, are still matchless in delicacy and refinement of outline: more liquidly lustrous than ever, dream or glitter the fathomless hazel eyes.

It is a loveliness, that absolutely ‘kills’ the outward attractions of other women. Marion Charteris is undeniably handsome—handsome, too, in a peculiar and striking style; but when, later to-night, she stands by Lady Dorrillon's side, she will seem like a pretty fading water-colour, hung next to a fresh master-piece in oils.

Yet, in that marvellous beauty, there is something that warns you to beware. It is not such as a man, if he were wise, would wish to see near his own fire-side; not one from which he might hope to draw comfort and cheer, when the day's hard work was done. It reminds you of those gorgeous tropical flowers, whose perfume is so subtle in its strength that none can long inhale it, without dazing of senses and swimming of brain.

There is rather a remarkable picture, that perchance you may know. I forget how it is called; but I think Noel Paton painted it.

A low sandy shore, over which lower leaden clouds, deepening into a night-black horizon. In the foreground, a crowd of struggling figures: almost every age and craft of manhood is represented there. A portly priest, duly shaven and shorn; a poet, with the fresh laurel-wreath gleaming in his long loose hair; a senator, in robes, that ought to sweep around him in graceful dignity, but sorely dishevelled now; a miser, griping mechanically the money-bags that could not help him here; a lean haggard despot, his hollow temples shadowed with the tyrannic crown; a fair youth, with soft beardless cheeks, and lips made for tender smiles—not to be writhen thus; and, saddest sight of all, a stalwart veteran, crushing in his mailed gripe the slight staff of Acrasia's banner. On each and every one of these faces, differing widely in feature and

atural expression, the same stamp is set; a desperate longing, a very agony of desire, marks them all; and with this seems to mingle a sort of instinctive horror, as though they wist of their doom. Yet none the less eagerly do they press onward; so intent on the object, that they scarcely heed other temptresses in their midst; meaner ministers of the Queen-Syren; who, with her locking smile and pitiless magnetic eyes, boats in front of the throng, luring them to their graves in yonder sullen hungry sea.

Few, who know the woman, ever could look at that picture without thinking of Flora Dorrillon.

They were great allies, those two: though, like many more important ones, their alliance favoured strongly of a protectorate. Self-willed and wayward as she was in most matters, and with most other people, Mrs. Charteris rarely stood up for her own opinion when it was in direct contradiction to the other's; and appreciating her own powers of fascination very highly—she would never have dreamt of fighting herself against that especial rival. Thus, it was not strange, that no serious disagreement should have troubled their friendship, since it was first formed soon after Marion's marriage. Nevertheless, they were not exactly in the same set; and met, oftener in their own houses than anywhere else. John Charteris was not a rigid disciplinarian, as you are aware; but he would scarcely have allowed his wife to be regularly enrolled in the *coterie*, of which Flora was the acknowledged leader.

The Flemyng flirtation had been carried on almost entirely in the country, and at Rome; and it so happened that Lady Dorrillon, albeit perfectly cognizant of its rise and progress, scarcely knew the male culprit by sight.

And now Marion, having told her tale, and made her moan, looked up in her friend's face, for consolation and counsel. Flora liked the pity penitent, as well as it was in her nature to like any woman; nevertheless she seemed rather inclined to dally with her distress; for several moments passed before she made answer; and as she mused, her full scarlet lips wreathed themselves into a smile, wherein there was something of satire, and a not unkindly disdain.

There has been more folly than I dreamt of, *ma belle*. And are you quite, quite sure you have told all? Half-confessions only bewilder one. It is hardly worth while for us to lay at cross-purposes; I really would help you if I could."

Her dark grey eyes, that were gazing up so leadingly, grew brighter and larger, with a surprise natural and unfeigned.

"I haven't an idea what you mean," Marion

said quickly. "What could I have kept back? And what earthly reason could I have for making half-confidences to you? It's very unkind of you, Flora—and not like you a bit—to be so suspicious and unbelieving."

As Lady Dorrillon answered, her white lithe fingers strayed delicately over the pretty speaker's smooth, soft tresses; in that very fondling there was a sort of careless indifference; she might have been toying with the silky ears of her favourite spaniel.

"Don't be plaintive, please. If you are more innocent than I thought possible, there is no harm done. I certainly did suspect something more serious than what you have confessed. It seems I gave you too little credit for common sense, or—too much; for I never heard of such costly child's-play. Then you are quite sure, that he has no hold on you whatever, except your unlucky sins upon paper?"

Marion was not puzzled now; she understood the other's meaning right well. The flush deepening on her cheek, came not from the red flickering embers.

Weak, even to wickedness, are many natures, even when not wholly perverted. Instead of feeling thankful that she had nothing worse than reckless coquetry to own, she felt, for the moment, almost ashamed of her innocence in the presence of the beautiful cynic who, from the height of superior science, smiled down on the novice with a sort of contemptuous pity.

I write 'science,' advisedly. For no one knew, of a surety, how far Flora Dorrillon carried out in practice the tenets of her evil philosophy. It was popularly believed that her principle was, to take all—giving little or nothing in return. This much was certain: no favourite had ever yet been established so thoroughly in her good graces, as to avoid disgrace—and disgrace without warning—when a fresh caprice was to be gratified; she would cast a heart aside, when she had drained it dry, as you would fling away an empty fruit-rind. But the world could only babble on surmise. Of all whom her fatal fascinations had lured to moral, if not to social, wreck, never a one had bewailed defeat aloud, much less boasted of victory.

There is a sad story, told by Lever right well, of a veteran of the Great Army, who was brought to a court-martial for having carried out a secret order of Napoleon. Very long and piteously the criminal looked for help into the pitiless marble face of his chief, who could have saved him with a word; and, finding there no leave to speak, accepted the extremity of dishonour, rather than put

in one justifying plea; till at last his brain reeled under the agony, and he went forth from before his judges hopelessly insane; never more to utter any intelligible words, save these—"Silence à la mort."

Even so, Flora Dorrillon's victims—having broken plight with all others, and trampled duty under foot—never forgot that one *consigne*; and, to the very end, kept faith with their betrayer.

The absurd compunctions above alluded to, Mrs. Charteris would scarcely have owned to herself: you may be sure, she was not tempted to confess them, even to her confidential friend. Indeed, her disclaimer was as plain and positive as could be desired, and carried conviction with it irresistibly.

"I see my way now," Flora said, decisively. "I think we can get you out of this scrape, *mignonne*; and it will be a good lesson for you. Now, I know as well as possible, what you're going to say. 'If you are once quite safe, you'll never flirt again.' How very childish! You'll flirt to-night, and to-morrow, and to the very end of your appointed time. It isn't worth while making vows to me; especially as I don't mean to set you any further penance; indeed, I don't think it likely you will fall into such a trap again. What puzzles me is—how you ever were caught at all. Any one who could act so very basely, as this man seems to have done of late, ought hardly to have been fatal to your peace of mind. There's the danger of derogating, my dear: you never know exactly where you are, or what is coming next. Denzil Ranksborough would hardly play you such a trick as this, on any provocation. You had better choose your *cavalieri* from our own set, for the future. Now—tell the truth—did you ever really care for Mr. Flemyng?"

Once again, Marion blushed slightly; as she mused for a second or two, the soft pensive smile was playing on her lip, that is usually provoked by a pleasant or tender memory. She ought to have been sketched just then; as she looked up into Flora's face, with a charming expression of mock penitence.

"Well—I don't know. I'm afraid I did care a little at one time, after a quiet fashion. It seems strange now, of course. But he really could be very nice, when he liked. And then—we were such very old friends. I'm sure I never meant any harm from first to last. That is what makes it more cruel of him, to torment me so."

Lady Dorrillon shrugged her beautiful shoulders, as if her friend's simple sophistry was not worth sifting or refuting.

"If it was so, it can't be helped," she said,

with a little sigh. "It's no use scolding you now. A much graver question is—do you care the least bit in the world for him, at this moment?"

A grave question? Graver in truth than either wist of. Walking through forest-land, ever and anon we come across an ash, or beech, or elm, on the bole of which is painted a rude red cross: in the root there is no sign of decay; the branches flourish wide and fair; yet we know, that the hollow mouldering pollard hard by is not more surely doomed: the woodman's hands may be full for the present; but it is a simple question of months or weeks or days; before the leaves are green again, that trunk will cumber the ground no longer, but make room for its luckier fellows.

Let us use, once again, the most ancient of all similes, comparing man to a tree. There was nothing solemn or menacing about that pretty pair; they looked no more like judges than the dainty boudoir looked like a Star Chamber. Nevertheless, then and there, on Vincent Flemyng's life the death-mark was set.

Perhaps some instinctive consciousness made Marion pause; and, when she did answer, her light laugh may have dissembled a vague trouble or fear.

"No—I am sure I don't care for him now," she said, with a firmness that cost her an effort. "The foolish fancy was over, long ago; if there had been any danger of a relapse, I should have been thoroughly cured, the other night. I wish, sometimes, we could be friends again. But I suppose there is no chance of that?"

"Not the faintest," Lady Dorrillon retorted. "Once more—you must be quite frank with yourself, as well as with me. I cannot help you, unless you can give Mr. Flemyng up absolutely, without reserve, except, of course, as an ordinary acquaintance. I will not be hampered with regrets and repinings on your part, much less with jealousy. That last would be especially inconvenient, you know. Don't look scandalised: it's quite possible to be jealous, after one has ceased to care: or—where would our small vanity be?"

'Scandalised,' was hardly the word to describe the expression of Mrs. Charteris' face, as she gazed up at her companion, with bewildered eyes.

"You—you don't mean to say, that you will take charge of him, yourself?" she said, as soon as she could recover breath.

"What else could I mean?" Flora answered, carelessly. "I see no other effectual way of helping you. You might look a little more

grateful, my Marion. Can devotion go farther, than throwing myself in the enemy's path, to draw off his fire, and give one's friend time to escape? To speak the truth, I rather want amusement, just now, and this affair has so many new lights and shadows in it, that it promises to be quite picturesque."

The cool way, in which the other took it for granted, that she had only to will it, to detach her own sworn servant, was almost too much for Mrs. Charteris' equanimity.

"You make sure of success, at all events," she said, rather petulantly.

"Perfectly sure, *ma toute belle*; it being understood that you stand aloof and waive all possible claims. I am not greatly afraid of any other rival, who is likely to appear here."

Under the mock-deference of the reply there sparkled a covert satire, sufficiently provoking. But Marion's brief irritation was over already; she was too wise to quarrel over phrases, with one who was ready to help her in her time of need; besides this, you know that she had an unlimited respect for Flora's powers of fascination, even when compared with her own. She sank back again, very meekly, into the attitude in which you found her; and answered, in her prettiest coaxing way.

"I don't think it would make much difference, dear, even if I did try to keep him. I believe it's all true, that men say of your sorceries, your terrible white witch! But are you not afraid for yourself, knowing what Vincent Flemyng is capable of?"

A fitful flash from the embers lighted up the superb hazel eyes, glittering in disdain; and the scarlet lip curling.

"Afraid? Afraid of a spiteful boy like that—and forewarned too. Thanks, for the compliment. I would make you such a pretty courtsey, if I were not so comfortable here. No: I think we may venture to try conclusions, even with such an unscrupulous diplomat as *le sieur Flemyng*."

There was a silence for a minute or two: then Marion spoke softly—almost timidly.

"Don't be angry, dear. I am not regretting Vincent now; and this is my very, very last moment of weakness. I can't help remembering that he is scarcely more than a boy; and I can't help fearing that you will work him some deadly harm; without intending it, perhaps. But—Ah, Flora, you have no pity."

The beautiful face did not become set or stern; yet a certain change came over it, reminding you of a picture unskillfully glazed, so that colours—softly blended before—seemed contrasted hardly; and the grave grey eyes looked, not into her companion's, but straight

into the fire; strangely steady and firm. If some of Flora's victims could have watched her countenance while that change abode there, it might have saved them many a heart-ache—if warnings can ever save.

"No pity? You are right. And, shall I tell you why? It is because men, who are really men—true, brave, and strong—have nothing to fear from us. As for the others—what pity do they deserve? Don't they take, every day, women as good—if not as well born and well taught—as you and I, and fling them aside when their fancy palls, like their faded yellow roses. Do you suppose any one of these would halt, if he saw our dishonour at the end of the path that it pleased him to take? I shall never pity any living man again. Yes—I do pity one, sometimes—my own husband."

There was no change in the indolent grace of her posture; her voice never rose a note above its wonted measure of harmony; but the bitter earnestness of the speaker sent a shiver through Marion Charteris' nerves, which were remarkably steady as a rule.

"I can't bear to hear you speak so," she whispered, drawing closer to her friend, as frightened children do. "You will make me wish I had told you nothing."

Lady Dorrillon's face softened instantly; she laughed a little low laugh, marvellously musical, though slightly tinged with mockery.

"I was on the very verge of heroics. It is all your fault, *ma mignonne*. You provoked me by becoming tearful over a creature like that; who would make capital out of your foolish notes, just as a dishonest clerk might out of papers that don't belong to him. I can't see much difference between demanding money, and insisting on compromising concessions: it's simply extortion in either case. But don't concern yourself for Mr. Flemyng—he has nothing worse to fear than a sharp lesson, which I think he greatly needs. Now, I am going to send you back to the others: they have been wearying for you—at least some one has—this half-hour, I know. And I must write one or two letters before I dress. You must play your own part naturally; it's not a difficult one: but don't overdo confidence, in trying to show that you are not afraid. I only want you to trust me, now: you shall thank me, when you can sing, with a safe conscience—*Il biglietto; creda più*."

So—having first dropped a light kiss on her companion's upturned brow—(I suppose no feminine covenant is binding without this seal) Flora Dorrillon broke up the cabinet-council, and went her way.

For some minutes after she was left alone,

the expression of Marion's face was pensive, if not melancholy. As she mused, her lips parted once, and two words escaped them :

"Poor Vincent !"

There was nothing like sharp sorrow, or heavy sadness in her tone, but rather a vague passing regret, such as one might feel,—standing by the grave of a friend, over whose head the tomb-slab was laid, years and years ago. Then she rose, and shook out the folds of her ample raiment, and straightened a tress that had fallen awry ; smiling that suppressed half-smile of contentment, that is rarely absent from a fair woman's face, when she stands before her tiring-glass. Even so, you may see some beautiful bird 'preening' her ruffled plumage, after a storm-shower. When Mrs. Charteris joined the circle in the green drawing-room, not a trace of trouble lingered on her smooth brow, or in her laughing eyes : she was thoroughly and naturally herself again—brilliant in outspoken banter ; caressive in whispered confidences.

When Vincent Flemyng arrived, shortly before the dressing-gong sounded, she welcomed him with her wonted impulsive cordiality ; albeit the announcement of his name broke up a most promising *tête-à-tête*, in which Denzil, tenth Baron of Ranksborough, had deigned to evince some slight signs of vitality.

(To be continued.)

"WEIBERTREUER."

"WOMAN'S TRUTH."

(BASED ON AN ANECDOTE RELATED IN "ONCE A WEEK,"
VOL. XI. PP. 390—1.)

AUTUMN comes without its dances
Round the wine-press on the hill ;
Through the vine-boughs armour glances,
And the trumpet soundeth shrill :
Fiercely wages war between
Guelph and kindred Ghibeline.

Archers on the castle towers,
Arm'd with arbelaſt and bow,
Hurl their darts in deadly showers
On the enemy below :
And the ſiegers are not ſlack
Fifty-fold to hurl them back.

Few the garrison ! and fewer
Grow their numbers day by day ;
Yet their hearts are braver, truer,
As their numbers ebb away :
Every archer fights for ten,
And the women fight like men.

But though they are brave as ever,
They muſt needs give in at laſt ;
For, where man could enter never,
Famine has already paſt :
Famine, far a deadlier foe
Than the Ghibeline below.

"Hah ! they fail," cries Conrad roundly,
"Arms and ſtrength alike are loſt ;
And they ſoon ſhall pay right ſoundly
For the trouble they have coſt :
Not one ſoul ſhall live to tell
How they fought, and fought ſo well.

"Rue it ſhall this proud Pretender !
Ho there ! Trumpets ſound a truce ;
Heralds, bid them to ſurrender,
Liſten to no vain excuſe :
If they heſitate or doubt,
Tell them we will ſmoke them out.

"Tarry, for a moment tarry :
Say their women may go free ;
And that each with her may carry
Her moſt precious property :
Conrad's word is pledged that they
Shall go ſcathleſs on their way."

Quick the heralds did their miſſion,
Standing at the gate without ;
Nor long waited the deciſion,
For all cried with one great ſhout :
"If our women are to live,
Gladly we our lives will give.

"Let but one ſhort hour be given,
One ſhort hour before we die ;
Juſt to make our peace with Heaven,
Juſt to wiſh our wives good-by :
We will then throw wide the gates,
And march out to meet our fates."

In the fortreſs all are kneeling,
All within the camp is ſtill ;
While St. Killian's bells come ſtealing
Through the vineyards up the hill :
And the Neckar murmurs on
Mournfully paſt Heilighbronn.

Women—weeping, moaning, ſhrieking—
Gather round the caſtle gate,
While the draw-bridge beams are creaking,
And the chains clank with the weight :
"Hold thee !" cries a maiden, "hold !
I can ſave you, young and old.

"What the count has freely offer'd
From the heralds we have heard ;
Why not take what he has proffer'd ?
Why not take him at his word ?
Let us carry through the hoſt
What we prize and value moſt !

"What ſo dear as fathers, brothers ?
What ſo dear as huſbands, ſons ?
Come then, ſiſters, wives, and mothers,
Carry out your precious ones :
Brother ! I can carry thee,
Weak and hungry though I be.

"Think not of the heavy burden,
Think not we are feeble-kneed ;
Only think how great the guerdon
If we (and we ſhall) ſucceed !"
For a moment all was ſtill,
Then a ſhout aroſe, "We will."

The portcullis, now aſcending,
Blocks the gateway up no more ;
And beneath their burdens bending,
O'er the bridge the women pour :
While, to keep their ſpirits calm,
Soft and low they chant a psalm.

They are hail'd with shouts of laughter,
As they totter down the road;
Ribald troopers follow after,
Jeering at their novel load:
But the love that maketh strong
Bears them gallantly along.

Conrad hears the shouts with wonder,
Quick his charger he bestrides;
Scattering the crowd asunder,
Straight into the midst he rides:
And his wrathful eyes descry
The strange troop which passes by.

"Hell-hounds!" cries he, hoarse with passion,
"This is not a time to jest;
Think you that in this strange fashion
Ye will quell my anger best?
Know ye not my word is pass'd,
That this hour shall be your last?"

"Ah, too well!" replies the maiden,
"But your word is pledg'd likewise;
That we women may pass laden—
Laden with what most we prize:
Thus we pray: nay, claim of thee,
With our burdens to go free."

See, his face grows kind and tender,
In his eye a tear shines bright;
"Women!" cries he, "I surrender,
Ye have won a bloodless fight:
Won a victory, in sooth,
With no arms but love and truth.

"These men surely would have perish'd
Had you been less fond and true;
Take the lives so dearly cherish'd,
Faithful women! as your due:
And as now our fight is o'er,
Let us all be friends once more."

Deep in prayer the Guelphs are kneeling,
And the Ghibelines are still;
While St. Killian's bells come pealing
Through the vineyards up the hill:
And the Neckar dances on
Joyously through Heiligbronn.

B.

A SERMON ON PRECIOUS STONES.

POSSIBLY the commercial value of colour was never exemplified in a stronger manner than in the matter of precious stones. Indeed, jewels often depend upon their tint only for their names and value; the same identically composed precious stone being either an amethyst or piece of rock crystal, an oriental topaz or a ruby, by the addition or absence of a small portion of mineral pigment of different hue. Thus, a piece of rock crystal is comparatively valueless, whilst an emerald is one of the most costly of jewels; a ruby again is even more valuable than the diamond, whilst the topaz is of very inferior value. Even the faintest flush of colour often gives a value to the diamond which is far beyond its worth when pure—an instance this of the value of adulteration. Mr. Harry Emanuel, whose work on precious stones has afforded us the

material for this article, illustrates this fact by stating that a diamond, the worth of which uncoloured would have been (from its weight, four and three-quarter grains) only £22, was lately sold for £300, in consequence of possessing a vivid green tint.

Although the diamond is not really the most valuable of jewels, yet as it is supposed to have precedence of all other gems, we shall speak of it first. Possibly, however, its commercial value is most constant of all jewels, as it is the subject of investment to a greater extent than any other. In times of commotion, kings or princes, and the wealthy—generally subject to suffer from sweeping changes—look upon diamonds as their best friends; their passports, in fact, to the attention of the foreigner. What pemmican is to meat, precious stones are to value. They are the concentrated essence of wealth—a king's ransom in the compass of a marble. Nations, civilised and only semi-civilised, believe in this currency; it is a circular note that the bearer never need fear will be dishonoured in whatever quarter of the globe he may happen to be. Diamonds and other precious stones, however, like gold, are liable to fluctuate in value according to the laws of supply and demand, like the meanest article of commerce. A revolution brings forth these "flowers of the mineral kingdom," as they have been poetically termed; at first a number of them are thrown upon the market, and they decline in value in consequence. An example of this occurred in the revolution of 1848. In all cases where civil communities are of long continuance, however, and causes of fear are prolonged, they gradually rise again in value until they reach exorbitant prices. In the great revolution of 1789, for instance, diamonds rose to a famine price, and up to the termination of the civil war in America, they were gradually becoming more valuable in that country.

The diamond, like most other jewels, is found generally in granitic gneiss, and in torrents of rivers distributed over the whole world, but they are mainly to be found in tropical countries. It would seem that where the sun shines with the greatest splendour, where the vegetable and the animal creation put on their most gorgeous colours, there also in the depths of the earth the vivid lustre of this gem shines the brightest, and assumes the largest proportions. The mines underground bloom as gorgeously as the flowers above. The diamond, as we all know, is composed of pure carbon crystallised, and is the hardest known substance. Indeed, this quality, upon which much of its value depends, has in many

instances been the cause of its destruction, the old rude test of its genuineness being to place it upon an anvil, and to strike it forcibly with a hammer, the idea being that, if pure, it would rather break the hammer or bury itself in the anvil, than split. Of course, many valuable diamonds have been destroyed by this ignorant trial in times past. The diamond is by no means always colourless. It is sometimes yellow, red, pink, brown, green, black, and opalescent; the admixture of colour depending in some cases upon a metallic oxide. The Indian diamond appears to be the most prized in the market. Newton, from its great power of refracting and dispersing light, when compared with glass, came to the conclusion that it was combustible; a scientific forecast, which Lavoisier verified by burning it in oxygen, and obtaining as a result carbonic acid. Although our analysis of this gem is perfect, all efforts have failed to construct it; indeed, chemistry is wholly at fault to produce artificially any of the precious gems, with the exception of the ruby, small specimens of which have actually been produced in the laboratory. The diamond is split easily with the grain, but it is upon the tact and judgment with which it is cut and polished that much of its value depends. The English were at one time famous as gem cutters, but the art is now wholly lost among us, and most of the fine gems are now entrusted to Dutch Jew. The gem is cut upon a wheel smeared with diamond dust—the only material that effectually touches it—and it is polished in the same manner, a steel disk being employed for the purpose, smeared with fine powder, and revolving at a great speed by means of steam power. At the present time the most fashionable form is the double cut, which presents a great number of facets, rendering the flash of the gem very brilliant. The table cut, such as we find in old diamonds, is much less sparkling, as it has a very much less number of facets, and a great expansion of table or flat upper surface. The Indian diamond cutters leave as much of the gem as possible when cutting; an instance of this was seen in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where the Koh-i-Noor was exhibited, in which the cutting followed apparently the original outline of the stone. Our readers will remember how much this gem disappointed their expectations, as it looked like a mere lump of glass. Its weight was then 186 carats. In the intervals between this and the last Exhibition it was, after much consultation, given into the hands of M. Coster, of Amsterdam, who recut it with such skill that, although it lost in the process 80 carats, it yet ap-

peared quite as large, and was transferred at once into a blaze of light. When diamonds are found difficult to split, without fear of great loss, they are sometimes sawn with fine wires fitted into a saw bow and anointed with diamond powder and olive oil. Rose-cut diamonds are now coming much into fashion, as they are very brilliant in appearance at a very small expense of stone. It is really wonderful the delicacy with which these gems are cut, considering the smallness of their size; as many as fifteen hundred having been known to weigh only one carat.

The larger diamonds, from their great value, have all some extraordinary history. As a rule, like the stormy petrel, their appearance in the market in numbers is an indication of a storm. Their portability makes them the companion of royal fugitives, and more than one brilliant of value has witnessed bloody and tragical scenes. The Koh-i-Noor, for instance, has changed hands in many of the convulsions that occurred in India before our advent. It was seized at the conquest of Delhi by Ala ed Din, and subsequently came into the possession of the Sultan Baber, the Great Mogul, in 1526; it continued in the possession of this line of princes until Aurungzebe entrusted it to a European to reset it. This he did, but so unskilfully that it was reduced from 793 carats to 186 carats—the size, in fact, it appeared in our Great Exhibition of 1851. The Emperor refused to pay the workman for the destruction of his jewel, and we think it speaks well for Aurungzebe, as Indian emperors went, that he did not take off his head at once. It afterwards fell into the hands of the great conqueror Nadir Shah, was passed on in his line, and finally it came into our possession at the capture of Lahore, and was presented to her Majesty by our troops, with whose family it will remain, we suppose, until some future conqueror seizes it to set in the crown of some empire yet to arise in the new world. The Cumberland diamond, of the value of 10,000*l.*, was presented to the Duke of Cumberland by the City of London after he had rescued the burghers from the Stuart dynasty at Culloden. We fancy the City would have kept their money had they foreseen that it would ultimately pass to the treasury of the King of Hanover. The Orloff diamond, set in the sceptre of the Czar of Russia, weighs 194½ carats, and possesses a most romantic history. It is said to have formed one of the eyes of an idol in a Brahmin temple, and to have been set in the peacock throne of Nadir Shah. It was stolen by a Frenchman, and ultimately fell into the possession of the Empress Catherine II. The Regent, or Pitt diamond, was so

called from having been purchased by the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, of Pitt, the Governor of Fort St. George. Scandal said that the governor stole it. It is certain, however, that it was purloined from the Garde Meuble in 1792, but was restored in a very mysterious manner. It was afterwards set in the pommel of the sword of the Emperor Napoleon I. The Florentine diamond, now in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, is said to have been one of three lost at the battle of Granson by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. It was found by a Swiss soldier, and sold by him for one florin. It afterwards came into the possession of Pope Julius II., who presented it to the Emperor of Austria. The Sancy diamond's history is still more curious. It was actually taken from the body of the Duke of Burgundy, and found its way in 1489 to Baron de Sancy, who sent it as a present to the King of Portugal. The servant by whom it was being conveyed was attacked by robbers, when he swallowed the stone, and after his death it was found in his body. James the Second afterwards possessed it, and he sold it to Louis XIV. It disappeared in the French Revolution, but turned up again, which the renowned blue diamond, by-the-bye, never did, and was purchased by Napoleon I., who again sold it to Prince Demidoff. The Nassak diamond, of 78½ carats, was taken by the Marquis of Hastings at the Conquest of the Deccan. The Hope diamond is of a sapphire blue, and since the great French diamond was lost it is considered the most unique gem of its kind in existence. In the Russian treasury there is a brilliant red diamond of 10 carats, and at Dresden there is a green diamond of 48½ carats, that once belonged to Augustus the Strong. The value of diamonds has considerably increased of late years, and as the wealth of the country goes on augmenting it is likely to increase still further. Brilliants go on increasing in value as they increase in size in an extraordinary degree. Thus, a brilliant of one carat is worth 18*l.*; of two carats, 65*l.*; of three carats, 125*l.*; of four carats, 220*l.*; of ten carats, 320*l.* Beyond this weight they become fancy articles, and of course, fancy prices are demanded for them.

The most valuable of all jewels, however, is the ruby. This precious stone depends upon its colour, as we have said before, for its value. The ruby, sapphire, and oriental topaz are composed of identically the same materials; the red sapphire is a ruby, the blue ruby a sapphire, the yellow ruby a topaz. They are all termed *Corundums*, an Indian name. The ruby is the next hardest thing in nature after the diamond.

The finest rubies are found in the kingdom of Ava, and in Siam; they are also found in Ceylon and in many parts of Europe.

The King of Burmah takes one of his titles from it, that of "Lord of the Rubies." In Burmah they are a royal monopoly, and none of any value are allowed by law to leave the kingdom. The finding of a fine ruby is made a state event, and a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, are sent out to meet it. The colour varies from pale rose to deep red, but the tint that is most highly-valued is that of the "pigeon's blood."

Of old, many magical properties were assigned to the ruby. It was considered an amulet against poison, plague, evil thoughts, and wicked spirits, and its possession, as a consequence, kept the wearer in health. When he was in danger it was supposed to darken, and to become bright again only on the passing away of peril. One of the largest rubies in Europe is a French crown jewel, once adorning the order of the Golden Fleece. Her Majesty exhibited two stones said to be rubies in the Exhibition of 1862, but Mr. Emanuel asserts that they are nothing more than spinels, a spurious kind of ruby, of little value. The King of Burmah is said to have one in his possession of the size of a pigeon's egg. A true "pigeon's-blood" tinted ruby of one carat is worth from 14*l.* to 20*l.*; of two carats, from 70*l.* to 80*l.*; and of four carats, from 400*l.* to 450*l.*, which latter value is more than double that of a diamond of the same weight. As we have before said, small rubies have been made by chemists artificially, but never gems of any size. Now as small rubies are plentiful in nature, it is very doubtful whether it will pay to make them even upon a manufacturing scale.

The sapphire, although composed of identically the same elements, with the exception of the colouring matter, is of far less value than the ruby. The colour often varies much in the same stone, some portions of the gem being very nearly black, whilst the other is of a light blue. The clever lapidary can correct this by cutting away all the black part, excepting a small spot reserved for the cutlet, or small fine flattened point underneath. When looked at through the table, or broad upper surface of the gem, this point of dark blue gives by refraction a beautiful azure lustre to the jewel. The ancients used to call all blue stones sapphires, just as they called all red ones either rubies or carbuncles. The sapphire is invested by earlier writers with rare virtues, of course. It was said to be such an enemy to poison that if put into a glass with a spider or other venomous reptile, it would kill

it; and a great many other virtues were attributed to it we need scarcely mention. The value of this gem does not, like that of the diamond or the ruby, increase with its size, although in smaller sizes it is even dearer than those brilliants, one of 1 carat of pure colour being worth 20*l*. These gems are liable to be imitated so closely as to deceive the best jewellers. Mr. Emanuel tells us, for instance, that "a noble lady in this country formerly possessed one which is, perhaps, the finest known. The lady, however, sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by an imitation so skilfully made as to deceive even the jeweller who valued it for probate duty, and it was estimated at the sum of 10,000*l*., and the legacy duty was paid on it by the legatee, who was doubtless chagrined when he discovered the deception." We have no doubt whatever that many other noble ladies have from "impecuniosity" substituted sham for real jewels with the like impunity: such is the faith we put in station, that even glass—seen through the sublime medium which surrounds a Duchess—shines like an emerald of the purest water. Both the oriental amethyst and the oriental emerald, which are varieties of corundum, are very rare: the green variety, or oriental emerald, indeed, is so curious that Mr. Emanuel, with all his vast experience, says that he has only seen it once in his lifetime.

The cat's eye jewel we are told is becoming fashionable, being considered, in India,—and what is more strange even in Europe—lucky. We wonder at nothing in the shape of superstition; and can quite understand that a gem of this kind only lately was purchased by a nobleman for £1000. The topaz is now little sought after. The colourless ones are termed Nova Mina, or slave diamonds; those of light blue are termed Brazilian sapphires; those of a greenish hue are termed aquamarine; and the Brazilian ruby is the artificially-obtained pink or rose-coloured topaz. It is often obtained in large masses. In one of the cases in the British Museum there is a mass of white topaz that for many years was used as a door weight by a marine store-dealer. In London a very fine stone can at the present time be bought for a few shillings.

The emerald and the beryl have the same chemical composition, and differ only in colour. The finest coloured emeralds are found in New Granada, in limestone rock. It is also found in Salzburg, and in Siberia. The Spaniards, it is asserted, came into possession of many hundred weight of emeralds when they conquered Peru: hence their value fell in the Middle Ages. Orientals, especially the Mahom-

medans, we should say, set great store upon the emerald, believing that it imparts courage to the owner, that it is an infallible preservative of chastity, and that the safety of women in childbirth is ensured by it. Like many other gems, the ancients ascribed many medicinal properties to it when ground down. The emerald is but rarely found perfect, and when perfect, it ranks next in value to the ruby. Perfect gems are worth from 20*l*. to 40*l*. the carat; but they do not, like the diamond or ruby, advance in price with the size. There are many large emeralds in Europe. There is one in the Austrian treasury weighing 2000 carats, and the Duke of Devonshire possesses one weighing nearly nine ounces. The value of the beryl or aquamarine is trifling. An enormous beryl was found in America, weighing five tons! They must have everything in that country bigger than everybody else. It is used in Birmingham for imitation jewellery. The garnet, again, has many varieties, and is scattered over the whole globe; when cut tablewise and "tallow-topped," as it is termed, or convex and smooth at the top, and flat at the bottom, it is termed a carbuncle.

There are a large number of what may be termed valuable, rather than precious, stones, which belong to the quartz system. Among these are amethyst, cairngorm, onyx, sardonyx, cornelian, calcedony, agate, jasper, blood-stone, rock crystal. Rock crystal has been used in the arts from the most remote times. It is found in large crystals sometimes, and is scattered all over the world. There is a specimen in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris measuring three feet in diameter, and weighing 800 pounds. It is used by opticians for the lenses of spectacles, and in India it is hollowed into cups and goblets of amazing thinness and beauty. The Chinese, the Japanese and the Egyptians also use it for ornamental purposes. Like most precious stones, it is very cold, and the Japanese make balls of it to cool the hands! In old goldsmith's work crystal is often introduced, and as it was considered that it would turn colour if poison came near it, cups and goblets of it were often used by the great who went in fear of death in this shape. Of course it was supposed to possess magical virtues, and we have all read of Dr. Dees' famous crystal globe. Even in the present day a well-known London physician, a believer in spiritualism, pretended to discover secrets by the use of a ball of crystal. The onyx and sardonyx have long been used for cameos, and the value of the material is vastly enhanced by the art that is sometimes employed upon them. Some of the ancient cameos are very valuable. The

art of engraving upon these stones has latterly vastly improved: a taste has sprung up for fine cameos, and some very creditable engravings have been made. We should not be surprised, now that fashion runs in this direction, that very fine works of art will once more be seen.

The iridescent wondrous-tinted opal, we are told, is nothing but quartz and water. There are several kinds of opals, the chief of which are the precious or "noble" opal used by jewellers, the fire or reddish opal, the common opal, and the Mexican opal. When the different tints in an opal are distributed evenly over its surface, it is known in the trade as *Harlequin*. This is a rude way of designating the exquisite blending of hues which make this jewel so beautiful. The iridescence is owing to minute lines on the surface of the gem, which decomposes the light, just in the same manner as they do in mother-o'-pearl. Steel buttons used to be engraved with very minute lines to produce the same effect. The flashes of colour in this precious stone are always most marked in a warm day, the knowledge that heat enhances the brilliancy of the stone always leads the dealer to hold it in his hand for some time before showing it to his customer. Mr. Emanuel, referring to the fact that the Mexican opal loses its beauty when exposed to water—from the fact, we suppose, that the water fills up the fine lines in it, and prevents the decomposition of the reflected light into its primitive elements—says, that Sir Walter Scott having in "*Aune of Gierstein*" ascribed this fact to supernatural agency, the tone came to be considered unlucky, and hey consequently went out of fashion! We are willing enough to believe in the folly of fashion, and in the amount of superstition float, especially in the upper circles, but we think the fall in the value of opals can scarcely be ascribed to such a cause as this. They are now again in fashion, however, and are likely to continue so; for in addition to the singular beauty of the gem, they are, we are told, the only precious stones which defy imitation. Fine opals are very valuable; as much as 1000*l.* has been given for a large stone for a ring or brooch. The ancients prized them very highly; and Pliny relates that Nonnius, a Roman senator, was sent into exile by Marcus Antoninus, because he would not part with an opal of the size of a filbert, and valued at 170,000*l.*, which the latter coveted. The finest known opal is in the Museum at Vienna, said to be worth 30,000*l.* There is also a very fine one among the French Crown Jewels.

The opal reminds us somewhat of the pearl, gem—if we may term a simple excrescence

by that name—which has always been held in high estimation by mankind. The finest pearls come from the pearl fisheries at Ceylon. They are found in the shell of a large species of oyster; and it is believed, with much show of reason, that they are nothing more than some foreign body which finds its way into the shell, and which the fish covers with a secretion similar to that with which it lines its shell. A pearl, when sawn through, shows that this secretion has been deposited in layers, one upon another, round some central body, just in the same manner in which layers of phosphates are deposited in the human kidney round some foreign body, and resulting in the calculus or stone.

The Chinese, with their singular ingenuity, have taken advantage of this method of action on the part of the oyster, and have for ages been in the habit of inserting small objects inside its shell, in order to insure their being covered with this pearly secretion. Small idols are thus coated, but the secretion is not the true pearl secretion, but a similar substance to the mother-o'-pearl. Besides the Ceylon fisheries, there are some in the Persian Gulf and in Borneo. The pearl fisheries at one time occupied a large number of men, but now the diving-bell is employed, and their occupation is gone. Independently of the labour of diving to the bottom of the sea, and remaining there sufficiently long to gather a hundred oysters from the bottom, where the pressure of the water is so great that the divers often came up with blood issuing from their noses and ears, there was great danger from sharks. Indeed, in such fear were the divers from these enemies, that they would not dive unless the shark charmers were present and mumbling their incantations whilst they were at work. The pearl was anciently considered a preservative of virtue, although Cleopatra certainly did not dissolve hers with that intent. Although the pearl will dissolve in a strong acid, it is needless to say that vinegar is far too weak to produce such an effect. It is a pity to be obliged to demolish such a pretty story, but the truth must be told. The oriental pearl is just as much prized now as in ancient times. The charming harmony it has with a delicate skin has always made the necklace of this material so much valued. It used to be one of the boasts of the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, that water could run beneath her instep without wetting the sole of her foot, and that her pearl necklace could not at a little distance be detected upon her neck. Among the famous pearls existing at the present day is one belonging to the Shah of Persia, valued at 60,000*l.* Her

Majesty was presented with a fine necklace by the East India Company, and the one possessed by the Empress of the French is famous. In Europe the pearl is not considered to be perfect unless it is of pure white, slightly transparent, and either perfectly round or drop-shaped. In China and India, however, they are preferred of a bright yellow colour. In North America and the West Indies the pearls have a pink colour; and the Panama pearls have a metallic lustre something like the hue of quicksilver. Black-lead coloured pearls are much prized by some persons. We are told that pearls cannot be imitated with success; but those who remember the case of pearls in the Great Exhibition of 1862, will remember that real pearl necklaces were exhibited side by side with imitation pearls, and the best judges were deceived. Those who possess fine pearls should remember that they are liable to be discoloured by contact with acids and gas, and noxious vapours of all kinds. This is the reason that the chandeliers in Her Majesty's theatre were supplied with wax candles, and that in all the balls of the aristocracy gas is never to be seen, ladies' beauty, as well as their pearls, not being improved by its powerful light.

There are numbers of valuable stones and substances which are not so rare as to come under the denomination of precious. Thus, lapis lazuli is found in such masses as to be used in the adornment of furniture. This stone used to be far more valuable than at present, as the finer tints were ground to make the costly colour ultramarine. But chemists have found out the means of producing this colour artificially at a very small cost. Malachite, again, is used for vases, &c., by the Russians. The doors of this material in the Exhibition of 1851 will be remembered for their brilliant green colour. Jade, again, seems to be in especial favour in Japan; some fine samples of this stone are to be seen in the Exhibition at South Kensington. Amber used to be fashionable, but it is now wholly gone out, except for mouth-pieces to pipes. It is still used in oriental countries for the adorning of various articles of furniture. Amber is a resinous gum, and is found principally on the shores of the Baltic, swept there principally from the exudations of the pine forests on its borders. Coral is another material, the dark rich variety of which has latterly been in little demand. In our youth we remember that the only colour ever seen was that of the lip, a deep red; now the run is all upon the delicate pink tint, the colour of the rose-leaf. A large drop of this colour is worth from 30*l.* to 40*l.*, and even the smaller pieces are worth from

120*l.* to 150*l.* the ounce. There are white, yellow, and black varieties of coral, but they are of little value.

Mr. Emanuel gives some very valuable hints touching the means of ascertaining the identity of gems. As a rule, he says, stones, either cut or rough, which can be touched by the file are not precious stones. Again, he says, it is a very common practice to deceive persons by cementing a genuine stone on the top of a piece of glass, or a valuable gem, as the sapphire for instance, with a piece of garnet. These are so artistically formed that it is difficult to detect them. We are told again that passengers by the P. and O. Company's steamers are often taken in by the natives at Colombo, with blue and other coloured stone cut in facets, and imported from Birmingham as doublets. False pearls, as a rule, are always larger than real ones; the holes which in real pearls are drilled very small and sharp, in mock pearls are larger, and have a black edge. Sham pearls are also much lighter than real ones, and much more brittle. There is a trick, too, in the setting of gems which is worth knowing. When jewels are set "open," the interior of the setting is enamelled or painted, to throw a tinge of colour into the gem; and where the diamond is in question, and it has a yellow colour, the inside of the setting is often of polished silver to correct this objectionable colour. In the matter of pearls again, it often happens that these are somewhat different in colour, which is easily perceptible when viewed separately. But when strung together they so reflect the light one upon the other, that these differences of tint are lost. The moral is, that when buying a pearl necklace, the purchaser should cut the string and examine each bead separately. As we cannot imagine any of our readers making such purchases upon their own judgment, this advice seems quite superfluous, as a professed valuer of gems would be pretty certain to take this precaution. A. W.

THE EPITAPH OF ADONIS.

AN IDYL.

I WEEP for fair Adonis, he is dead :
 Adonis dead : Adonis—ever more
 The faint Loves mourn to make my undersong.
 O Venus, sleep not on thy purple bed,
 Arise, sad heart, rise in thy watchet weeds
 Of woe, and beat thy bosom—tell to all
 How fair Adonis, how thy darling died :
 The faint Loves mourn to make my undersong.

He lies among the mountains, his white thigh
 Is wounded by a tusk—a cruel wound.
 Leaving lorn Venus in her utter pain,
 Outbreathing faintly there his life he lies,

The while adown his flesh of mountain snow
The black blood trickles : softly on his eyes
The lids fall like a tomb ; the rosy warmth

Flies from his lips whereon fond kisses die ;
And that last kiss which Venns wished to last
For ever, grows the cold kiss of the dead.



She kisses still, but dead Adonis knows
No more her kisses. He is dead. I mourn :
The faint Loves mourn to make my undersong.

His wound is deep, a deep and cruel wound :
But Cytherea bears close to her heart
A wound yet deeper. See, the dogs he loved
Stand howling round him, the young Oreads
Weep, Aphrodite with wind-scattered hair

Wanders wild-eyed, unsandal'd, through the wold,
Whose thorns oppose her coming, and are stained
Tearing her bare flesh, with a blood divine.
So sorrowing aye for her Assyrian spouse
Through many a long, rank, pathless glade alone,
Forewearied by her sorrow, she is borne.

He lies among the mountains. His dark blood
Gushes around his navel, by his wound

His breasts are all empurpled, and beneath,
That side, before so white, is rudely now.
Her gloried fere is gone, with him is gone
Her godlike beauty, who was beautiful
When Adon lived ; but all her loveliness
Is lost with lost Adonis. Woe is me !
All the far mountains, all the oaks cry woe
For lost Adonis ; all the waters weep
Their tears to Aphrodite ; from the hills
The fountains warble wailing ; the wild flowers
For pity blush like mourning. Never more
For me, Cythera cries ; fromholt and fell
Still echo answers plaining, Never more.

Woe for sad Cythera, never more
Will he awake—who would not utter woe
For the dear love of Cypris when she saw,
And seeing knew a wound which none might heal :
Who saw the purple on his wailing thigh,
Who, folding him in her white arms, cried Stay,
Unhappy Adon ! once, but once again,
That I might hold thee, clasp thee close around,
Press for the last time thy cold lips to mine.
Wake, wake a little, Adon ! Kiss me now,
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live,
So on my mouth thy latest sigh may fall
Fleet from thy soul, and ebb into mine own.
So may I drain that sweetest draught, and so
Drink in thy love, and so for thy dear sake
Keep as thyself thy kiss when thou art flown.

Thou fleest far, Adonis, thou wilt come
To Acheron, and see its grisly king.
I cannot follow thee. Woe worth the while
That I must live in anguish, as a god
That cannot die, alone. Persephone,
Receive my love ; thy power is greater far
Than mine ; and all most fair flows down to thee.
Thee, too, all hapless, thee I fear, and still
With impotent insatiable grief,
Bewail my dead Adonis.

Thou art dead
Indeed, O thrice beloved ! I am alone.
My fond desire has parted like a dream,
And the faint Loves are idle in my hall.
My cestus is undone. Why wouldst thou hunt—
Why, why wast thou so brave who art so fair
As fair as ever mortal wight was fair—
The noxious boar, rash boy ? So Cypris mourned :
The faint Loves mourn to make my undersong.

Woe for sad Cythera ; never more
May Adon to the Paphian Queen return,
Whose tears well ever up in her blue eyes
And fall with Adon's blood upon the ground,
Begetting flowers—her tears anemones,
Each purple drop of his dear blood a rose.

Lament no more thy love among the hills.
Here, Cypris, a soft couch, a bed of leaves
Is strewn for dead Adonis. It is thine.
Dead, yet how beautiful, shrouded in death
He lies, as if in slumber. Cover him
With those soft robes, wherein the livelong night
He slept a sacred sleep close to thy side.

See, on that golden bed he seems so sad,
Yet love him still. With garlands of all flowers
Crown him, though all did sicken with his pain,
And the whole earth did wither when he died.
Drop Syrian ointments on him, balmy myrrh—
No ; let it go,—for he, alas ! is gone,
Thy sweetest myrrh is gone. Young Adon lies
In purple like the sunset, while around
The faint Loves weep their gusty undersong.

For him, to memorize their sorrow, falls
The wealthy witness of their yellow hair,
Their bows, their arrows broken all, and one
Burns his full quiver, while another brings
Water in golden urn to wash his wound,
This Love unties his sandals, and behind
That fans him ever with her silver wings.
Woe for sad Cythera. He is dead !
The faint Loves mourn to make my undersong.

The starry lamps which light the marriage doors
Are quelled by Hymeneus, and the crown,
The marriage crown of flowers, is loosened all,
And flutters to the ground. They sing no more
“ Hymen, oh Hymen,” only murmur woe.

The Graces weep the son of Cinyras,
Yet more than Hymeneus—he is dead ;
They whisper to themselves, Young Adon dead.
Woe for sad Cythera ! He is dead !
The faint Loves mourn to make my undersong.

For him with wilder and far sadder wail
Than thine, Diana, all the Muses mourn,
Still crying Stay ! to him that cannot hear,
Who faint would hear their cry ; but never more
Will she, the Virgin, loose him. Cease thy dole,
O Cythera ! weep no more to-day.
Thou must renew, alas ! thy ancient dirge
When the sad Hours lead on another year.

THE METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.

WHEN Smithfield was doomed,—not, however, before the cup of indignation and the vials of wrath of the British public had been repeatedly filled to overflowing,—the Corporation of London had to seek out a new site for a new Metropolitan Cattle Market. The task was not an easy one. The convenience of the public, as well as the convenience of the trade, and, we may add, the convenience of the beast, and that smaller fry, calves, sheep, and pigs, had to be consulted ; not to mention the convenience of that nervous and sensitive individual, the landlord of those acres and tenements in the neighbourhood of which the new tabernacle for cattle-purchasing might be pitched. The health of nearly three millions of people demanded that the new mart should be established in a remote locality, whilst the interests of the salesman and butcher demanded that it should not be fixed at an inaccessible distance from his home and business. For the dumb animals themselves also, it was desirable that they should not have a long journey to travel ; whilst the keen-scented landlord sniffed depreciation of his property in every breeze that might blow over the thousand stalls, stealing and giving odours other than it stole and gave when sweeping over a bank of violets to please the fancy of Duke Orsino.

There was that abortive speculation, the Islington Cattle Market, ready to their use, had the Corporation chosen to adopt it ; and

this they might have had, as many have their books, their clothes and furniture, second-hand. But the tide of prejudice had set in strong against the melancholy enterprise of Mr. Melsom; besides which Highbury, Stoke Newington, and Kingsland were throwing out neat little avenues of villas and semi-circles of crescents which threatened to environ the spacious area fondly dreamed-of years past, by its sanguine proprietor, as a suitable succursale, if not substitute, for Smithfield. In fact, the Lower Road district was fast becoming obsolete as a locale for cattle-herding.

The Corporation, however, which, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, "could never make up its mind on any doubtful point," by a miraculous effort at last did select a spot. The spot selected was one of the favourite resorts of cricketers and racket-players, and of those rambling Cits who a decade or two since delighted in strolling out into the grassy suburbs, and climbing the little *montagnes* that here and there dot the country, then in the immediate vicinity of town. Highgate and Hampstead, and Muswell Hill were rural retreats in those days,—alas! to be so no longer. The invincible invader with his trowel and shovel has been advancing up hill and down dale, pushing on his entrenchments and throwing up cities of brickwork, until the Cockney has discarded his once-beloved haunts, and impelled by a more ambitious spirit, and driven by steam, now hurries to the sea-side. Brighton and Southampton, Margate and Southend, attract magnetically his pleasure-hunting footsteps, and old familiar places see its face no more.

It is true that a new generation has arisen, which knows not, and cannot know, what the north of London was five-and-twenty, nay, fifteen years ago. Many still remain, however, who recollect with rapture and delight the reezy Copenhagen Fields. It was an easy walk from any part of London north of the Thames. Making for King's Cross, where one of the most hideous statues ever raised to the memory of royalty occupied the open space in front of Battle Bridge, you took the road to the east of the Small Pox Hospital, having on your left hand fields, where sparrows, even then, were game to the sportive Cockney, and on your right for a quarter of a mile or so, vast mounds and brick-kilns. These, however, passed, you plunged into veritable country-land. You were in a real lane, with real hedges, that fully leaved and blossomed each spring and summer, and you breathed the sweet breath of nature. Maiden Lane, as it was and is still called, was then no fiction. The dew fell on the green herb, and you might gather

the daisy and the butter-cup, the cowslip and the primrose to your heart's content, as you mounted the hill by the winding road. Dipping into Vale Royal, and then dwelling for a moment on the beauty of Belle Isle, you struck into the path that led diagonally up to that cluster of trees on the crown of the hill which you knew indicated the house or tavern, the goal of your discursive peregrination. Not only, however, may Ichabod be written on the battered features of all this hapless district, but a curse that curses friend and foe has smitten it. First came the Great Northern, and furrowed the fair fields with broad cuttings, and grasped acre upon acre for goods stations and coal depôts. Then the North London threw up embankments and arches along the valleys and blurred the face of their beauty. But worst of all, Vale Royal and Belle Isle were doomed to become the site of the most offensive manufactories known to Civilisation,—Barbarism never invented such pollution,—until the sweet air of heaven, here once so fresh and so healthful, has been converted into a poison-blast. Knackers, and bone-boilers, and blood-manure makers have taken possession of the spot, and made it reek with loathsome odours and pestilential effluvia—not long, however, to hold possession, it is to be hoped. It is disgraceful that such foul works should be permitted in the midst of a neighbourhood largely covered by a highly respectable class of habitations; you might as well go and set up your tent beneath the shadow of the upas-tree.

These merry Copenhagen Fields were, then, the spot selected by the Corporation of London for their new Cattle Market. The site recommended itself. It was admirably adapted for the purpose. It was high, and on the brow of a hill, thus possessing two excellent attributes,—it could easily be drained, and there would always be a plentiful supply of fresh air. As you gazed from its crest, you looked down upon London, and the cross of St. Paul's seemed simply on a level with your eye. On the left and behind lay Holloway hollow, the threshold of the ascent to Highgate, and on the right the ground sloped down again towards Kentish and Camden Towns. In March, 1854, the first stone was laid, and so rapidly were the works carried on that by June, 1855, extensive as they are, they were completed. The market was then formally opened, amidst great enthusiasm, by the late Prince Consort, with a curious mixture of royal and civic pomp. The cost of construction was something under 400,000*l*.

London may well be proud of its splendid cattle mart. No country in the world can

boast of anything to approach, much less to rival it, either in area or position, cleanliness or convenience. No special room was given for architectural display; nevertheless in the centre stands an elegant clock-tower, a kind of Italian campanile, the belfry of which commands a magnificent view over several counties, including Hertfordshire, Essex, Surrey, and Kent. The base is encircled by a belt of shops and offices, built in harmony with the tower, and forming part of it. The miscellaneous business, however, carried on here cannot be very great; for a cattle-medicine chemist, an agricultural ironmonger, and a vendor of such coarse clothes as a drover is likely to need, are the sole representatives of general trade. To compensate for dullness in these departments, great activity is manifested in the bureaux or offices devoted to financial matters. These offices consist of branches of London banks, and are always open during market hours. The Great Northern, the London and North Western, the Great Eastern, the North London Railways also have offices here, where a good deal of business is transacted, a large proportion of the cattle being brought to the modern Smithfield by rail. Nor is the business of the banks insignificant. One salesman perhaps will have five hundred head in his charge, and the money transactions incidental to so large a deal must necessarily be large. This, moreover, is complicated by the fact that the beasts come from many different owners, go to many different buyers, and have to be accounted for individually, with salesman's commission, miscellaneous charges, and market dues on each. These last, we may here remark parenthetically, are not very onerous, amounting on the whole to threepence-halfpenny, that is, twopence toll as entrance fee, and three-halfpence "a tie."

The extent or area of the market is about eight hundred and fifty feet square. One half of it, divided from the other by a roadway that leads up to the central offices, is set apart for beasts, the other half is devoted to calves, sheep, and pigs. Upwards of 7000 oxen and 25,000 sheep can be easily accommodated here, and on more than one occasion no less than 32,000 sheep have been sold in a day, fresh flocks coming in as the others have gone out. What with the lowing, the bleating, and the squeaking, a lively chorus is, it can easily be imagined, kept up here on a busy morning. The ox, however, is a patient animal, and it is not very frequently that he disturbs the drowsy air; but the long sharp mouths of the sheep are ever open, uttering a shrill monotone, which, taken up and repeated

with scarcely a semi-tone of variation by ten thousand mouths, distracts the ear with anything but a concord of sweet sounds. The bullocks' half of the square, to continue our description of the market, is divided by wooden barriers into twenty alleys, each about thirty feet wide, with a six-foot space between them. These are rented by salesmen, who have the beasts entrusted to them ranged side by side in two lines, their heads fastened with a rope to the balustrade, so that the purchaser has plenty of room to pass down the centre and inspect the stock. Every bullock, according to the statutes of the new Smithfield, must be thus tied. On the other, or western side of the central road, the sheep are confined in pens, and here they huddle and swarm together, a woolly heap, as is the wont of sheep. As for the pigs, being tender and sensitive creatures, they enjoy, with the calves, the privilege of a covered enclosure, to protect them against the inclemency of the weather; and here they wallow or lounge, growling a plethoric grunt in porcine beatitude.

One of the chief features of the market, however, is the range of buildings constructed on the south side. These are the layers and abattoirs, or slaughter-houses. In the layers a large number of cattle can be comfortably accommodated, everything being fitted up on the most improved plans, and with the latest inventions for keeping them clean, warm, and airy. To cattle arriving from a distance these berths are exceedingly welcome, and it would be a good thing, and conducive to the better health of the beasts, and consequently to the better condition of the meat, were they used more frequently than they are. Cattle driven up from the country, or even from the London disembarking wharves, require rest and food to recreate their strength and bulk before being appraised, sold, and sent to the shambles. But unfortunately their last hours know no such bliss. They are hurried and worried to the market, and worried and hurried to the butcher's. What a state then must their flesh be in when they fall beneath the fatal blow of the slaughterer's poleaxe! What with travel, excitement and alarm, dogs and drovers, hunger and thirst, it must approximate a semi-diseased condition. This might easily be remedied if the grazier or salesman would house them for a night or so close by, and if the butcher would but consent to use the abattoirs, which were especially built to prevent the cattle from being driven through the crowded streets of London, a source of fear to the foot-passengers, a pain and nuisance to themselves. The more we see these poor creatures dodging their way down Farringdon Road and

Bridge Street, crossing Holborn and Fleet Street on their way, the more they excite our pity, and make us wish the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were ubiquitous. The Drover, numbered and badged as he is, shows by no means the patience—scarcely the intelligence—of the beast he drives, goading him behind, whilst the dog, more stupid even than his master, snaps and barks at him in front. In fact, it would puzzle the judgment of Hercules to decide even for the poor beast which way he was intended to go.

On Mondays and Thursdays the market is a kind of International Exhibition, with the right of sale and immediate removal. The cattle that crowd its stalls and pens represent the cattle of nearly every country in Europe, not to say of every county in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. The small black heifer of Aberdeen with its short crisp curly hair; the fine rich brown sleek-ribbed bullock of Devonshire, a British buffalo in appearance; the fat flanks of the Sussex breeds, and the small Breton-like herds of Wales, are all to be met with here. But this is not all: Spain sends us some of her best cattle, imposing with their long branching horns, if not with their bulk and stature. From the swamps of Bessarabia, the steppes of Hungary, the fertile wastes of Poland, the marshy meadows of Jutland, the lowlands of Holland, and the fat pastures of Flanders, from Turkey, and Italy, Spain and Portugal, and many other countries, England receives weekly supplies of live-stock. What has been said of oxen may be said likewise of sheep. There is scarcely a kingdom on the Continent that is not feeding a herd or a flock for the Londoner's dinner-table. And well for us is it that our neighbours are thus busily and peacefully engaged, mindful of our necessities. Woe to England when her provision list falls short, and the Christmas-table lacks the traditional roast beef! Thanks to the wise legislation of the last few years, however, there is little chance or fear of so unwished-for a consummation; and in the meantime we import, and import, and go on importing, happy in the results.

Few, perhaps, really reflect on the momentous question, where does the daily dinner come from. They have faith, and so believe that as breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper have succeeded each other in the order and routine in which they had been accustomed to succeed each other from infancy upwards, so they will continue to appear at the regular hour and season. No one doubts when he goes to bed that the sun will rise,—why doubt then that the supply of food will ever fail? To show, however, how extensively we depend on

foreign countries for our beef and mutton, and how our dependence is daily increasing, we give the following interesting statistics, which are well worth consideration; for not only the English grazier, but the English dinner-eater is concerned. Going back fifteen years, we find that England imported live stock in the undermentioned proportion:—

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Pigs.
1850 . . .	66,462	143,498	7,287
1855 . . .	97,527	162,642	12,171
1860 . . .	104,569	220,219	24,452
1864 . . .	231,734	496,243	85,362

This year, too, we shall find the proportion to be amply maintained. All these animals, however, it must be understood, do not find their way to the London market. Some are landed at our northern ports, and feed our friends in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire; others again go to Scotland, and some to the west, Bristol and Liverpool receiving not a few. The number of foreign cattle brought to the Copenhagen Market is nevertheless very great, and if it increase in the ratio it has increased during the last few years, the foreign would seem likely to swamp our native-grown bees. The total number of beasts sold was in the years—

		British.	Foreign.
1862 . . .	300,517	249,051	51,466
1863 . . .	309,630	229,392	80,238
1864 . . .	339,468	220,294	119,174

And there is little doubt that 1865 will see this proportion between British and Foreign cattle sold diminish rapidly, until the balance lies in favour of the Continentalist.

So important have our foreign transactions become, that it may be worth while to say a few words on the "carrying" trade, which has grown up in consequence. As we are compelled to eat foreign cattle, there cannot but be a certain pleasure in knowing how they are brought, and what troubles the beasts themselves experience.

Upwards of twenty foreign ports, we would inform our readers, are ever busy shipping cattle for England. Most of them lie on the Dutch coast. For example, Amsterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Tønning, Antwerp, Harlingen, Medemblick, and Ostend, do a large trade this way. But some are found in the extreme south; and of these we may mention Oporto, Cadiz, and Gibraltar. Revel in the Baltic furnishes a few, but the majority come to us from the northern harbours we have already mentioned. To these points they are driven, or conveyed by rail, from the interior, and of course in various stages of health.

Herds of them may be met in the north by the autumnal tourist far away from the sea-coast, noisily urged on by a Prussian bucolic or a Dutch drover ; whilst if his steps lie in Spain or Portugal, he may not impossibly see, what, in its trans migratory state, will form his Christmas dinner, drawing a wine cart drowsily along the road to the port. Little does the patient animal dream that when he has completed his journey, and left the barrels at the merchant's, he will be expatriated for his pains, that, shipped on board a steamer, he will have to undergo the horrors of the Bay of Biscay, and perhaps brave the turbulence of the huge Atlantic rollers in a storm, to be the first to be thrown overboard, should it be found necessary to ease the labouring vessel. At the best of times, when the sea is calm and the sky blue, it is a painful passage for him, for neither ox nor cow was formed by nature to make marine excursions. Not much better off are the beasts that traverse the North Sea, though the run is made in fewer hours. Gales are very frequent and very terrible on those stormy waters, and the trials of the poor bovine passengers become consequently very great. With the utmost care that can be taken with them, there must necessarily be much suffering ; little less indeed than that caused by the once terrible Middle Passage. Fortunately the cattle are not so sensitive as even a nigger, and so do not die off so rapidly.

As we have said, all the cattle that leave foreign parts for England do not reach London. A large portion, however, is absorbed and consumed by the metropolis. These are brought by a fleet of thirty fine-built fast-sailing vessels, which are constantly on the road laden with supplies. Very few of them, it must be confessed, are devoted solely to the purpose of shipping cattle, the majority being passenger vessels. There are, however, three or four,—the Maas, 900 tons burthen, for example,—which have been built and fitted up solely with a view to cattle-carrying. And admirable are all the arrangements for the comfort of the poor beasts, those in the hold even having plenty of air. They are ranged in three tiers, and have ample space between each. Another great improvement is, that the cattle, instead of being swung up by pulleys, from the decks and holds, walk up by an inclined plane, rather steep it is true, but rendered safe for the hoof by strips of wood being nailed down crosswise. By this means a drove may be easily and speedily disembarked, the cattle following one another up the gangways in “excellent good order.” Three wharves—and three alone, we believe—receive cattle. The

British and Foreign Wharf, near the London Docks ; Brown's Wharf, Blackwall, which belongs to the General Steam Navigation Company ; and the Brunswick Cattle Wharf, the property of the Blackwall Railway Company. The Brunswick will accommodate 900 beasts, the British and Foreign 1,250, and Brown's Wharf a much larger number. If the cattle are landed at a time when it is legal to drive them through the streets, they are at once despatched to the Caledonian Road Market, a long and foot-sore journey ; if not, they are kept waiting at the wharves, huddled together, hungry and thirsty, until the driver may start with his charge.

Before concluding, one thing must be denounced, and that is, driving cattle away from the market in the busiest hours of the day. The law, we were taught to believe, is very strict on this point. If there be a law to the effect, the proviso is shamefully set at defiance, and O'Connell's declaration that he could drive a coach and six through any Act of Parliament, is here out-Heroded, for every day we find droves of cattle driven through one. Does the statute refer only to taking cattle to market, without considering the converse of bringing the cattle from market ? If this be so, we can only smile at the wisdom of the wise-*acres* who legislate for us. They are evidently monoculists, and cannot take a binocular view of things. Having, however, legislated for one direction, perhaps they will now be able to legislate for the other. Having prescribed the hours between which cattle may be driven to the market, perhaps they will prescribe certain hours when they may be driven from it. At present the sheep and oxen are beaten and worried through our streets during any period of the day, causing infinite alarm to the public, and adding seriously to that disgraceful blockade of our thoroughfares which is already intolerable.

GRANSON AND MORAT.

GLORIOUS days of early summer on the Lake of Neuchâtel ! The sun is blazing, without a cloud, through the long day ; those who wish to see him rise must be astir early ; and to do this comfortably, it is well to secure a room at the top of that handsome tower, built round a central court, called the Hotel Bellevue. It well deserves its name. There lies the whole lake, of most perfect form and size, spread out below, and beyond the Bernese Oberland, with the chains contiguous, stretching in a long line to the east and, under favourable circumstances, to be seen just at sunrise or sunset, the phantom dome of Mont

Blanc. In spite of the bright sun, the "Bise" is blowing viciously, making quite a sea in the lake, and rendering the morning bath difficult, and driving the dust wildly about the streets of Neuchâtel, till it seems thoroughly distributed into every object capable of receiving it, such as clothes and hair and beards. There is no escape from the glare and heat and dust of the Jura limestone but in the waters of the lake itself. Neuchâtel is a pretty town, rising up the hill out of the lake, which washes on a long quay, solidly built of stone, and planted as a promenade. What it contains to be seen is soon seen. There is the old castle, now used for public offices, and its church, mostly of debased architecture, but containing a curious round arch of immense antiquity; and near the porch, inside, a fine sculptured monument of numerous mediæval lances and knights, one of the latter in his white panoply, closely resembling the ghost in "Don Juan." Neuchâtel is most interesting, as having nearly caused a war between Switzerland and the late King of Prussia, surnamed *Ulcynot*, in January, 1857. This canton, as we know, slipped from the feeble grasp of that monarch, its titular liege-lord, and is now as free as any other member of the Confederation. The case might have been different now, had Switzerland to deal with Bismarck and his master, intoxicated with the fumes of *Pöppel*. However, from the front they howled in 1857, it is not likely the Swiss could have quailed before the Prussian eagle; and the associations connected with the neighbourhood of Neuchâtel are, in truth, more inspiring to the invaded than the invader. Few words are pronounced with greater pride by the Swiss, than those which head this paper, and they are certainly, in a great measure, justified by the facts. Granson and Morat were victories on a far larger scale than the immortal skirmishes of Morgarten, Sempach, and Näfels, and gained over a chief far more redoubtable than the leaders of the Austrians; for Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, before the bolder mountaineers brought his crest to the dust, was accounted the great captain of the age. Still these great stories were gained in what we should be tempted to call rather the silver, than the golden age of Swiss heroism. The Swiss, in those conflicts for existence, in which they had fought with the fury of despair, had been surprised by the discovery of their prowess, and were now fully aware of it. They had acquired the character of the most iron-fistedantry in Europe. Kings and dukes had begun to court their alliance. They had come to love fighting for its own sake, and were begin-

ning to see that they might make war pay for itself, and eventually become, as their descendants afterwards proved, a thoroughly good investment of their natural capital of *théws* and *sinews*. It is probable that, in the campaigns of 1476, Charles the Bold was quite as much afraid of the Swiss, as they were of him, and that his great invasion of their rugged lands was prompted quite as much by anger at their annoyances, as by mere lust of conquest. It was gall and wormwood in those times of chivalry for a belted knight and powerful sovereign to be defied by a set of low-born cattle-drivers; and doubtless Sir W. Scott, in his "Anne of Gierstein," draws a faithful picture of the feelings of the duke and his friends with regard to the Swiss.

Besides this, the Dukes of Burgundy had gone out of their way to be civil to the Swiss. Philip the Good had condescended to be *fêted*, and, in return, had lavished bows and smiles on the Bernese, on a journey he made into Germany. In 1467, the same prince made a treaty with Bern, Zurich, Freiburg, and Solothurn. The magistrates of those towns had drunk of the duke's choicest vintages at Dijon—vintages which, as all lovers of good wine well know, stand alone in the world. These good relations were inconsistent with the dream cherished by his son Charles, of a Burgundian empire, extending from the mouth of the Rhone to the North Sea. Yet it is not quite clear that he would have attempted to conquer the Swiss, had he not been brought into disagreeable contact with them. After taking Lorraine from Duke Renè, he managed to get Sigismund of Austria, who had been roughly handled by the Swiss, to mortgage Alsace to him. Over this province he indiscreetly set Peter von Hagenbach, who provoked the Swiss by exactions practised on their travelling merchants; and the Confederates were exasperated to the highest degree when they heard that Hagenbach had said, in reply to remonstrances, "If the Swiss do not keep quiet, I will flay the bear of Bern, and make myself a pelisse out of his skin."

The Swiss had, also, cause to complain of Jacques of Savoy, whose brother, Amédée IX., had put him in possession of the Pays de Vaud. From Charles the Bold no redress was to be obtained; but that was not the case with his rival, the astute Louis XI. of France. Louis embraced the cause of the Swiss most warmly, for the very good reason that it was his own cause as well, and he saw in the Confederation an instrument put into his hands by fate, or his patron saint, for getting rid of his formidable adversary. He poured oil on the fire of

the affronts felt by the Swiss, and caused them to conclude an alliance with him against the duke (13th August, 1470), to which, however, the cantons of Zug, Unterwalden, and Glarus refused to be parties; probably, because their situations had kept them clear of Burgundian complications.

Informed of what was in store for him, Charles, either not anxious to quarrel with the Swiss at all, or wishing for time to complete his preparations against them, sent envoys through the country, whose endeavours at conciliation, when nearly successful, were frustrated by the intrigues of the King of France. In the meantime, Charles quarrelled anew with the Archduke Sigismund, and Louis managed to reconcile the Swiss with Austria, so that, in case of a rupture with Burgundy, they had no occasion to fear their hereditary enemy at their backs. The principal author of this alliance, besides Nicholas of Diesbach and Scharnachtal of Bern, was the cunning prelate, Jost of Silenia, a man of Lucerne, provost of Münster, who aspired to be the French bishop of Grenoble. He received 21,000 francs for distribution in the Confederacy. In June, 1474, the treaty of Constance leagued against Charles the Archduke Sigismund, the Swiss and the Upper Rhine towns. All the towns of Alsace immediately rose against Burgundy; the tyrant Hagenbach, the Gesler of Alsace, was executed at Alt Breisach, with the aid of the Swiss. Diesbach of Bern saw that the crisis was come, and, in anticipation of the wrath of Charles, persuaded the Confederates to declare war against him. The Swiss, 10,000 strong, with 8000 Alsatian allies, invaded Upper Burgundy, and beat at Hericourt 20,000 Burgundians, under Jacques of Savoy, to the cry of "Bern and St. Vincent." The standard of Lisle was taken, and 3000 men of Franche Comté left on the field; twelve castles and three towns fell to the victors. But this first campaign cost the Swiss the life of Diesbach, the chief instigator of the war, who fell sick and died at Porrentrug. His death, however, did not cool the ardour of the Swiss; they invaded the Pays de Vaud, the men of Freiburg acting with those of Bern against the Duchess of Savoy, their liege lady, who was allied with Burgundy.

In three weeks sixteen little towns and forty-three castles fell to the Confederates, taken, to use a Thucydidean phrase, at the first shout of their voices. Thus fell the memorable town and castle of Granson, south of Neuchâtel, escaladed without artillery. These conquests were attended with savage circumstances in many cases; with massacres

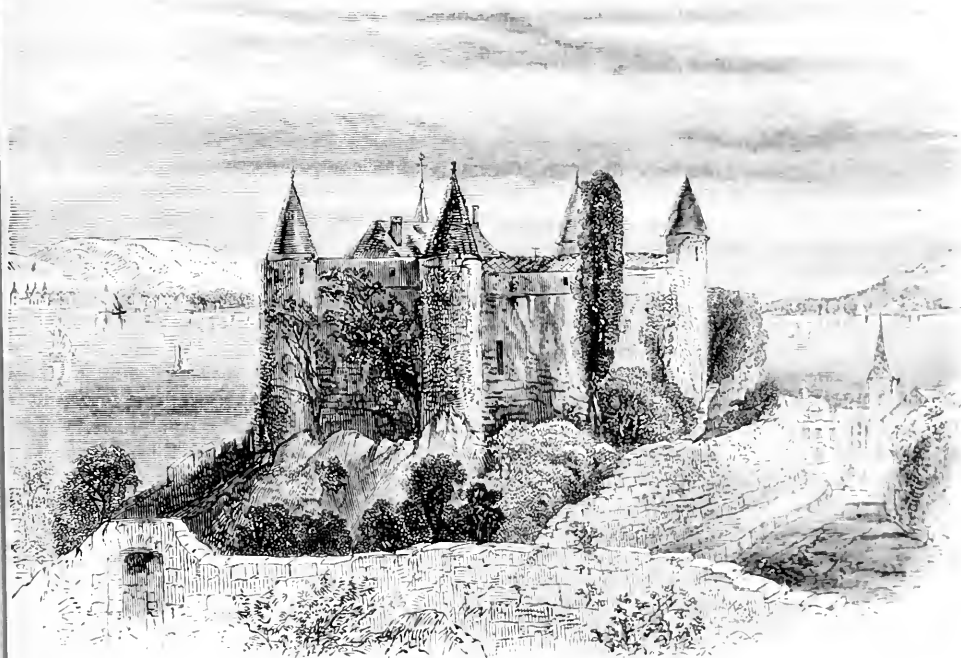
of inhabitants of towns, and throwing of garrisons over battlements, and decapitation of captains. At Estavayer, on the east of the lake, the Swiss put garrison and people to the sword, even the women and children, and, what was even more shocking to that age, the priests. The government of Bern was obliged to write in remonstrance: "These unheard-of cruelties, contrary to our ancient customs, might bring on us the wrath of God and the saints." Morat, more fortunate than Estavayer, averted its fate by timely submission. Its population were half German, half Roman; the German element prevailed, and it became subject to Bern and Freiburg. Geneva bought mercy from the Confederates for 28,000 crowns of gold, and Lausanne owed its safety to its ecclesiastical character, the government of Bern having taught at last respect for the Church to its eager soldiers. In the meantime, the Valais was also the theatre of war. The Valaisans, aided by 4000 Swiss and Graubundeners, beat the Savoyards at the battle of La Plautia, with the loss of 2000 men (13th November, 1475).

It is not to be wondered at that Charles became furious. The Swiss had bearded in his den the lion of Burgundy, the destroyer of Liege, and the conqueror of Lorraine. They now heard, to their consternation, that he had quitted Nancy, in spite of winter, and was moving towards Besançon, with 50,000 men, the *élite* of all the fighting nations, some English included. They learned also, not to add to their comfort, that Louis XI. and the German emperor, Frederick III., had played them false, each imagining that he had a prospect of allying his son with Marie, the daughter of Burgundy. In this difficulty of the Swiss, their enemies in the Pays de Vaud took heart of grace. Before the duke left Besançon, Guillaume de la Sarraz, in revenge for his burnt castle, fell on Yverdon, at the northern end of the lake, and made short work of the Confederate garrison. On the 6th of February, 1476, the Burgundian army was in full march on the country of Neuchâtel, and appeared suddenly before the castle of Granson, defended by 300 men, and two captains of Bern, Hans Wyler and Brandolphe de Stein.

From Neuchâtel to Granson, along the brink of the lake, is about one hour and a half by rail. While in German Switzerland the open cars prevail, in French Switzerland it seems a principle, for what reason I do not know, to buy up the cast-off carriages of the French railways, which make their first unpromising appearance at Bienne, to one arriving from the north. The railway cuts through the lower parts of the fortifications of the

castle of Granson, which still towers scornfully above it, in excellent preservation, considering its age and fortunes. In consequence of the recent death of the proprietor, I was unable to see the interior; but the greater part of the trophies of the battle are to be seen elsewhere. To return to 1476; the little garrison of Granson repulsed undismayed two assaults, and even made sorties, in one of which Brandedolphe de Stein, carried too far by the ardour of success, was made prisoner. Wyler, left

to himself, showed the white feather. A gentleman, half Burgundian, half Alsatian, came with proposals from the duke, telling the garrison that Bern and Freiburg had already fallen, and offering their lives. This gentleman managed to get one hundred florins out of the Swiss for his good offices. But they unfortunately reckoned without the host, for as soon as they had surrendered, Charles hung up to trees or drowned in the lake the whole 412 of them, being mostly men of Bern and



Castle of Granson.

Freiburg. Wild with rage and thirsting for vengeance, the Confederates, 24,000 in number, marched in three columns to meet the duke's army, more than twice as numerous. It was the forenoon of the 2nd of March, 1476. From the neighbourhood of Concize, towards Neuchâtel, the Jura falls back, leaving a considerable margin to the lake. The Swiss no doubt wished to catch Charles before he was able to attain this freer field of action between the steep and the shore, as the Austrians were caught at Morgarten in 1315.

The warriors of Bern, Freiburg, Solothurn, and Bienne formed the first column of the Swiss advance. When they came in sight of the enemy they all knelt down in the snow, made the sign of the cross, and offered up a prayer for victory. The Burgundians did likewise. The second corps was led by Hassfurter,

of Lucerne, conspicuous by his long beard and long coat, which concealed a lame leg. The first charge was made by Château-Guyon, of Orbe, at the head of the ducal gendarmerie. But the forest of Swiss pikes was not to be borne down by armed coursers. The artillery, then a comparatively new arm, was brought up to breach the living wall. The Burgundians were looking with admiration, mingled with anxiety, on its effects on the Swiss ranks, which it tore without shaking, when they were attacked on the left flank by the second column of the Swiss, which had turned Vaudemar, and would thus have the advantage of the ground.

Then the Bastard of Burgundy, who commanded the artillery, fearing to lose his unhandy guns, fell back towards Corcelles and the duke's main order of battle. This "strategical

movement" looked much like a flight; at all events, the Calabrians in the duke's army believed it to be so, and faced about. The Duke, however, holding his standard in one hand and lance in rest in the other, seconded by the Prince of Tarentum and other lords, succeeded in restoring the battle, when all at once the ominous sounds of the horn of Unterwalden and the bellows of the bull of Uri were heard from the direction of Fiez. At the same instant another body of Swiss appears on the heights between St. Maurice and Bouvillars. The Burgundians again turn to fly, and this time with better success. Their captains cannot prevent the panic from being universal, though Château-Guyon seizes the banner of Schwytz, and hews against the eighteen feet long pikes. He falls, and the victors pass over him, while Charles himself is involved in the general rout, and dragged with it as far as Jougne. Those days at the beginning of March were too short for vengeance, and the Swiss pursued the enemy far into the night. Their appetite for slaughter was refreshed the next day by the sight of their companions hanging on the trees about Granson, so they forthwith stormed the castle and treated the garrison in the same manner. Some of the circumstances of this battle recall those of that by the Lake Thrasymentus, and "the defiles fatal to Roman rashness," the Swiss reserves playing the same part in deciding the victory as the ambuscade of Hannibal.

The victory of the Swiss at Granson only wanted the capture of Charles himself to complete it, as everything else of value that he brought to the field was taken. It is difficult to understand why he brought a million florins in money, and many precious diamonds with him; he may have intended, in case his success was only partial, to try what other arms could do with the Swiss leaders. As it turned out, he had no time to negotiate, and he furnished the principal Swiss towns with a number of noble trophies, which they show to this day. Charles was defeated, but not cowed. In spite of remonstrating friends, who represented that there was much to lose and little to gain by war with the Swiss, he swore to let his beard grow till he had punished his enemies and razed Bern to the ground. So he made a levy of one man in six in his dominions, had the bells of the churches and the caldrons in private houses cast into cannon to replace those he had lost, and he soon reviewed at Lausanne an army as formidable as the first, containing, besides his own subjects, 6000 English and 15,000 Italians. This time his mark was Morat. It was a point of honour to retake this place. It lay directly in the

road to Bern, and although the country was ridged with hills, and covered with forest, it did not present any difficulty like the natural trap which the Jura and the Lake of Neuchâtel formed for an army.

Some curiosity was excited at Neuchâtel as to how the steamer advertised to sail for Morat was to reach that place, as, according to the imperfect maps in the possession of our party, the two lakes of Neuchâtel and Morat appeared to be divided by a considerable strip of dry land. On reaching, however, the northern end of the lake of Neuchâtel, we entered a navigable river—the Broye—which flowed from one lake into the other. Its channel may have been artificially altered for the sake of draining the marsh, for it appeared to be almost too good to be natural. On the low, flat, sedgy banks we saw some Cuypp-like groups of big cattle, and on entering the little lake of Morat saw with pleasure that its shores, though not craggy or picturesque, had a gentle and pastoral character, and the soft beauty peculiar to Windermere. The lake of Morat has been compared to the sea of Genesaret, and seems to resemble it in abundance of fish, as well as in other characteristics. One of these fish, huge of size and most forbidding aspect, looking as if it had grown fat on dead Burgundians, though its teeth were little more than rudimentary knobs, was shown us in the Museum. It is said to inhabit the mud in the deepest part of the lake.

Morat, or Murten, is one of the most thoroughly picturesque little towns in Switzerland, or even in Europe. It is perfectly surrounded by its ancient wall, with towers at intervals. These towers have each its conical roof, in some places oddly built askew. The battlements of the walls have been protected by a roofing, which gives them the effect of a ship's side with a row of port-holes. The walls still bear the honourable scars of the Burgundian artillery, one tower near the northern gate having received the severest punishment, such as only long-continued pommelling with those elementary cannon could have inflicted. In places stone balls are still sticking, but they must have been purposely built into the walls. At the landing-place of the steamboats the first house is the Hôtel du Bateau, a fine study for a painter. On entering the gate a street is seen with arcades on each side like Bern or Chester, and quaint gabled houses run in all directions. We are peculiarly fortunate, for we happen to arrive on the 22nd of June, the very anniversary of the battle of Morat. The garlands, and the flags, and the decorated fountains, and the patriotic

mottees about the streets set off the ancient buildings to the best possible advantage. On a house, formerly inhabited by Pater Girard, a beneficent monk, stood the following inscription :—

“Du gehörest heit in unsrer Mitte ;
Nicht wahr, Pater Girard, hier weht gute Luft,
Wo wir feiern frei nach alter Sitte
Was der grosser Tag uns in Erinnerung ruft.
Zieht vorüber, muntre Kinderschaaren,
Kommt bald wieder, Ihr bringt neue Freud,
Zieht vorüber, Geist aus finstern Jahren,
Komm nicht wieder mit dem alten Leid.

The verses allude to the children's festival, for which this great day is set apart. First, all the schools receive their prizes in the church, after a preparatory religious ceremony ; and nothing can be prettier than to see the blushing little maidens in fresh dresses and wreaths called up to receive, one by one, the testimonials of diligence or good conduct. Some, I was happy to see, still wore the becoming cantonal costume. After this, there is a procession through the streets. The boys are all in arms, of Mars, that is to say, not of nurses ; and it is edifying to see how martially they march and manœuvre, and to hear the “thunder of the beardless captains.” The Jugendwehr of Switzerland is a noble institution. A little free country, surrounded by big military bullies, cannot teach its children too early that their arms must save their heads, and that lesson is most effectually inculcated on such anniversaries as this. After the procession, the collection in the Gymnasium is thrown open to the public, and the relics of Morat are inspected. There are still some of the queer cannon which did the mischief to the wall, put together so rudely, that they must have been more dangerous to friends than enemies—as elephants are said to be in war. And there are arquebuses, halberts, and partizans, double-handed swords, and a huge club covered with spikes—most effectual in a stout hand for smashing armoures or thick skulls under heavy helmets. And in an upper room there is a very creditable picture by a modern artist, showing how the lightly clad, but heavily armed warriors of the mountains, with their faces lit with holy joy, hammered the drooping hivalry with their iron masked and cuirassed hargers into the waters of the lake. I was drawn along by the schoolmaster with the train of boys singing patriotic songs to the heights to the south of the town, over which the battle principally raged. On the way the towers of Morat stood distinct against the sky, and brought to mind the prominent features of Bellinzona. The youth pic-nic'd

under some huge limes ; one of them marked as that under which the Swiss leaders held their council of war. As to my own dinner, it met with an adventure. Whilst I was sitting at the little inn awaiting it, a sheep dog rushed out with a fine piece of kalbsbraten in his mouth, the inhabitants of the inn after him ; he managed, however, to secure his prey and bolt it. His owner, the farmer, was ordered to pay for the kalbsbraten ; he objected to the price charged, which was that which I should have had to pay had it been served to me, and wanted to pay the market-price of the stolen meat. I am not clear how they settled it, but it was the only kalbsbraten to be had, and I had to content myself with “stierenangen,” or broiled eggs, so that I had to keep the festival of Morat on fasting fare. On the brink of the lake stands a grand but simple obelisk of stone, bearing the inscription, “Victoriam, 22 Juni, 1476, patrum concordia partam novo signat lapide Respublica Freiburg. 1822.” A building which once existed, filled with bones and skulls of dead Burgundians, was destroyed by the jealousy of a Burgundian regiment in the French Revolutionary army of 1798 ; an act worthy of the Prussian vandals who broke up the Danish lion on the field of Idstedt. On the whole the scene of this day vividly recalled Macaulay's noble ballad on the battle of the lake Ragillus :

“the proud Ides of Quintilis
For ever marked with white,”

when Rome triumphed over her ancient despot with the thirty Latin cities at his back. But to return to our historical sketch.

Aware of the gathering of the Burgundian storm, Bern and Freiburg sent to Morat a garrison of 1500 men, under the conduct of the gallant Adrian von Bonbenberg. This was in the month of April, and bodies of the enemy began to appear in front of the town. He wrote to the government of Bern : “Do not be in a hurry ; wait for the Confederates. I will hold Morat as long as I have a drop of blood in my veins.” On the 9th of June the whole Burgundian army appeared stretching over two leagues, and deploying to the sound of martial music. On the 19th appeared the van of the Confederates. Never had Switzerland mustered in such strength before. The army was composed of more than 30,000 men, and with the population of that time must have comprised most of the fighting force of the Cantons. There were 11,000 pikes, 10,000 halberts, 10,000 arquebuses, and 4000 horsemen of Lorraine and Alsace, very effective auxiliaries. Under the linden of

Villars-les-Moines the council of war was held. Herter, the commander of the Basle and Strasburg contingent, proposed to fortify the camp after the manner of the enemy, but Felix Keller, of Zurich, exclaimed, "No barricades for us; we will attack as our fathers did." The attack was planned in three corps. The first, forming the van or left wing, was led by the Bernese Hans von Hallwyl, with the Freiburgers Vuippens and Fegely, as lieutenants. The Zurichers, Hans Waldmann and Wilhelm Herter, commanded the centre, the reserve, of the right wing, was commanded by the old councillor of Lucerne, Gaspard Hertenstein. The Count of Thierstein commanded the cavalry. The Duke René, whom Charles the Bold had dispossessed, marched with his halbert on his shoulder like a common soldier in the Confederate ranks. After the usual prayer, the sun broke through the clouds, and lit the verdure of the yet unbloody field. Hallwyl exclaimed, "Confederates, God is with us. He sends his sun to light our victory, as a hundred and thirty-seven years ago he lighted the victory of our fathers at Laupen." The first sweep of the Swiss van surmounted the Burgundian fosse, and took the park of artillery, the artillerymen being slain at their culverins; and quick as thought the men of the Oberland and Entlibuch dragged their own cannon over the ditch and rampart, and brought them to bear on the enemy. Meanwhile, there is a terrible *mêlée* in the central battle where Waldmann is engaged. It sways doubtfully, when Bonbenberg comes to the rescue at the head of the relieved garrison of Morat. Hertenstein, with his reserves, now cuts in, and the hostile masses, shaken before, begin to dissolve. Still there is a focus of resistance where the guards of the Duke stand, and as one would expect when the Duke of Somerset directs the shafts of a body of English archers. But damp weather had slackened the bow-strings. Somerset falls. His yeomen fall around him. The Burgundians are completely routed. Charles, like the great Napoleon, at this fatal moment, loses his head, and gallops off to Payerne with a few cavaliers, struck with consternation at the piles of dead he was leaving on the field, and with the sight of the flower of his chivalry driven like sheep before wolves to be swallowed in the lake. The Swiss gave no quarter. The soldiers of the Count of Romont, who climbed the trees for safety, and thence got the nickname of "squirrels," were reached by avenging arrows. None escaped but the vivandières and female camp followers, who had doubtless served the cause of the Swiss by being in the

way. The number of the slain, always difficult to determine, even now, appears to have been about 15,000, or almost half the number of the Swiss army. The Swiss were afterwards rather proud of the saying, "as cruel as at Morat." But the cruelty of Morat was not purposeless. It secured Swiss independence on a firm basis; and although Switzerland has since been washed over by the tides of war, its conquest and permanent occupation have generally been considered out of the question to this day. May it ever be so; for nations which have preserved their ancient liberties have grown few in number, and we above all others should sympathise with the Swiss, not least, that, like ourselves, probably on account of their freedom, they are among the best abused nations in Europe. It is well known that the sequel of Morat was the defeat and death of Charles close to his usurped capital of Nancy; a just Nemesis! A German proverb says that he lost "Vor Granson das Gut, vor Murten den Muth, vor Nancy das Blut."

G. C. SWAYNE.

A CHAPTER ON PLANTERS.

MAN in his generations, says Homer, is like the trees; "as is the race of leaves, such is that of man." If there were not a constant succession of mankind to take the places of the generation that is dying away year after year, the population of the whole globe would soon show a retrograde change, and our own country, dependent as she is on the increase of her population for her progress in commerce and trade, would exhibit sad marks of a going back on the sun-dial of her prosperity, if the trees cut down year by year were not replaced by others.

The planting of trees, then, may be allowed to take rank among other branches of industry, as an agreeable and useful art, and one which might well be considered even a branch of patriotism, while our strength lay in our "wooden walls" instead of our "iron clads." Moreover, it is an ancient and venerable art. Not to enter into examples taken from the Psalms and the rest of the Old Testament, our classical readers will remember how that Homer describes Laertes as beguiling his sorrow for the prolonged absence of his son by the planting of trees. Pliny enumerates many similar instances. The "Corycius Senex" of Virgil's Georgics finds a solace in the same employment. Horace, too, advises his friend Varus to relieve the anxiety of private life and the cares of public life by planting vines. Scipio rejoiced in planting olive-trees, and Cicero at his Tusculan Villa did the same.

Plutarch tells us that the people of Litternum regarded with superstitious reverence the olive-trees and a beautiful myrtle, which Scipio had planted in their neighbourhood years before. And even Hannibal, the fierce and fell leader of the Punic soldiery, employed his army in the work of planting olive-trees, thus almost realising—in fact, if not in spirit—the beautiful metaphor of Scripture which speaks of “swords and spears” being turned into “plough-shares and pruning hooks.”

It is probable that no trees were planted or transplanted by the hand of man in Britain until the Romans introduced among us the bestnut, the *Castanea mollis* of Virgil. But from that time down to a comparatively recent period, there has never been wanting a due accession of landscape gardeners, who have introduced among us, and largely extended the growth of the various forest trees which add to English scenery that special charm of park-like vegetation which we seldom see abroad.

The greatest planter ever known in Scotland is thought to have been the late James Duff, Earl of Fife, who is said to have realised an immense fortune by planting with useful and valuable timber trees no less than 14,000 acres of land that down to his time had been wholly unproductive. The first Marquis of Breadalbane and the late Duke of Athole are said to have added largely to the value of their respective properties by planting on them some 100,000 of trees apiece. Pope's Lord Thurston, too, planted a vast number of trees in his park near Cirencester; and though he began the work when he was already forty years of age, yet, as he lived to see more than ninety birthdays, he had the pleasure of seeing and walking, of riding and driving, under the shade of trees which he had planted with his own hand. The late Lord Garden-she—*a Scottish Judge of Session*—was a great and enthusiastic planter; and many trees of his rearing embellish the village which he formed close by Lawrencekirk, in the county of Kincardine. “I have tried a variety of the pleasures which mankind pursue,” wrote his lordship, “but I have never realised any of them so much as the enjoyment arising from the progress of this village.” True is it, as Cicero * writes:—*Quid ego vnum satus, ortus, incrementa commemorem? Scari delectatione non possum ut meæ secretis requietem oblectamentumque noscas. . . . Cujus quidem non utilitas in solum, ut ante dixi, sed etiam cultura et ipsa natura delectat; adminiculorum ordines, cultum jugatio, religatio et propagatio vitium,*

sarmentorumque ea, quam dixi, aliorum amputatio, aliorum immissio. . . . Nec verò segetibus solum et pratis et vineis et arbutis res rustice lætæ sunt, sed etiam hortis et pomariis.”

John Evelyn, the philosopher of Wotton, passed much of his time in the planting of trees; and his “*Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees*” is one of the most popular and, in some senses, most valuable works in the entire range of English literature. In a letter to Lady Sunderland, dated Deptford, Aug. 4th, 1690, he thus alludes to his fondness for planting trees and shrubberies:—

When many years ago I came from rambling abroad, observed a little there, and a great deal more since I came home, that gave me much satisfaction, and, as events have proved scarce worth one's pursuit, I cast about how I should employ the time which hangs on most young men's hands, to the best advantage, and when books and severer studies grew tedious, and other impertinence would be pressing, by what innocent diversions I might sometimes relieve myself, without compliance to recreations I took no felicity in, because they did not contribute to any improvement of the mind: this set me upon *planting of trees*, and brought forth my “*Sylva*,” which book, infinitely beyond my expectations, is now also calling for a fourth impression, and has been the occasion of propagating many useful timber-trees throughout this nation. His late Majesty, Charles II., was sometimes pleased to take notice of it to me, and that I had by that book alone incited a world of planters to repair their broken estates and woodes, which the greedy rebels had wasted and made such havoc of. Upon this encouragement I was once speaking to a mighty man, then in despotic power, to mention the greater inclination I had to serve his majesty in a little office (the salary, I think, hardly 300*l.*) whose province was to inspect the timber-trees in his majesty's forests, and take care of their culture and improvement; but this was conferr'd upon another, who, I believe, had seldom been out of the smoke of London, where, tho' there was a greater deal of timber there were not many trees. I confess I had an inclination to the employment upon a publique account as well as its being suitable to my rural genius, borne as I was, at Wotton, among the woods. . . . Thus, madame, I endeavour'd to do my countrymen some little service, in as natural an order as I could for the improving and adorning their estates and dwellings, and, if possible, make them in love with these usefull and innocent pleasures, in exchange of a wastefull and ignoble sloth which I had observed so universally corrupted an ingenious education.

Again, says Evelyn, in another passage, “Let it be observed that planters are often blessed with health and old age,” and he supports his assertion by several Scripture allusions. Writing in his eighty-first year, he adds, “If God shall protract my years, and continue my health, I shall be continually planting till it please Him to transplant me into one of those glorious regions above, planted with perennial groves, and trees bearing immortal fruit.” It should be remembered that besides the classic grounds of Wotton

* De Senectute, ch. xv.

Court, near Dorking,—which still are in the hands of his lineal descendants—Evelyn planted an estate near Deptford, called Sayes Court, a work on which he is said to have spent no less than seventeen years of his life.

Sir Robert Walpole rejoiced to throw aside the cares of statecraft and to spend hours upon hours in planting trees with his own hands; we see with what result in the magnificent trees which are still the pride of his splendid mansion of Houghton, in Norfolk, now the property of the Marquis of Cholmondeley. In a letter to General Churchill, Walpole says:—"This place affords no news, no subject of amusement and entertainment to fine men. My flatterers are mutes: the oaks, the beaches, the chestnuts, seem to contend which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive: they will not lie. I, in return, with sincerity admire them; and have as many beauties about me as fill up all my hours of dangling; and no disgrace attends me from the age of 67."

The greatest planters in Wales were Mr. Johnes of Háford and the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. The former so adorned his mansion and estate of Háford that he is said literally to have "made the desert smile," as Lord Shrewsbury did towards the close of the last century at Alton Towers, in Staffordshire. "Mr. Johnes," says a local writer, "converted Háford from a desert into an earthly paradise." From October, 1795, to April, 1810, this model of a country gentleman planted nearly a million and a quarter of young trees, besides rearing a great many oaks from acorns. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, during his long lifetime, is said to have planted nearly a million of forest trees from 1200 to 1400 feet above the level of the sea, and to have done for Merionethshire what Mr. Johnes had done for South Wales. In the year 1815 he planted in the neighbourhood of Llangollen 30,000 wych-elms, 35,000 mountain elms, 40,000 sycamores, 63,000 Spanish chestnuts, 80,000 oaks, 80,000 ash trees, 90,000 larch firs, 102,000 spruce firs, and 110,000 Scotch firs.

Dr. Watson, well known as a controversial writer in the early part of the present century, and as Bishop of Llandaff, planted many thousands of trees on his estate—Calgarth Park, Westmoreland; and in his "Memoirs" he enters into the following calculation as to the glory of England, her navy, which at that time, of course, was identical with her wooden walls:—"A 74-gun ship takes 2000 trees of two tons each, and supposing forty such trees growing on an acre, clears fifty acres of woodland. Supposing that the navy, for the con-

struction of new ships and the repair of old ones, would require ten times that quantity, 500 acres would supply the annual consumption, and 50,000 acres would supply the demand for ever, if trees of 100 years' growth are large enough for navy timber." E.

ANA.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND HAIR-POWDER.—At a time when gentlemen of every rank and description wore hair-powder and a *queue*, the Duke of Norfolk (then Earl of Surrey), had the courage or singularity to wear his hair short, and to renounce powder, except, of course, when it was necessary to go to court on a *levée* day. True to his fancy, in 1785 he proposed to Pitt to lay a tax on hair-powder instead of one of that minister's proposed taxes on female servants. The hint, though not accepted by Pitt at the time, was acted upon by him some years afterwards, and hair-powder still finds a place in the list of our domestic taxes. In reply to Lord Surrey, Pitt observed that the noble lord, from his high rank and position, might possibly dispense with hair-powder, but that such was not the case with ordinary and untitled individuals, and indeed that few gentlemen would permit their servants to appear before them unpowdered. The last member of the House of Lords, who used to wear his *queue* and hair-powder in his seat among the Peers, was the first Duke of Cleveland, who died a little more than twenty years ago. E. W.

ANOTHER FRUITFUL VINE.—A remarkable instance of fecundity, which deserves to be recorded elsewhere than in the official journal of St. Petersburg, has been published within the last few months. Twenty-two years ago a woman was married to a man named Moltehanow, and from this marriage there sprang six infants one after the other, six times twins, once there were three, and on the last occasion four, which entered the world in the following order: on the 8th April, a boy (living), at midnight of the 9th and some time after, a boy (since dead) and a girl (living), and on the night of the 14th, a girl, also living. The strength of the poor woman was, however, exhausted, and she died, at the somewhat early age of forty. It will be seen, therefore, that she had bestowed on her husband in all twenty-six children, sixteen boys and ten girls. Of this number nineteen have died. The place where this remarkable event, or rather series of events, occurred, was at a village named Tzvetow, in the government of Koursk. G. L.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII. SNAKE CHARMING.

ONE of the most popular of English living writers—good on all points, but specially good in his pleasant practical philosophy—remarked, awhile ago, on that natural law which obliges every grown male to face his liabilities, moral if not financial, whilst performing certain portions of his morning toilette. It seems to me, that the aphorism applies, in a modified shape, also to the ante-prandial hour wherein a man dons leisurely, piece by piece, his evening harness. Ordinary mortals—with no definite object in view, or conversational reputation to sustain—finding themselves under a strange roof, on the point of confronting a large mixed society, are apt at such a season to take stock of their resources and prospects.

So Vincent Flemyng—sitting, half-drowsily, over the blazing fire in his comfortable chamber, whilst his servant made the last necessary preparations—fell, inevitably, to musing over his position at Charteris Royal. His speculations were very parti-coloured.

Turning the roseate side outwards first—there was the pleasant fact of being established in the best possible quarters, with every chance of retaining them, so long as it should please him to tarry; the recollection that he was there, rather by his own will than from the free invitation of others, did not damp his triumph, just then; for it brought with it a grateful consciousness of power. Besides, the tones of Marion's welcome were yet ringing in his ears; was it not likely that she had already repented of her vagaries, and—far from bearing malice—was ready to make peace and amends, after the fashion of bygone days?

But, in folding and re-folding any mantle whatsoever, the dark lining must sooner or later be revealed. Ere long, the hue of Vincent's meditations began to change disagreeably. He was both prompt and pertinacious in his resentments, as you know: he had conceived an antipathy—not unmixed with dread—of Deuzil Ranksborough, from the first mo-

ment of their meeting in the town-hall of Torr-caster: he could not disguise from himself, that the man who had supplanted him seemed dangerously at home here. Moreover, Flemyng's eyes were sharp enough to have remarked, on entering the green drawing-room, that Ranksborough was sitting alone, and aloof from the rest of the party: it needed no very vivid or suspicious imagination to fill up the blank space at his side. With that, rose the memory of certain glances that Vincent had intercepted, in the course of that same evening at Torr-caster: he could not mis-construe these, any more than that look of mingled aversion and scorn, when Marion rose under his hand, and defied him. In truth, the *châtelaine* of Charteris Royal, enthroned in the midst of her own set, appeared a much less impressionable and assailable personage, than the Fiametta of eighteen months back. Eighteen months? Why, it seemed as many years, since he heard her so re-christened.

Besides all this, there was the reluctance, common to most men of his temperament, when they have to encounter a company of comparative strangers. For, with all his vanity and outward superciliousness, Flemyng's self-possession and self-reliance were, really, below par: though he owned it not to himself, and would never have forgiven you, had you hinted at such a possibility, he felt ill at ease in certain presences and situations—not so much from natural shyness as from want of nerve. He felt instinctively, that he had little sympathy to expect from the society then assembled at Charteris Royal: neither was the master of the house likely to afford him countenance or support. Only under one banner could he hope to battle successfully: *il fallait arborer le cotillon*.

Now this state of things is exceedingly depressing and discouraging, even to persons of strong or stolid mind.

Some years ago, half-a-score of men were sitting round the dinner-table of a pleasant country-house, not many leagues from Don-caster. It was the evening of a Leger very

disastrous to backers ; and nearly everyone present had been plunging more or less heavily. But they were a tolerably seasoned lot, and, thus far, had taken their punishment gallantly if not gaily. At a very late hour, some demon—cloaking his malice under the specious pretext of ‘what is due to society’—prompted one of the party to observe—

“Don’t you think, it’s about time we joined the ladies?”

There was a pause ; and then made answer a cynic, bolder than the rest—

“How can we do that—*when they haven’t got a single feeling in common with us?*”

The dreadful truth of the objection (for only the males had gone in to Doncaster that day), added to the contrast, of present defeat with the hopeful speculations of the evening before, struck every one, only too forcibly. The proposer of the move looked in his fellows’ faces ; and—finding there only the reflection of his own discontent—gave up the suggestion, with a dreary laugh ; and they all fell again to moody drinking.

Just at this point in Flemyng’s reflections, he chanced to remember that hint of Marion’s, concerning some great attraction that he was to meet at Charteris Royal. He had forgotten those words almost as soon as they were spoken ; but he turned his head, lazily, now, to ask his servant if he knew who were staying in the house, and who had come that day.

The man had not had time to gather a complete list ; but he ran over seven or eight names ; amongst them were those of Sir Marmaduke and Lady Dorrillon. The slight start that Vincent could not repress must have been as purely instinctive and unaccountable as the shiver which, according to old wives’ tales, warns us that a foot is treading on our grave. He had never been near enough to Lady Dorrillon to touch the hem of her garment ; and had only seen her about a score of times, in the Park or at the Opera ; for Vincent had never yet entered into London society—properly so called. On each and every one of these occasions, he had been impressed—as who was not?—with her marvellous beauty ; and had, perhaps, once or twice, watched with a vague envy the coming and going of such ‘gilded youths’ as had the *entrée* to her box on the grand tier. But it had never entered even into his vanity to conceive, that he could himself be brought actually within the range of her artillery. Nor, indeed, did it so occur to him, now. After that utterly inexplicable start of surprise, he felt only that disinterested gratification, mingling with a faint curiosity, that might affect any of us, finding ourselves unexpectedly under the same roof with some

royal or famous personage. If he speculated at all, it was to wonder, who might chance to be the lady’s favourite for the nonce ; with a shadowy idea of gaining some useful hints from their proceedings.

The sum of Vincent’s meditations came to this. He would secure a few confidential words with Marion as soon as possible. If he attained no other advantage, he would at least be able to ascertain his own position more clearly, and become aware of the general ‘lie’ of the social ground at Charteris Royal. He knew that it was the lady’s habit, to be first in the state-saloon wherein the guests assembled before dinner ; and he resolved to bring off one of the brief *tête-à-têtes*, that had been not unfrequently managed in the old times. He was wise enough to be aware that he had pushed intimidation quite far enough already ; and was now prepared to accept any decent overtures of peace ; without scanning the conditions too closely.

With these magnanimous intentions, the gallant addressed himself to the business of his toilette, without further delay ; and got through it as rapidly as was consistent with a little extra in certain details ; such as the arrangement of the profuse glossy hair which was still one of the best points in his personal appearance.

About a quarter before eight, Vincent laid his hand on the lock of the state drawing-room ; with a confidential smile ready on his lip, that meant—all sorts of things ; condonation of the past ; intelligence for the present ; solicitation for the future. With this expression—really artistic in its way—he intended to bear down upon Marion, as she sate in her favourite corner, near the further angle of the huge fire-place, and facing the main entrance.

As the heavy oak swung noiselessly on its cunningly-wrought hinge, a low murmur came from within : as Flemyng stood still and listened mechanically, he could discern two voices ; one of which he knew for Marion Charteris’. A bitter blasphemy crept out between his teeth—he had grown terribly apt at cursing of late—as he thought, whose that other might be ? For ten seconds or so, he hesitated whether to advance or retire : then he entered ; clearing his brow as best he might, for he felt it lowering sullenly.

But the cloud lifted from his face, before he had gone three steps beyond the threshold ; for then he was aware that one of her own sex was Marion’s solitary companion.

The stranger was sitting with her back to the door ; she never stirred from her half-reclining posture as it opened ; and never stayed the slow sway to-and-fro, of the gor-

geous feather-screen, which she seemed to hold rather as a plaything than a guard ; for a jutting angle of the ponderous carved mantel shielded her from direct fire-heat. So, as Vincent Flemyng advanced, he only saw the topmost tresses of a glossy dark coronal ; and here and there, the soft subdued shimmer that comes only from perfect pearls. But he knew as well, as if he had perused the picture at his leisure, that he was looking then, on a beauty world-renowned ; and that ten steps more would bring him face to face with Flora Dorrillon.

As I have said before, Vincent would have resented the imputation of bashfulness, as a mortal insult : nevertheless, it is certain that he would have waxed nervously diffident, then, had time been given him to think. But, before he quite reached her side, Marion Charteris looked up, with her merriest glance of mischief ; and beckoned him nearer with a sort of impatience.

"How dreadfully slow and languid everyone is, now-a-days. Vincent—you glide into the room as if you were going to tread a minuet ; and Flora—you won't rouse yourself for three seconds ; though I've been setting my heart on this meeting for ever so long. And it is so lucky, that it should happen before any of the stupid people come down. I mean you two to be the greatest allies. Such very old friends of mine might dispense with formalities. But, wait—I'll go through the ceremony properly.

She rose, and performed the presentation in due course, with a courtly stateliness, wonderfully graceful in despite of its mock-solemnity.

In Lady Dorrillon's smile there was less of mirth, than of apology and appeal : it said, as plainly as if the words had been uttered,

"You know this madcap, as well as I do ? You won't hold me accountable for her wild humour ?"

And the long lash-fringes were lifted slowly till the full light of her earnest eyes rested on Vincent's face ; dwelling there, whilst she went on speaking.

"I am very glad, we have met at last, Mr. Flemyng. I have heard so much of you of late, that you hardly seem a stranger, now. And from others, besides Marion. Did you know that Everard St. John was a cousin of mine ? He has talked of nothing but your Nile voyage since he came back ; except when he has bemoaned his being prevented going on with you through Palestine. He has shown me some sketches, too—only two or three—just enough to make me long to see more of your handiwork. It would be odd if we did not get on well, for a little while, at

least : we have so much common ground to talk on."

As she ended, she held out her gloved hand, quite naturally and frankly ; yet, in that action, there was nothing brusque or bold : but rather a graceful waiving of superfluous ceremony.

If you have at all realised the overweening vanity, and extreme sensitiveness as to his own social position, that were salient points in Vincent Flemyng's character, you will be able to form a fair idea of his state of mind at this especial moment.

In all his life he had never felt so triumphantly elated. It has been hinted before that, even in earlier days, he was not insensible to certain solid advantages, not of the most creditable nature, attaching to the post of cavalier-in-waiting to Mrs. Charteris ; the recollection of these may have helped to fan his wrath, when he saw—or thought he saw—himself supplanted. It is shameful to write, but true. At the bottom of Vincent Flemyng's passion lay, not only intense selfishness, but a calculating fore-cast most unusual with men of his years. He had come over to-day, in full confidence of wringing some valuable concessions from Marion, even if it were hopeless to regain her favour ; but such a triumph as this had never entered into his dreams of dictation.

A new vista in life seemed to open before him, as name after name rose in his memory of men far removed above their fellows, in rank and wealth and power, if not in virtue or wisdom, who had, from time to time, glittered in the courtly circle that called Flora Dorrillon, queen. In that circle might not he—Vincent Flemyng—be already numbered ? Had not the Sovereign herself—of whose imperial caprice so many tales were told—promised him advancement even before she claimed his homage ? He was on terms of *tutoiement*—at second-hand—with these two fair women already ; for his own Christian name seemed to mingle naturally with theirs. That first familiar address, was a great, if unintentional, stroke of Marion's policy.

Altogether, Vincent was so perturbed, that he could hardly mutter some incoherent common-places, as he bent over the slender gloved hand—rather lower than courtesy demanded ; so low indeed, that the gesture wanted but little to have made it a salute.

Would it have taught him caution or distrust, if he had looked behind him just then, and marked the scornful mischief gleaming in his old love's eyes ?

All this, which is so long on paper, was brief enough in action : yet the time for confidences was passed, almost before Flemyng

stood erect again. For the centre-door opened, to admit one guest after another in rapid succession. But Flora Dorrillon was none of those who do their work negligently. The faintest possible gesture of her fan told Vincent that he need not stir from her side just yet : indeed, though she favoured others with a few careless words, as it were in passing, she did not virtually break off her talk with him till dinner was announced.

That talk had turned only on the most ordinary topics conceivable : nevertheless, as Vincent followed in the wake of the others, he was sensible of a strange bewildering lightness of heart and brain, mingling with a keen pleasure, that made the pulse throb almost painfully : he remembered vaguely having felt much the same, whilst yielding to the influence of his first dose of *hachis*. It was lucky that neither of his neighbours at table were disposed to draw heavily upon Flemyng's conversational bank ; for it is most certain that such drafts would, that night, have been recklessly dishonoured.

There were the elements of a tolerably pleasant party there ; if one were in form to appreciate them. It is not worth while to give a *catalogue raisonné* ; but one or two more figures may be picked out, that you may the better realise the scene-accessories amidst which the chief characters move.

Do you see that dainty dame, dressed in the very perfection of quiet taste ; sitting, as it were, in the shadow of the huge centre-pyramid of foliage and flowers, so that the light of the chandeliers falls on her with a chastened brilliance ? That is Lady Greystoke—not lightly to be spoken of by whose admires Art in all its branches : she is probably the choicest extant master-piece of cosmetic science.

"A perfect picture"—says Flora Dorrillon, scanning her critically through the mask of leaves.

The words are not more malicious than true. It would be well for many of our modern *tintoretis* if they bestowed as much care in choosing and laying on their colours, as Lady Greystoke's artists expend on their handiwork. She began 'painting' quite early in life—none knew why—when her complexion could have faced any scrutiny, unaided : she has gone on painting ever since ; not straining after absurd juvenility ; but gently toning down the evidences of advancing years ; she has allowed a soft sprinkle of silver already to appear amongst her glossy braids ; and she will glide gracefully down the decline till she shall show us how old age can be charming without ceasing to be venerable : but—she

will paint, to the very end ; and murmur perchance with her latest breath—

. . . . Give this cheek a little red ;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead.

The man on Lady Greystoke's right, emphasising his rapid utterance with a mobile energy of gesture, and incessant eye-twinkles, is Robert De Visme ; also a remarkably clever person in his way.

Despite his foreign patronymic, and rather foreign vivacity of manner, he is an Englishman bred and born ; not particularly well-bred or born, either. For many years he was a hard-working barrister fairly successful, if not eminent in his profession : it was not very long ago, that they made him Commissioner of Unstamped Deeds. From his earliest start in life he had had one object steadfastly before him—a seat in the high places of society : for this he had worked patiently and sedulously, as many work for a seat on the Woolsack. He was not only himself a capital talker ; but possessed the rarer talent of making others talk in their turn ; after spending an evening in his company, you might fail to recollect any single brilliant witicism falling from De Visme's own lips ; but you would certainly remember that the conversation had never once languished ; and would, perchance, be impressed with an agreeable conviction of having contributed your own full share to the general amusement. Men began to ask him to mess, or to their bachelor dinners, long before they thought of introducing him to their home-circle, or to their feminine relatives : but invitations of a somewhat informal character, to river pic-nics and the like out-door festivities began at last to drop in : thenceforward he found his way, slowly but surely, upward, till he settled into his present position, which he holds, as he holds his Commissionership, 'for life, and during good behaviour.'

From the moment that his foot was set fairly down within the Inner Circle, Robert De Visme took his own line, and has kept it ever since. He knew right well that Beauty is never more avid of homage, than when she can arrogate it no longer : he knew how keenly ears—once disdainfully deaf—watch for the lightest sound, when

*Parcus junctas quatiant fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi ;*

and he turned this knowledge to good account. Leaving to those who are 'to the manner born,' the budding charms of spring, and the maturer glories of summer, he has constituted himself the squire of such dames as must own to late autumn, if not to early winter. In

rendering this devotion, he ran, you will perceive, no risk whatever : his own peace of mind was, evidently, as safe as that of the ancient matrons whom he delighted to honour : beyond the grand climacteric there is a case-mate—safe if somewhat dreary—proof against all the artillery of scandal. But these harmless *petits soins* he knew how to invest with an earnestness and air of reality, which saved them from insipidity ; the anecdotes, too, with which his talk was thickly studded, were always sufficiently spiced to suit the palate of his hearers : so that the Pompadour *en retraite* in the draught of mawkish water found all the flavour of the old forbidden wine.

In counting on quinquagenarian gratitude, De Visme reckoned not without his hostesses : his table, during the season, is strewn with as many cards as that of the most eligible guardsman ; and the doors are open to him of more country-houses than he has time to enter. He might have married more than once, advantageously in point of rank and money ; but he has enough, and more than enough, for his needs ; and is well aware that he would not better his position by altering his state. So, though Lady Greystoke—his 'first mistress' for the nonce—is a widow of some years' standing, neither she nor the rest of the world are likely to misconstrue his attentions.

That elderly man, near the upper end of the table, with a fine benevolent face, and hair like white spun-glass—leaning forward with an air of gentle deference, to answer a laughing remark of Mrs. Charteris—is also rather a note-worthy character.

Cecil Castlemaine is the younger brother of a penniless earl : he started in social business some two-score years ago, with a patrimony of three thousand pounds, his wits, and the honourable handle to his name. One division of his capital was spent in about eighteen months ; the other two have maintained him ever since, living on the fatlings and first-fruits of the land.

Trainer in ordinary to the Nobility. There you have his profession : though only tacitly acknowledged, it has long been as clearly defined as if he dated his letters from Middleham or Ilkley. Yet, there is not the faintest taint of the Mulberry Hawk about Cis Castlemaine. He neither plunders his pupil in person, nor stands in with other robbers ; but, as far as lies in his power, will prevent the youth from being bled more freely than is good for a plethoric financialist. When the heir to the Marquisate of Carabbas comes to his own, and requires that his house be set in order, or 'mounted,' as becomes his station, he betakes himself to Mr. Castlemaine, and

prays that respectable personage to tarry with him, till all these things be completed. There is no compact, of course—verbal or written ; but all is not the less thoroughly understood. Nor does Cecil consider that he under-lies any obligation, in thus living in perpetual free-quarters. Independently of his own practical usefulness to his entertainers—he considers it the bounden duty of wealthy and well-born youths, to minister to the necessities of the veterans in their own class ; such necessities being the *primeurs* of every clime. With the newly-enriched plebeians, until after the third generation, he will have nought to do.

Truly, Cecil is anything but a vulgar parasite. His manner—perfect at all times—savours of the deference of the Old School, with womankind : but with his own sex he is more apt to lead than to follow ; in his extreme of courtesy there is not a shadow of obsequiousness. His manner of speaking is slow, and somewhat solemn, without being exactly sententious ; and at times, there is a sort of suave sternness in his demeanour that rarely fails of producing its effect. The most pampered menials were never known to treat Mr. Castlemaine lightly or irreverently ; indeed, in certain establishments, such as have been already alluded to, you would see the servants, occasionally, look to him for orders, even in presence of their natural lord. And so he floats contentedly down the Great Stream, attracting the envy, if not the admiration, of many ; in very truth, though it is difficult to respect, it is impossible quite to despise him.

His present charge is that small pale youth, whose smooth face is stamped with such a palpable impress of precocious cunning, that it reminds you irresistibly of the legends concerning fairy changelings.

Lionel Hardress comes of a very ancient and wealthy stock ; the scions of which, for many generations, have been more famous for their vices than their virtues. The present representative of the family is not likely to compromise himself by any extravagant follies, or costly sins. But if the spirits that led his forefathers astray have departed from him, there has come in their stead, a cold selfish avaricious devil, worse—some would think—than all the other seven. He took to the Turf before he was fairly of age, and, in the first year of his apprenticeship, contrived to make himself both disliked and dis-trusted by the more reputable members of the craft : even the ring-men are beginning to be shy already about meddling with his money, either as backers or layers ; and deem it best to leave the

Hardress 'good things' entirely alone. He is by no means a pupil after Cis Castlemaine's heart; and people say that ere long the tutor will give sharp and sudden warning.

One more sketch—and a sadder one—again of a man far advanced in years; who sits on Marion Charteris' left hand.

In those features there are traces still of a personal beauty, in spite of the weary pain-stricken look which is, plainly, habitual there. There is a haggard watchful expression in the eyes, half-timorous withal; the frequent nervous smiles are so mechanically courteous, that they light not up his face a whit. If you are easily moved at sight of human misery, I think you would begin to pity that old man, before hearing his name: if you did not do so, after learning his story, you would be harder of heart than—*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*.

In the latter days of the Regency, Sir Marmaduke Dorrillon was at the zenith of his evil fame; about this period he fought that famous night-duel which some ancient gossips in Florence have scarcely yet forgotten. He had succeeded one of his own countrymen in the good graces of a fair Marchesa; the latter boasted one afternoon, at the Casino d' Nobili, somewhat too loudly, of a certain love-token which he still wore. Sir Marmaduke only heard of this after sun-down; and the two men crossed swords before the moon was high. The Englishman knew himself to be less cunning of fence; and deliberately exposed his own left side; when he felt the cold steel in his shoulder, he threw himself forward on the blade, and drove his own home, till hilt and breast-bone clashed. That same night, at the Opera, Dorrillon sat, in his accustomed place, close behind the Marchesa's white shoulder. He tarried not long; only long enough, to give the lady back the trinket which had cost a life; and to whisper a few words that made her cheek paler than his own: then, in the sight of all Florence, he kissed her hand in courtly farewell, and went his way—to see her face no more.

Perhaps Sir Marmaduke was not worse than the other dandy dare-devils of that wild time; nevertheless, it may be presumed that, in his hot youth and fiery manhood, he did rather more than his fair share of mischief to man and woman—to foe and friend. If it was so, retribution has rarely been more complete on this side of the grave, than that which has fallen on him.

He loves his wife, not with a sober paternal affection, suited to the difference in their years; but with the helpless, consuming passion which is, often, the heaviest curse of undis-

ciplined old age. He is so nervously afraid of irritating her, that he dares not even look disapprobation of any of her proceedings; indeed, his whole life is spent in striving to anticipate her caprices; thinking himself overpaid for the costliest sacrifice, by a faint careless smile, or a cold formal caress.

But you will see more of Flora's husband, anon.

There are more faces round that table, that would scarcely pass unnoticed in a crowd: but you need not pause to examine them; for some you know already, and others may as well remain strange to you, for aught that they have to do with this tale of ours.

Yet you may find something amusing, if not instructive, if, for a few seconds, you watch Bertie Grenvil.

The Cherub's countenance is a perfect study of mild melancholy: it is only too plain, that he is endeavouring—not unsuccessfully—to induce his neighbour to sympathise with his sorrows. By all that's atrocious—the neighbour is no other than Minnie Carrington.

Mrs. Charteris, despite the press of her own affairs, had found leisure to remark that promising flirtation at the Torrecaster ball. Being exceedingly good-natured and indulgent in these matters—on the *non ignara mali* principle—she has asked the Carringtons to dine and sleep, quite out of their turn; for the ordinary Chalkshire squirearchy are invited to Charteris Royal, according to a regular 'roster.'

The mother—a good woman, but vain and weak withal—could not bring herself to put aside the unwonted honour; but she has begun to repent herself ere this; and tries to counteract her imprudence, by shooting volleys of warning glances at her daughter, accompanied by short sharp coughs at intervals: the poor lady might as well reserve herself for the reprimand which will, sooner or later to-night, be Minnie's portion; for the damsel's eyes and ears have, just now, a special retainer.

Bertie Grenvil knows how to ride a mile-race as well as most men; and he is forcing the running remorselessly. Minnie has found courage—not without much blushing and pretty hesitations—to attempt a little meek chaff on his celestial nick-name; requesting to be enlightened as its origin, &c.

To which the Cherub makes answer with a diabolical gravity—

"It was because I was so very innocent, when I joined; and so childishly easy to be imposed upon. And I'm not a bit harder or wiser now, Miss Carrington. If you only knew how dreadfully people take advantage of me—your sex, worst of all. But one wouldn't so much mind being trampled upon, if they

would be a little sorry for one sometimes. You're all so pitiless ; that's the worst of it."

And Minnie—having some vague intention of putting in a disclaimer of mercilessness on her own account—looks up timidly in the speaker's face ; but her long lashes droop in a sudden shyness nearly akin to fear ; and she subsides into roseate silence. Of a truth, there are not many women of her innocence and age, who—when he means mischief in earnest—can meet, untroubled, Bertie Grenvil's eyes.

And, all this while, Vincent Flemmyng sits, like one in a dream, eating and drinking, mechanically, what is set before him, with an utter disregard of the proper succession of meats, or mixture of liquors. If he rouses himself for a moment from his reverie, his glances wander, not towards the top of the long table, where Lord Ranksborough holds the right-hand place of honour ; but rather towards the lower end, there in the proximity of Lady Dorrillon, John Charteris's arid conversational powers have been forced into unnatural bloom ; whilst his dull respectable face hangs out temporary lumination in her honour.

(To be continued.)

TEGA.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.)

By the river's bank at ev'ning
Loud a fair maid's ditty rang,
Calling home her geese from wand'ring,
Thus the black-eyed maiden sang :
Tega, tega, tega, my geese come home !
Seek me not, ye lords and ladies ;
Leave me rather wand'ring free :
What are all your gold and beauty
And your palaces to me ?
Tega, tega, tega, my geese come home !
'Tis enough to have him by me ;
Life its happy course shall hold :
Tears are bitter ; but the bitt' rest
Are the tears that fall on gold.
Tega, tega, tega, my geese come home ! J. B.

THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA.

IN a recent number of the Times, Governor Prentiss, of Jamaica, is reported to have spoken as follows:—"To the fidelity and loyalty of the Maroons it is due that the negroes did not commit greater devastations, and that the rebellion has not been a more protracted one. It is owing to them also, under the able leadership of their indefatigable former captain, now Colonel Fyfe, that the chief rebel leader, Paul Bogle, was captured, and that the recesses of the mountain fastnesses were searched, and the insurgents captured, destroyed, or driven from them." A short account of these people, therefore, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

In 1655, when Jamaica was taken by the English from the Spaniards, several of the Spanish inhabitants went over to their own island of Cuba ; and, as if wishing not to be too far separated from the home whence they had been driven, they settled themselves on that line of the Cuban coast which was only twenty-four hours sail from their beloved Jamaica. Some families, however, with numerous slaves, remained at the north and north-eastern part of the island.

We had not many troops at that time in Jamaica ; only a sufficient number to occupy the southern coast, so that there was no one to interfere with the clustering together of these Spanish families in a town called Sevilla Nueva, which was situated near St. Ann's Bay, and which had risen to some consequence under the Spaniards.

For some time they had lived there unmolested, keeping up an intercourse with their countrymen, who had been compelled to abandon Jamaica, and who, no doubt, often cast longing looks over the wide waters towards the home whence they had been driven. At length Don Arnoldo de Sasi, the vanquished Spanish governor of Jamaica, with five hundred of the exiled Spaniards and a thousand troops from Spain, landed at Rio Nuevo, and immediately proceeded to build a fort there.

Captain Doyley, the English governor of the island, no sooner heard of this invasion than he marched up from Kingston with a body of six hundred men, attacked the Spaniards, and forced them, after a severe battle, to abandon their settlement and seek refuge in Cuba.

After this contest numbers of the Spanish slaves were missing ; they had fled to the woods for shelter in different parts of the island—the great primeval woods, whose soil in many parts had never been trodden by the foot of man ; and these fugitive slaves were called *Maroons*, or hog-hunters.

For many years they carried on a troublesome and desultory warfare against the English inhabitants of Jamaica, encouraging rebellion and harbouring runaway slaves. Collecting in large numbers in the mountains of Clarendon, under a chief called Juan de Bolas, they distressed the small island settlers by their nightly predatory excursions, plundering houses, destroying cattle, and carrying off slaves by force. For many years they retarded the settlement of that part of the island of Jamaica, keeping the estate-holders in continual alarm, obliging them to build their houses very much in the style of forts, with flankers and loop-holes for the purpose of

firing on the assailants when they advanced too near. After the death of Juan de Bolas, they wandered about in small parties under petty leaders, but hearing that it had been decreed by the Legislature of the island to penetrate, if possible, with an armed force the recesses of the forest, and seize the marauders, they consulted together and found it necessary to elect a chief of wisdom and prudence, bold, skilful, and enterprising, and such a commander they considered they had found in a negro called Cudjoe.

He appointed his brothers Accompong and Johnny leaders under him, and in a very short time the Clarendon Maroon party became a well disciplined body of men, strong in their wood fastnesses, which could not be invaded.

All efforts to subdue them proved ineffectual: though they suffered greatly from surprises and well-projected attacks, their numbers continued to increase: for they were joined from time to time by discontented slaves, principally those imported from the Coromantee country, on the coast of Africa, a people inured to savage warfare.

Yet negroes from other tribes joined Cudjoe, the Cattawood party and the Kencuffees, in which line the succession of their chiefs continued. At this time, too, a curious set of negroes joined the Clarendon Maroons, a people concerning whose origin no actual information could be obtained. They had been imported from Africa, but their skin was of a deeper jet than that of the ordinary negro; they intermarried with the Maroons, and became a part of that body of people. Their features resembled those of the European; their hair had not the tight curl which is the peculiar characteristic of the negro, but was wavy, soft, and glossy; their form was delicate, and their stature low; and, though evidently not possessing the hardiness and strength of nerve belonging to the negroes around them, they were less indolent in motion, and more industrious and energetic than their sable brethren. The Maroons did not confine themselves to the Clarendon district of Jamaica, but took possession of the forest-land in different parts of the island,—at Trelawny, Montigo Bay, Spring Vale, and at the eastern end of the country they had their strongholds.

Before 1730 their warfare was carried on under Cudjoe in a regular and disciplined manner. Guerilla warfare, short skirmishes with sudden attacks, was their favourite mode of fighting. They were more provident of their ammunition than the white troops. Though Cudjoe's settlements and provisions were frequently destroyed, though from time to time he was driven back into the woods,

still he was not conquered. He would issue out again with his men, placing a strong guard at the mouth of the defile, and then cautiously ascending the mountain, would fire down on the enemy.

At length Cudjoe removed his seat of government from Clarendon to Trelawny, and was quite a Leonidas in his choice of position, which was at the entrance of a deep glen plentifully supplied with water, and accessible only by a very narrow defile. His brother Accompong he established on the northern borders of St. Elizabeth, where the country afforded plenty of cattle.

For several years the Maroons thus lived in a state of savage freedom, in indolence while their provisions lasted and ravaging the surrounding country when these were exhausted. It is said that while committing these depredations they were tolerably quiet, unless by any accident blood became visible, and then no chief had power to stay the hand of his meanest follower. So anxious did they become to destroy life while thus excited, that they were too impatient to torture their prisoner, but despatched him as speedily as possible.

This continuous and harassing warfare with the Maroons was most distressing to the inhabitants of Jamaica, and in accordance with the earnest wishes of the whole white community the Governor proposed a treaty of peace.

It was stipulated in this treaty that Cudjoe, his captains and adherents, were to enjoy a state of entire freedom, that they were to keep in their possession a large tract of land lying near Trelawny town, and be allowed peaceably to cultivate the soil and sell the produce thereof at the Jamaica markets, but that they were to be true and loyal subjects to the king, and to be ever ready to assist in putting down rebellion among the slaves.

Dr. Russell was chosen to conduct the treaty with this singular and wild people. They were tired of war, and Cudjoe had sense to know that the proposal of the British Government was by no means a disadvantageous one. Yet the Maroons could not quite trust the white men; so Cudjoe collected his force, and cautiously awaited the approach of the peace-makers—for Dr. Russell was accompanied by two friends. The negro chief had chosen a spot favourable for immediate action should anything like treachery be intended on the part of the English. His men were placed on a broad mountain ledge, the extremity narrowing into a passage, upon which the fire of the whole body might bear. In one of those deep dells, quite in the back-

ground, the women and children were concealed, and their valuable things deposited under the earth. Dr. Russell went forward alone, and begged to see Cudjoe. The chief soon appeared,—a short, very stout man, with strongly-marked African features, and a peculiar wildness in his manners. He had a large hump on his back, partly covered by the tattered remnant of an old blue coat, for he wore no shirt; a pair of loose trousers not reaching to his knees, and a small round hat without any rim, completed his eccentric costume. On his right side hung a horn with some powder in it, and a bag of large cut slugs. Under his left arm, supported by a narrow strap that went round his shoulder, was a musket or short broadsword, and his person, clothes, and accoutrements were all soiled and stained with the red-brown earth of that part of the country. Dr. Russell was soon joined by his friend Col. Guthrie, who offered to change hats with Cudjoe as a token of friendship. To this he agreed, and at length timidly entered into conversation with the deputy, persuading some of his men to come down from the rocks and stand by him, keeping possession of their arms.

Cudjoe then threw himself on the ground, embracing the white men's legs, kissing their feet, and asking their pardon. All his habitual ferocity seemed to have forsaken him, and he was at once humble, penitent, and object. His men made many attestations of joy when they found they were to be friends with the white people.

Under a large cotton tree, growing in the middle of the town, the treaty was signed, after which, with a few occasional outbreaks, the Maroons went on very well, assisting the white men to discover runaway slaves; and their help in this matter was invaluable, from the ease with which they traversed the woods. In 1795 the Maroon war broke out, but they were not at all disloyal, for the Accompong Maroons—those who had had for their leader Cudjoe's brother Accompong—stood by the white men with unswerving courage, as did also other companies of this extraordinary set of people.

I cannot enter into all the details of this war. Although Lord Balcarras, the governor, had 1500 regular troops under his command, and some thousands of militia, yet the nature of the country distressed them in their marches; while to the Maroon, rock or precipice, tangled wood or slippery steep, presented no obstacle whatever, and their forest fastnesses were impregnable. The guerilla warfare cut off our men in numbers, and the public mind, considerably agitated by the great revolution in

France and the state of affairs in St. Domingo, was very much in fear of a revolt of the slaves throughout the island.

At this crisis, a commander of the Spanish chasseurs offered, with a few of his men, accompanied by their Cuba dogs, to bring in the rebellious Maroons from their strongholds in the heart of the great forest.

These dogs were well broken in: that is to say, they never killed the object they pursued, unless they were resisted. On reaching a fugitive negro they barked at him till he stood still; then, crouching near him, terrified him by growls whenever he attempted to move, at the same time barking occasionally to give notice to the chasseurs of their success, who, when they arrived, easily secured their prisoners.

When the Maroons found that they had lost the security of the woods, they surrendered in vast numbers. Many of them were sent to Nova Scotia, the people there engaging them in a kind of apprenticeship.

The very first winter that these negroes spent in Nova Scotia was one of unusual severity. While it lasted the Maroons were housed, fed, and kept warm, amusing themselves sometimes throughout the whole day by playing at cards. However, when the warmer weather came, softening the streams and smiling on the pastures, the Maroon was unwilling to work, in many instances sulkily refusing to do so.

This state of things could not be continued, and the negroes were sent off to Sierra Leone, the Maroons in Africa having consented to receive them.

For some little time Jamaica was tranquil, but in 1798 a band of runaway slaves formed themselves into a body under a negro leader called Cuffee. Their stronghold was in the heights of the Trelawny mountains. The banditti gradually increased, and excited the greatest alarm in the country.

Lord Balcarras convoked the Assembly, sending against the rebels that kind of force which effectually dispersed them. He ordered that the Accompong Maroons should accompany the militia, "for," said he, "they are a body of men who have ever remained faithful to their King and country."

The Maroons still keep up a distinct character among the negroes in Jamaica, and the descendants of the Accompong Maroons are at the present time among the bravest in warfare engaged in putting down this dreadful rebellion. Strange that Governor Eyre bears testimony to their good conduct in words of the same import as those spoken by Lord Balcarras full seventy years ago.

METAMORPHOSIS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ROBERT REINICK.)



LAUGHING spoke to me the maiden,
 "Seest thou high above me flying
 Yonder bird that in wide circles
 Midst the crimson clouds doth flutter?
 Up, and art thou such a certain
 Shot as thou art always boasting,
 Take thy aim and strike him surely,
 Let him at my feet be lying."
 Thus, then, spoke to me the maiden.

I the bow then rashly grasping,
 Aim'd in haste to shoot the creature—
 Dazzled by the clouds of crimson,
 Lo! I miss'd the mark, and, failing,
 Saw the mark at which I aim'd
 Was in the eyes of that fair maiden.

Woe! there whizz'd an arrow sharp
 Through the air, my heart transfixing,
 And I sank down, bleeding, wounded—
 At the feet sank of the maiden.

Then the bird flew through the air,
 On a rosebush he descended,
 And the startled little rosebuds
 Hush'd up into roses glowing;—
 Nestled close among the branches
 Sat a little wing'd urchin,
 To the maiden spoke he laughing:
 "See the bird becomes the hunter,
 And the hunter is the victim;
 Take him, he is thine for ever."

JULIA GODDARD.

ORPHANS IN ENGLAND.

BRITISH charity is magnificent. Magnificent, not in the sense only that it is full to overflowing, generous, and profuse, but that it is imperial in its tastes. The source of its liberality is, like the ocean that beats upon its coasts, boundless; not a human want met, if made known, is rapidly and feelingly applied; not a human ailment, but meets the good physician hastening to relieve and mitigate; not a sigh bursts from the friendless heart, but a kindly heart is ready to offer sympathy and consolation. So true is it, as Sir John Lubbock says, that:—

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar,

and penetrate the darkest recesses of poverty, the deepest chambers of affliction.

It is, however, in the manner in which British charity is dispensed, that it becomes magnificent.

We do not mean to arrogate for Great Britain a monopoly of the virtue of charity. Thank God, wherever there is distress, wherever there is need of comfortable words or generous acts, the wide world through, there will be found the apostle of consolation, offering the cup of cold water to the parched lip, or the soothing oil to the wounded pilgrim. But British charity is more extended and varied, embraces out every form of misery, mental and physical, and has institutions of its own, which we look for in vain in other countries.

We might take our hospitals, for example, which are unrivalled in the world, and which celebrated American writer did not hesitate to boast he envied us. There is St. Bartholomew's—one, only, amongst the numerous alms institutions of London. Where will we find a similar institution, either in the excellence of its internal arrangements, the extent of its relief, or the imposing grandeur of its architectural features? The old Maison Dieu of Paris, although, of late years, considerably enlarged, and now being entirely rebuilt on a larger scale, was nothing to it. Again, we may turn with justifiable pride to our educational charities, and where shall we find any similar educational charities in the world? If we confine ourselves to London, there is Christ's Hospital, and the Charter House; if we quit London, there are the Bedford schools, and Weston's schools at Bristol; and, were we inclined, we might throw in Eton, and Harrow, and Rugby, the Canterbury and Winchester schools, and many others, which are mainly established and endowed for the purpose of encouraging and promoting learn-

ing amongst the indigent classes of the community. That the funds have been, in too many instances, diverted from their original object, we may deplore, but it in no way militates against the assertion that, even in its educational form, British charity is magnificent.

There is another form of British charity, which equally confirms what we assert of it. The liberality that has of late years been displayed in the support of the Orphan is prodigious, and speaks with the voice of a trumpet for the deep and generous love which wells up in the capacious British heart and overflows into the capacious British purse, losing, as with a celestial solvent, the cords that confine there the idle and otherwise selfish coin. Scores of such eminently Christian *hospices* might be enumerated, which have risen within the last twenty or thirty years, at the bidding of the Angel of Mercy. What are the proud and stately castles, conjured into existence by the wand of the Magician, and filled with ogres and evil genii, compared with these golden palaces, reared by the good Spirit of Charity, and peopled with bright, happy faces, rescued from the abyss of poverty, perhaps of crime? We pray especially for the "fatherless children and the widow" in the beautiful litany of our Church, and St. James enumerates it as foremost in the rank of Christian duties "to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction." We visit the widow, when we take from her the burthen of her fatherless child, and we visit the fatherless most surely, and most in accordance with the sacred injunction, when we insure for him the blessings of a home. To those who have been bereft, these Asylums and Orphanages are, in many instances, better than home would have been to them; for here they learn not only to love, but to study; they learn the duty of obedience and self control; they learn the true character of Virtue, and the heavenly quality of Religion. They see illustrated in their own position the greatest of the three excellences—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

What, however, must fill even the most unthinking with emotion, is the *magnificent* way in which British charity is dispensed; and of this our orphan asylums afford a noble example. Visit any one of them, and you cannot but rejoice in the splendid building and the spacious ornamented grounds which have been devoted to this sublime purpose. There is the Wanstead Asylum and the Soldiers' Orphan Asylum, and the Reedham Institute. They all testify how large is British sympathy for childhood's woes, and how ready it is to lessen them. Nor would we end the list now, but that were we to go on it would be as difficult

to stop the enumeration further down as here, and these are sufficient to illustrate what we mean when we say that British charity is magnificent. It is not only bountiful, but it fructifies into magnificence; everything connected with it is on a magnificent scale. Take a glance at the Reedham Asylum. The building itself is magnificent; it stands on a magnificent site, commanding from its elevation on the Surrey hills a magnificent view of the scenery around; and all its arrangements are magnificent in their way.

If we would select another instance, it should be that of the British Orphan Asylum at Slough, which we lately visited, and which, as it is still fresh in our memory, we would describe, in order to show not only what British liberality is, but how excellently it works, not only how great it is, but how worthily it is dispensed. It is the ten talents bringing other ten talents; the good soil producing some sixty and some a hundred fold; the grain of mustard seed that springs up, and with its sheltering branches covers a multitude of miseries.

The British Orphan Asylum is neither the youngest nor the oldest of its kind, but it is an instance of a faith in British charity which is largely meeting with its reward. Its history, moreover, is interesting in other respects. Nearly forty years ago,—1827, the *livret* placed in our hands informs us,—a few private individuals in the north-east of London, associated themselves to succour and plead the cause of the orphan. For seven years from this time might have been read on Kingsland Green—now, alas! no longer Green, or green, but bricks and mortar, streets, rows, terraces and crescents—the following inscription upon an unpretentious house of the grim Georgian style of architecture, *The District Orphan School*. This humble effort attracted so much sympathy that its philanthropic projectors determined to extend the sphere of their operations. Premises at Clapham Rise were purchased, and the institution was removed to them. Here it assumed a more national name, and became what we have long known it, the British Orphan Asylum. At this stage of its existence the establishment consisted of a matron, master, and governess, with forty-six children, of whom nineteen were girls and twenty-seven boys. Still it continued to grow and develop, and, as the principle of its action was good, to obtain increased support. With support the object of its sympathy increased likewise, and in 1844 it was found necessary to add a wing to the building, thus rendering it capable of accommodating one hundred and ten children. And all this while, if we mis-

take not, the institution thrived on donations and voluntary subscriptions. But, as in the affairs of men there is a tide which ebbs and flows, in the affairs of public bodies, living on the hand-to-mouth *régime*, there are similar ebbs and flows. The British Orphan Asylum experienced such fluctuations, and the greatest in the year 1854. In that year there were rumours of war, and mighty preparations for the Crimean campaign. Just as we were sitting down to our Christmas plum-pudding, whispers began to be heard of frightful suffering and death among our brave soldiers on the heights of Balaklava. They were perishing by hundreds from cold and damp, and insufficiency of food and clothing. Those months of horror and distress will be ever memorable in the annals of English history, as evincing two things—the noble pluck and excellent discipline of British troops, and the prompt and deep-felt sympathy of the British people. No sooner were the whispers confirmed than private and public benevolence set to work to remedy the evil and restore health and vitality to our little army on the bleak ridges of the Chersonese. Home institutions, however, suffered from the generous response of the nation to the distress amongst our battalions perched amid the snows and winds of Inkermann, and the British Orphan Asylum suffered with the rest. This depression was, however, temporary, and the elasticity of the British purse, and the catholicity of British charity soon rectified the balance in favour of the British Orphan Asylum; and in 1856 its premises had become overcrowded and incapable of accommodating, with a due regard to health, the hundred and thirty inmates to which the number had now swelled.

A monument of human, we will not say folly, but miscalculation, there stood near the station at Slough, a palatial looking house, which of late years had remained untenanted. When the lines of the Great Western Railway were first laid down, it was built for hotel purposes; some sanguine speculator, imagining princely accommodation essential to the courtly visitors who would have to alight at Slough, for Windsor; Royalty, too, it was hinted, might occasionally take shelter within its hospitable wings. But,

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea' us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

A railway was projected from Slough to Windsor, and the glory of the regal place of *embouchure* from the train soon departed. The South Western Railway, moreover, extended its line from Richmond and Twick-

nam, to the Forest-city, so that Slough received a double blow, and became a veritable Slough of Despond. The hotel scheme was relinquished, and, like the foolish goose reputed to be too much for a lunch, and not enough for a dinner, remained unlet, as it was too large for a private family and not large enough for a nobleman's residence. Fortunately, however, its suitability for a public establishment was brought to the notice of the directors of the British Orphan Asylum. They considered the idea, inspected the grounds and remises, closed with the vendors, and transferred their wards from Clapham Rise to this new Home, on the 22nd of June, 1863. Two days afterwards, the Prince and Princess of Wales attended for the purpose of giving *éclat* to the formal inauguration of the building, and were received by a large number of the nobility, gentry, and dignitaries of the Church, who came, not only to do honour to their Royal Highnesses, but to testify their sympathy with the noble objects of the institution.

On this occasion, and a few minutes before the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Edward Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, late High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, sought an audience with the directors; this was granted, when that gentleman generously offered to liquidate the purchase of the Slough estate, and the expenses tailed by the repairs of the premises. This amounted to no less than £14,000, and by one magnificent donation Mr. Mackenzie cancelled the building fund debt and the anxiety of the directors as to the future prospects of the establishment. The estate immediately received the name of Mackenzie Park, in honour of the donor, and will remain a monument of a splendid liberality so long as the British Orphan Asylum exists.

One more historical incident in connection with this institution we will mention, and then abandon the Past for the Present. In 1864 Mr. Majesty was graciously pleased to visit and minutely inspect the establishment, when she expressed herself highly satisfied with the arrangements in every department.

On leaving the Slough Station the British Orphan Asylum lies straight before you, in fact it looks as though it were an outwork of the station itself, which, doubtless, it was originally intended to be. Spacious gates admit the visitor into the grounds, and a wide, well-gravelled roadway, flanked by a bosquet of laurels and rhododendrons bordered with flower-beds, curves up to the principal entrance—a spacious and lofty hall. It was towards the close of summer, or scarcely so late, for the finger of autumn had not yet tinged one leaf with its umber tint, when

pleasure and duty “compelled our steps,” to use a Greek phrase, to the Asylum. The trees, the shrubs, and the parterres were luxuriant in beauty, and it would be difficult to imagine a spot—so admirably is the mansion situated, and so judiciously have the grounds been laid out, where youths could disport and study, recreate and learn the elementary lessons of life, more successfully. We know not the points of the compass at Slough, so we will confine ourselves to saying that on the right hand, as we approached the front door, we came upon a lovely lawn, encircled by a thick belt of overshadowing trees, suggestive of grateful coolness in the hot months of the year. This portion of the premises is set apart for the girls, upon whose section of the building it sides. At the back, from the entrance hall, is situated the boys' playground, fitted up, if we recollect rightly, with swings and gymnastic paraphernalia; whilst close at hand is a field where in summer-time the lads can play cricket and other athletic games with bat and ball.

We shall spare ourselves and our readers a minute description of the interior, yet it would delight many a mother's heart to see how comfortably and healthfully housed an orphan child may be. The rooms are not only spacious but lofty—magnificently lofty; and this throughout the whole range of the building: not only the lower stories, but the upper; the first and the last are equally excellent in this respect. In the schoolrooms, both for the boys and girls, the ventilation is perfect, and a glance at the bright and cheerful faces of the children would testify to the happy results of this salubrious system. Enter the dormitories, and a long vista of neat little iron bedsteads, the clothes upon them tidily turned down, greets the eye, whilst the floors are kept so clean and white that, to make use of a homely phrase, “you might eat your dinner off them.” Many a middle-class man's platter is not half so clean. The same may be said of the lavatories and bath-rooms, and those rooms lined with curious tall cupboards called presses, which contain the ample wardrobe of each child. In wandering through chamber after chamber, and mounting staircase after staircase, the idea of comfort, cleanliness and order, and their concomitant happiness, is rapidly realised. The whole aspect of the place breathes an air of quietude and contentment which it seems to us must subdue to gratitude and affection even the most stubborn heart of youth. And from what we heard we have every reason to believe that the blessings, substantial and pal-

pable indeed, showered down upon them by the benevolent, are appreciated by the orphan pupils, who learn to regard the Asylum with genuine love, and look upon it as a veritable home. Kindness is the watchword of the superiors in the institution, and all act, or strive to act, towards these fatherless *protégés* as they would have been done by had their parents still survived to look after their interests and consult their happiness.

Few things can exist now-a-days in the dark, at least in England. The life of such institutions as that of the British Orphan Asylum is the light of publicity. They cannot thrive without that light. If they are deprived of it they will pine and die, as flowers deprived of the light of the sun pine and die; and thus, to a very great extent, they possess a check against abuses which might otherwise creep in and corrupt them. Every man who subscribes his money for certain purposes has a moral, if not a legal right, to see that those purposes are carried out, and if they are not, he knows that he has a powerful remedy in withholding his subscription. In philanthropic enterprises of the kind we have been inspecting there are, however, other and better guarantees that the objects proposed will be realised. The very promoters are actuated by the kindest feeling; all connected with it have one common aim; they are actuated by the most Christian motives, and therefore they are above suspicion. Only in the subordinate departments can the rust of negligence eat into the gold of benevolence, and the moth of corruption fret the vesture of charity. To prevent, however, negligence, or corruption, supineness, or unkindness on the part of those to whose immediate care the happiness of the children is entrusted, the directors in the instance of the British Orphan Asylum have made very ample provision. A house committee, consisting of not less than six members of the board, is appointed, whose duty it is to visit the institution, regulate its domestic arrangements and submit a monthly report of their proceedings to the directors. There are also lady visitors, subscribers to the charity, who are authorised to visit the building at all times, to inspect the clothing and food of the children, and make, either individually or collectively, suggestions on the management, proposing any alterations or improvements they may think desirable. There is, again, an educational committee, and to them is entrusted the task of watching the progress of the children in their various branches of study, to examine and recommend persons duly qualified for the situations of masters and mistresses; to

order the necessary books, and generally superintend the instruction of the children. And admirably have their labours been discharged, if we are to judge by the results. The specimens of writing, mapping, and illuminating, shown to us, exhibit great proficiency in the executants. But our judgment is comparatively of little worth by the side of a much greater and severer test. At the recent Oxford Local Examination, out of three candidates sent up, two passed in the first class and one in the second, giving a percentage of class and position to the school equalled only by one other in the kingdom. These are facts which speak their own praise, and need no comment from an alien pen. Again, out of 162 candidates who attended the examinations held at London, two of the scholars of the British Orphan Asylum took the seventh and eighth places respectively. The curriculum of education comprises "thorough English"—would that the Higher Colleges deemed this more essential—Latin, French, and mathematics. To diversify the programme a drum and fife band, consisting of thirty performers, has become an institution in the Slough Asylum.

The rules regulating the mode and grounds of admission are just and humane. For example, no child can be received as a candidate of admission whose father is not dead, paralytic, totally blind or lunatic, and whose mother is capable of providing for it. Not more than one child of a family can be admitted at the same election, and that child must be above seven years of age and under twelve. Another enactment wisely declares that any diseased, deformed, or infirm child shall be ineligible. In fact, so stringently is this rule carried out, that in all cases where constitutional disease, or other infirmity, incapacitating a child from education, or from association with other children, shall develop itself, or be discovered *after its admission* into the asylum, the directors are empowered to require the friends or sureties to remove such child on receiving a month's notice from the secretary to that effect. The result is, that both the boys and girls wear the bloom of health as well as youth, and the number on the sick list is minimum.

There are we believe in the institution at the present moment 160 pupils—102 boys and 58 girls. They remain until the age of fifteen, when they are drafted off into the great army of daily bread-winners, the boys, as a rule, obtaining situations in the mercantile houses of the City, the girls entering families, principally as nursery governesses. It is a gratifying proof of the excellence of this

institution and of the affection with which it is remembered by those who have shared its Christian nursing and hospitality, that amongst

the list of annual subscribers may be found the names of many an old pupil.

HAROLD KING.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOCKHARTS.



I.

ING ROBERT on his death-bed lay, wasted in every limb, the priests had left, Black Douglas now alone was watching him :

he Earl had wept to hear those words, "When I am gone to doom, take thou my heart and bear it straight unto the Holy Tomb."

II.

Douglas shed bitter tears of grief—he loved the buried man, he bade farewell to home and wife, to brother and to clan ;

And soon the Bruce's heart embalm'd, in silver casket lock'd,
Within a galley, white with sails, upon the blue waves rock'd.

III.

In Spain they rested, there the King besought the Scottish earl,
To drive the Saracens from Spain, his galley sails to furl ;
It was the brave knight's eagerness to quell the Paynim brood
That made him then forget the oath he'd sworn upon the rood.

IV.

That was his sin ; good angels frown'd upon him as
he went
With vizor down and spear in rest, lips closed, and
black brow bent :
Upon the turbans fierce he spurr'd, the charger he
bestrode
Was splash'd with blood, the robes and flags he tram-
pled on the road.

V.

The Moors came fast with cymbal clash and tossing
javelin,
Ten thousand horsemen, at the least, on Castille closing
in ;
Quick as the deer's foot snaps the ice, the Douglas
thunder'd through,
And struck with sword and smote with axe among the
heathen crew.

VI.

The horse-tail banners beaten down, the mounted
archers fled—
There came full many an Arab curse from faces
smeared with red,
The vizor fell, a Scottish spear had struck him on the
breast ;
Many a Moslem's frighten'd horse was bleeding head
and chest.

VII.

But suddenly the caitiffs turn'd and gather'd like a
net,
In closed the tossing sabres fast, and they were crim-
son wet,
Steel jarr'd on steel—the hammers smote on helmet
and on sword,
But Douglas never ceased to charge upon that heathen
horde.

VIII.

Till all at once his eager eye discerned amid the fight
St. Clair of Roslyn, Bruce's friend, a brave and trusty
knight,
Beset with Moors who hew'd at him with sabres drip-
ping blood—
'Twas in a rice-field where he stood close to an orange
wood.

IX.

Then to the rescue of St. Clair, Black Douglas spurr'd
amain,
The Moslems circled him around, and shouting charged
again ;
Then took he from his neck the heart, and as the case
he threw,
" Pass first in fight," he cried aloud, " as thou wert
wont to do."

X.

They found him ere the sun had set upon that fatal
day,
His body was above the case, that closely guarded lay,
His swarthy face was grim in death, his sable hair
was stain'd
With the life-blood of a felon Moor, whom he had
struck and brain'd.

XI.

Sir Simon Lockhart, knight of Lee, bore home the
silver case,
To shrine it in a stately grave and in a holy place.
The Douglas deep in Spanish ground they left in royal
tomb,
To wait in hope and patient trust the trumpet of the
Doom.

AN OLD MYSTERY REVEALED.

My uncle was a man of mark in his day,
not only by reason of the name he bore, and
from his wealth, but because of the notoriety
he had acquired from his performances in
connection with sundry wagers ; not the least
notorious of which was his descent from
Westminster Bridge into the Thames by means
of a parachute of his contrivance. The rage
for betting at that time on every conceivable
pretence which induced him to perform this
and other dangerous experiments, with other
causes, greatly reduced his income, but it was
still so large that he was able to live in good
style in a house which then stood on the bank
of the Thames near the grounds now included
in Kew Gardens, when the crime I am about
to relate was perpetrated.

In this house there lived with my uncle and
aunt a cousin of mine, Ellen Shiffnall. As
I had spent much of my time in the same
house, the relations between us had been very
intimate, nor had they been much weakened
by an absence of nearly two years spent in a
foreign city, where I had been attached to an
embassy. For my own part, I can say that it
never entered my thoughts to marry her, nor had
I, until it was too late to think of it, any suspi-
cion that she had thought differently. But
when I had the pain of knowing this, I believed
that I had only lost a possible wife, and gained
a firm and true friend.—How little I knew her
heart !

Shortly after my return from the Continent
I married, and, with my wife, went to live at my
uncle's until we could hear of an estate for sale
that would suit us. We had been there some
weeks, and were as happy as newly-married
people can be, which is as much as to say that
we lived in as perfect a Paradise as it is possible
to find on this earth. Beside my cousin and
us, there was staying in the house a German
doctor, who had brought a letter to my uncle
from Prince Severin, a Serbian for whom my
uncle had a great friendship. He was a
man for whom I had no liking ; and no
cause for disliking, unless the behaviour of
my cousin towards him occasionally, which
looked too much like a concealed intimacy,
might have inspired it. One evening the
conversation had turned on the origin of the
superstition in Servia and elsewhere that there
were vampires who returned at night to drink
the blood of the living, and what could have
originated the further idea that the victims of
these nocturnal visitations in their turn became
vampires also. Many were the dreadful stories
related by the doctor ; I could not help shud-

dering myself, and happening to look at my wife I was quite startled to see how pale and frightened she looked. I instantly seized an opportunity offered by a remark concerning somnambulism to turn the conversation to that subject.

After we had all retired for the night, my wife and I sat up for some time in our dressing-room talking over the events of the day. Generally she was the very reverse of serious, but on this particular evening she was very grave. It was in the dead of night that I woke—hot, unrefreshed, and almost trembling under the influence of a vague dread of something; and which for want of any other reason I at the moment attributed to a dream. I was so nervous that, although I believed my wife was sleeping, I laid my arm across her chest in the hope that it would awaken her. Vain hope! she had entered on her last sleep.

I felt my arm instantly become wet. Frightened and terrified I raised myself on my other arm, and shook and called her by her name. No answer was returned. With a feverish energy I rose, and went hastily into the dressing-room for a small lamp which it was our constant practice to leave burning when we went to bed. Returning with this, I held it so that it should throw its light on her face. The bed-clothes had fallen back in their place when I withdrew my arm, so that the whole of her body but her face was concealed, and this was white as the whitest marble and as stony-looking. Then it occurred to me to look at my arm, and I found that the sleeve which covered it was stained a deep red colour. With a strong effort of will, I drew down the clothes. Until this moment I had acted almost without consciousness. There was the dread upon me that my wife was dead, but it had not yet attained the force of conviction. It seemed so impossible that a human being who, as it seemed to me, but the instant before had been answering my remarks and sympathising with me should be now incapable of either, that I had acted under a kind of impression that it was a dreadful dream, and that all would come right presently. My last faint hope, or impression,—I hardly know what to call it—was destroyed when I laid bare my wife's bosom. * * * There—marking the source from whence the blood had oozed which lay in the hollow beside it—was a dagger, the blade of which was completely buried in the wound, and only the handle projected from it. I had no need to withdraw the weapon to recognise it as one which I had brought with me from Athens; and which I had a sudden and distinct recollection of having noticed the day before in its place beside other curious weapons in my

room. My impulse was now to alarm the house, and my hand was on the bell for that purpose, when the movement was checked by a sudden thought that the blame of the crime would rest on me. I was incapable of considering but one idea at a time, and could not look at a subject from more than one point of view. The thought that I should be suspected of the murder set me thinking of the force of the evidence against me, and in a few minutes I was quite stupefied on finding how entirely I was without an answer to such a charge. The love I bore her would be no reply to the fact that she was murdered by my own dagger while she lay sleeping beside me, that my arm was red with her blood, and that there was no other person who could be charged with the deed. I was young, and deeply as I loved my wife I could not but feel keenly the misery of my own situation; and I was so overwhelmed by its dangers that I remained I know not how long reflecting on it. This hesitation lost me, for the more I thought of my own risk, the more incapable I became of considering anything beyond it. The dread of death, and of such a death, filled my mind, and gave rise to the desire to discover some means of escaping it. In the blindness caused by the fear that was on me, I was but just conscious of my actions; all sentiment was dried up, and the death of the woman I had loved so dearly was nothing in my estimation to the peril I myself was in. The foremost thought in my mind was how I should conceal the body. It did not occur to me that the concealment of the body would not screen me, but as I said before, I could only follow one idea as it presented itself. The idea of concealment suggested the idea that the river would be the best place for the purpose; there it might remain beneath the water until it had so changed that the trace of the wound would be no longer distinguishable. I had no sooner conceived the last idea than a strange revulsion of feeling seized me. The thought of doing anything that would disfigure the body of the woman who but yesterday was living, and whose arms had closed round my neck as she with mock earnestness entreated me not to make her go with my cousin on the water was too dreadful to contemplate. But this feeling soon yielded to one more selfish. I crept silently to the window, drew back the curtain, and looked out. The moon was just visible between the trees from where I stood, and I could distinguish the ripple of the waves in the line of light it threw across the river. It was not more silent out there than in the room where I was, and yet what a difference! I turned my head as this occurred to me, and there I saw, instead of the

silvery rays of the moon and the ceaseless, gentle flow of the water, a pallid face, and a blood-stained bosom lighted by the dull glare of the lamp. I opened the window silently and got out. There was nothing stirring, and after I had made sure that there was nobody to see me, I climbed back again, wrapped the corpse in the sheets, and lowered it from the window to the turf below. I then took it in my arms and carried it towards the river, carefully keeping out of the stream of light, narrowed to little more than a streak by the trees between which it shone. I had no clothing on beside that in which I had risen from my bed, and with the body in my arms I plunged into the river, intending to sink it in the middle of the stream. Then another difficulty arose I had not before thought of ; the tide was flowing, and notwithstanding the blindness caused by the fear I was under, I knew that the body would probably be floating past on its way downwards after the search for it had begun. I then thought that the safest place to dispose of it would be to carry it to an island which occupied the middle of the river and bury it there. Acting on this idea I put the corners of the sheet into my mouth, and struck out for the other side. To draw the body after me as I swam across was not difficult, the difficulty only began when I had to drop my feet into the clayey mud on the bank of the island and to make my way among the trees until I reached a kind of creek which I knew to be there. However, I accomplished this at last, and I feel ashamed even now when I think of the ignoble manner in which fear made me act. I laid the body in the mud at the head of the creek, and pressed it under until it was completely buried, and I relied on the branches of the trees which grew there to conceal the disturbance of the almost stagnant water. I waded down the middle of the creek to the river, and then stripping off my shirt I tore it to fragments and let it float away bit by bit. Then I swam across to the other side, and standing in the water I scrutinised every portion of the ground, and every window of the house, before I ventured to land and creep stealthily towards it. After closing the window, my first act was to examine the door of the bedroom. I had not thought of this before, and I received a fresh shock when I found that the door was locked as I had left it the previous night, and the key remained in the hole ; there was another entrance from the dressing-room, but as the dressing-room could only be entered from a bath-room which was never used, and which could itself be entered only by a person passing through a room opening into my cousin's bedroom, I thought no more of that. I declare that till this moment I had

been so utterly absorbed in the frantic desire to remove the body to prevent the accusation of murder falling on myself that I had not thought of anything beyond it ; it seemed to me that when that was done there would be no difficulty in inventing a reason for her absence. It had never for an instant entered my mind that I had really committed the murder, but now a suspicion came into my mind with the swiftness of light. I remembered that on the previous evening we had been talking of somnambulism, and it now occurred to me that I must be a somnambulist once more, as I had been in my boyhood, and that I had done the deed unconsciously. All the horror I had felt before was as nothing to what I felt under this new idea. The more I thought of it the more probable it seemed. Remember I was unable, as I have already said, to think clearly under the dreadful affliction that had fallen upon me, and now my only desire was to escape from the spot. I had nerved myself to brave the suspicions that I knew would attach to me while I believed myself innocent, but now the case was totally changed, and believing it possible that I might without the consent of my will have really committed the deed, filled me with indescribable terror. I dressed myself in fear and trembling, hardly daring to look round me. I once more opened the window and looked out. It was much darker than before, for the moon had gone down, and day had not yet broke, and the stars which shone palely here and there only reminded me that but a few hours before the being I loved best in the world had been standing beside me looking at the same firmament, and that now she was lying in a bloody grave, and I, her husband, was a fugitive, with the almost certainty of a death equally violent, and, in addition, disgraceful, if I were taken.

There were in those days few houses in Kew, and these were chiefly cottages scattered at intervals beside the highway. It was easy to avoid these by keeping along by the river side, which I did as far as Lambeth Palace, where I got into a ferry boat in which the sculls had been left by its owner, and rowed from thence to a timber wharf which stood on what was then known as Pedlar's Acre, where I landed, and from thence made my way to Southwark, that being the most crowded place, and where a single individual, however dressed, was least likely to attract attention.

I had purposely destroyed some of my clothing, and dropped it into the water, and this gave me an opportunity of buying other articles in place of them at an old-clothes shop without exciting attention ; it was a very common thing, as the woman who kept it remarked, for

men to lose their clothes in that neighbourhood. I stayed in this part just long enough to get some breakfast, and then went on to the high road taken by the stage coach to Southampton; and after walking about a mile or two it overtook me, and I found a place on the roof and was carried to that port; from whence I embarked for Buenos Ayres, then occupied by a whole colony of foreigners who had gone thither to make their fortunes, and where—though I was not aware of it when I decided on going there—I was less likely to be noticed than in any other part of the world.

I remained in South America several years, sometimes in one State, sometimes in another; now fighting in one of the little armies which were incessantly engaged in warfare, and at other times living the idle life of a guacho at one of the estates belonging to the many men whose acquaintance I had made in my rambling career; but never remaining long in one place. There was a constant dread upon me that I should one day be seized for the crime of which I had at last ended by believing myself guilty. During all these years I believe I never knew that it was to have rest—my body slept, but my mind was then occupied with dreams, which were more painful than the worst of my waking thoughts, because they were not under my control. Notwithstanding this conviction, that I should one day be taken for the murder of my wife, the desire seized me to return to England, a desire I could not shake off, and to which I at last yielded.

I stayed but a short time in London before going on to Kew. The village, I found, had grown considerably since I last saw it; the inn I had not unfrequently slept in, in my young days when I did not wish to disturb them at home at unseasonable hours, was still there, but had been largely added to, and was now called a hotel. The landlord however was the same, though from a slim active fellow he had grown grey and fat. Pretending that I had come down for a few days for the benefit of my health, I flattered his vanity by conversing familiarly with him, and, as soon as I dared, I questioned him concerning the people who had formerly lived in — House: for I had already ascertained that those who lived there were no relatives of mine, and that they had occupied the house some time. The account he gave me was broken by many questions, but it was in substance as follows; and I leave those who read this to imagine what my feelings were when I heard it.

After giving many details concerning my uncle and aunt to which I need not refer, he went on to say—"A good many years ago, Sir Sampson —, his wife, and a nephew named

Ashton Thorp and a young lady lived in it. Mr. Thorp was married, and had his wife with him. One night, after wishing the family good night, they disappeared and were never seen again. They had been in bed, and there were some little marks of blood on the blanket, and one of the sheets was gone; the window too was found open, and everybody believed they had been murdered. There was a German doctor living in the house, and one of the women-servants told Sir Sampson that she had seen him coming from Miss Shiffnall's (that was Sir Sampson's niece) bedroom late that night, after the family had gone to bed. When she was asked how she came to be up at such an hour she said that she had gone into the study to look at some pictures her master had had sent him from London, and had gone to sleep there, and she was creeping quietly along the passage for fear of being heard, when just as she was opposite Miss Shiffnall's door the doctor came out, and looked dreadfully white when he saw her, and turned back again for a moment and spoke to somebody. Sir Sampson was furious when he heard this, and turned to the doctor, who was in the room, and asked him if what the woman said was true. The doctor said it was, but said he had only gone there to take Miss Shiffnall a draught she had asked him to prepare for her, which he had promised to do, but had forgotten until it was too late to call her maid, and he had therefore taken it himself. This did not satisfy Sir Sampson, though he said nothing more just then, but left the room with his butler and went to Mr. Thorp's room. They examined everything there, and the butler called his master's attention to a door opening from the dressing-room into a passage leading to the bath-room, which he said had been opened, though the bath-room was never used. They both then went along the passage, and found that the other door had been opened; which they could see by the broken cobwebs that were hanging down. After this they went up to the doctor's bedroom, and just as they got inside the room they saw him with a bottle in his hand which he seemed to be going to pour on the sleeve of a shirt. I suppose Sir Sampson had begun to be suspicious by this time, for he knocked the bottle out of the doctor's hand, and snatched the shirt away from him. Well, it turned out that there was blood on the sleeve, and Miss Shiffnall, who was not up when the questioning was going forward, and had not heard what the doctor had said, declared to her aunt that she had not seen him the night before, nor had he brought her any draught. The end of it was that Sir Sampson, who was very fond of his nephew, had the doctor taken to prison.

"They searched everywhere for the bodies, but for a long time the only thing they found were some pieces of linen with Mr. Thorp's name on floating in the river, and that made them keep on every day for a long while, until at last they found Mrs. Thorp's body buried in a creek on yon island, with a dagger in her breast. I was there at the time, but I should not have known her, nor would anybody else, but they proved it was her by her being wrapped in a sheet which had got Sir Sampson's coat-of-arms and name on. They never could find the body of her husband, though they dug up the bottom of the creek from one end to the other to look for it, and it was supposed that it had been carried away down the river by the tide or else sunk in it. They say the doctor looked like a man dazed when he was told where they found Mrs. Thorp's body.

"There was never such a stir in this part as when the trial came on. The Duke and Sir Sampson went up together, and I believe pretty nearly everybody else followed their example. I got a good place in the court, through Sir Sampson's footman, who took me in with him.

"The doctor was very quiet while they were giving evidence against him, until Miss Shiffnall was called, and then he began to fidget about and bite his nails. I don't think he quite understood the full meaning of what she said, for though his face kept changing from red to pale, and from pale to red, he looked puzzled while she was speaking. He might have been found guilty without her evidence, for a foreigner was brought forward who said he was nothing but a spy,—and this, of course, had a great effect on the jury; but she said that she had often heard him speak angrily of Mr. Thorp, from whom he seemed to have received some slight. There was a counsel who spoke for him, and tried to make things appear different to what they were, but it was no use; he was hung two days afterwards. They say that after he was condemned he told Sir Sampson something about Miss Shiffnall. I don't know what it was, but she left them and went away a good while, until after Lady —— died, and then she came back again and stayed with Sir Sampson until he died too. She lives now in that cottage over there, where you see a head with snakes curling all over it above the door."

"I was so utterly confounded by what I had heard that if I had not walked away the land-lord could not have failed to perceive my agitation, and, as I was less altered than he, except in colour, might have recognised me, or at any rate have suspected who I was. The more I thought of the matter, the greater

seemed the difficulty of comprehending what had really happened. That the doctor had for some mysterious reason murdered my wife I willingly believed; on the other hand I knew that he had no share in removing her body to where it was found, and that he was equally innocent of murdering me, of which he had been suspected. I thought my cousin might help me to a comprehension of the matter, but I felt a great aversion to making myself known to her, because in that case I must have explained how I came to be alive, and the cause of my leaving home, and possibly of causing her to suspect that, after all, the doctor might have been innocent and that I alone was the guilty person.

I followed her about from place to place with a kind of fatuity, and I dare say she thought I was a harmless imbecile, for she could not help noticing me, though I took care not to approach near her, from the fear that she would recognise me. It was not an unfrequent occurrence for her to go to London, and on those occasions, if I followed her so far as the newly-opened railway station, I never went to town; I did not wish her to suppose that I was a spy on her actions. One morning when we were near the station it began to rain, and for the sake of shelter I followed her in. I was walking up and down at one end of the platform when the train drew up, and it had hardly come to a stand-still before the whistle sounded the signal to depart. The train moved on the instant—screams, and shouts to stop, followed, which though obeyed as quickly as possible, was not quick enough to prevent several accidents. My cousin, who was getting in the carriage at the moment it moved on, was thrown down, and fell between the carriages and the platform. I rushed forward to save her, but was only in time to assist in getting her from beneath the train. Her clothes and legs were crushed into one mass, and she was quite insensible. We carried her into the station, where the other sufferers too were brought, except one, whose head had been nearly severed from his body and lay stretched on the platform, a frightful spectacle. A doctor was soon on the spot, and after a short examination he pronounced my cousin's case hopeless; the upper part of both her legs had been completely crushed. He had brought some stimulants with him, and as soon as she gave signs of a return to consciousness he administered some to her. I tried to soothe her when she began to complain, but the moment she heard my voice I saw her eyes brighten, and from the startled look on her face, which drove away the expression of suffering it had borne just before, I guessed she had recognised me; it

as as though approaching death had sent her
 und back to the days of her youth. Directly
 afterwards, from the words she uttered, and
 the questions she asked, I found that this was
 so; but she seemed to think that I was not a
 real being of flesh and blood. I left her to get
 something on which she could be moved to her
 room, and soon found some men who under-
 took to carry her there on the sofa on which
 she lay. I went in and sat down beside her.
 All the time I remained in sight she kept her
 eyes fixed upon me, and once when I wetted
 her forehead with the sponge dipped in vinegar
 she raised her hand feebly and touched mine.
 At this touch she seemed to recover energy,
 and told the woman who was waiting in the
 room to go away. Then she spoke to me, and
 called me by my name, and I was forced to
 reveal all that I have told. She made no re-
 mark on what I said, but asked me with an
 animation which surprised me if it was certain
 that she could not live long. I had seen per-
 sons die violent deaths too often to think much
 of that change which must come to all, and I
 did not hesitate to tell her what the doctor had
 said. She closed her eyes, and there was a
 twitching of the features which showed that she
 regarded death with less indifference than I
 did; but she soon recovered her composure,
 and gave me the explanation of the mystery
 which had made my life a burden to me. It
 can be told in very few words.

She acknowledged that the love we had
 borne each other from our childhood had
 strengthened in her case with the advance of
 age, until, at the time I returned from the
 university, she had come to regard me with
 devotion which ruled her whole soul. She
 thought too that I loved her so much that I
 could eventually make her my wife, so that
 when I married another she hated my wife with
 an intensity which she herself described as
 madness, and little by little the desire to kill
 grew so strong that she determined to exe-
 cute it. She at first thought of poisoning her,
 but the difficulty of procuring poison without
 exciting suspicion against herself when my
 wife died induced her to encourage the
 advances of the foreign doctor until she had
 acquired such an influence over him that he,
 being a man without scruples, received her
 hints readily, and at last they discussed the
 murder openly between them. He probably
 was too keen-witted not to suspect her motives,
 though she represented that her reason for de-
 siring to get rid of my wife was from the fear
 that she might reveal to Sir Sampson some-
 thing she had seen taking place between them.
 Knowing how fond I was of my wife, it had
 occurred to her that I could be suspected

of murdering her, nor was she aware that her
 accomplice intended to use violent means; he,
 however, had determined on effecting it in
 such a way that suspicion must inevitably
 fall on me: for this reason he had selected
 the dagger which was known to belong to me;
 his knowledge of anatomy enabling him to use
 it in such a way that his victim had not time
 to cry out.

It cannot be necessary that I should say
 more. My life, though a wretched one in
 comparison with what I expected it would be,
 might have been worse. I might have died a
 disgraceful death, and at all events I have
 been spared the misery of going down to my
 grave with the belief that when I met my wife
 in another world it would be a meeting between
 a murderer and his victim.

A DAY AT SANDWICH.

WE stated in our recent account of Rich-
 borough and its Castle,* that as the glory
 of that ancient Roman settlement and fortress
 waned, the town of Sandwich rose gradually
 into fame and wealth. It lies about a mile
 and a-half south of Richborough, and nearer
 to the sea, on the southern bank of the Stour,
 at the point where that river takes an easterly
 instead of a southern course. It is surrounded
 on every side by a verdant lea of meadows,
 occupied as marsh and pasture land, above
 which rise the church towers and quaint red
 roofs of the town, after a fashion which gives
 to the place the air of a foreign city, and you
 might easily fancy, as you look upon it, that
 you are beholding one of the mediæval cities
 of Ghent or Flanders. A nearer view, how-
 ever, will serve to dispel the illusion; and the
 stranger, on entering its streets, will find him-
 self in a place

Gabiis desertior atque

Fidenis vicus,

somewhat like old and decayed Winchelsea,†
 only that it lacks its picturesque position on
 the hill-side, and is not so far gone to decay.
 But the grass grows in the highways of Sand-
 wich, and scarcely a face is seen peeping out of
 the gabled windows which flank its streets.
 Except upon a market-day, you may look in
 vain up and down its High-street for a passer-
 by, or a child at play; and indeed it is a
 common local saying that in Sandwich nobody
 ever goes in or out of the front door of his
 house except on the occasion of a wedding or
 a funeral.

Sandwich, or Sandvic, the *vicus* on the
Sand, is supposed by most antiquaries to

* See page 457.

† See Vol. xi. p. 64.

be identical with the Lundenwic of which Saxon chroniclers make mention as the principal port and place of resort for merchants trading between foreign parts and London. It appears to have been called Lundenwic until the Saxons were supplanted by the Danes, when it obtained the name that it still retains. It embraces three parishes—St. Clement's, St. Mary's, and St. Peter's—besides a district which is called the Liberty of the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, and its population is a little above 3,000 souls. These are mostly employed in seafaring pursuits, or in the market-gardens which surround the town, and which are said to have been among the first in England where vegetables were reared for sale, and are still unusually productive.

Even when the haven and port of Richborough decayed, and the sea gradually left its cliffs, there was still room at Sandwich for a large and convenient haven. We do not find any mention of Sandwich by name until the year 665, somewhat more than 200 years after the first appearance of the Saxons in England. But in the times during which the Danes infested our coasts, the port became so frequented that it is styled by the author of the Life of Queen Emma the most noted of all the English ports. From its first rise the place appears to have been regarded as the property of the several sovereigns who ruled over the country, and it continued in this state until 979, when King Æthelred bestowed it upon the Cathedral of Christ Church, Canterbury, free from all secular suit and service, except the duty of repelling invasions, and the repairing of castles and bridges. But this arrangement, so derogatory to the dignity of the town, was of short duration, for in 1023, soon after his accession to the throne, we find that Canute, as was perhaps natural in a Dane, made Sandwich independent, finished the building of the town, and gave, or rather restored its port, with the profits of the water on both sides of the stream, for the support of the church and of the monks residing there. From this time, the town made a rapid rise in its population and importance; and before the end of the century it stood in such high repute that it was made one of the Cinque Ports, and in the days of Edward Confessor it contained 370 inhabited houses. At the Domesday survey in 1080, we find that "Sandwiche paid forty pounds of ferme and forty thousand herrings to the food of the monks."

During the eleventh century the town continued to grow in importance, and ships from all parts entered its convenient harbour, whence foreign merchandise was sent on by

land to London. Though partly burnt by the French in 1217, it rose like a Phoenix brighter out of its ashes, and was largely recompensed by the favours and privileges bestowed upon it by successive sovereigns. Thus Henry III. confirmed all the tolls and customs before granted to it, and added a market, and the right of taking a toll of twopence upon every cask of wine entered inwards at its port. In the reign of Edward I. the prior and convent of Christ Church, Canterbury, gave up to Queen Eleanor, in exchange for lands elsewhere, all their rights, privileges, and possessions at Sandwich, excepting their houses and keys, and a free passage in the haven in the small boat called the "vere" boat, and the liberty for themselves and their tenants to buy and sell toll free. The king confirmed this privilege in the same year, and placed in the town the staple for wool.

From nearly the time of the Conquest, Sandwich continued to be one of the chief rendezvous of the Royal fleet, and was continually visited by the English Sovereigns on their way to and from the Continent. The town soon showed signs of its increasing prosperity in its population, which contributed no less than 1500 mariners to the navy of the port; and its navy was so strong that when occasion arose the mayors of Sandwich could furnish no less than fifteen sail of armed vessels, which sadly annoyed the French and tempted them here, as at Winchelsea, to make frequent reprisals. Thus, no less than twice in the reign of Henry VI. the French succeeded in ravaging the town and plundering its inhabitants, Charles VIII. of France, on one occasion, having sent a force of several thousand men, who landed and sacked the town; and to add to its troubles from foreign enemies, Sandwich was pillaged by the Earl of Warwick in the same king's reign. To prevent the recurrence of such disasters, King Edward IV. surrounded the town with new fortifications of considerable strength, for the repair of which he assessed an annual payment of 100*l.* out of the revenues of the customs.

This step gave a new impetus to the trade of the place, and as the harbour was the safest and most convenient refuge from the perils of the Goodwin Sands, and the merchants who frequented it were both spirited and successful, we find that before the end of Edward's reign the receipts of the harbour and custom-house rose to 17,000*l.*, and that the town could boast of no less than ninety-five vessels of superior tonnage.

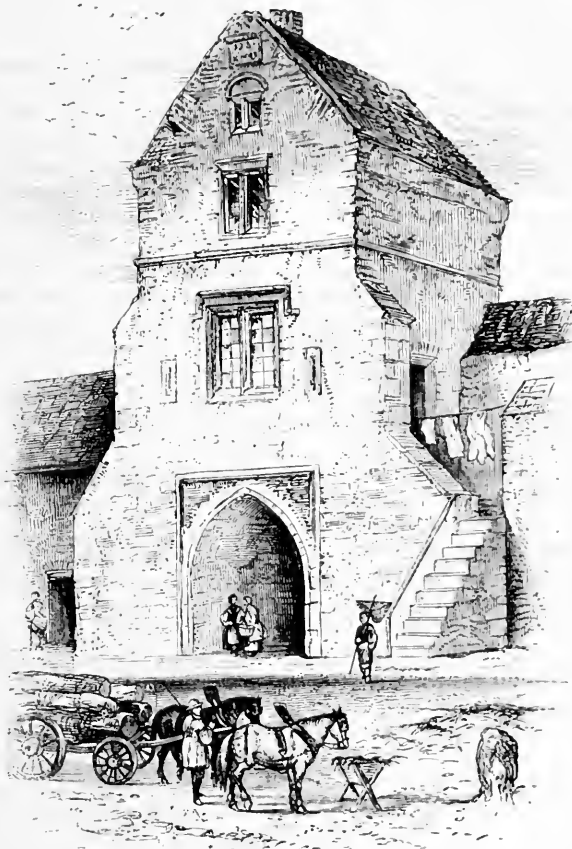
But it is not always high water on the ocean; and there is an ebb as well as a flow in the affairs of cities, as well as men. The

sea, which had so far befriended Sandwich as to raise it into the proud successor of the decaying glories of Richborough, now began to show an altered front. Like Fortune herself, fickle Neptune,

Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benignus.

In the reign of Henry VII., and of his son and successor, the river Stour or Wansum began sensibly to recede; * and such large tracts of marsh lands were left uncovered that Cardinal Moreton, then Archbishop of Canterbury, -- who, by the way, was a capital man of business, and had a private eye to future advantages of a navigable kind -- enclosed a considerable portion within a sea-wall. His peculiar neighbours, as might be supposed, were not slow to follow the example of so bold a leader. The result might well be pressed almost in the words of Horace, "Con-
tacta pisces æquora sentiunt, jactis in undam olibus."

The river-god, indignant at beholding his loved river thus compelled "minores volvere artices," vented his anger and wrath upon the devoted town of Sandwich; and, as the river no longer had free entrance and exit for its waters, the harbour became choked with mud, and the haven fell rapidly to decay.



The Fisher's Gate, Sandwich.

Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., says—"Sandwich is neatly walled, where the town standeth most in jeopardy of enemies. The residue of the town is ditched and mud-walled. There be in the town four principal gates, and three parish churches." A portion of these walls are still to be seen along the south bank of the Stour, but of the principal "four gates" only one now remains, viz., the

Fishers' Gate, at the bottom of Quay (now called Key) Street, of which we give an illustration.

Misfortunes do not usually come singly, and the fate of Sandwich shows no exception to the rule. We read in the account of Eastry Hundred, inserted in Mr. White's "Kentish Directory," that, "The sinking of a great ship, in the time of Pope Paul IV., in the very mouth of the haven, by which the waters had not their free course as before, from the sand and mud gathering round about it, together with the innings of

the lands on each side of the stream, had such a fatal effect towards the decay of the haven, that, in the time of King Edward VI., it was in a manner destroyed, and the navy and mariners dwindled almost to nothing, and the houses then inhabited did not exceed two hundred. This occasioned two several commissions to be granted—one in the 2nd year of that reign, and another in the 2nd year of Queen Elizabeth, to examine the state of the haven, and make a return of it; in consequence of the first of which a new cut was begun by one John Rodgers, which, how-

* So late as the first year of Richard III. ship sailed up the river as high as Richborough: for in that year, as appears in the Corporation books of Sandwich, the mayor ordered a Danish ship lying outside Richborough, to be removed.—White's Directory of Kent. vol. i., p. 297.

ever, was soon left in an unfinished state. There are evident traces of what was done towards making this canal still remaining on the lands between the town and Sandowne Castle ;—and in consequence of the second commission, other representations and reports were made, one of which was, that the intended cut would be useless, and of no good effect.”

The haven being thus rendered all but useless, except for vessels of very small burden, the town went rapidly to decay, and in all probability would have sunk into the same state of ruin in which Winchelsea now lies, if it had not been for the persecutions raised against the industrious Protestant population of Brabant and Flanders, who, weary of the yoke of Rome, were driven into foreign parts, or went into foreign exile, and some of whom brought to England the manufactures of paper, silk, and wool, in which our country was very far behind the age. Most of these refugees were prudently located by Queen Elizabeth in various parts of the country, so as not to stand in each other's way ; and some workers in baize and flannel settled at Sandwich, between the town and the mouth of the haven, under the licence of the Queen, given to such of them as should be approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, about 400 souls in all. About the same time a body of natives, finding their seafaring occupation gone, turned their thoughts towards gardening as a profitable speculation, and the soil round the town being well suited to the growth of vegetables, if they could not turn their swords into ploughshares, at all events turned their anchors into mattocks, and soon drove a flourishing trade, sending up the produce to London by water-carriage.

In spite of some jealousy between the foreign and the native population, the town thrived fairly, and before the end of Her Majesty's reign, employed sixty-two sailors and seventeen small vessels of less than twenty-four tons, in the fisheries and the coasting trade. Thanks to these sources of industry, the town prospered so far, in spite of the decay of its harbour, that in the reign of James I. the receipts of the custom-house very nearly reached 3,000*l.* ; but, as Mr. White says, “by that Prince setting up the company of Merchant Adventurers, and appropriating to them the trade to Germany and the Low Countries, this place soon fell to decay again ; and though the descendants of the Dutch and Woolloon manufacturers still remained here, they . . . entirely discontinued those manufactures they had originally carried forward, and mixed among the rest of the inha-

bitants in the exercise of the various occupations in the town ; and thus Sandwich, though it has since increased in the number of its houses and inhabitants, yet having lost its manufactures, the principal part of its trade, it was deprived, likewise, of that wealth and repute it had derived from them, and in process of time has dwindled down to the same obscurity as other towns ; though all these trades gained a firm footing in England, and have since flourished in the midland and northern counties, where canals and waterfalls abound.”

Yet it must not be imagined that the good people of Sandwich looked tamely on the blocking up of their harbour, and the consequent decay of their fair town. On the contrary, even from the time of Richard III. down to the present century, they have made the most strenuous exertions on behalf of that on which they feared to see “Ichabod” written, and have repeatedly petitioned the aid of the Crown and the Parliament.

Mr. White thus epitomises his record of some of these efforts :—

In Queen Anne's reign (1705) commissioners were sent down to make a survey for a new haven, who reported such a harbour would be of great advantage, but nothing further was done towards it. This occasioned petitions to be sent to the House of Commons in 1736, praying for a new harbour near the Downs, and in 1744, the address was ordered by the House to be presented to the King, that he would send proper persons to view the haven, and examine whether a better or more convenient harbour might be made from the town of Sandwich into the Downs, near Sandwich Castle, fit for the reception and security of large merchant ships and men-of-war, and it was resolved by the House that such a harbour might be made, and be of great advantage ; the whole expense of which was estimated at £389,168, exclusive of the ground to be purchased : but the kingdom being engaged in an expensive war with both France and Spain, the work was suspended. After this, petitions were presented to the House in favour of a more convenient harbour, at or near Ramsgate, capable of containing a greater number of merchantmen and ships of war, and at a saving of several hundred thousand pounds. There was a petition, likewise, from Sandwich, setting forth, that if piers were extended into the sea at Ramsgate, it would, in a short time, warp up the mouth of Sandwich Haven, ruin the trade of the town, and by stopping the course of the river Stour into the sea, would drown the lands between Sandwich and Canterbury. But the house, after due consideration, gave the preference to the making of a harbour at Ramsgate, and an Act passed for that purpose, as well as for cleansing, amending, and preserving the haven of Sandwich, in the 22nd of George II. (1749).

By this Act, to quiet the opposition made by Sandwich, a yearly sum of £200 was granted out of the profits and dues of Ramsgate harbour, which is paid to the corporation. This Act, as well as another in 1765, were repealed by a subsequent Act in 1792, passed for the further improvement of Ramsgate harbour, but which contained the like provisions for that of Sandwich, with a further power vested in the

Justices of Sandwich, with respect to the punishment of persons who may remove the buoys, mooring-posts, beacons, &c., or take ballast from the channel sides, shores of the haven, without the licence of the mayor and jurats.

More recent enactments have enabled the local authorities to dredge the river Stour, so as to keep it from becoming narrower or shallower. It is still about one hundred feet in width, and twelve feet deep at high water along the quay shown in our illustration. The exports of the town are chiefly timber, and the trade lies mainly with Scotland, and the countries adjacent to the Baltic. It might easily be supposed, a town which was so important a part in the civil and commercial history of our land as Sandwich could scarcely fail to be rich in ecclesiastical reminiscences. We have already spoken in general of the monks of Sandwich, and the to which they took from the fishermen; but it may be interesting to specify one or two religious foundations in particular.

In the year 1272, Henry Cowfield, a Genoan, founded a priory in the town of Sandwich, for the order of friars called Carmelites, and from the habit they wore, White-friars; but his endowment of it was so small, that William, Lord Clinton, who was a much larger benefactor to it, was afterwards reputed its sole founder. The churches and building of these Carmelites were in general large and stately; this at Sandwich had the privilege of sanctuary, and there were buried in it several principal inhabitants of the town. It was dissolved in the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII., and was by that king granted to Thomas Arden, to hold of the King, in caput. It was situated on the south-west side of the town, and some of its foundations may still be traced.

The Hospital of St. Bartholomew, which stands just beyond the south-west end of the town, on the road leading to Eastry, was founded by Sir Henry de Sandwich, in honour of the saint whose name it bears, under a bull of Pope Innocent IV. (A.D. 1243—54), though local tradition asserts that the hospital was commenced at a still earlier date. Mr. White says—

The Customal of Sandwich there is mention made of the priests employed by the brothers and sisters to officiate in the chapel for the souls of certain benefactors. Such as were most liberal in their donations to hospitals and other religious foundations, acquired the name of first, second, and third founder, and thus several of the family of Sandwich were successively entitled the founders of it, and were from the first the undoubted patrons of it, till Sir Nicholas de Sandwich assumed the patronage of it to the Mayor and Barons of Sandwich, who from that time became governors of it. Before the Reformation, on the feast of St. Bartholomew, the mayor and commonly visited the

hospital in solemn procession, the laity of Sandwich leading the way, some with instruments of music, others, to the number of seven score and more, bearing wax lights, provided for the occasion, followed; after these were the clergy, in their proper habits, chanting hymns and carrying tapers. It does not appear that this hospital was actually incorporated by any royal patent till the 27th of Henry VIII., who confirmed the dispensation which Archbishop Crammer made to it, the only public instrument of foundation before being the bull before mentioned of Pope Innocent IV.

The hospital, which, we are sorry to say, wears a rather woebegone and unsightly appearance in these days, when such a spirit of architectural restoration is abroad, consists of sixteen tenements for poor and decayed men and women, who are still called "Brethren" and "Sisters," and have a chapel and cemetery of their own. In the chapel there is an altar monument, covered with a slab of Sussex marble, in which lies the effigy of a man cased from head to foot in a coat of mail, with a shield over his body, and a sword lying along his left thigh. There can be little doubt that it is meant for the founder, Sir Henry de Sandwich; but opinions are divided as to whether it is a tomb or a cenotaph; and it is only fair to state that when the supposed tomb was opened several years ago, no coffin or bones were found in it. Mr. White tells us that,

When the Reformation took place, the chaplains officiating in this chapel were of course dismissed, and it does not appear that any regular provision has been made since for the maintenance of a minister to perform Divine Service in it, though a sermon is preached every month by one of the ministers of Sandwich. The benefactions to this hospital have been numerous and ample, and a portion of the charity estate has of late years been increased in value by the South Eastern Railway passing through it. Sixteen brothers and sisters have each an annual pension of 48*s.* per annum. The inmates are appointed by the Corporation, and are usually such as have been reduced from better circumstances, there being no prescribed rule either as regards age or residence.

Besides St. Bartholomew's, there is, in the corn market, a hospital dedicated to St. Thomas, with a chapel, and apartments for eight men and four women; and also another, in St. Peter's parish, bearing the name of St. John. There is no evidence as to the exact date of the foundation of this charity, but there is extant a grant or other deed dated as far back as A.D. 1287, in which it is spoken of by name as "*Domus Dei et S. Joannis de Sandvico.*" It was part of its original design, in addition to maintaining fifteen inmates, to extend the benefits of hospitality,—like the old Maison Dieu at Dover,—to strangers and pilgrims on their way to, or return from, foreign parts.

Sandwich is rich also in other buildings of interest; and the gables and the corners of

the streets are extensively adorned with bold and quaint carvings of a grotesque character. In High Street there is an ancient house, now occupied by the Rev. Henry Pemble (?), in which it is said that Queen Elizabeth was lodged during one or more visits to the town : the building is in an excellent state of repair, and the rafters and other timber of the upper part are certainly nearer four than three centuries old.

The Guildhall, or, as it is usually called, the Court Hall, was erected in A.D. 1579, during the mayoralty of one Edward Wood, whose initials are to be seen carved over the doorway. It was originally built of wood,—perhaps in fantastical allusion to the worthy mayor's patronymic,—but has since been cased with brick. On the first floor are the "Council Chamber" and the offices where the business of the Corporation is transacted ; and in an upper room still stands the ancient cucking-stool—that salutary cure for the punishment of scolding wives—which if it could have language, no doubt could tell us many a merry tale to laugh at as we sit over our dinner at the Bell, or the Fleur de Lis, the Salutation, or the George and the Dragon.

The churches of Sandwich look handsome and imposing when seen from a distance ; but two out of the three, at all events, will not bear a very close inspection even from one who is a layman in the matter of ecclesiastical architecture. They were fine edifices once, no doubt, but the hand of time and decay has been heavy upon them, but heavier still, we suspect, have been the hands of the corporation and churchwardens. It appears by reference to Mr. White's "Directory," that the greater part of both St. Mary's Church and that of St. Peter fell to the ground, the former in 1667 and the latter in 1661. In St. Peter's are several interesting monuments, among others one of Adam Stanner, a priest, who lies covered by a coffin-shaped stone, surmounted by a stone adorned with mutilated Gothic characters. St. Mary's Church must once have been very magnificent, to judge by the inventory of its silver and jewels, of which the former amounted to 724 ounces at the time of the Reformation.

In this church are numbers of monuments and inscriptions too numerous to mention here ; among those in the chancel is a large stone robbed of its brasses, which commemorated the deaths of the Manwood family ; also, a monument of stone much defaced, with the figures of a man and a woman kneeling, for Abraham Rutton and Susan his wife, with the date of 1608. In the 35th year of the reign of King Henry VIII., William, Lord Clinton

is said to have been interred under a gilded arch in the south wall, which arch was walled up in the time of King Edward. An anchoress had her cell at the east end of this church in the 20th year of King Henry VIII. A short distance south-west of St. Mary's Church was a church or chapel dedicated to St. Jacob, supposed by many to have been a parochial church ; there is nothing left now to point out the situation of the building, the cemetery remains, and is occasionally used as a burial place for the use of St. Mary's parish. This church-yard seems to have got into lay hands at the suppression, for in 1578 it was enfeoffed by Edward Wood, to certain persons for the use of the parish. At the south-west corner was a hermitage ; the last hermit was John Steward, whose duty it was to minister to strangers and the poor, to bury the dead, and pray for the people in the chapel ; it was destroyed, as well as others of the like sort, in the beginning of the reign of Edward VI., and on its destruction John Steward was appointed vicar of St. Mary's. It appears that this church or chapel was under the management of the officers of St. Mary's Church ; and there was in it a brotherhood of St. Catherine, which was benefited by the will of John Wynchelse, of Sandwich. The ancient fabric appears to have been repaired in 1445 and 1478.

St. Clement's Church, the largest and finest of all, stands at the east end of the town, on somewhat higher ground than the rest. It consists of a nave and chancel, both with spacious side-aisles, and a central tower of semi-Norman character, which was formerly surmounted by a spire. The ceiling of both nave and chancel is of handsome panelled wood, and was once exquisitely coloured in blue and gold ; and in the chancel there still remains the seats used by a religious confraternity when saying their services. The Church is said formerly to have contained chapels named after St. James, St. Margaret, St. George, and St. Thomas ; and to have been the home of a religious brotherhood, established for the honour of St. George of merry England, whose statue they carried yearly in solemn procession round the town. There are still some fine remains of mural monuments, and the pavement shows traces of abundant brasses which were torn from their places by the ignorant zeal of the Puritans. The Dutch residents were once allowed to have prayers and a sermon here, as in the cathedral at Canterbury, upon paying towards the expenses of the service. When I visited the Church a few months since, I found that the upper part of its tower was being pulled down

in order to be rebuilt more strongly, and that its fine peal of bells were lying in the north chancel, sentenced to be sold by the churchwardens and other parishioners, in order to apply the money to the expense of repairing the fabric. A happily-conceived letter to the *Times*, signed "Campana," denouncing the sacrilege and Vandalism of the good people of Sandwich, drew public attention to the matter, and in about a fortnight afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury sent down an inhibition, which stopped the sale, and saved the bells: these, it is hoped, will be rehung as soon as the fine tower which held them is rebuilt.

With respect to St. Peter's Church, it is not fair to state that a vigorous effort has been made of late, to render it a little more worthy of its former glories. The vicar states in an appeal which has just been made public, that by the help of parishioners and strangers, he has been enabled to rebuild the gable end of the chancel, restoring the window according to the original mouldings, and inserting Powell's tiled quarries, at a cost of about £300. He adds—

I am now desirous of putting a new roof on the chancel, it having been condemned as unsound; and the nett income averages about 90*l.* a year, including rates, and as by law the rector is obliged to keep the chancel in repair (which in my case is impossible), I am constrained to appeal to a liberal public for aid. The parishioners, numbering 1085, consisting almost entirely of small tradesmen, artisans, and labourers, are doing all that they can for the maintenance of the fabric, which is in a very ruinous condition, the sides being filled with "pew lumber" and a three-decker." We are desirous, moreover, of rebuilding the south aisle, which has been a ruin for upwards of 200 years. We have started a weekly lottery for a restoration fund. The surrounding districts are very poor.

When it is borne in mind that from the time of Athelstan to that of Charles II.—a thousand years—kings and princes have fought or visited and resided in the town; that the fleets of England have sailed thence; that the mariners and trained bands have done good service in the defence of their country; and that this has been the cradle and nursing mother of many of its manufactures, we can hardly suppose that Englishmen will allow such a noble fabric as this church, with its splendid peal of bells, standing in the centre of the town, to fall into ruins for the sake of a few hundred pounds.

E. WALFORD.

A LOST LIQUOR.

UNDER date the 3rd May, 1664, we find Samuel Pepys chronicling:—"I went with Mr. Norbury near hand to the Fleece, a wine-house in Leadenhall, and there drank wine, and by-and-by broke up."

Mum, known as a wholesome kind of malt liquor, originally prepared in Germany, was at this time in much favour. In a book called "England's Improvements by Sea and Land," by one Andrew Yarranton, published in 1677, there is an extraordinary proposition for bringing over the mum trade from Brunswick, and establishing it at Stratford-upon-Avon. There can be no doubt, however, that in addition to the mum imported, large quantities of it were manufactured in England about this time; the popular demand for the liquor, of course, inducing a plentiful supply of it. In the *Harleian Miscellany* may be found the reprint of a curious work entitled, "The Natural History of Coffee, Thee, Chocolate and Tobacco, in four several sections, with a tract of Elder and Juniper Berries, showing how useful they may be in our Coffee-Houses; and also the way of making Mum, with some remarks upon that Liquor. Collected from the Writings of the best Physicians and Modern Travellers. Printed at London for Christopher Wilkinson, at the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, 1682." The receipt given for the manufacture of mum, professes to be in accordance with the method adopted by "The House of Brunswick, and as it was sent from thence to General Monk."

To make a vessel of sixty-three gallons, we are instructed that "the water must be first boiled to the consumption of a third part, then let it be brewed according to art" with seven bushels of wheat-malt, one bushel of oat-malt, and one bushel of ground beans. When this mixture begins to work, the following ingredients are to be added: three pounds of the inner rind of the fir; one pound each of the tops of the fir and the birch; three handfuls of *Carduus Benedictus*, dried; two handfuls of flowers of *Rosa Solis*; of burnet, betony, marjoram, avens, penny-royal, flowers of elder, and wild thyme, one handful and a-half each; three ounces of bruised seeds of cardamum; and one ounce of bruised bay-berries. Subsequently ten new-laid eggs, not cracked or broken, are to be put into the hog-head, which is then to be stopped close, and not tapped for two years, a sea-voyage meanwhile being recommended as vastly benefiting the liquor. One Dr. Ægidius Hoffman was inclined to add to each hogshead six handfuls each of water-cresses, brook-lime, wild parsley, and rasped horse-radish, but these were regarded as supplementary ingredients to be used or not, according to the taste of the manufacturer. It was to be observed, however, that the horse-radish "made the mum drink more quick than that which had none."

Our author proceeds to state that if the

mum-makers of London are careful and honest to prepare the liquor after the prescribed Brunswick fashion, it cannot but be regarded as a powerful preventive of scorbutic and calculous disorders. He relates as an historical fact that "when the Swedes carried on a war against the Muscovites, the scurvy did so domineer among them that their army did languish and moulder away to nothing, till once encamping near a great number of fir-trees they began to boil the tops of them in their drink, which recovered the army even to a miracle: from whence," he says, "the Swedes call the fir the scorbutick tree to this very day." To the turpentine contained in the fir he attributes its curative properties, and considers that as turpentine has been proved to be very effective "in preserving even dead bodies themselves from putrefaction and corruption," it cannot fail to be of great value to the living—a somewhat specious reasoning, it must be owned. Further on he admits that the liquors into which the shavings of fir are put may be apt to create pains in the head, but this disadvantage he considers to be outweighed by "the vigor and preservation of the drink."

The especial value of mum was held to arise from the absence of hops in its composition. Some authorities were found to maintain resolutely that hops "do spoil our English ales and beers, ushering in infections, nay, plagues amongst us." The eggs used in the composition of mum were supposed to prevent its growing sour,—“their shells sweetening vinegar and destroying acids.” The authority of one Dr. Stubbs, who had made a voyage to Jamaica, was quoted in this respect. Dr. Stubbs professed to have ascertained by experiment "that eggs put whole into a vessel preserve many drinks even to admiration in long voyages: the shells and whites will be devoured and lost, but the yolks left untouched." Finally, mum was held to be of value as a preventive and restorative in cases of consumption. The author expresses his apprehension, however, that several Londoners are not sufficiently honest and curious to prepare their mum faithfully and truly. If they do, he affirms, that they are so happy as to furnish and stock their country with one of the most useful liquors under the sun; and he lays stress upon the fact that the ingredients in its composition are very rare and choice simples, there being scarcely any disease in nature against which some one of them is not a sure specific, and he seems to imply that the combination of these ingredients must largely increase their curative properties. He apologises for the incompleteness of his work,

but trusts it may be favourably received as "an essay or topick for men to reason upon when they meet together in public houses," by which term he probably did not intend to signify inns and taverns simply.

In one of the 400 letters addressed by Sir Richard Steele to his wife, we find him writing, under date December 4th, 1717:—"I went to bed last night after taking only a little broth; and all the day before a little tea and bread and butter, with two glasses of mum, and a piece of bread at the House of Commons. Temperance and your company, as agreeable as you can make it, will make life tolerable if not easy, even with the gout."

Steele was at this time Member for Boroughbridge in Yorkshire. It is presumable, from the general tenor of his letter, that he took his two glasses of mum medicinally. There is hardly need to state that a modern member of Parliament might apply in vain at Bellamy's for the liquor. Mum has become an obsolete drink; and is not, we imagine, likely to come in vogue again. Even the most daring experimentalist in cups and mixed drinks will probably shrink from testing the merits of the concoction above described. It was most likely taken with sugar, though the receipt is silent in that respect. Even then it could hardly have been, one would fancy, a very inviting beverage. It had its day of favour, however, and may now be regarded as a lost liquor. It probably disappeared as porter and stout became popular. Our ancestors did not relish that bitterness of the hop, which is decidedly a desideratum in modern brewing. They liked sweet drinks, and added sugar to their sack and sherry. Of Macklin, the actor, when a hundred years old, his biographer relates, "It had been his constant rule for a period of thirty years and upwards, to visit a public-house, called the Antelope, in White Hart Yard, Covent Garden, where his usual beverage was a pint of beer, called *stout*, which was made hot and sweetened with moist sugar almost to a syrup. This, he said, balmied his stomach, and kept him from having any inward pains." To many the remedy will seem almost as bad as the disease. Gentlemen of the old school may even now be found who hold Bass's celebrated beer and Amontillado sherry alike in abhorrence. Of old those favourite drinks would have been deemed wholly unpalatable, unless immoderately sweetened. The bitterness of the beer and the peculiar dryness of the wine, however valued nowadays, would have found singularly few admirers in the last century.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV. COFFEE AND A CHASSE.

It was more the spirit of perversity and contradiction, than the ancient attraction, which caused Flemyng to manœuvre his way Mrs. Charteris' side, almost immediately entering the green drawing-room.

Only Lady Greystoke was sitting very near Marion; and the ears of that excellent lady—naturally discreet—had waxed somewhat duller late, from causes over which she had no control. It would have been a fair chance enough for explanation, or settling of differences, had recent been that way inclined; but—far from this—he only felt anxious to keep as far as possible on safe neutral ground. Nevertheless, it was absolutely necessary to make some allusion to what had passed awhile before: there were certain rough edges, left of the breaking-off of their last confidential converse, which needs must be planed and polished away.

“Do you know what I come for?” Vincent said, in a subdued voice, which yet discreetly avoided a whisper. “It is for absolutely. I've been restless from repentance ever since Wednesday night. I don't think I could close my eyes under your roof unless I heard again that you would forget and forgive. I can't think, how I could have been so rude and overbearing. But you must have known, that I could never mean seriously to threaten. Just say ‘Go in peace’—it won't take you long—and then, I will trouble you no more.” Once again, for the very last time, Marion's heart—a warm and kindly one, in despite of the many faults that warped it—softened towards Vincent Flemyng. Her dark grey eyes were rather sad as they rested wistfully on his face.

Yes—I can forgive freely—now; and forget—in a little while—all that is worth forgetting. I would far rather, not believe that you could ever be deliberately cruel. It would be so easy to prove it, too; if you would only——Vincent—you know what I mean.”

Though the words were scarcely audible by

the ears for which they were intended, the strange earnestness of the speaker did not escape Lady Greystoke, sitting hard by: but that discreet dame only shifted her own position slightly, so as to screen Marion's face from general inspection; and then looked straight to her front; betraying no further consciousness by the shadow of a sign.

If Flemyng's heart had been large enough to hold common honesty—to say nothing of honour; if he could only have met frankness with frankness, and confidence with confidence; it might not have gone so hardly with him in the after-time. But this was just what he could not do. He thought within himself—

“This is what she has been aiming at, all along; with her soft seductive ways, and sham cordiality. She only waits to be quite free, to throw off the mask, and set me at defiance. But she may serve me well, yet; from fear, if not from love. So—shall I give her back those letters? Not if I know my own mind, and my own interests.”

Curiously enough, the new sensations that had sprung up within him, since he fancied that Flora Dorrillon's smile encouraged him to hope, made him less inclined to be generous to the woman who had paved the way for him, there: the commercial value—socially speaking—of Marion Charteris rose with each fresh evidence of her power. Besides, to a vanity like Flemyng's it was intensely gratifying, to hold the lure to which so beautiful a tercel must needs stoop, whether she would or no; it was not likely that of his own free will, he could cast away hood and jesses.

It is hard to write—perhaps, not pleasant to read—of such baseness. But, this is not a story of Dreamland, where all things are done, decently and in order. If you write of this coarse work-day world, you can no more ignore certain repulsive phases of character, than you can write a history of London, without mention of its courts and purlieus. It is not wise or needful to linger over a disagreeable subject, any more than it is, to *glân* in an unsavoury

alley. But in our walks abroad—whether it be the body or the mind that wanders—be sure that we shall see the sordid, oftener than the savage side of crime.

You will remember, being warned long ago, of the black drop in Flemyng's nature, that was sure sooner or later to come to the surface ; so that you were not tricked into any false interest in his fortunes. True it is, that actual yellow dross never entered into Vincent's speculations : with this single exception, he seems not a whit more deserving of sympathy than that ingenious gentleman—lord of vague Pyreanean *hectares*—who awhile ago made his plaint before the Marlburian judgment-seat, and found a worthy Gallio sitting there. Yet, in despite of his cynicism, natural and acquired, Flemyng made but a poor business of evasion and denial : to affect to misunderstand Marion, would have been too absurd.

"I guess what you mean"—he murmured hurriedly. "You—you shall have back, all you want : really, you shall. But—I—I've brought nothing with me, here."

He was lying ; and she knew it ; she would have known it, if the nervous tremor of his tone had not helped to convict him. At that instant the latest spark of pity or tenderness for her old playmate, died in Marion Charteris' breast, as suddenly as if a torrent of ice-water had swept athwart it. The very fact of realising the position, would have given her courage and self-possession, had either been lacking. Something told her that the persistence in intimidation came not from the petulance of jealousy, but rather from cool sordid calculation : from that moment, she ceased to be afraid of, or for Vincent Flemyng. She felt towards him, exactly as she would have felt, in the presence of some importunate creditor, whose claim could not conveniently be settled on the spot : if she had blanched before such, she would not have been her father's daughter.

But a politic instinct made Mrs. Charteris droop her eyes from their steadfast gaze, and pass her filmy kerchief lightly over her lips, before she spoke : otherwise, the expression of one or the other must surely have belied the careless gaiety of her words.

"I fancied you would have been more thoughtful, when you could guess at my wishes so well. But you will set me right with myself, sooner or later ; I am not afraid. It is so much pleasanter, to trust ; and easier, too, now. For you will very soon cease to trouble yourself, about me or mine. Poor me ! Didn't I tell you, how it would be ? It is cruel, to chain you here, when you are wanting to be elsewhere ; and—wanted—I

dare say. You needn't look penitent : it is the way of the world ; and there are plenty more sinners, to keep you in countenance. Go, and prosper."

Flemyng was, constitutionally, unapt to betray emotion by any change of colour ; but the veriest novice could not have blushed more palpably than he did, as his glance followed Marion's, towards the remote corner, where a select circle was already beginning to form round Flora Dorrillon. And then, his brow lowered sullenly : for, on the chair nearest to the lady's right-hand, lounged the man whom Vincent honoured with his special hate. It was some comfort to mark that the conversation, over yonder, seemed general and not particularly interesting to any one concerned : the listlessness was heavy on Ranksborough's face ; and Flora was fluttering her fan slowly and monotonously, like one whose attention is only mechanically engaged.

The looker-on need not have disquieted himself, had he been aware of all the truth. They were very old friends—those two ; and knew each other too thoroughly, ever to have been more. Ranksborough liked to take his coffee in the immediate vicinity of a handsome woman, just as he liked to have a masterpiece of Etty's confronting him in his own dining-room ; and Flora valued her artillery of fascination far too highly, to waste it in blank-cartridge practice.

But that one glimpse of the state of things over against him utterly upset all Flemyng's powers of dissimulation and self-control ; though neither were of a mean order. A nervous irritation possessed him ; making it intolerable to stay where he was : the utmost that he could do, was to gather his moral forces together, so as to beat an orderly retreat. In this he succeeded not ill.

"I accept the dismissal," he whispered ; bowing his head with a mock humility. "If I were to argue with you, now, it would take up too much of the time that belongs to others : I had nearly forgotten that you are hostess here. But I'll try and convince you, whenever you have leisure to listen."

And so, Vincent sauntered slowly away. If you have ever watched a carrier-pigeon circling round and round, at starting, before she makes her point, you will have a fair idea of the meanderings that saved appearances, and yet brought him in brief space to Lady Dorrillon's side.

Marion Charteris drew a long sigh, rather of impatient weariness, than of regret, as she turned to Lady Greystoke.

"How *gauche* you must think me," she said. "But it will not happen again. I was,

ally, obliged to speak seriously to Mr. Flemyng. He borrowed some photographs of mine, in Rome ; and I have never been able to get them back. It makes a dreadful blank in my book ; and, I believe, he only keeps them, to tease me. It is so very tiresome of him."

The elder dame glanced at the speaker, with her keen black eyes—still bright and satirical as ever ; and her smile was full of meaning.

"Don't apologise, dear. I think you were quite right to speak seriously, under the circumstances. Only, I should have filled up the blank in my—book, long ago. It is very tiresome of Mr. Flemyng, though. But pages are apt to be tiresome, when they out-grow youthfulness ; and then—there is but one way with them, in any well-ordered household."

"But one way, indeed"—Marion answered, with a light laugh. Just, then, other guests gathered round her ; and she was the pleasantest of hostesses, once more.

Notwithstanding the fascination that overcame him, and the encouragement of a quick meaning smile as he drew near, Flemyng betrayed no great haste or eagerness in joining the circle round Lady Dorrillon. For several minutes he was content to hover on the outskirts thereof ; and did not come fairly to the front, till the chair on Flora's right-hand was empty. Even in his animosities Vincent was not apt to forget the better part of valour ; something told him that it would be inadvisable, for the present, to avoid a possibility of breaking a conversational lance with Ranksborough. Neither did the latter seem anxious to give such a chance : after fishing the last drop of his *chasse* very leisurely, he rose and lounged slowly away. Yet there was something in his manner that irritated Flemyng vaguely ; to say nothing of a sort of amused intelligence that seemed to underlie the laziness of the great black eyes.

As Ranksborough departed, Flora's ample skirt expanded, in some mysterious fashion, till it half-shrouded the chair on which he had been sitting, and warned off intruders : peculiarly mysteriously did it contract a few seconds later, when Vincent found himself accidentally in that especial corner ; leaving a temptingly vacant seat.

Have you ever watched a real mistress of coquettish tactics manœuvre her drapery ? The famous mantle, that put all the dames of Chelot to shame, save only Sir Caradoc's true wife, cannot compare with some modern vertugons in capricious elasticity.

Anyhow, Vincent seemed to fall, quite naturally, into the post of honour ; neither did

any of the others seem inclined to begrudge it him. They all belonged to the class with whom an instinctive tact supplies the void of delicacy, should such be wanting : seeing that their fair chieftainess had a fancy for a *tête-à-tête*, they bowed, courteously, to the caprice, without any sign of impertinent intelligence ; and so, dropped off, one by one, leaving Flemyng, at last, alone in his great glory.

Once again, they talked only on commonplace topics—mutual friends, incidents of travel, and the like ; yet none the less, in a brief hour's space, wild work was wrought in Flemyng's heart and brain.

There was rather a curious paper written some time ago, bearing on the connection between Sound and Colour ; illustrated, if I remember right, chiefly from the experiences of the blind. If your musings had strayed in this direction, after listening for awhile to Flora Dorrillon, there would, surely, have risen before your mind's eye, visions of deep gorgeous crimson, or imperial purple. And, through all the soft richness of those tones, there thrilled a subtle vibration strangely contagious ; so that your own voice began to tremble, long before you were aware that you had hearkened to her—not harmlessly.

When the party broke up for the night, Vincent went to his room, to doff his evening armour, and to don loose raiment fit for the *tabagie*. But this purpose seemed forgotten as soon as the door of his own chamber closed behind him ; for he sat down in the nearest arm-chair ; and, in three minutes, was staring into the embers, evidently in a reverie not lightly to be broken. Nor was it broken, till it was too late to think of joining the smokers below : even if he had felt in cue for their society. The least astute bystander would have realised the truth which, perchance, Vincent did not disguise from himself—he was fairly bewitched.

Bewitched.

It is a pretty word enough to write ; and, when uttered by a pair of rose-bud lips, is scarcely less effective than Prunes or Prism. Do you know what it means, sometimes ?

It means, that a mind has become suddenly warped and marred, as a body might be by a palsy-stroke ; so that the plainest precepts of laws, divine or human, seem weary lessons, learnt by rote long ago, and not worth the remembering : it means that a man would stab his best friend in the back, to win one of the witch's smiles ; and rob an altar, to buy gew-gaws for a white neck or rounded arms ; and trail his family-honour in the mud, like a thread-bare cloak, to keep a wanton's slipper unsoiled. And in the symptoms of the malady

there is a terrible sameness. When it has fairly taken hold, wisdom and folly, courage and cowardice, virtue and vice, are all as one. The keen eyes that could pierce even the twilight of Hades, could see little difference in the swine wallowing in Circe's sty.

(To be continued.)

ENIGMA.

I saw her first when she *was* my whole—
Though a sweet and placid smile
At times o'er her sadden'd features stole,
Their sternness to beguile.

I saw her next when she *did* my whole
(Though with head cut off, I own):
No peace was now in her troubled soul,
But she spake wild words, and without control,
And her eyes with madness shone!

I saw her next when 'mid peaceful shades
Of the cloister'd halls she stood;
And my whole, twice beheaded, she ever prayed,
Though with scarce-moved lips, and with lowliest head
Of that gentle sisterhood.

But once again I beheld her there:
Silent and still she lay—
And her lips now moved not e'en in prayer,
And the flowers which lay all lifeless there,
Seem'd emblems meet of the being fair
Whose spirit had passed away!

What now remains for that tender maid
But my dark and dismal whole?
By virgin hands she is gently laid—
And the bells are toll'd, and the prayers are said,
That in peace may rest her soul!

Ye who this mystery unroll,
Say if my tale be not my whole?

C.

PASCUA DE NAVIDAD.

Da me, Dorila, el vaso
lleno de dulce vino,
que solo al ver la nieve
temblando estoy de trio.

* * * *

Dejemosla que caiga
Dorila, y bien bebidos
burlamos sus rigores
con tiernos regocijos.
bebemos y cantemos;
que ya el Abril florido
vendrá en las blandas alas
del céfiro benigno.*

Juan Melendez Valdez.

CHRISTMAS at Madrid is one proof that latitude is but a poor guide as to climate. Situated one degree more favourably than Rome, sensation would suggest Siberia. Last

* Bring me, Dorila, the bowl,
Fill'd up with luscious wine,
For only from seeing the snow
My limbs are shaking with cold.

* * * *
But let it fall as it will,
Dorila, bring me the bowl,
And with gladsome words and tender
We'll sing and drink, and drink and sing,
And mock its freezing rigour; †

winter was certainly an exceptional year, and it may be said that it is not fair to take it as a criterion; but then the season at which you go to stay at a place is always an exceptional season. Cold it certainly was, beyond anything to which our English home had inured us; while the snowfall on one occasion shut us in from all communication with the rest of the world for days together. Some friends were three days reaching us from Burgos (a distance we had traversed in as many hours a few months before), suffering the most unusual privations by the way, having frequently to turn out and walk, and occasionally help in the snow clearing. This was towards the end of December, and we had returned but a few weeks before from Seville, where we had celebrated Guy Fawkes' anniversary under an August sky. Seville herself, however, was not spared very long, for a month later the cold was so intense there, that it was said the lamps could not be lit because the oil was frozen!

Perhaps no heavier snowfall was ever experienced in Spain than that of last Christmas-day. It was computed that its bulk was of 2,644,868 cubic metres, of which nearly one million metres lay on the roofs of houses. It is not surprising that some sank under their share of the weight, while many serious accidents were caused by avalanches falling off them on to the passers-by. Some small outlying houses had their doors blocked up, so that the inhabitants could not get out till neighbours came to their assistance. In the Puerta del Sol, the very centre of the "Coronada Villa," a man was frozen to death one night; and the number of limbs broken every day from persons slipping down on the frozen snow was most astonishing. But it may be doubted whether any mishaps were so acutely felt as the disappointment caused by the loss of the Corrida de Toros on the Fiesta de Navidad; it was hard to forego it on that day of all holidays in the year. To hold one, however, was impossible. The Plaza de Toros was a very hemisphere of snow,—accumulating all day, hour by hour, and presented a very novel appearance. The clearing out this snow was a lengthened and laborious operation.)

For at hand are April's flowers,*
Borne on Zephyr's wing benign
To renew this world of ours.

* April is not exactly the month of flowers with us; but in the south it is otherwise. Thus Metastasio—

Sembra gentile
Nel verno un fiore
Che in sen' d'Aprile
Si disprezzò.
Fra l'ombra e bella
L'istessa stella
Che in faccia al sole
Non si muove.

The same cause which deprived the Madrillos of their truly national sport, however, provided them another, in which they have as often the opportunity of indulging. As soon as the snow-storm ceased, and the hardly *rrenderos*, or scavengers, had, with the aid of sleds, and carts, and *bocas de riego*, begun to clear its effects away, every inch of skating ground was crowded with *patinadores*, female as well as male. The available area, however, was sadly limited. It was almost laughable to see crowds of anxious experts (and inexperts) waiting for their turn round the Estanque, in the Retiro Gardens, calling up the image of the borders of the Pool of Bethesda, while its dimensions would invoke the nickname of a *baño* from any genuine northern votary of the *skates*.

Snow-balling, too, soon became a favourite, and it would seem also a dangerous pastime, cases having occurred in which a blow from a well-directed snow-ball was avenged by the thrust of a *navaja*.

A more peaceful snow-amusement was found in cutting out statues in the fragile material during the interval of skating, and ornamenting therewith the balustrade round the Estanque, adding a really handsome, and in many instances well-finished, though so very transitory, architectural adornment to its entrance.

Christmas is nowhere the holiday *par excellence*: that it is in England. In Spain Easter certainly takes the precedence. It is remotely prepared for by a Carnival, which surpasses that of any other country of Europe at the present day, and ushered in by Holy Week solemnities, quite unrivalled in their elaboration. It gives its appellation of Pascua to all other festivals, which extend their celebration over more than three days, but itself is dignified with the high-sounding title of *Pascua Mayor*, or caressed with the pet-name of *Pascua de flores*. Hence Christmas only shines by a borrowed lustre, and is called the Pasch of the Nativity.

All religious festivals have their cultus in Spain. For even where devotional and traditional customs are weakened in their grasp on popular observance, the cessation from business and labour affords an indulgence for which the Spaniard always embraces an excuse. Plenty of other observances survive also. And as one instance among many of the old habits clinging themselves on to the new we have observed at the railway stations in Spain placards announcing cheap trains for the *Romerías* or pilgrimages!

The Pascua de Navidad certainly does not lack its share of attention. Winter being the

season in Madrid, it is about Christmastide that the gayest reunions take place. The masked balls are perhaps the most characteristic assemblages. Those at the Teatro Real are considered the best, and are attended by people of the first society, but admission being by bought tickets, it is impossible but that there should be a great mixture of ranks. Those of the Zarzuela Theatre are even more numerous attended, but are perhaps less select. Every endeavour is used to maintain the greatest decorum, and even dancing is seldom indulged in, though a band plays dance-music. Usually only the ladies are masked. Masked balls have also at various times been got up by the nobility at the conservatorio for the benefit of the poor, and for these the tickets are sold only to persons known to the promoters, and for further security they are required to prove their identity at the entrance. At one of these a 'masque of the surrender of Granada was got up; the representatives of noble houses wearing the actual costumes of their ancestors. The Queen was dressed as Isabella the Catholic; the beautiful Duchess of Medinaceli, however, represented Boabdil's mother. There are others commonly held at the *Salon de Capellanes*, the *Circo de Paul*, and other dancing-rooms, but these are quite inferior.

Spaniards are proverbially not a party-giving people; still, European customs are beginning to spread among them, and the old gossiping, card-playing *tertulia* is retreating before the innovation of the gayer *baile*, which, however, in spite of the similarity of sound, and of our word being derived from it, does not answer to "ball" so well as to the literal rendering of "a dance,"—*sarao* being rather the equivalent for the former. The *salons* of the Duquesa de Fernan-Núñez and those of the Marquesa de Sotomayor were particularly distinguished for the number and brilliancy of their receptions. The magnificent palace of the Duke of Medinaceli, opposite the Cortes, at the end of the Carrera San Geronimo, was also the scene of a stirring entertainment, private theatricals being given for the benefit of the sufferers by the autumn inundations.

Our older festivities connected with the Christmas holiday have also their Spanish counterpart. The yule-log finds its translation in the *nochebuena*, and the same word stands for a *torta* of almonds, pine-kernels, oil, honey, and eggs, which is by no means a despicable substitute for our national mince-pies. Our turkeys are emulated with literal exactness, only instead of quietly displaying their corpses pendent over a shop-front, they are paraded alive in flocks through the streets,

where they strut along in all the majesty of their plumage-mantles, their *pregonadores* (or hawkers) shouting deafeningly, "Pavoo-o, pa-a-voo, quien me compra." *

The custom of sending cards of congratulation, is one of very general acceptance; last year upwards of 130,000 such passed through the post of the interior; 95,000 being delivered in Madrid alone.

In the matter of asking Christmas-boxes, too, our habits are most closely reproduced;

and not only in the asking, but also in the attempted repression of the practice. Last year the Conde de Belascoin, Alcalde Corregidor (or Mayor) of Madrid, forbade all subordinate civic *employés* to ask for *aguinaldos*, except the *barrenderos* who had grappled so bravely with the snow nuisance, and the *serenos*, antiquated night watchmen, so called from having in this climate, in the majority of nights, to declare the weather "all serene," in their hourly chant.



At some churches for nine days before the 25th December music with special reference to the Nativity is used in the Mass, hence called *Misa de Pastorela*. We attended one one day at the Church of Nuestra Señora, in

• What strange combinations people love to make between seasons and their feeding! Why does the American mix whipped eggs and sugar with his brandy on Christmas Day, and call it egg-nogg? And what can it signify to the Neapolitan whether or not he gets his *capitone* on that day? Surely conger-eel on any other day would taste as sweet, and yet he will pay his last farthing rather than forego the dish. It is fair to the taste of the Spanish people to say that all their Christmas confectionery is most excellent; and Seville is particularly delicate and successful in her preparations of this nature. It is surprising that some of these delicious compounds have not found their way to England. The *caciotto di compagna*, however, with which Rome regales you at Christmas, must bear away the palm from everything that can be devised in this line.

the Plazuela de Cebada, and on another day in the Oratorio del Caballero de Gracia, instituted by a very interesting society called "of the Holy Child Jesus," for the support and instruction of poor children. The effect was certainly rather peculiar than pleasing. One is not used to hearing bucolic instruments in church, and the *panderetas* and *tambores* (tamborines and drums) do not overcome one's prejudices by their melody; still less does the primitive one-stringed *rael*. At the same time we would not deny such adoption of the homely accessories of life of the common people, and the associating them with the mysteries of religion, probably has a tendency

awake their attention, and win their sympathies.

It is not only in churches that this pastoral music is heard. Like the *Pfifferari* of Rome, peasants come into the towns, and play their rustic music through the streets. Probably the original intention of the custom was, as there, to serenade the various little shrines which make such picturesque bits for our sketch-book reminiscences, in every street. If it is frustrated in Madrid, for not one such is to be seen anywhere, and, without this excuse for them, their monotonous sounds are sometimes very provoking. The municipal authorities indeed placed some restrictions on this infliction this year, but the street boys, too ubiquitous to be made amenable to any moderate repressive measures, kept up the practice with toy parodies, aided by the still more objectionable *zambomba*. This strange little instrument of torture, the dictionaries tell us, is "a sort of rustic drum;" but it only resembles a drum in so far that a part of its apparatus consists of a tightly-strained piece of parchment; but instead of being struck by a drum-stick, a bit of cane is inserted through it, and a harsh disagreeable thumping noise is produced by working it up and down with the hands.

It is curious as the various kinds of food which persons think it necessary to appropriate to different solemnities, are the various kinds of pounds similarly adapted. After all that poets and romancers have fabled so prettily of the music of the *peuple* of the sunny south, it is hard to be disenchanted by travel. Yet how different from the idea we have indulged of the dulcet sounds which were said to move even inanimate things, and—

. . . rigidas deducere montibus ornos,

is the music of the timbrel and pipe in its activity. And how wearisome must have been these picturesque serenades under the *refeje* we have so long loved to see reproduced on *invas*, when *tom-tom'd* on a true Spanish guitar. Truly it must have needed a warm passionate southern affection to have survived the ordeal! How is it again that discordant and pain-giving noises are made to express joy and festivity? No Christmas would be complete (nor indeed any minor festival) for the dweller in the little Italian *puesi* without a due discharge of his odious *mortaletti* reverberating through his mountains. Scarcely less deafening and distressing are the crackers and pistol-shot with which the United States *gamin* symbolises his raptures on the same occasion. But of all this, the worst is that produced by the *zambomba* of the Peninsula, yet the Peninsulars love it. The climax to all the noisy

demonstration of preparation for the festival is reached on Christmas-eve—*Nochebuena*—the good night as it is emphatically styled. The feast of the Divine Infant—the *Niño Dios*—is of course pre-eminently the children's feast, and they positively run riot with their *dulces* and *tortas*, and above all with their dreadful *zambombas*. We, who have lived through and survived the fair in the Piazza S. Eusachio, on the Roman Epiphany, thought ourselves proof against any annoyance of the same nature, but even that night-long, "savage and shrill" infliction did not provoke us to the same pitch of exaltation as the *zambomba*. The natives seem hardened to it, and the children have it their own way. Juvenile parties, however, are not an institution of such common adoption as in England; when they are given they are generally in fancy dress. We were not able to find any tradition of the Present-giver, who, under the ideal of Father Christmas in England, *l'Enfant Jésus* in France, St. Nicholas in Germany, and *la Befana* in Italy (immortalised so humorously by Geradagnuoli), comes down the chimney, and puts toys and bonbons into the little stocking hung up there in faith and confidence the night before. The French *marchands* located in Madrid import great quantities of their *sucrerics*, but the national *dulces* need stand in no fear of being superseded, their excellence will stand any comparison. Among the best which occur to our memory is the *tuiron*, a hardish paste of preserved almonds, hazel-nuts, or pine-kernels, and honey, sold in large bars like soap, also in ornamental boxes, and *mazapan*, another preparation of almonds lighter in colour. It is generally made up into the forms of various kinds of fish, and of fabulous monsters, and gaudily decorated with coloured sugar.* And these and other eatables are sent as presents from one family to another, but are not specially destined for the little ones. The children's "bright particular" amusement consists in making up representations of the Stable at Bethlehem, with all conceivable (and inconceivable) accessories. A large traffic is carried on in the various materials for this purpose. At night they are lighted up while the children dance and sing before them, for in all national amusements in Spain the primitive practice of treating dancing and singing as simultaneous performances is strictly adhered to; these are called *Nacimientos*, and are found in every house, small and great, throughout Spain. In the churches, too, they are got up with more expense and on a larger

* At the more elegant houses salmon is *de rigueur* for the *Nochebuena* supper. Where this cannot be afforded, *besugo*, a kind of bream, takes its place.

scale,* and in many of the theatres they have representations in which the figures are superseded by living persons, who hold quaint dialogues suggested by the occasion. Midnight Mass is very generally attended, and is called *Misa de Gallo*, or the Cock's Mass, because of its being said at the hour when he is supposed to sing out his first chant.

Nor are works of beneficence forgotten. There are no *special* royal gifts for the poor, but the birthdays and namedays of some of the royal children fall near this time, and on these occasions the Queen always gives alms largely. The Archbishop of Toledo distributed 60,000 *reals* among the charitable institutions of the capital. It is on the 24th, the Good eve, that all the prisons and the Hospital General are inspected. All the numerous hospitals for the poor and for foundlings, distribute extra rations on the day itself.† The *ranch*o of the soldier, too, receives an addition, and (this year, at least) many thousands had leave of absence to spend the holiday with their families. But while the stores of corn, and wine, and oil,—the staple products of Spanish soil,—are being opened wide, it is a rare thing for the frugal Spaniard to give way to excess. The word *borracha*, a wine skin, only requires the substitution of a masculine termination to make it denote a drunkard; the word exists, so, no doubt, therefore, does the idea it denotes; but it is not one which ever forces itself upon you as you walk by the way. This year a very touching ceremonial took place during the Christmas season. It was a religious function at the Church of San Cayetano, got up at their own expense by the operatives of the cigar manufactory (burnt down a few weeks before), in thanksgiving for the benefits received during the suspension of work, which had so nearly missed being their ruin, and for their so speedy return to regular employment. San Cayetano is a large church, but it was crowded in every part on this occasion by these industrious poor people, in their humble but picturesque garb.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

1865.

In broken notes of sound,
The voice of distant bells
Falls fitfully around,
Borne o'er the rimy dells.
Anon in wailing tones
It breaks against the breeze,

* In the archives of the Cathedral of Zaragoza are preserved some curious entries of the expenses of these plays, e.g., "seven sueldos for making up the ox and ass, six sueldos for wigs for representatives of the prophets, ten sueldos for gloves for God the Father and the angels!"

† On the four following days most of the *Establecimientos de beneficencia* are opened to invite the visits of the prosperous to their needy brethren, who often benefit considerably by the arrangement.

Or in sad accents moans
Amidst the shivering trees.
In fragments o'er the glades
It falls, or floats aloft;
Then tremulously fades
In echoes low and soft.
But other, nearer chimes,
In laughing octaves run,
In memory of old times,
And what the days have done.
Then changing, clang and wail
Up in their prison high,
And sob, and groan, and rail
At their captivity.

Ringings:—flinging wild notes everywhere!
Clanging:—hanging discord in the air!
Chiming:—rhyming words from brazen throat!
Pealing:—stealing o'er the meadows and the moat!
Dying:—sighing gently as a child!
Floating:—gloating o'er their tumult wild!
Swinging:—springing suddenly to life!
Surging:—urging nature into strife!
Laughing:—quaffing the sweet and eager air!
Groaning:—moaning in a weird note of despair!

Yes, how they sigh,
And seem to die:
But like expiring ember,
At slightest breath
They leap from death,
And wrestle with December!

Oh, 'tis strange
How they change,
In rhythmus and in measure,
Now tolling sad,
Now almost mad,
With throbbing pulse of pleasure.

But not long thus,—the ringers soon
Will catch the proper metre,
Staccato first; then rippling tune
Grows every moment sweeter.

Away, away, the music flies,
O'er mead, and wold, and river,
Arpeggio movement shakes the skies,
And makes the belfry quiver.

Away, away, the cheerful sound
Flies with its Christmas greeting,
And laughs along the icy ground,
Where snow-drops pale are peeping.

The crocus hearing chimes of mirth,
Puts on her brightest yellow,
What cares she for the frosty earth,
When peals ring out so mellow.

The blackbird, in a love-lorn mood,
Is pecking at red berries,
But hark! those joy-bells make her food
As sweet as summer cherries.

In truth all nature hears the strains,
With heart of honest gladness;
They ring surcease of human pains,
And ring—a death to sadness.

They ring of friendship, and the grasp
Of hands in manly greeting;
They ring the softer tender clasp
Of Love and Psyche meeting.

They ring oblivion of the years
Whose sunset was in sorrow ;
They drown in waves of sound, the fears
That cloud the dawn to-morrow.

They ring the affluent table spread,
They ring of that sweet maiden,
Who comes with modest silent tread,
With gifts for poor folk laden.

They ring in tones more sweet than all,
Of Hopes the Cross has given,
And then their glad notes rise and fall,
Like Christmas bells in Heaven.

SYDNEY WHITING.

A PLANTER'S CHRISTMAS.

SOME years since, I was located at St. John's, Antigua, and early in December I was invited by a Mr. Morant, a friend, one of the principal merchants of that island, to meet at dinner Colonel Dyett, a planter, who owned one of the largest sugar estates in Antigua.

The result was that I spent a very pleasant evening, and received an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays at Shirley, the Colonel's plantation. As he was a hearty, jovial old gentleman—for planters were gentlemen in the days of which I write—and as I understood he had a very amiable woman for his wife, a young and lovely daughter, and a niece who was the belle of Antigua, I of course accepted it.

I am neither a nervous, a bashful, nor a superstitious man, but somehow, a few days after I had accepted the invitation, I felt a reluctance to go. Instead, therefore, of looking forward with pleasure to my visit, the idea came repugnant to me.

We sometimes have presentiments of coming events, and it appeared to me that this visit would have some very important influence on my career. This idea never left me, but fixed itself on my mind like an incubus.

However, having accepted the invitation, I felt bound to go; and accordingly, the day before Christmas, I and my friend Morant, who was to accompany me, rose at daybreak, and after a nine miles' ride across the hills, found ourselves at Shirley.

On our arrival we were met at the door by the Colonel, who shook me warmly by the hand, and then led me to the breakfast-room, where I found the whole family assembled.

The first person I was introduced to was Mrs. Dyett, a middle-aged, good-looking lady, who, though European born, was rather inclined to adulge in the colonial drawl.

After a few words of simple courtesy on both sides, I turned round and found myself face to face with two young girls.

"My daughter Cecilia, and my niece Mrs. Shields," said the Colonel, introducing them.

I was somewhat startled at the matronly epithet applied to his niece, for she looked quite a girl. She was, however, very beautiful, and when she smiled she showed so many dimples on her sweet oval face that I thought I had never seen a more fascinating little creature.

Cecilia was younger than her cousin, being, as I judged, about seventeen. She, too, was very good-looking, but hers was the style of beauty which is usually termed pretty, consequently she did not impress me so much as her cousin.

There were several other persons present, but, as they do not figure prominently in my narrative, I shall give no description of them.

Breakfast passed off pleasantly enough, and shortly after I sought and found an opportunity to ask my friend about the niece.

"Mrs. Shields must have married very young," I said. "Is her husband away?"

"Away! yes, he's dead," he replied. "He was a planter in Montserrat, a rich old fellow, a great friend of her father's, and Anne married to please him; but now she is going to marry to please herself."

"Is she engaged?" I asked.

"No, not that I am aware of; there's a chance for you if you like to try."

"I! no, no, I am the last person she would be likely to take a fancy to; besides, I'm not a marrying man."

At this point we were joined by Cecilia and the fair widow, and were hurried off to see the fun going on among the negroes.

We found the Colonel superintending giving out the Christmas allowance, and a right-merry scene it was.

Negroes are the most lively creatures imaginable, and the people at Shirley were on this occasion the most unaffectedly happy I had ever seen.

Nothing could be more odd or novel than the whole scene—the shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, were all different to anything I had ever seen.

The chief fun, however, consisted in flouring each other's hands and faces, and then calling out, "Look at he white face and he white wig!"

Whether the fun was all spontaneous I had no means of ascertaining, but certainly it was the loudest and most unrestrained I had ever witnessed, for they all talked, sang, danced, and shouted at one and the same time, and, in the

violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over one another, and rolled upon the ground.

There is nothing like laughter for making people intimate, and in an hour I was as friendly with the fair widow and her cousin as if I had known them for years.

At this point I may say that, so far from wishing to fall in love with either of these two girls, I had made up my mind not to do so. Love, in my estimation, was an effeminate sort of passion, a mawkish sentiment, fit only for women; in short, I looked upon it as a weakness which, as a man, I was bound to despise. But these ideas were gradually vanishing under the influence of Anne Shields's frank and winning cordiality.

In vain I resisted—in vain I tried to be cold and distant—in vain I set up all my guards: Anne Shields' smile beat them all down. She was determined that we should be friends, and spite of me she gained her point.

I must say that this evident preference of a very pretty girl flattered my vanity, for there were two or three handsome young fellows of the party who seemed envious of my position, and anxious to supplant me. But while seeing this, I remembered that there was a West Indian proverb which said that mosquitoes and Creole girls always showed a decided predilection for a new arrival; and as I had proved the certainty of the first part of the adage, I fancied I was now about to experience the truth of the latter.

Notwithstanding all this—notwithstanding that I thought this prepossession was but a transient one, and that in a few days I should be thrown on one side for the next new-comer,—there was something so arch, so graceful, and so animated in all she said and did, that, as the day progressed, I felt such an extraordinary sensation creeping over me that I began to fancy I was bewitched. As to being in love, that I certainly was not—at least I thought so.

I verily believe that the most gullible thing upon this earth is the human heart. When I retired to bed that night I was, in my own estimation, nothing more to Anne Shields than a casual acquaintance, and she was the same to me. She was very beautiful, 'tis true, with all the fresh graces of youth about her, light and sunshine in her eyes, health and happiness on her cheeks and lips, and, as far as I could judge, that goodness and virtue which add a charm to beauty.

She had been, as I thought, amusing herself at my expense, and I had entered into the joke, believing that we perfectly understood one another—that there was no harm nor any risk in it.

I lay for some time thinking over the events of the day, for my brain was heated, and I could not sleep. After thinking for a considerable time, I found the little widow occupying such a prominent part in my future plans that I began to see the danger of my position, and determined to retreat in time.

The worst of it was, that I had promised to take an early ride with her, and I knew that early morning rides were dangerous with creole girls; and thus between thinking and dreaming I fell asleep.

When I arose in the morning, I laughed at my "night thoughts;" but nevertheless when, as I stood on the verandah, I heard the rustle of a lady's dress, my heart began to beat in a most extraordinary manner. The cause of this agitation was to me a mystery, but it was very pleasant, and I did not care to analyse it too closely.

On turning round I saw Mrs. Shields advancing towards me. She held out her hand frankly, which I took and pressed warmly, why, I did not rightly know, but it was a very pretty little hand, and very soft; in short, I could not help it, and I should have liked to have detained it in mine much longer than etiquette permitted.

At this moment the Colonel and his daughter made their appearance, followed by a couple of black fellows with horses, and in a few minutes we were all galloping up the mountain road—if there be such a thing in Antigua.

By a little strategy, in which the fair widow displayed more skill than I had given her credit for, the Colonel and his daughter rode before, and she was thus enabled to flirt with me unobserved.

How I bore it all I know not; but I feel sure I was very much like a mouse in the hands of a cat—nevertheless I was sorry when we turned to go back.

As we neared Shirley I was reminded of what I had almost forgotten—that it was Christmas-day. All was bustle and activity. The whole of the field hands were in a state of commotion. Such a cackling, laughing, and singing could not be heard out of a negro village; besides this, as we approached, a group of black girls in the gayest attire came galloping and racing to see who should be first to wish massa a "Merry Christmas."

On returning to the house we found several additions to our party, and great preparations were being made for the Christmas festivities.

We had scarcely finished our repast when the sound of the tom-toms, or negro drums, caused all the ladies to disappear to attire themselves for the coming scene.

On going out on to the verandah I saw a great array of negroes in the distance, and the lead driver, a tall fellow in a black hat and blue coat with gilt buttons, marshalling them two and two.

In a few minutes the procession started. First came a party of musicians, two beating tom-toms, two rattling shaky-shakies (calashes with stones in them), while a fiddle and triangle brought up the rear. Everybody was dressed in their gayest attire, and the hats and instruments of the musicians were decorated with many-coloured ribbons.

After the band came the young children, two and two; then the boys and girls, then the young men and women, followed by fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, and, finally, great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers.

Another band brought up the rear, the whole them, as they approached, laughing, dancing, jigging, and twisting in a most extraordinary manner.

When they had passed before the verandah, the dancing ceased, and they ranged themselves in order.

At this moment the Colonel's voice reached me. "Come, gentlemen," he said, "take your partners; our part of the play is now about to begin."

I did not wait for a second invitation, but, stepping inside, I tucked the little widow under my arm, and then waited to see what was to follow.

A chair was placed in front of the verandah, and the Colonel, advancing, took his wife by the hand, and conducted her to her seat, taking up a position on her right. The rest of the party ranged themselves on either side, and then the ceremony commenced.

The negroes advanced to the chair in succession; some brought little bouquets, some pressed hands, some shook hands, while others made long speeches full of good wishes to the ladies and all the buckra ladies and gentlemen.

When the tom-toms beat, and they all sang a chorus, clapping their hands as an accompaniment. Songs and dancing followed—the former full of good wishes for a good crop, and the latter was such dancing as I had never before seen; it seemed as though St. Vitus had got hold of the whole company.

The figures I do not remember; but the manner in which the women set to their partners I shall never forget; the jigging of the bodies and the wagging of their heads were beyond measure ludicrous.

It certainly was the gayest Christmas scene

I had ever witnessed. The girls, plump and sleek as moles, were arrayed in white dresses with bright-coloured borders, their heads adorned with flowers and handkerchiefs, while the men were all dressed in the very height of negro fashion.

Perhaps, however, the funniest part of the scene was the band. How they all did work! Violins, triangles, and shaky-shakies emulating each other, not only in the performance on their instruments, but in the movements of their bodies and the contortion of their features. Then the drummers—how they did drum, and how they all perspired, and stamped, and wagged their heads!

No one seemed able to keep still. Even the old men and women and the small children showed by their contortions how impossible it was. Arms involuntarily went up and down, and dark feet writhed like eels.

Presently came the grand feature of the festival: a sort of *pas de deux à la fandango*, performed in the first instance by a couple of dark beauties, whose faces shone like wax.

They commenced by advancing and retiring, holding up their frocks *à la minuet de la cour*, with their heads bent and their eyes cast upon the ground. This was followed by another advance, with both feet close together, toeing and heeling it very gently, and retiring in the same manner; then the feet were straddled in a somewhat indecorous manner for ladies, and they commenced to move round and round with a motion similar to that exceedingly droll one adopted by some tragic actors, who, when bent on deeds of blood, slide up to their victims by an alternate action of the heels and balls of the foot, without taking the feet from the ground.

These were the grand features of the dance; but I must not omit to remark that the feet did not take the most active part in it, that being executed by a prominent part of their person, known in polite society as the seat of honour, the wriggling of which transcended description.

When the ladies had finished, a tall mulatto bean handed out his lady. The ease and nonchalance with which this sable *élégant* led out his partner was admirable, and his bow was perfection; but the dignity of the whole thing was slightly marred when, with arms akimbo and the palms of the hands turned out, he advanced towards his partner. He was, though a young man, quite a character. He wore a large black hat rakishly planted on one side, a high shirt-collar, a very short round green jacket, white duck trousers fitting tightly to his person, and white jean boots,

tipped with patent leather. His body was short, and his legs long and thin, so that he looked very much like a daddy-longlegs going through a fandango.

The holiday was universal; so much so that we were obliged to have a cold dinner, and even that we had to get for ourselves, for the negroes were too busy, either in dancing or in cooking their own dinners, to recollect that the buckras required anything either to eat or drink. Still, though it was the first cold dinner I had ever eaten on Christmas-day, I never enjoyed one more.

About seven o'clock, just as the negroes began rather to flag, we commenced dancing. After one of the dances, in which little Anne Shields had been my partner, we went out into the verandah to cool ourselves.

It was one of the loveliest evenings I ever saw. No one who has not lived in a tropical country can form any idea of the splendour of such a night. The moon was at the full; the sky of the brightest blue and cloudless; there was just breeze enough to make the cocoa-nut trees wave their graceful branches and show their silvery tints. Just in front of us, a little stream glanced and vanished, as its turnings and windings were exposed to the full light of the moon, or were shaded by the noble trees that studded the pasture.

The prospect was so beautiful, and the air so cool, that we were tempted to descend and walk about the shrubberies.

The first steps we take in the labyrinth of love are so pleasant, the first view is so captivating, that we recall them in our memory with delight. It is thus with me: I love to recall the incidents of this evening as I walked with Anne in the moonlight.

Up to the time of my seeing her I had not known what love was. I had heard that it was the most exquisite sensation which a human being could at any time know, but now I was experiencing the truth of what I had heard, and was enjoying the rapture of this enchanting sensation in all its perfection.

There was no longer any doubt about it: I was a victim to the young widow's charms. At first I could not believe that the magic of a girl's eyes could have worked so great a change in me. I felt that I had entered on a new existence; that I was, as it were, floating in another and more exalted region, far above all sublunary things.

Every soft emotion which had hitherto slumbered in my heart seemed suddenly awakened; everything I saw was coloured by the rainbow tints of love.

For more than ten minutes we walked among

the flower-beds—which, with a lawn and a small English-looking park, were agreeable appendages to the Colonel's mansion—without uttering a word. I was longing to tell her of my love, but for the life of me I could not get out a word; and she, why I could not tell, was equally silent; and on we walked, she all the while leaning on my arm in that sweetly confiding manner which girls have when they are angling for a poor fellow's heart. However, if not one word of love was spoken, of one thing I am certain, that it was revealed to our hearts; though no syllable was uttered, the reality shone so plainly in our eyes that there could no longer be any mistake about it.

I do not wonder at people saying that love is a delirium, for it is a whirl of the most insidious, delicious sensations a poor mortal ever experienced. But love is not only a delirium: it is a fantasy; it not only lends enchantment to moonlight and myrtle groves, but also imparts to the most prosaic things a touch of poetry.

Up to this period I had always been set down by my friends as a cautious, rather stolid, but sensible fellow, and now, here was I going headlong to the deuce; about, in the language of the world, to make a fool of myself, and all for a pretty face and a pair of glancing eyes.

Ha! but then, what eyes they were—what a world of love swam in them! and, besides, there was a pair of pouting lips which seemed to want kissing; and I felt sure that, if I made a fool of myself, I should kiss them very often. No wonder then that I was anxious to get to the deuce.

Propinquity is a great thing in matters of love; and having Anne by my side, and feeling every throb of her heart, I found myself each moment drawn towards her by a more powerful and irresistible spell.

"Anne," at last I said, "the last few hours have revealed a secret to my heart; has it been the same with you?"

She did not reply to me, but turned away her head.

"Anne, dearest Anne," I persisted; "you do not answer me?" She still continued dumb, and I went on. "Never mind; silence gives consent, so I will go on. You must know—nay, you do know—that I love you."

"I may have hoped so, but I did not *know* it," she answered quickly.

"Hoped so!" I exclaimed; "bless you for those words, for now I know that your heart is favourably inclined towards me. But though circumstances have, in an almost marvellous manner, shown me the beauty of your heart

and mind, yet I cannot expect that I can have made the same impression on you."

She was again silent; but it was evident that there was a struggle going on, for her bosom heaved rapidly and irregularly; suddenly she raised her clear blue eyes to mine, and said:

"You will think it strange, perhaps unwomanly, in me to say so, but I was the first to love; my heart has been yours from the first hour I saw you."

I cannot describe the sensations I experienced as she uttered these words; but they made me perfectly happy. When, however, she had ended, she seemed quite overcome by her own sensibility, and, placing her small white hand timidly upon my shoulder, and resting her head upon my breast, burst into a torrent of tears.

In an instant my arm was around her; she was locked to my bosom, and her lips were pressed to mine.

"Hallo, you truants! where are you?" called a voice from the verandah.

"Pray take away your arm," she whispered; "they will see from the house; besides, it makes my heart beat as if I were doing something wrong; though a widow, I am a novice in love."

"But not in the art of pleasing," I said.

"No flattery, sir, or I'll discard you," she replied playfully.

"Come," said the Colonel, as we reached the house; "you are only just in time for the fete."

While I and my sweet little Anne had been so-making, the negroes had not been idle; and, as a wind-up to the day's festivities, they were now about to have a grand illumination.

It was not a very elaborate affair; for it consisted chiefly of a bonfire and a number of large chandeliers and bushes, the branches of which were stuck all over with blazing torches. The effect, however, was really beautiful, and the excessive rapturo of the negroes was as well worth witnessing as the sight itself, and formed a very pleasant finish to one of the happiest days I ever spent.

Christmas is a happy season; but to me it is peculiarly so, for my mind always reverts to the day I spent at Shirley, and its pleasant remembrance.

Of course the reader will understand that very shortly after—that is, in the following June—Anne and I were united; for when people are as much in love as we were, the sooner they get married the better. In conclusion, I can only hope that among my readers the may not be a less happy couple than we were.

T. E. SOUTHEE.

ANA.

THE ENGINEER AND NAPOLEON.—The following is represented as a newly-discovered letter by Robert Fulton, the celebrated engineer; who, some years later, made an offer to Napoleon I. to make steam vessels which could tow the vessels with which he was manœuvring at Boulogne across to England. Happily for the English of those days, the Emperor referred the proposal to the members of the Académie des Sciences; who, with the slowness and dislike of novelties which often characterised scientific societies in those days, took plenty of time to give an answer, and that answer was the usual one—it pooh-poohed the proposed invention. The letter is dated 4 Pluviose in the year xi, and was addressed to the Conservatoire des Arts-et-Métiers of Paris, and ran thus:—"I send you herewith a sketch of a machine I am constructing, with which I propose to make vessels ascend rivers by means of fire pumps. When my experiments are completed I shall have the satisfaction of inviting you to see them; if they are successful, I shall reserve to myself the right of making my labours a gift to the republic, or of deriving from them the advantages which the law authorises. At present I deposit these notes in your hands, in order that if a similar project reaches you before my experiments are concluded, it shall not have the preference over mine."

G. L.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KERLAAR.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.)

SHE stood beside the lattice: her boy lay on his bed;

"Rouse, rouse thee now to look at the folk going by," she said.

"O I am sick, my mother! I cannot see or hear; I think of my dead Gretchen; my grief is hard to bear."

"Up! Twist thy crown of roses; for Kerlaar let us start;
And take thy book: Christ's mother will mend thy broken heart."

The choirmen all go chaunting: the painted banners shine,
For now the pilgrims enter Cologne upon the Rhine.

The mother joined the hindmost, and led her son so pale,
And chaunted in the chorus, "O, blessed Mary, hail!"

The mother of Christ at Kerlaar is robed and crowned to-day;
To-day she must succour many, for many are come to pray.

The sick and wounded praying where gentle Mary
stands,
Bring waxen image-offerings, and waxen feet and
hands.

Whoever a hand doth offer, is forthwith whole of
hand,
Whoever a foot doth offer no longer lame doth
stand.

Many come thither on crutches who since the dance
have led,
Many can play the viol whose fingers before were
dead.

The mother took a taper and moulded a waxen
heart,
Take that to Mary the Virgin : thy woe shall all
depart.



He takes the image sighing : he sighs as his gift he
brings,
Tears from his eyes are springing : from his heart his
petition springs.

"O Mary ! highly favoured, who ever with God dost
dwell ;
O Mary, Queen of Heaven ! to thee my grief I
tell.

"I live with my dear mother in the city of
Cologne,
Where the bells of a hundred churches chime with
heavenward tone.

"And near to us lived Gretchen ; but Death hath
torn her away.
A waxen heart I offer. O mend my heart, I
pray !

"Mend my heart, and early and late I will not fail
To pray at thine altar, chaunting, O holy Mary,
hail!"

While the sick boy and his mother in their little
chamber slept
The mother of Christ came softly and through the
darkness stept.

Bending over the sleeper, her tender hand she
laid
Where his broken heart was beating, and smiled, but
nothing said.

The mother saw in a vision the Virgin come
and go,
And then she woke from her dream, and the dogs
were barking below.

Cold and stiff on his pillow, her boy was lying
dead,
And the red red light of morning flickered about his
head.

He folded her hands as the sunlight coloured his cheek
so pale,
And she murmured, lowly chaunting, "O Blessed
Mary, hail!" B. J.

CHRISTMAS IN A SUMMER HOUSE.

WE were scarcely settled for the winter in
the small German capital which was to be our
home for the next four years, before our friends
began to urge us to choose our house for the
summer. It was idle to remonstrate. Half
the best houses were taken already, and if we
waited till the spring, not one would be left.
Why should not we take advantage of this
usually fine December, instead of going
down, as so many did, in the deep snow of
February?

December was unusually fine. A sharp
frost, it is true, but bright sun, powerful in
the middle of the day, and no wind. The
oldest inhabitants of Pfaffenstadt had never
known such weather, and though oldest in-
habitants, as a rule, never have known such
a season as the present, their experience might
once be trusted. We made up our minds
to follow the advice of our friends, who were
certainly the oldest English inhabitants, and
we started for Guggelsee. From the very
moment of our starting it was plain that Gugg-
elsee was a summer place, and that the facilities
for reaching it in winter were limited.
The trains to the nearest station ran at great
intervals, or rather, from their slowness, could
hardly be said to run at all. The mail train
started at three in the morning, and being a
baggage train as well, travelled ten miles an
hour, excluding a stoppage of twenty minutes
at most of the stations. The mail coach which

met the mail train went about three miles an
hour, excluding a similar stoppage at most of
the beer-houses. However, on these points I do
not speak from experience, as we avoided both
the mail train and the coach that met it.

Had we been Germans we should have
started at three in the morning, and got back
by night. For we soon found that there was
no hotel accommodation for the winter at the
place to which we were going. The immense
bath-house, that served as an hotel during the
summer, was closed from November to May,
and, being given up by mortals, was probably
tenanted by spirits. Although in the height
of summer the establishment was full to suffoca-
tion, and daily shut its doors against homeless
wanderers, no enterprising speculator had been
allowed to open a rival inn, even of the most
moderate dimensions. The consequence was,
that winter visitors had either to start at 3 a.m.,
or take their chance of a bed in the house they
engaged for the summer. As it was only for
one night that we expected to be away from
home, we resolved on this second alternative.

The carriage which we chartered at the sta-
tion had been rattling along the crisp road for
some time, the driver cracking his whip and
singing, when he suddenly pulled up, and
called our attention to the view. We were at
the top of a steep hill, down which the road
went winding to an immeasurable depth. The
top of the hill was bare, and the view open
before us; but as the hill descended, thick
wood began to clothe its sides, farms and house-
tops broke out occasionally, and down below
spread the broad lake, its whole surface a sheet
of glistening ice. The severity of the cold was
first proclaimed by this frozen plain. The sun
shone on it with all its might, but it flung back
the sun's rays with a hard defiant glitter.
Several skaters were out, but we were too high
above the level to hear the metallic scoring of
their skates, and we hardly noticed the isolated
figures in the grand sweep of the lake-basin.
At the further end there was a wall of dark
mountain, without a patch of snow on it, or
any sign of life beyond its frowning rocky pre-
cipices. The hills on the two sides of the lake
were softer, and more gently rounded; the
road at their foot wound occasionally over the
spurs which they threw out into the lake, and
which there took the form of weedy shoals, the
haunt of pike; and towards the far end, where
the hills fell back and left a smaller basin, you
saw the two towers and massive structure of
the old monastery which was now the bath-
house, and the more modern village clustering
about it.

Our driver had been arranging a series of drags for the hind wheels, and passing the door he stopped to have a word. "Fine view, eh? Ah, but you should see it in summer. I never saw it like this before. Cold down there, eh?" And he gave his arms a cheerful swing to drive out the thought. The next minute his face fell.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I don't like the look of it," he replied, and pointed to a cloud creeping over the wall of precipitous rock at the opposite end. "When we have snow, we *shall* have snow." He jumped on his box without another word, and plunged down the hill.

By the time we got to the bottom, the brightness of the day was overcast. There was not exactly wind, but a low moaning. One or two small particles of snow fell, or balanced in the air. The skaters had all left the lake. The driver kept on steadily and faster than ever. At last, as we got near the village, a light snow began to fall. It covered the road with a thin but very smooth coating, more like a light froth than anything else, and the lake was speedily getting white. But as we drove into a yard, and were hurried out of the carriage, it was plain that the snow was thickening. The horses were taken out with the most unusual speed, and the carriage thrust into a shed, while the driver seized our luggage and preceded us hastily to the first house on our list. There was no time to notice anything; he would not pause till we were safe inside, and then he hurried back again.

"Snow," said the master of the house in which we found ourselves thus deposited.

"So it seems," I answered. He looked at us curiously, and we looked round us with still greater curiosity. The room was low and narrow, with windows contrived to let in the *minimum* of light, and keep out the *maximum* of fresh air. It served at once as sitting-room, dining-room, and bed-room, nursery, and tailor's workshop. With all this, it was surprisingly clean, but the heat and stuffiness were frightful. Not the best prospect for the summer, one would think; but, probably the summer looks of Guggelsee differed in all respects from those it wore in the winter.

While we gazed, the air grew thicker and darker; the snow was now falling in heavy flakes, and the master of the house addressed us again. "A bad time to see us, this! We are now shut in for the winter. What will you do till the sledges are ready?"

We stared not a little at the question.

"The carriage that brought us—" I began;

but the host would not let me finish my sentence.

"It will stay here till the spring unless there is a miracle. You will have to go back in sledges; and the fine weather has lasted so long that no one has got a sledge ready. Besides, while this fall lasts no horse will face it."

Here was a pleasant look-out. We glanced round the room again, and our eyes met, not very cheerfully. Were we to wait here till the snow had melted, or till the sledges could be got ready? And what would become of our Christmas dinner, the turkey, to which we had given chase at all the poulterers', the mince-pies and plum-pudding, into which my wife had so laboriously indoctrinated the cook? Our host noticed our perplexity, and attributed it to the state of the room; but this further horror never entered our minds. We had not for a moment expected to pass even one night in this general resort of the family; two or three days and two or three nights would be past all bearing.

"Would you like to see the house?" asked the landlord, at length, as the pause became uncomfortable. We brightened up at once. The house, to be sure; this room was not the whole house, though it seemed to discharge that duty. Accordingly, we expressed our readiness, and the landlord made his preparations. To our surprise, his first step was to take a candle. Was he going to begin with the cellar? But our doubt was soon at an end, when he opened a door in the passage, and we found ourselves on a dark staircase, leading to a dark first-floor. The atmosphere of the upper part of the house was that of an Italian church. The warm air of summer had not been entirely displaced by the winter air which was trying to creep in, and it hung about in patches. Every window was tight shut and pasted down, every shutter was fastened and pasted, and there was nowhere the smallest crevice. The landlord led us into a good-sized room, and said, "This is the *salon*. The sofa stands there, with a handsome table before it; there are the two arm-chairs, and the six plain ones; if you like a piano it can stand there; the looking-glass goes between those windows, and the likenesses of the royal family on the wall opposite."

As he spoke, he pointed to each of the things, and each time we looked to see them. But there was not one of them there. The room was as bare as a beef-bone after the onslaught of a hungry mastiff. It was the same in the next room. "This is the dining-room. Round

table in the middle, sideboard, and china closet." Apparently the last guests had eaten up the furniture before leaving. "The best bedroom. Large English double bed, made for an English family; wardrobe, chest of drawers, washstand, and toilet-table." Either the candle in the day-time deceived our eyes, or the master of the house had a Barmecide imagination! We turned to him at length, and asked what had become of the things he was enumerating.

It was his turn to stare now. "The furniture? It is all packed up and stowed away in the garret. Do you think we would leave it out all the winter without a soul to use it? And the moths?"

No doubt he was right, but it rather lessened our chance of a bed. This point was mooted when we came down from the darkness of the upper floors to the gloom of the lower. Where could we sleep? The lower floor was made up of two small rooms for the owners of the house, a small kitchen for them, and a large kitchen for the summer tenants. Our host explained to us that it was impossible to give us any of the upper rooms; it was well enough to pay them a short visit, but we should freeze if we stayed in them; would we occupy the other room on the ground floor? We looked at it, and did not feel inclined to take possession. At last a brilliant thought occurred; we might light the fire in the large kitchen, and have a couple of mattresses brought down to stretch on the floor. The hint was taken, and we reconciled ourselves to passing the night, if not the next day, in the kitchen of our summer house.

When we had settled this point, we wished to inquire about a sledge for the day after. That day after was Christmas-eve, and was our last chance of getting back for Christmas-day. But our landlord shook his head; if I could stand the heavy snow, he would go with me to the people who kept conveyances, but he doubted anything being ready. And he took care to assure me that, "If I could stand the heavy snow," was no figure of speech. I found out the truth of his words as soon as we got out of the house; the weight almost beat me down; it quite took away my breath; my feet sank deep in the soft drifts, and I could hardly lift them out. I was glad of the first shelter under one of the overhanging balconies with which all houses in the mountains are provided.

One man was sheltering there already. My landlord looked at him, and he returned the

look askance. Then he moved off, and was lost in the snow-storm. "No signs of clearing," said the landlord, looking out, though his eye seemed to follow the direction of the man who had left, and when he shook his head it was scarcely at the weather. We left after a little breathing time, and soon found that our search was vain. No one would speak of anything till the snow was over, for no horse would face it; and it would be time enough then to get the sledge ready.

There was a good warm fire in our kitchen, and our host lingered there as if he had something to say. I suppose it was to take off the dulness under which we were evidently labouring, for he soon began a story.

"You saw that man who was sheltering, and who looked at me oddly?"

"Yes, and your eyes followed him as he left us. Why was that?"

"I will tell you why. He has just come out of prison. For what? For shooting a man."

"By mistake, I suppose, as he has only been imprisoned?"

"Yes, by mistake. Shall I tell you how it happened?" And without waiting for encouragement, he proceeded. "You may have heard that the poachers about here are a terrible set, and that there has always been mortal hatred between them and the keepers. If a keeper sees a poacher, bang! the poacher's dead. If a poacher sees a keeper, bang! and the keeper's dead. That man was a poacher, had been out often, very often had a near run with the keepers. One of the keepers had watched him, and was often on his traces, but he was quick, he suspected it, and always escaped. At last he resolved to set a trap for this keeper. He let himself be seen going up to one of the woods, then cut across and took a roundabout way, so that the keeper might go straight after him, look for him, give him up as he had often had to give him up before, and come home just by the spot where he had posted himself. He had a splendid ambush, just where he could see the keeper come over the crest of a hill, and he lay with his rifle in rest on a branch, waiting. He waited long; at last he saw the feather in the keeper's hat rise slowly above the hill. Next moment the wearer came in full sight, bang! and the bullet was lodged in his heart."

"What a deliberate murder!" I exclaimed.

"It would have been, only it was the wrong man. It was another poacher who was out the same day. The keeper had not followed at all. And so as it was a mistake, the man was only imprisoned."

"A mistake, do you call it? It would have been a most unlucky mistake for the murderer anywhere else. He wanted to kill one man and he killed another."

"Ay," said the host, "but you see his counsel said, 'The law defines murder as taking a man's life with an intention to kill him. Do you try my client for murdering the poacher? But he had no intention of killing him. Do you try him for having the intention to kill the keeper? But he did not kill him. You cannot take the act from one and the intention from the other, and weave them together into one consistent web of wilful murder.' So you see he was imprisoned."

We were destined to hear something more of this case from another point of view. Christmas-eve came, and still no sledges; the snow had not ceased for a moment the day before, and was still falling at intervals. It was plain that we must pass our Christmas in the kitchen.

Towards evening several of the friends of our host came in to keep the Christmas-eve, which is kept instead of Christmas-day in Germany. One of the friends was a fine sturdy fellow, up to all kinds of jokes, and a favourite with every one. He hung his hat, with a black-cock feather in it, over the door, and was soon laughing and singing with the best. I had come to look on, and was much amused. In the midst of it all, I fancied I saw some one move outside the low window, but the next minute there came another snow-shower, and I thought this had deceived my eyes. The hero of the evening had hung, as I have said, his cap over the door, and it was so high up that no one could reach it. Several of the men tried to get it by a jump, but it beat them all; and the owner willing to show his agility, hung it on a still higher nail in the wall exactly opposite the window. He had done this by standing on a chair, and he now prepared to jump for it. The first jump failed. As he made the second, there was a flash outside the window, one of the panes gave a splintering crack, and there was a whiz through the room. All present sprang to their feet. There was a breathless shriek from some, a stare of horror from others; and there stood the mark of the shot, calm and composed, holding up his hat with a bullet through the crown.

I did not stay another minute, as my wife would have heard the report, and I hastened to re-assure her. The landlord came in almost directly, and told us they had gone in chase of him, but they feared he would escape under cover of the snow.

"He?" I asked. "Who? Not the man of whom you told me?"

"Who else could it be! Did you not know that our guest was the keeper, the one he tried for before? Two misses, and he will hardly get the chance of a third."

"What a fine fellow the keeper is," I said. "It would be a pity if anything was to happen to him."

"Fine fellow, indeed; he has shot at least a dozen poachers."

And this was our preparation for Christmas-day.

EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

OLD PRIMROSE'S CRIB.

It is a fine thing, they say, to be an Eton boy. Nothing to do but a little Latin and Greek in the intervals of cricket, pockets full of money, tutors more like servants than masters, plenty of friends in a similar position, and no need to give a thought to the future. Well, so it may be; and yet, for my own part, I don't believe they enjoy themselves half as much as boys do at an ordinary "working school." True they need do little or nothing unless they like, but what a mortification it must be to a studious boy to know that he is looked down upon by his companions. How queer he would feel when he read the answer given by a master when asked what position a reading boy would hold among the others. "It would not be against him if he were good at cricket or other games also." True, too, they have lots of money, but then half the pleasure of buying a thing is in the wishing and longing for it first, and the Christmas sovereign is doubly welcome when it is the only one to be looked for till Midsummer. And as to thought for the future, it is my belief that the knowledge that he will have to earn his bread, only makes a boy work with a will, and probably with better results. Just the same in after life. When one goes for a Sunday stroll under the trees opposite the Serpentine, how grand the swells look with their silky beards and moustaches, marching up and down with beautiful ladies, and nodding and smiling to each other! One is tempted to grumble that one's own lines are not cast in such pleasant places. But, oh dear, fancy this being the business of life! Could anything be more doleful than to wake on Sunday morning, feeling that one is going to do just what one did on Saturday and Friday, and all the other days? It would be enough to take the zest out of one's extra half-hour in bed. But then I don't suppose swells have such extra half-hours.

I am writing the thoughts that came into my head while walking rapidly away from my father's counting-house, on a certain Christmas-eve that I well remember. It was natural that my views should be one-sided, for I had never been an Eton boy nor a swell myself; whereas, I had been for many a year at Mr. Smith's Commercial Training School on Blackheath, and since I left that establishment at seventeen, I had been working in my father's office as hard as any of his clerks. Now out of office hours my father was—and I am thankful to say, is—the kindest of men, but he by no means lets the grass grow under his feet in the way of business, nor under those of his son. At the time I write of, sovereigns were more plentiful with him than they had been in my school days, but they were still far from being blackberries, and now and then he had hard work to keep his head above water. Consequently he passed for a hard task-master, and certainly office hours were long, and intervals of relaxation few. But how valuable those few were! Christmas was the great holiday of the year with us, of course. Did any swell ever look forward to anything in his life, as I did to that particular Christmas holiday? I doubt it very much. And now, at last, here it was. I walked forth from my father's counting-house a free man: free, that is, for the long space of three days. There was no more thought of business in my head, than if the West Indies had never been heard of. I wondered whether the people I passed in the street had such a holiday before them; I pitied those who looked too poor to take more than the festival day itself; I smiled in the faces of strangers from pure happiness. And they looked smilingly at me too, even some of the poorest, for was it not Christmas-eve? "Gentlemen, the office will be closed from this afternoon till Friday next." I had just heard my father speak the words, and they were still sounding in my ears. Three days' holiday! Three boundless, beautiful, merry, glorious days! And I knew so well what to do with them. Ah, did I not?

There never was, or could have been, in this world such a delightful little woman as Mary Primrose—such a bewitching, coaxing, artful, restless little maiden. She had big brown eyes, with such a saucy loving look in them; her hair was as soft and as glossy as seal-skin, and her lips as red and fresh as roses. Then she had a laugh that I defy you to help joining in—there was such a joyous ring in it—and the prettiest, trimmest, roundest little figure. Old Mr. Primrose was a wealthy soap-boiler, and dearly loved his little daughter, who was his

only child, and his heiress. But he domineered over her a little too, and when Mary and I first fell into that uncomfortable habit of blushing whenever we spoke to each other, we took very good care to turn our faces away from the old gentleman; who, however, was generally conning the current prices too deeply to notice our guilty looks. I used sometimes to dine at Mr. Primrose's, and sometimes to call in a formal way, and it is astonishing how often Mary and I used to meet, entirely by accident, in the Temple Gardens, near which her father lived. I fell in love with her, of course. Who could have helped it? And if she did not care for me, pray what was the meaning of that tiny dimple that used to spring up in each corner of her demure little mouth, whenever she saw me coming round the corner? But when I thought of Mr. Primrose, I trembled. He would never consent to his daughter's marriage with the son of a struggling merchant, and would banish me with scorn, telling me that I had deceived him—which, for that matter, was entirely true. So, after going through—in imagination—all the agonies of emigrating to Australia without letting Mary suspect my love, and returning in twenty years or so to find her wedded to another—of course I told her all about it. This was on one blessed 25th of December, just a twelvemonth before my story begins. Mary confessed that she loved me, and we wandered up and down the Temple Gardens, as happy and as thoughtless as two young kids. Mary had never looked so pretty as on that day, and what a delight it was to call her by her Christian name for the first time! My own name, by-the-by, is Joseph. I think she must have known it before, but I told it to her then, at any rate, and we both thought it quite a singular coincidence, considering my feelings for Mary, and that I had become engaged to her on Christmas-day.

After we were engaged, I used to visit my love; stealthily, I am ashamed to say, while Mr. Primrose was boiling his soap, or otherwise employing himself, in his counting-house. It was wrong, I am afraid, but Mary had no mother, and we did not dare to tell our story to her father, but trusted much in a vague future, when all things were to come right.

The reader knows now in whose company I meant to spend my Christmas holiday. Old Mr. Primrose, by a special dispensation of Providence, as I considered, was detained in the country by a slight illness, and his daughter remained in London, under the care of a great-aunt—a charming old lady, who never saw, heard, or understood anything. So Mary

and I felt quite safe, and free to make our plans for meeting at church on Christmas morning, and she had even persuaded her aunt to ask me to dinner in the evening. On leaving my father's office on Christmas-eve, I turned towards the West End. I had a business errand to do for him in that direction, and as the counting-house had closed at three P.M., I had an hour's daylight still before me. It was a mild, grey winter's afternoon, pleasant enough to one who was generally at work till after dark. I went out of my way to cross the Green Park. It was a change from my daily walk in the city, and everything seemed beautiful on that day. I started at a brisk pace, enjoying the soft air, and had got half across the park, when I observed a young man walking a few paces in front of me. He was very smartly dressed in colours, somewhat light for the season, and his hat was stuck a little on one side of his head. He rather attracted my attention by the jauntiness of his walk and general appearance, and I found myself speculating as to what rank in society he might hold. He did not look quite like a gentleman, nor like a clerk, nor like a professional man. I settled at last that he must be a rich tailor's son and heir, and that his close-fitting coat, and broadly-striped full trousers were intended to act as an advertisement for his father. Just as I smiled at this notion, a slight gust of wind caught his coat pocket, and a small piece of paper, which had before been peeping from it, disengaged itself and floated to my feet. It was a mere scrap, but I picked it up and glanced at it, thinking that if it was of any consequence, I would hasten after its owner and return it. But when I had once looked at it, I continued to gaze and gaze, holding it mechanically in my hand, as if I had been turned to stone. Written on the paper were these words:—

"Dearest,—Meet me by St. Anne's Church this evening at seven,

"Your own M——."

But the handwriting! Could my eyes deceive me, or was it indeed Mary's, my Mary's—the girl I had sworn should be my wife, my heart's darling that I had loved so long? It could not—could not be, and yet I knew every letter of that writing so cruelly, so fatally well.

"I expect he's ill: he do look awful."

These words, spoken by a compassionate passer-by, awoke me from my trance. One single idea filled my mind, that I must not allow the man who had possessed the paper to escape me. I looked up; he was already nearly out of sight. The idea of losing him

aroused my dormant faculties. I darted after him at full speed, and, breathless and panting, I overtook him just on the edge of the park. I touched him on the shoulder, he turned round, and showed me a handsome dark face, with small black moustaches and long eyelashes. He was astonished, "I suppose, by my wild look, for after a moment he made a slight movement, as if to release himself from my hand. Only then I recollected that I must speak. I held out the paper in a trembling hand, and as I did so I saw, hanging to his fine gold watch-chain, a locket which I recognised as Mary's. Heavens! what a feeling it gave me, this confirmation of my worst suspicions. Nevertheless I spoke.

"I think you dropped this," I stammered, confusedly.

"Oh, thanks, yes, it is mine," and taking it carelessly, he was about to pass on with a slight bow, but I was not to be so shaken off.

"I beg your pardon," I said, casting about in my distress for Heaven knows what falsehood to tell him, "I am a stranger in London, and I feel rather unwell; perhaps you would not object to my walking with you until I can find some hotel?"

A very suspicious look glanced across his handsome face, but I suppose he saw that my agitation was genuine, and my dress respectable, for after an instant's hesitation he replied,

"Certainly; I am going to the B—— Hotel myself to dine, and if you please we can walk there together."

I joined him, and we proceeded in silence. The hotel he had mentioned was one of somewhat questionable reputation, and stood in rather a lonely street. It had grown almost dark, and a few drops of rain were beginning to fall by the time we reached it. I had collected my thoughts a little, and they resolved themselves into this—to persuade him to drink, if possible, on the chance of his becoming communicative in his cups, and to dog his footsteps to the trysting place, and there I would sting Mary's heart—if she had a heart—by my burning reproaches, and renounce her for evermore. As soon as we arrived at the hotel, I ordered brandy, on the plea of being faint, as indeed I was, and begged my companion to join me. He did so most affably, and I who had never done more in my life than drink a couple of glasses of light sherry after dinner, now poured down my throat a quantity of raw spirits. It did me good, though, I thought; my pulse bounded, and the blood in my veins seemed to circulate

like fire. I began to talk to the stranger, to chaff him, to laugh—listening all the time to my own voice as if it belonged to some one else. He responded cordially. I asked him to dinner; I begged him to tell me what wine he preferred, I pressed champagne, brandy, liquor of all kinds, upon him, and partook of them freely myself. The quantity of alcohol that man must have imbibed during the meal is a perfect marvel to me now, and it seemed to affect him no more than so much water, as far as steadiness of manner was concerned. But at last he did grow talkative, and upon the very subject I longed for, yet dreaded so much.

"That scrap of paper you picked up—" he began. "Didn't you envy me? It was from a sweet little creature, I can tell you."

"Who is she?" I asked, feverishly.

"Nay, that's not fair; but I'll tell you her name. Mary. Pretty little Molly!"

The brandy I had drunk had begun to stupify me, or I must have knocked those white teeth of his into his head.

"Did she give you that locket?" I asked, feebly pointing to it.

"Yes, that she did, the darling. Come," he added, rising, "you seem a good fellow; some day I'll introduce you to her, if you don't object. Many thanks for your dinner. Here's the bill."

The bill came to something fabulous, but I had my quarter's allowance in my pocket, and paid it without a word. The stranger looked at his watch. It was nearly seven.

"I must go now," he said, "to keep that little appointment, you know."

The little fiend! Had she not, I remembered now, dissuaded me from coming to see her on Christmas-eve, lest her aunt should suspect something? and I had allowed myself to be deceived!

"I mean to be there too," I said fiercely, rising from the table, and pressing my hat firmly on the top of my head. "I rather *hink not*," replied the stranger composedly; 'good evening, young man; I hope we shall meet again.'

He walked to the door, and I followed. Aansom cab was waiting, evidently by order. He stepped into it, and before I had mustered courage enough to stop him forcibly, the cab had driven off, and I was left standing, half excited, half stupified, and almost drunk, upon the pavement, in a cold, drizzling rain. For a moment I felt stunned. I rushed back into the hotel, and called for another glass of brandy. Yes, that revived me. Into the street again, almost shouting for a cab, but not one was in sight. At any rate I knew the way to

St. Anne's Church; it was not far off. I started at a furious pace and rushed through the rain, which penetrated to my skin, for I had left my great coat at the hotel. But I felt nothing, heard nothing, thought of nothing, until I arrived under the shadow of St. Anne's Church, in time to see, by the gas-light, with my own eyes, the border of Mary's best shawl just disappearing into the recesses of that accursed hansom.

Then I stumbled, and fell.

How long and dreary the first three months of the New Year were! All that time a threatening of rheumatic fever hung about me, and made it impossible to fight against the depression of spirits that overwhelmed me. Boyish and foolish as I had been, I had loved Mary with my whole heart, and I suffered keenly from her loss. But as my health improved I buckled to again to my work. I may say now without vanity that there was something to be respected in the determination I then made, to do my duty at any cost, and to let no shadow of my grief fall upon my father or mother. I felt that I was a boy no longer, and I resolved to play a man's part in the world. Now and then I heard the Primroses mentioned, but not often, for their set was not the same as mine. So it went on all through that long summer and autumn, until the leaves had changed and fallen again, and the dreary November days came round. One densely foggy night I went to dine with some bachelor friends in the city; just before the party broke up, one of them said, turning to me, "You used to know the Primroses, I think, did you not?"

"Yes," I replied briefly, "a little."

"Can you tell me by chance who the old fellow's money goes to if his daughter happens to die?"

Dies! Mary dying! I could scarcely find voice to ask, "Is she ill?"

"Not particularly that I know of, but she always looks like a ghost now-a-days, and Charley Jones and I had a dispute as to whether old Primrose had any nephews. Pass the bottle, old fellow."

Not till I got into the street had I time to realise what I had heard, and then how miserable and heart-sick I felt. Those few chance words had shown me how little I had really overcome my feelings for Mary. She was as dear to me as ever. Oh, that she had been true! But I would not yield. I tried to crush down the pain, and walked resolutely towards home. My shortest way led through a by-street in a somewhat low neighbourhood, and here I turned into a dark archway with the intention of lighting a cigar. It was now twelve at night; the

fog was somewhat less thick, but still dense enough to prevent the rays of light from a gas lamp just opposite the entrance from penetrating far into the archway. I tried two or three times to strike a match, but it would not ignite. I had given it up, and was about to emerge when I distinctly heard a voice close to me say in a low tone, "Old Primrose's crib." What was it that made me fancy I had heard the voice before? Sheltered by the darkness I turned my head, and there, standing under the gas lamp, dressed this time in shabbier clothing, but still with an air of flash gentility about him, I saw my rival again, dark and handsome as ever. I listened with breathless interest for the next words. He was with a man who bore the stamp of blackguardism in every feature: some denizen of the lowest slums of London. They had stopped, and I heard this man say, in a low cautious whisper, "You are certain the shiners are there?"

"Confound you, yes. I've told you so a hundred times. I got it all out of the little girl: but if you're afraid, leave it to me."

The man replied with an oath, and some whispering followed which I could not catch, but the last words were, "In an hour, then," and the men separated, each going a different way. I remained motionless till their footsteps had died away, and for some seconds after that. Those words had come to me like a revelation. I understood it all now. This man, who had supplanted me in Mary's affection was a thief: doubtless in the higher walks of the profession. I knew how easily, with his face and manners, he could counterfeit the gentleman, and he had won Mary's heart in order to discover from her what she, in her confidence, would easily reveal,—where her father kept his money, and when he received it. No doubt the villain knew the house well. No doubt he had paid stealthy visits there, as, alas! I had done. But "in an hour," he had said; there was no time for thought, only for action. I might yet save Mary from the consequences of her own folly. Recalling my energies, I hurried to the nearest police-station, and roused the sleepy officials. They were lively enough, however, when I had told my errand; nevertheless the hour had expired before we—I and four stalwart policemen—reached Mr. Primrose's door.

"If they are already inside, we must hide ourselves at the foot of the staircase," said one of these functionaries on the way.

"Why not watch the house outside?"

"The chances are they would escape the back way, and there is no time to find that, even if we could in this fog. But they must come down the stairs; you say the strong-room is on the first floor?"

The front door, as we expected, was unfastened, and yielded to a gentle pressure. Leaving one policeman to guard it outside, and one to watch the area, I and the other two entered noiselessly. The policeman's lantern showed the hall to be empty, and we concealed ourselves under the staircase. Presently a faint, very faint, noise was heard as of a muffled footfall. We held our breath, and listened. It drew nearer, it was coming down the stairs, and could that be—yes, it was—the rustle of a petticoat. Just at the right moment, as the foot of the second robber touched the mat on the floor of the hall, the policemen emerged.

"My friend, I've been looking for you a long time," said the one who secured my old acquaintance. A woman's shriek replied—a woman rushed forward, and threw her arms round the neck of the captive. He threw her off, with an impatient "Confound you, Mary, be quiet."

I knew her in a moment. She was—good Heavens! what a fool I had been!—not Mary Primrose, but her maid, a girl I had often seen during my visits of the previous year. Hardly knowing what I felt, I stood by doing nothing while the policemen handcuffed their prisoners, the girl sobbing by their side. Neither of the men had resisted, yet there had been a good deal of noise of one kind and another in the hall. A light appeared on the floor above. A voice I knew said, "Oh, what is the matter?" and looking up I saw my Mary—my own little darling—standing in the daintiest pink dressing-gown at the top of the staircase, peering timidly into the hall. Ladies, do not blush. She might have gone to a ball in that attire, for all I could tell, and been the beauty of the room: only she was without crinoline, and her pretty brown hair was all hanging about her shoulders. I could *not* help it. I sprang up the stairs, I took her in my arms and kissed her. I felt her breath warm upon my cheek: I poured out, I know not what follies and incoherencies. I believe we both cried like babies, till, looking up again, we beheld—in a magnificent dressing-gown, and a cotton night-cap—old Mr. Primrose glaring down upon us.

The next day he sent for me. In spite of my three-and-twenty years, I felt, when ushered into his presence, very much as I used to do when summoned before Mr. Smith at Blackheath to undergo corporal chastisement. But to my great surprise, and infinite relief, the old gentleman looked benignant.

"Sit down, Mr. Barlow," he said; "my daughter has been making a clean breast to me of her misdeeds. Pretty goings on there seem to have been in my house!"

"I know I was very wrong to come here without your permission, sir, but——"

"Well, well, boys will be boys. I'm not sure that I have not done the same in my time," he interrupted me, with a benevolent twinkle in his merry blue eyes for which I could have embraced him. "But what I want to know is this," he continued, "what have you been about for this last year? That child tells me she has not seen you since Christmas, and I can tell *you* she has been crying her pretty eyes out all summer."

Mary crying for me! I blushed like a girl, of course, and then I opened my heart, and told him every particular. He smiled when I came to the note and the locket.

"Well, I declare, Mary has been such a little fool that she deserves to suffer for it. I have heard all about it this morning. She *would* engage that wretched girl who has been taken to prison, just because she had a pleasant face and a clever manner. The girl had no character, and had been miserably brought up. So Miss Mary thought she would take her in hand, and educate her. The poor creature couldn't even write, and Mary actually let herself be persuaded into writing a note for her, to appoint her lover to meet her, because she thinks, I know, that I am a hard-hearted old brute to allow no followers. More than that, I know she suspected the girl of wearing some of her clothes at these meetings, and winked at it rather than get her into trouble. Anyone might have foreseen the result. The girl stole by wholesale. Mary tells me she finds now that many of her little trinkets are gone—and then at last, as might have been expected—a gang of thieves are let into the house. But there"—continued the old gentleman, subsiding from his excitement, "Mary has been punished enough. Bless her innocent heart, I suppose she couldn't be expected to see what would have been as plain as daylight to anyone else, and she hasn't been well lately, so I mustn't vex her any more."

"Oh, sir! then you do not forbid——"

"Why," said Mr. Primrose, interrupting me again, and speaking this time in a kind, fatherly way, "I don't deny that if I had found this out a year ago, I should have been justly angry, and probably forbidden you my house. But things are different now. I have made inquiries about you, and I find you bear the highest character, which I care for more than money in a son-in-law, though I *am* such an avaricious old tyrant. Besides that, you have saved me £3000, for if that beggar had succeeded in forcing my safe, and with so many hours before him, he would have got clear off with the booty. And so—shake hands, sir"

—concluded the old gentleman, blowing his nose, and rising hastily; "I'll settle business matters by-and-by with your father. Now go and talk to Mary."

What a Christmas Eve we had! Mr. Primrose gave a party, and my father and mother were there, and Mr. Primrose actually led my dear old mother under the mistletoe, and then and there saluted her. And we played at forfeits, and we had snap-dragon, and I stood with my arm round Mary's waist in the dark, and we were gloriously happy, and Oh! how lovely Mary did look with that bunch of scarlet holly shining in her dark hair.

But how much more lovely she looked the next morning, with the winter sunshine falling on her pure, white bridal dress. It was our wedding day. Mary had wished it to be so, for she said all our anniversaries were Christmases.

"Except that foggy night last month," I remind her, as we are whirled away in a coupé on the Great Western line. "If it had not been for that robbery we should never have come together. I shall scold you by-and-by, my pet, for being such a little goose as to write such a note for that poor girl."

Mary hangs her head, and looks prettier than ever as she blushes.

"She told me it was only that she might appoint him to go to church with her next day; and Ah, Joe," says the little rogue, creeping closer still into my arms, and hiding her rosy cheeks upon my shoulder, "when we were so happy ourselves, how could I refuse to do anything that I thought would make other people happy too on Christmas-day?" W. R.

"LONDON IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY."

THE most casual observer cannot fail to be struck at times, as he wanders through our great Metropolis, with the thought how, year by year, the face of London is gradually becoming changed. It is true that we have not now any Protector Somersets to demolish churches, or threaten us with the destruction of the Abbey, nor are we likely to have any great relic of old London wilfully swept away. Still, what are called the "exigencies of civilisation," are slowly yet surely overlaying, and in a measure hiding much of what is left to remind us of what London has been. Indeed many changes are going on which might lead an over-zealous and unpractical antiquary to doubt whether "civilisation" is quite the proper term by which to characterise the process. But whether the Old-World prejudices of antiquaries are to be considered or not, there are not wanting in Thames Em-

bankments, and railways overhead and underfoot, indications of change appreciable by the most unprejudiced utilitarian.

It is interesting to watch the development of any great town, but most interesting of all to Englishmen must it be to look back upon pictures of what their leviathan capital was in days gone by. We therefore propose to set before our readers such a picture of London in the reign of Henry II., as given us by a learned writer of the time. Our author is William Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, and a biographer of Archbishop Becket, and who, according to his own account, was the Archbishop's sub-deacon, and held other offices about his person. And here we feel sure that it is not necessary for us to urge upon our readers the caution which Strype, writing about A.D. 1720, thought fit to impress upon the readers of his day, viz. :—"That no modern ears may be offended with this language, remember by whom it was writ, a monk, the Pope's sworn creature; and when, namely, about 500 years ago, in the very depth of Popery." It would puzzle the most ingenious to discover any point in which the author's allegiance to the Pope could have detracted from the value of his description. We should rather be tempted to retort upon Strype his own words, and to caution against the caution "remembering when it was writ." Our author's sketch bears upon its face the stamp of authenticity, which indeed seems scarcely to be disputed; it is written in Latin of the quaintest, and is full of the most amusing touches and details, which would well repay perusal.

Our monk, who is well versed in his classics, has in his mind, in his description of the City, the model of Plato and of Sallust; and as the latter gives a sketch of Africa in his account of the Roman Wars there, so in the life of St. Thomas there should be a description of London, where the Saint was born. In proof of the high antiquity of London, which is said to boast a greater age than Rome itself, the Chroniclers are appealed to. By the "Chroniclers," Geoffrey of Monmouth seems especially to be meant, who derives the foundation of the City from Brute the [son of Æneas, who is said to have called it Trinovantum or New Troy. Some remnant of this tradition is supposed to remain even to this day in our "troy-weight," which was a weight of great antiquity in London. Cæsar also always speaks of the City and its district as "Civitas Trinovantum," and it is not until the time of Tacitus that we hear of the name Londinium. From this fanciful derivation of the Cities of London and Rome from a

common stock, is deduced a most curious and amusing analogy between their institutions. The annually-elected Sheriffs of the one, answer to the Consuls of the other; both have a Senatorial order and lesser magistrates; both have aqueducts and sewers; in both are separate courts for the different kinds of causes, and stated days for public assemblies. It would not, of course, require much penetration to upset such analogies as these, which are as mythical as the theory on which they are built, though they certainly deserve the praise of great ingenuity. Our credulity, however, is not taxed to such an extent, whatever we may think of the London of to-day, when we are called upon to acquiesce in the praise which our author thought London deserved before all other cities for its good laws, its religious observances, its jovial hospitality. "The only pests of London," it is said, "are the immoderate drinking of fools, and frequent fires." It is to be feared that our daily police reports forbid us to boast in these days of much improvement in the former of these points; and as to the latter, though if we consider the enormous growth of London, the average may be thought to have improved, yet the experience of late years still leaves much to be desired. A suspicion would force itself upon us, as perhaps it may have occurred to the Monk of Canterbury, that there is a more intimate relation between these two "pests" than that of mere juxtaposition.

Fitzstephen singles out several points in which he thought the London of his day specially deserving of commendation. Such were the salubrity of the air, the diligent cultivation of the Christian religion, the great strength of the fortifications, the natural situation of the town, the Sabine morality of the matrons, and the jovial character of the sports. We are favoured with some interesting particulars which seem to warrant this commendation.

On the point of ecclesiastical dignity, we are informed that London may vie with Canterbury. And this question was, we know, practically raised by Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, the great antagonist of Archbishop Becket. Fitzstephen does not attempt to solve the difficulty, but, allowing that London was formerly the metropolitan see, and may perhaps become so again, he is inclined to believe that the glory shed by St. Thomas's martyrdom over Canterbury should give the latter, for the present at least, the pre-eminence. Yet in compensation, as it were, for this depreciation, he allows that something may be urged on the side of London, as being the birth-place of the martyr. We learn that in London and its suburbs there were thirteen greater

conventual churches, and 126 parish churches. Of the conventual churches, the chief would seem to have been St. Paul's (the origin of which was by the old chroniclers carried back to a very remote period, and which was said to have been built on the site of an old temple of Diana); St. Mary Overie (over the river or water) in Southwark; St. Martin's-le-Grand; the Priory of Holy Trinity within Aldgate; St. Bartholomew's Priory; and St. Peter's, Westminster. Attached to three of the principal churches there were celebrated schools. It is a matter of doubt which could have been selected as the three chief schools at this time, as by the piety of their founders most of the greater churches had endowments for schools. On the balance of testimony inclines to yield the palm to the schools of St. Paul, St. Mary Overie, and St. Peter at Westminster. The attainments of the pupils of these schools were in no mean order, and we are not sure that London schoolmasters of the present day could afford more creditable or entertaining programmes for "Distribution days" than we have here presented to us by our author. On festival-days the scholars had dialectic contests, in which the more straightforward disputants, whose object was the attainment of truth, fought with the legitimate weapons of syllogism and enthymeme. The more subtle and would-be sophistical geniuses used the le-blows of paralogism and "verbal innuendo," by which last we are reminded of the scholastic fallacy of "plurium interrogantium." These exhibitions we may believe were confined to the older scholars, who would more resemble the undergraduates of our universities at the present day. But the younger pupils were not without their trials of strength; we learn that the boys of the different schools had sets to "with verses on the rudiments of grammar, or the rules of preterites and supines." Truly a most improving exercise! But lest the spectators should fancy these feats, however improving, to be somewhat dull, a more lively entertainment was provided to follow. Logical subtleties and grammatical puzzles were discarded, and a licentious license prevailed. Under fictitious names the foibles of their fellow-pupils and even of the authorities were lashed with Satiric wit; and invective of a fiercer kind, being vent "in bold dithyrambics gnawed with Theonine tooth." The spectators all the while

Multum ridere parati,
Ingemnant tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.

Perhaps in the annual hits in the prologue and epilogue at Westminster we have a remnant of this old playful satire. We may feel

assured that "sound learning" was not less promoted by these exercises than by the modern recitation *ad nauseam* of stock-bits of Byron or Sheridan Knowles.

The fortifications of London were such as to excite the admiration of all. Chief of these was the Tower, the foundation of which is said to be of a marvellous depth, and its walls cemented with mortar tempered with the blood of animals. On the western side also were two towers of exceeding strength, while at intervals along the walls were turrets. Our author tells us that originally—probably in the Saxon times—there was also a southern wall running along the northern bank of the Thames, which, with a pang of regret we hear was then "piscosus," but that the influx and reflux of the tide had gradually washed away the foundations, so that in his time there were no traces of the wall remaining. Stow, in his "Survey of London" made in Henry VIII's time, says that the walls of London, according to Fitzstephen, must have been in the shape of a strung bow, the wall along the river-bank representing the string. In these walls we learn there were seven double gates, in which number, besides the four original gates, Aldgate, Aldersgate, Ludgate, and Bridge-Gate, were probably included a gate by the Tower, Bishopsgate, and Cripplegate. The royal palace was also a building of great strength. It was situated on the river two miles west of the City, though connected with it by a populous suburb extending the whole way. This was, of course, the Palace of Westminster, where, as we learn from Ingulphus, Edward the Confessor held his court, and entertained the high and mighty William, Duke of Normandy, when on a visit to England. Here, too, the Norman kings seem to have occasionally dwelt when they could be enticed from Winchester and the pleasures of the chase. For Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris tell us that William Rufus built the great hall in 1097, and that on one occasion, on returning from Normandy, he kept his feast of Whitsuntide right royally in it, and that when he heard his guests admiring its grandeur, he boastfully exclaimed, "this hall is not big enough by half, and is but a bed-chamber in comparison of that which I mean to make." Notwithstanding William II.'s boast, the palace seems soon after this to have been allowed to fall into decay, for early in the reign of Henry II., Fitzstephen tells us that Chancellor Becket found it almost a ruin, and repaired it in an incredibly short time—between Easter and Whitsuntide. With an amusing detail which reminds us that carpenters and bricklayers are the same in all

ages, we are also told that the clatter which the workmen made was so great that people who came near could not hear each other speak.

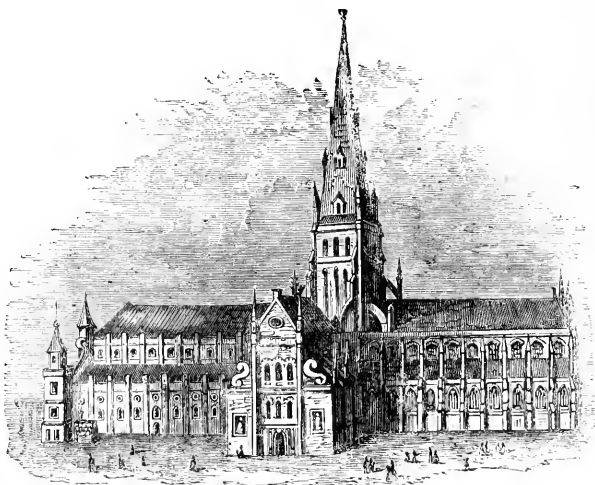
The salubrity of the air, we are told, was most remarkable, insomuch as to have a perceptible effect in producing kindliness and liberality in the inhabitants—an effect which may probably have evaporated after so many years. Dwellers in our overgrown London of to-day are mocked with glowing accounts of citizens' gardens in the suburbs, *spatiosi* as well as *speciosi*. To the north were green fields and pastures, and a broad expanse of meadows, intersected with numerous running brooks. And what is more, a little beyond there—about what is now Islington, Pentonville, and Kentish Town—stretched a vast forest, the lurking-place of deer, boars, and wild cattle. One of the chief natural features of these pleasant places towards the north were the many springs or fountains “of sweet, wholesome, and clear water, trickling over glistening pebbles.” To these, in summer-time, resorted merry

pic-nic parties of old and young. The principal springs seem to have been the Fons Sacer, Fons Clericorum, and Fons S. Clementis, or Holywell, and St. Clement's well. To the first of these a strange fatality seems to have attached, for even in Henry VIII.'s time we read, “it was much decayed and spoiled with filthiness purposely laid there.” St. Clement's well, on the contrary, says Stow, “is yet fair and curbed square with hard stone, and is always kept clean for common use. It is always full and never wanteth water.” It is the water of this well, in all probability, that still feeds the Roman bath in the Strand. Clerkenwell was near the west end of Clerkenwell Church, to which it gave its name. It derived its own appellation from the custom of the clerks or clergy of London assembling there annually and acting plays, the subjects of which were

scenes from Holy Scripture, or the miracles and martyrdom of saints. This custom continued down to later times, for we find that, in 1390, the clerks acted plays, which lasted three days, in the presence of Richard II. and his queen and nobles; and in 1409 they represented a play on the Creation of the World, which lasted eight days, and at which most of the nobles and gentry of the kingdom were present.

The population of the city in the reign of Henry II. may be reckoned, according to our author, at about 350,000. For, in the wars of Stephen, we are told that, at the king's command, the citizens mustered 20,000 horse and 60,000 foot. All these are said to have been soldiers of the highest efficiency, and consequently made

London a great power in the state, as indeed it was shown to be when it almost held in its own hands the balance between Stephen and Matilda. The consciousness of their corporate importance seems to have been reflected in the persons of individual citizens; for we are told that the citizens of London were remark-



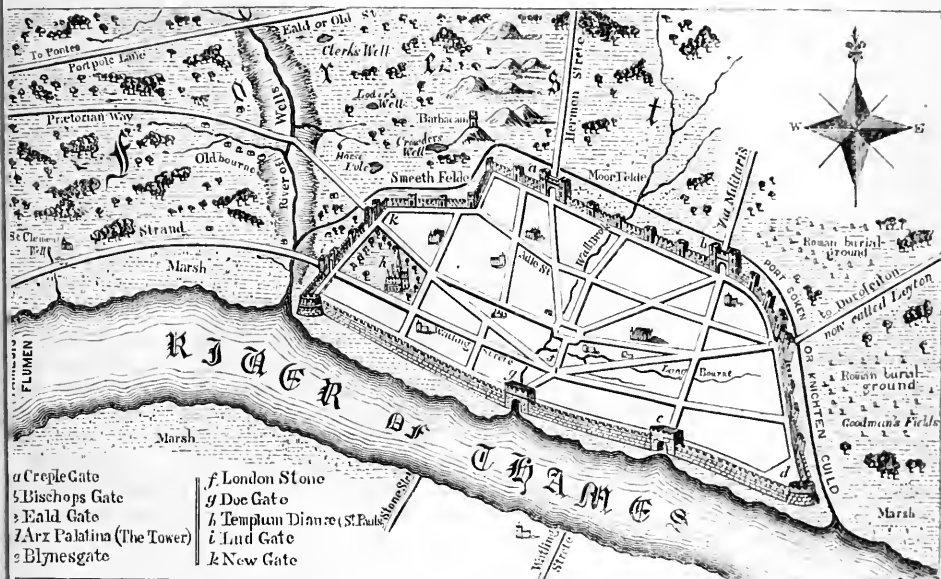
Old St. Paul's.

able above all others for the polish of their manners and the richness of their dress. It would seem too that civic magnificence, even in those days, vented itself in sumptuous dishes, which might fairly vie with the turtle of to-day. For not only did rich profusion reign in private houses, but epicurean appetites were catered for on a grander scale at a magnificent restaurant on the river-bank. Here were to be had every variety of fish, flesh, and fowl; roast, fried, and boiled; here, for more refined appetites, were all the Horatian delicacies of sturgeon, “*Afra avis*,” and “*attagen Ionicus*,” and many besides. Most convenient must such an establishment have been, and a boon to be highly prized by housewives; for here were the citizens accustomed to send to supply any want in the housekeeping on the sudden arrival of guests. Perhaps, too, we shall have no difficulty in subscribing to

our author's quaint remark that this establishment tended to the progress of civilisation, such civilisation as—according to Plato—brings the doctor close upon the heels of the cook.

The national love for out-door sports was in full vigour under the first Plantagenet, and is thought by our author worthy of special notice ; for, as he says, "it is not right that a city should be addicted only to useful and grave pursuits, and not be also pleasant and jovial ;" and he supports this opinion by the customs of old Rome, where the public games were a state duty as important as any other. Let us follow in his steps, and glance at the sports of the boys first,

"for we were all boys once." And here, we are sorry to say, that one of the chief sports of the schoolboy of Henry II.'s reign can in no wise be approved of, for we learn that cock-fighting was a common practice ; each boy brought his own bird for the fray, and what was worst of all, this was done with the sanction of the masters. But we are glad to find that they had more rational sports than these. At certain times the whole youth of the city betook themselves to the suburban fields, where they had animated contests at ball, school being pitted against school, and craft against craft. These contests were so attractive as to bring the elder citizens on horseback to witness them. On the Sundays



Map of London about the year One Thousand.

Lent there were sham fights on horseback, which the sons of the greatest nobles in the land took part ; and during the Easter holidays there were representations of naval engagements on the river. Throughout the summer there were various games of running, jumping, wrestling, shooting with the bow, or juggling stones. The girls too, with Arcadian simplicity, enjoyed themselves in the moonlight evenings with dancing in the open air to the music of the harp. In winter, skating was the favourite sport of young and old. It is curious to observe that this skating took place "on that great lake which washes the northern walls of the city." This was what is now Moorfields, concerning which Strype tells us that "this Morefield was, in ancient writings, called Magna Mora, because of the

great extent of the more or more. To which also belonged a fishery for the use of the city ; both from ancient times in the possession of the city." And another continuator of Stow says that, "formerly these fields were impassable, but for causeways purposely made for that intent. Now, the walks are no mean cause of preserving health and wholesome air to the city ; and such an eternal honour thereto, as no iniquity of time shall be able to deface." Alas for his prediction ! What shall we say of it now ? "Moorfields are fields no more." The marshes were first built upon towards the end of Charles II.'s reign. The swampy character of the ground is still indicated in the names of Finsbury (*Fensbury*) and Moorfields.

But we are forgetting our sports. Having

gone through the catalogue of boyish amusements, we come now to those of the elders. And here, as in the case of the boys, our modern notions are shocked by exhibitions of barbarity which seems to have grown with the ages of those who indulged in them. Instead of cock-fighting, we are now introduced to baiting of bulls and bears, and the bloody conflicts of boars, with which the citizens used to enliven their winter holidays. We hear of other sports, which by common consent are considered less revolting. Such were hunting, hawking, and falconry, in which Becket, in his more worldly days, was a great adept. The huntsmen must have had a splendid time, for the citizens had the right of hunting over Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and part of the adjacent counties, the woods of which were peopled with stags and wild boars, to say nothing of an abundance of smaller game. Of these privileges we may well believe our bold citizens, not yet entirely engrossed with the pursuit of wealth, amply availed themselves.

There was yet another source of amusement which seems to have been eagerly looked forward to both by old and young. This was the great fair, principally for horses, held at stated intervals outside the city walls, on a plain which, as we are told, was smooth "ret nomine." In this we recognise the fair of Smithfield (*Smoothfield*), known in later times as St. Bartholomew's Fair. Here were to be purchased horses of all descriptions, from the knightly charger to the humble sumpter-horse. We have a very animated description of the process of trying the paces of these animals, in which the "vulgar horses" had to stand aside and give place to the nobler steeds, when the latter were required to exhibit their powers. Here might be seen the various devices of that crafty animal, the horse-dealer, to ensnare his deluded customers. Here every thing is life and bustle. The horses themselves are infected by the excitement of their masters, and cannot rest, but prick up their ears, eager for the excitement of the race. So full of motion is all around, that a philosopher might dream that here at length Heraclitus' "perpetual flux" was destined to be realised.

Such were the jocund sports in which, while London was still young, her citizens engaged. In these more practical days, the grave amusement of volunteering bids fair to supplant almost all of them; and cricket, itself a serious business, to be left the sole representative of our old out-door games.

Here we must take leave of our author. On a calm review of this and other like pictures of mediæval life, the reflection forces itself upon us, how great a change has come

over not only the face of our great towns, but over the very habits of the people, since the days when our land was "merrie England." The grave responsibilities of our increased wealth and influence have had a corresponding effect upon our spirits. Moreover, the earnest, eager faces which throng our streets would seem to indicate that our very countenances have undergone a change. For we cannot imagine such faces to have belonged to the reckless pleasure-seekers of old, a good share of whose time was spent in jollity and amusement. Of course there is no ground for surprise, and perhaps very little for regret, in this. The spread of education has in great measure substituted intellectual for physical amusements; and in striking the balance between a dyspeptic body and an unfurnished mind, every man will follow his own personal predilections. There can be no question as to their respective influences on the welfare of mankind, so long as, though rude health may be the attendant of the one, sovereign knowledge is the reward of the other.

EVER ALONE.

I.

Ever alone is a joy to me,
By the plaintive pine or singing sea,
For it fills my soul with melody :—
Melody wrung from a grief of ours,
Like a perfume crush'd from moorland flowers,
Telling a tale of sunshine and showers.
Ever alone.

II.

Ever alone with an aching sigh,
That leaves the heart with a plaintive cry,
Mocking the thousand pleasures that die.
We feel in mellow'd grief a gladness
That sheds a joy on hopeless sadness
Like streaks of light o'er gloomy madness.
Ever alone.

III.

Ever alone when the moonbeams rest
With a trembling light on the wavelet's crest,
Ruffled by wandering winds from the west,
That stir the depths of a hidden stream,
Toiling through life with a moonlit gleam
And passing away like a joy in a dream.
Ever alone.

IV.

Alone ! alone, where the cataract leaps ;
Where ever, ever, the shadow sleeps,
And nearer, nearer, the sunshine creeps.
For the chasm is cleft like yawning night
Deep and drear in the noonday light,
And the waters wail like a wounded sprite.
Ever alone.

V.

Springs are welling in the distant land,
Neath the silent, barren, shelterless sand,
Bringing new life to the pilgrim band ;
And mid weary waters of human woes
A fountain gushes and ever flows,
Where blossoms the wilderness as the rose,
Ever alone.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR,

KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE,” &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV. UNDER A CLOUD.

THE smoking-room at Charteris Royal was a fair specimen of its class—large, airy, and lofty; sufficiently, not desolately, distant from the centre of the house. It had been the justice-chamber in former times; and had only a few late years been converted to its present uses; for the last Squire had lived and died a rabid anti-Nicotian. His son, inheriting many of his prejudices, was yet wiser in his generation. He foresaw it, surely, with the host who shall refuse to make concession to the spirit of his age. It would be easier, and almost less cruel, to deprive a thirsting hart from the water-brooks, than to stint certain men in their tobacco, after a certain hour of the night. I only know one great house, the despot of which is, in this respect, unrelenting. There—after first casting lots to settle who shall be the self-devoted; for the penalty in case of discovery is perpetual punishment—the smokers muster regularly in the bachelor's sleeping-chamber, and hide their oppressed heads in clouds of their own compelling.

But, with all his stiff old-fashioned ways, John Charteris was not ill-natured, or intolerant towards his guests. He had taken no trouble about the furnishing and adornment of the *tabagie*: there were comfortable arm-chairs enough to make an imposing circle round the wide hearth; and the walls were early hidden with such pictures (chiefly of a sporting character) as were deemed unworthy a place in the saloons or galleries. Though he never touched tobacco on his own account, he rarely failed to appear in the smoking-room for a quarter of an hour or so; during which time he would puff slowly and solemnly at an extraordinarily small and pale cigar; evidently looking on himself in the light of a W. M. Dining a Lodge with all due formalities. But a certain reticence and reserve hung about the reserve whilst he abode there; the liveliest imagination could scarcely manage a fetter in his presence, and a sense of relief and freedom visibly pervaded the party, when, with a few muttered words of excuse, which

nobody was expected to answer—he departed to his blameless couch and heavy slumbers.

There was not a large meet on that especial night; only some half-dozen drew their chairs in closer to the fire, as the baized inner door swung to behind John Charteris. Amongst these were Bertie Grenvil, Cecil Castlemaine, and Denzil Ranksborough.

The three—sitting, as it chanced, side by side—make rather a picturesque group, from the very contrast of colouring.

The Cherub is a ‘thing of beauty’ indeed, in rich maroon velvet, brodered down every seam with glittering arabesques; his small, shapely feet cased in slippers to match, bearing his monogram in heavy raised gold. Ranksborough is in velvet too, blue-black as his own hair and eyes, unrelieved by a single thread or stitch of lighter colour: the effect is good, albeit intensely sombre; he might have stepped out of the frame of a picture painted in Venice ten score years ago. Beyond him is Castlemaine; scarcely less magnificent than the Cherub, but in a very different style. With the present curt fashion of lounging attire, Cecil will have nought to do: his portly figure, on these occasions, is ever draped in an ample dressing-robe, such as only Eastern looms can weave, wherein hues, gorgeous in themselves, are so deeply blended that they produce but a softened harmony. On the opposite side of the hearth De Visme, in sad-coloured raiment, perhaps more costly than that of the other three; for that russet fabric is worth more than its weight in gold, even in the shadow of Kashmerian hills. The remaining personages are merely ‘sitting gentlemen,’ with whom the chronicler has no concern.

The talk so far, is neither animated nor well sustained; a sort of patch-work of disjointed sentences, dropped in the careless listless fashion of men who, having started no subject of general or special interest, are rather wrapped up in the nice conduct of their first cigar. At last said Castlemaine—

“Does anybody know anything of the man

who came just before dinner? Flemyng's his name, I fancy. There's no harm in talking of the devil; for it's clear we are not to be honoured with his company to-night."

Now the wary old stager happened to have heard more about the sayings and doings in Rome, than anyone else then present: but he kept his stores of knowledge exceedingly dark; no buzz or hum betrayed the purpose of the busy social bee, as he went about his noiseless labours.

Gathering honey all the day
From every opening flower—

he had acquired the knack of making the said flowers expand and render up their riches, whether they would or no. Moreover his habitual prudence was more than ever on its guard, under the roof-tree of Charteris Royal, and in the presence of Ranksborough; about whose feelings towards his fair hostess, Cecil had already formed his own opinion: so that his cue evidently, was to know nothing; and even to be shadowy as to the new comer's name.

It chanced that, either none present were well 'posted' in the state of affairs, or instinctive delicacy kept them silent: for some seconds it looked as if the query would remain unanswered. At last, Bertie Grenvil said carelessly, never stirring the cigarette betwixt his lips—

"Didn't I hear something about him, the spring before last? I'm sure I did. And it had something to do with——"

He threw his head backwards and upwards, significantly: every man in the room guessed at once to whom he alluded. Ranksborough's marble face changed not a whit; but his black brows were drawn together ever so slightly. The subject was not new to him—be sure, Marion had made her case good, in that quarter, long ago—but he did not relish hearing it discussed just then. That faint sign of annoyance did not escape De Visme's prudent eyes, and he came readily to the rescue: when it was worth his while, he could turn the course of a disagreeable or awkward remark, and as boldly and adroitly as a *banderillo* drawing off the charge of a Murcian bull.

"'No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope'—least of all foreign-made scandal. And your version of it is wrong, Grenvil; or much exaggerated. I heard something about it too from Archdale, who was in Rome at the time. A handsome woman out there, all alone, is bound to have some special lord or gentleman-in-waiting. I think Mrs. Charteris showed very good taste in choosing a raw 'clerk of Oxenford' and an old family-friend."

Castlemaine gave a little nod of approbation and encouragement.

"That's the way to take it," he said. "No woman, who knows how to live, ought to be compromised by such a 'follower.' I never saw conceit and fretfulness more plainly written on any face: he must be in a chronic state of bristling; and conceive, what a nuisance that must be! I daresay, he was a very useful *cicerone*. I do remember something about him now. Usedn't he to play at painting?"

"Perhaps you're both right; and I'm wrong, as I generally am," Bertie answered, with utter indifference. "Anyhow, it don't matter: whatever was, is over; that's clear. He had no eyes or ears to-night for any one but the Dorrillon. What form that is! He was only introduced to her about two hours ago—I took the trouble to ascertain that—and he's knocked hopelessly out of time, already."

Lionel Hardress broke in here: his voice was so unnaturally harsh and deep, for his age and physique, that it almost startled you; and his hard laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"How do you know, they're not both in the same stable?" he said. "I'll lay odds on it, myself. I watched Mrs. Charteris's face—for want of something better to do—all the while the other was making play. She was looking as pleasant as you please; just as a man would look, who has squared everything in the race, so that they're all running for his money. There's some plant up: you see, if there isn't."

Denzil Ranksborough's eyes rested on the speaker with little favour, yet with a languid curiosity: they rested so long, that Hardress, who was not easily disconcerted, waxed uneasy under their gaze.

"What the d—l are you thinking of?" he asked, in some heat.

The other took his cigar from between his lips, and watched the thin blue smoke-coils expanding, for some seconds before he made answer—very slowly.

"I was thinking—what a wonderful 'tout' was spoiled, when you were born to twelve thousand a year."

No one stood on delicacy with Hardress; whose hide was known to be proof against any ordinary home-thrust; so that the laugh was general. And the boy laughed himself, after a moment's hesitation, and one spiteful glance at Ranksborough. Indeed, it is possible that he more than half relished the equivocal compliment. His chief ambition was to be considered a 'real sharp hand'; and occasionally to be mistaken for his own trainer—not

Castlemaine, *bien entendu*, but an astute professional, noted for unscrupulousness beyond his fellows. In both of these objects—the last especially—he had succeeded tolerably well: in dress, manner, tone, and talk, master and man were a pair of Syracusan Brothers; and, though there was a score of years between them, comparative strangers were sometimes puzzled, even after having a fair look at the old, old face on the young shoulders. So Lionel was in nowise disconcerted: he was used to being mocked at for his peculiarities, and not unfrequently had the laugh on his side, before all was done: perhaps though, his tone was a trifle more sulky than usual, as he answered.

"I'm very well off as I am; and I don't want to change. But you're pretty right, my lord. There's not many games I'm not 'fly' to, if I once begin to watch 'em."

With such a party as were there assembled, very scant encouragement is needed to turn the talk into a dilution of Rufi's Guide. So it happened now; and in this groove the conversation flowed on or stagnated, till the others had all dropped off, one by one; leaving Castlemaine and Grenvil alone.

One of the peculiarities in Cecil's organisation was his faculty of dispensing with any approach to beauty-sleep. If

The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to borrow a few hours from the night—

his debt must have rolled up by this time, into something fabulous. Indeed the habit had become so engrained into his nature, that, had his head been laid on pillow much before 1 A.M., it would probably have tossed about restlessly till day-break; as it was, he slept usually the sleep of the just, and rose late; seldom indulging the world with his countenance much before noon. He was a steady without being an inveterate smoker; though his cigar was seldom extinct, his solemn deliberate puffs made tobacco go a very long way. At many thousand late vigils—not to say orgies—had that fine benignant face of his assisted; and yet there was hardly a wrinkle on his smooth forehead, nor on his cheeks, whereon lingered still a faint tinge of peach-bloom; and he still carried his oary head as gallantly erect, as if it had been 'crown of glory.'

The Cherub, too, would keep terribly late hours, by fits and starts—it was part of his system of burning life's candle at both ends, and melting it in the middle to boot—on this particular evening he seemed in no sort of humour for bed, and would probably have lighted a fresh cigar, even if he had not liked a company.

But Castlemaine and he were great allies. The former, as you are aware, stood a good deal on his dignity and would abide no undue familiarity, especially from his juniors; but he was always 'Cis' to Bertie Grenvil. He liked the reckless handsome boy—with his gentle winning ways, and wild dare-devilry in play and love—either from sympathy or from memory of what he himself had been, well enough, to have helped him out of one or two serious scrapes, with sound advice and yet more substantial aid. And the attraction was decidedly mutual,—they generally had a little confidential chat, when they found themselves alone together.

So after a brief silence Castlemaine began to speak, in his wonted deliberate fashion; yet there was a slight tinge of impatience in the gesture, as he shook off the long white ash from his cigar, fully a minute too soon.

"You heard what Hardress said. What do you think of it?"

"Yes, I heard," Bertie answered. "It's difficult *not* to hear that voice of his: I'm sure it was pitched by nature for the King. I haven't thought much about it; but I've no doubt the 'tout' is right. He always reminds me of a child I saw in Ireland ages ago: a small bullet-headed boy with hardly any hair on his head to speak of; so little indeed, that I couldn't help remarking it to his mother. 'Indade then yer honner,' she said, 'he's as cunning as he is bald.' And that's about the mark with Hardress: he'll spoil his eyes, if he don't mind, with always looking so sharp into mill-stones. I shouldn't wonder if he's on the right scent this time: perhaps, as he elegantly phrases it, 'they are both in the same stable.' But why on earth they should give themselves any trouble about Mr. Fleming; or why the Dorrillon should waste her best tackle on such a samlet, when a thread and bare hook would have done as well—is far beyond me. I'm deuced bad at working out problems; and never guessed a riddle since I was a baby."

The elder man leant a little forward in his chair; lowering his voice discreetly from mere force of habit; for he knew himself safe from listeners.

"It's simple enough, I fancy. I chanced to hear a good deal more about the goings on in Rome, than you did perhaps, or than I chose to allow before the rest of them. I'm half sorry I mentioned the man's name; but I wanted to find out what they knew. De Visme has heard a good deal too, I'd swear; though he turned it off devilish well. There's no doubt about it; Mrs. Charteris made a fool of herself out there—if nothing worse.

It's no use shrugging your shoulders, and lifting your eyebrows: it was bad taste, of course, for he carries 'cock-tail' in his face; but not a bit worse than I've been in my time; and so have you, in yours. But she saw her mistake long ago; and she *don't* see the pull of having him dangling about her here in England, and hampering her in her innocent amusements. I believe they are tolerably innocent; but she could no more exist without flirting, than she could live on barley-bread and water. So she has got the Dorrillon to take him off her hands for ever and a day. Mr. Flemyng had better make the most of John Charteris' '47 wine: he won't drink much more of it after this visit ends, you may take my word."

The Cherub whistled long and low.

"If that's the case, I wouldn't give much for his chances. It's about the neatest way of dropping a troublesome admirer down the *oubliettes* that I've heard of, of late years: quite worthy of a high and well-born *Herzoginn*. There's no fear of Flemyng coming to life again, when he once disappears down the trap. You didn't know Percy Arundel, perhaps? He was in my battalion. The evening he was introduced to Lady Dorrillon, she carried on just in the same way as she did to-night. Poor Percy! He was as good a fellow as you ever met, in those days; and was engaged to as nice a girl as you ever saw. I don't know what's become of *her*; but I met *him* last summer in Brussels; looking so utterly disreputable that I almost shirked him. He went straight down-hill from that very night, without a check, at a killing pace, too; and he had twice the bone and breeding of this amateur artist."

After a pause Castlemaine spoke again.

"It's a curious age we live in, certainly. Here have we—not only you and I, but all the rest of them—been discussing the love-passages of two women, just as if it were a case of matrimony and honourable intentions, with both their husbands sleeping within three-hundred feet of us. A queer state of things, I think, to prevail in the most moral country in Europe."

"If they're sleeping, it don't so much matter"—Bertie said, philosophically. "But I'm afraid poor old Sir Marmaduke has restless nights, as a rule. He's looking terribly worn and broken of late. I'm rather glad that I've had no share in thinning his grey hairs."

"They do you great credit—both your compassion and your continence"—the other retorted, with some irritation. "It's a pity you don't bestow the one, and practise the other a little oftener. You're right, though. I've known Marmaduke Dorrillon these thirty

years: there never was a finer specimen of the Ancient Régime till he married that——" All Cecil's courtesy towards the sex scarcely kept back the bitter word that was on his lips: he just swallowed it however, and went on. "There's one pleasant house spoilt for all convivial purposes; and there would be another, here, if Ranksborough could have his way. Not that he will, I think: but the intention's the same. Because an explosion only happens once in twenty times, that don't make it safer, to play with gunpowder. You're just as bad, one as the other: I never pity you when you come to grief. Why on earth can't you let the wives do their duty; without trying to spoil them for general society? The *chasse aux mariées* was never meant to be naturalized on this side of the Channel."

"It's 'diamond cut diamond' at the worst"—the Cherub said. "The friskiest matron of them all can take pretty good care of herself, if she really wants to go straight. And their hearts are tough enough—tougher than girls' hearts at all events."

He spoke coolly and indifferently; but with the last words his face darkened. He had begun thinking of the beautiful brown eyes that had looked up into his own, so trustfully that night; and of the low sweet voice that had faltered so often in its timid replies; and of the tiny hand that trembled so in his clasp, whilst he bade Minnie Carrington 'good-night.' What a dear honest little thing she was! And what business had he to fool her for his amusement, when he had no ~~more~~ chance of marrying her, than if she had been of the blood-royal? The Cherub, in his irreverence, utterly ignored the damsel's betrothed, though he was perfectly aware of the engagement; but he could not ignore his own substantial fetters; and they were not only financial embarrassments that hampered him. In the anathema muttered under his breath Philistines were included no less than Hebrews, and it lighted not alone on bearded usurers. More unrelenting than the worst of these, sometimes is Delilah—exactng her unwritten bond to the uttermost farthing.

For some minutes the two smoked on in silence: Bertie roused himself, first, from his reverie.

"By the way, Cis; I don't remember ever having come across your name in any of these affairs. It might have been before my time, to be sure: yet, I fancy, I should have heard of it. If you kept clear, it wasn't from lack of opportunity, I dare swear."

The elder man looked keenly, and somewhat grimly, at the speaker, as if suspecting covert taunt or banter: but Grenvil had evidently

made the remark in perfect good faith and simplicity.

"No : you never heard of it," Cecil said, at last : "and never were likely to. I got my lesson before you were born, and it has lasted me my life. I haven't forgotten it yet, though temptation has been over for me this many a year. I've half a mind to tell you how it happened ; not that it will do you a particle of good—listen, any way.

"When I was a little older than you I had a friend ; such as you often find in books ; but right seldom in life. I don't mean, a man in the same set with yourself ; with the same haunts and tastes ; with whom you lounge or drink, or smoke, six nights out of every seven ; a man who, perhaps, would lend you his name, or even money, if he could spare it and thought you would pay him back some day. I mean a real staunch friend ; who would back you through thick and thin, through storm and sunshine, better than most brothers—better, for instance, than mine. I had such an one then—in deed I had—though it seems hard to believe it now ; such luck only happens to any man once. We never dreamt of such trash as exchanging promises, or making amicable demonstrations ; but we knew one another—or thought we did—that was enough. Well—after a while Fred married. I only saw his wife twice before the wedding, where I was best-man. I didn't think much of her at first : she had a pretty face, but a weak one, in spite of a pair of great dark eyes ; and a childish caressing manner. I was travelling for the next twelve months ; and hardly saw them ; so I went to stay at Fred's place directly he came back to England ; and found myself just as much at home there as ever. Here—I'm not going through the whole story ; would only bore you, and it sickens me to think of it. I soon got so familiar, as to call her by her pet name, quite naturally even before strangers. Before long she began to copy off her coquetries on me ;—for practice, I believe, at first, or for fun ; so it went on, till somehow, I found myself netted. Of course, I ought to have gone far away, and told Fred to reason, taking all blame on myself ; or none—anything but what I did. I know that well enough now ; and have known it, these thirty years. But, I stayed on and got deeper into the mire daily. On my honour, the idea of deliberate treachery or of real harm—what you would call harm—never entered my mind ; and, I do think, into hers. But she liked philandering dearly ; besides her brain was turned by French novels, till nothing would satisfy her but playing the *Marquise* ; and I—I was

a hot-brained, hot-blooded idiot. When I did go away, she made me promise, dead against my will, to write to her once : swearing by everything that was sacred that she would burn the letter as soon as she had read it. She hadn't the chance of breaking her word ; for that letter came, by an accident, by the wrong post and when she was out. Fred opened it—knowing my hand-writing—to see if there was anything to answer by return : it was the first of his wife's seals he had ever broken. There was nothing actually criminal in those cursed four pages—there couldn't be ; but there was enough of wicked fooling, to make Fred and me strangers till death. Till death. That wasn't so very long either. In the second spring after these things happened, he injured his spine in a terrible fall. Poor Fred ! he was the best heavy-weight I ever knew : you should have seen him steer a young one over his own stiff country. He lingered for a fortnight or more. I wrote and begged to see him once—if only for five minutes—just to shake hands, and say farewell. Would you believe it ? She stopped my letter. She owned, afterwards, to the woman who told it me, 'that she was afraid I might make more mischief between her husband and herself' : in plain words—she was afraid I should tell tales ; and try to clear myself at her expense. Till then, I had taken my full share of the blame. I didn't stop to enquire, whether I had been tempter or tempted : I only thought it hard that, for such a gew-gaw, I should have cast away a true diamond. But that last act of hers made us more than even : I never have forgiven it ; and never will. Almost the last words Fred spoke were—

"Poor old Cis ! I'm sorry he didn't come to say goodbye : I didn't like to ask him ; but he must have known, he wouldn't have been turned away."

"And the day before he died, he sent me a few lines, that reached me just too late : even I could hardly read them—he used to write such a bold firm hand, too !—but I've had them by heart, these many years. If I have ever since been tempted to say words to a wife, that I should not like her husband to overhear, I had only to remember the first line of Fred's last note ; and the temptation was over. Such words, at least, I never have spoken,—no, that I have not,—as I hope for God's mercy."

His voice had grown hoarse and husky, long before he ended, and a great change had come over figure not less than face ; making both seem strangely shrunken and aged. It was hard to recognise the portly debonaire elder, and cheery boon-companion of a few

minutes before, in the haggard and bowed old man, sitting there, gazing blankly into the fire.

Grenvil had no answer ready on the instant; before he could frame one Castlemaine had lighted his candle and departed abruptly; muttering something about its "being long past canonical hours:" so Bertie was left to his meditations.

Now if the concentrated eloquence of all the preachers in England—from the Right Reverend Bishop of Petroleum, down to the Ir-reverend Spurgeon—could have been poured out on the Cherub's head, in all probability that graceless reprobate would have dozed peacefully under the thunder; and afterwards gone on his way, utterly unheeding and unedified. But the story he had just heard—an ordinary one enough, by no means graphically told—impressed him more than he chose to own. The battered old worldling, who had never in his life dreamt of pointing a moral, had preached a sermon unawares. It is not the first time that a lay archer has sent a chance arrow home, when all clerical quivers might have been emptied in vain.

During the few minutes that he sate musing alone, Bertie, it is to be feared, did not indulge in any definite visions as to a changed Future: but he felt equal to abstaining from harm for the present, even if he could work out no positive good, and if the amendment should prove only temporary. He swore to himself, that—come what would—he would trifle no more with sweet Minnie Carrington's heart. So—carrying with him the rare burden of a good resolve which he was destined to keep—the Cherub betook himself gravely and soundly to his slumbers.

(To be continued in the New Series.)

THE MAN IN THE CONSERVATORY.

"AND you leave us to-morrow, Mr. Merton?"

It was Mrs. Fryer who spoke—Grace Abbott's aunt—a woman perfectly well-bred, fairly educated, good-natured, and almost intolerable.

"You leave us to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"For the Engadine?"

"Yes."

"And by what route? By Bale?"

"No."

"Oh, yes; yes, quite so. And through the Tyrol?"

"Yes."

"Charming."

Mr. Merton looked across the room to where

Grace sat at the piano, and his eyes seemed to say, half interrogatively and half decisively, "Scheiden! Ja Scheiden!" And though they had looked out at the world for more than forty years, those eyes still showed fire.

Of course James Merton, a bit of a recluse, a bookworm and a bookmaker, was over head and ears in love with Miss Grace. But, despite his eremitic habits, he was gifted with a fair portion of common sense. He was nearer fifty than forty. Grace was just nineteen. He had enough to live on as a bachelor, but was not rich. Grace owned a place somewhere near Ipswich, and was an heiress. He had been at Trinity with Grace's father. So, after spending some three weeks at Spielbad in the enjoyment of the society of his friends, the Fryers, and meeting Grace every day; after eating and drinking, and riding and walking, with Grace skimming close beside him, and discussing Tennyson, and Millais, and Gounod and Bishop Colenso, and metaphysics, and politics, and roulette, and Vehmgerichte; he had at last come to the irrevocable determination to start for the Engadine at once. Of course mere civility required that he should call to bid the Fryers farewell. But did mere civility require that he should have watched the Villa Fryerioni until Mrs. Fryer's niece was returned from her morning's walk? And why did Grace begin to sing that particular song?

"Well; we are most sorry to lose you. I don't know what we shall do without you. A most charming time. Yes. Will you let me find Mr. Fryer, to bid you good-bye? He is writing letters, and I must not send a servant to him."

And as the lock of the door snapped, the refrain of the song rang in his ears. "Scheiden! Ja Scheiden!" Not that Grace was singing now. She was turning over the leaves of her music-book, and staring at the oleanders through the parted curtains.

He had been in love before; but his engagement had not ended in marriage. That was fifteen years ago. And now, at forty-seven, he felt more earnest than he had ever felt before. And he felt sure that he did not love the acres of Stoke Abbott. It was Grace that he loved.

"I wonder if we shall ever meet again, Miss Abbott, and if the 'au revoir' at the end of your song will mean anything in our case."

"One often does meet people one has travelled with abroad."

"I regret very much that I am compelled to leave Spielbad."

Dead silence on the other side.

"It has been very pleasant."

"Oh, yes. I am sure——"

Now, here is a situation. Here is that magazine which is said to be stored with inflammable compound, ready for the spark of circumstance, whenever that spark makes an explosion. If Mrs. Fryer return with her

husband, romance is lost in the common-places of civility. If Müller, the courier, knocks at the door to announce luncheon, the Engaline will be blessed by another tourist.

Still there is a dead silence. Only the gentle echo of the band and the murmur of feet and voices in the walks beyond the garden.



See page 766.

"Have you seen Galignani?"

She was so long asking the question, and asked it at last with such an evident constraint, that the words, prosaic in themselves, came as the spark to the laid-train, and Merton—old Mr. Merton—was emboldened to answer it, Hibernicé, by another.

"Miss Abbott—I have thought—I have been thinking—I have hoped that I have seen you, that you did not, you cannot have failed to observe. Miss Abbott, I had meant to go away, but I cannot without learning,

without at least telling you, Miss Abbott—Grace,—you have won all my heart from me; I love you; I have loved you ever since I have seen you. I cannot but tell you. Has it been all a dream when I have fancied that you might love me? Grace, will you be my wife?"

At the change from "Miss Abbott" to "Grace," he had moved very close to her. At the second "Grace" he had taken her hand in his. She did not withdraw her hand, and her hair touched Merton as he held her.

How long he and Grace would have continued thus, who shall say? As Mrs. Fryer's hand touched the outer handle of the door they started half-guiltily asunder.

So Mr. James Merton did not set off for the Engadine, but remained at Spielbad.

Some five months after this love-passage in foreign parts, Mr. and Mrs. Merton landed at Dover on their way home. They had been married at the Embassy at Paris, had passed a honeymoon in a house near Orleans, placed at their disposal by friends of Grace long settled in France, and had settled down into an ordinary matter-of-fact married couple. So at least they supposed. But it is doubtful whether their peculiar circumstances were not known to everybody on the boat, and to all the loungers on and about the quay, and to every porter on the railway platform. What mysterious halo marks the presence of every young bride? How is it that no ingenuity of disguise and height of effrontery will spare a newly-wedded couple from the imputed guilt of having just committed matrimony? Thieves sneak off undetected. No brand visible to the eye of sense lives his fellows' hands against the offender. A man may appropriate other people's funds and still be courted, as harmless, in society, even though the very clothes on his back have been obtained by the credit given to wealth fraudulently gotten. But let two folks get married, and they carry their guilt inevitably about with them. So, though Merton and his wife were not conspicuous for appointments obtrusively spick and span, they carried bride and bridegroom on their face, and had to pass through so much ridicule, envy, and curiosity, as such a relationship ensures. Not that these things troubled them in the heart. They were supremely well-satisfied with one another. Grace was ever seeking some new form of worship for her worship's legitimate object, and now derived keen delight from the thought of showing him all the beauties and treasures of her home, and crying, "What is mine is thine." Merton had never repented the deed he had done. If ever he had feared that it was not wholly fair to use the influence of strength over weakness, in order to bind a heart so young as his wife's, all his doubts were banished by her evident devotion. Her happiness was his justification, and so he was happy too.

Merton had proposed that they should rest a night at Claridge's, and so break the fatigue of the journey. But Grace would not hear of the delay. It was quite enough to have waited a night at Calais, she said. They would not stay in that smoky London. Let them get to

Stoke Abbott as fast as possible. So reaching London Bridge early in the afternoon, they set off in a cavalcade of cabs for Shoreditch, homeward bound.

Some thirty miles on the London side of Ipswich, Grace began to show signs of having attempted more than her strength was able to perform. Her husband was alarmed at her pallor and silence, and blamed himself for not having insisted on the delay in Brook Street. But as they neared the station, excitement roused her from her fatigue, and she blushed with the memory of very old associations as she recognised the familiar liveries of her servants, and the lines of a somewhat antiquated vehicle. No sooner was she seated therein than a footman handed her some half-dozen letters, sent in the carriage from Stoke Abbott. The coachman had taught Grace to sit her first pony, and was in a great state of delight at her arrival from foreign parts, and curiosity as to her and his lord. The footman was a new-comer, and therefore able to discharge his high duties with the calm impassibility that became them.

"Letters, ma'm, which Mrs. Key said was to be given to you immediate."

Two or three Grace tossed aside. One was from Mrs. Fryer—now in Rome,—one from her dearest bosom friend. One addressed "James Merton, Esq.," was marked "Immediate" in the corner. As that gentleman approached, fresh from the settlement of questions of luggage, his young wife handed him the letter, and watched his face as he tore it open and read it. He looked grieved—annoyed—troubled.

"Grace, darling," and he looked at his watch, "I must go back to town to-night. My mother is very ill—not expected to live; this letter came yesterday; I only hope I may——"

"Then of course I go with you."

"I don't think you must, love. You could not bear the journey. I don't think it would be right for you to start back again. You must go home with Edwards. (Edwards was the maid.) And I shall hope to be with you very soon—as soon as possible, you may be sure. It is very sad, but——"

She looked so white and sad, and two such big tears gathered in her eyes, that he was constrained to speak as cheerfully as might be.

"Let us hope that my mother may be better, and that I may be with you again to-morrow, or on Friday at furthest. I must go. And, indeed, I think you mustn't."

And the carriage stood some minutes holding the farewells of its master and mistress, and then Grace drove off alone. How wofully

different this from the entry into Stoke Abbott, which she had pictured to herself! And the words that she had sung on a certain occasion at Spielbad sounded prophetic in her ears, and she thought that love and parting must really have some necessary connection.

But Grace was not inconveniently sentimental. The excitement of arrival soon roused her from her trouble. She should have a letter from James on the next evening. There was the lodge. Some of the creepers had been clipped off it. Mrs. Porter came hobbling to the door, holding up a lamp. It was dark, but Grace could see, she thought, every clump of trees in the park. She knew every tuft of grass by the way-side. A troop of servants in the hall; a banging, and rushing, and carrying, and hurried toilet in the room prepared for her; not her own room, but the great room over the portico, in which she could just remember her dead mother; and she sat at the large table in the dining-room, rather making believe to eat than eating, and looking wistfully at the second cover and the empty chair. Abbotts loomed on her in all directions—specially the illustrious Sir Giles Abbott, who had made money in the City in the days of the late Queen Anne, and bought Stoke Abbott, folks said, because its name matched his own, and would lead the outer world to fancy that his sire's name had named a place. Grace did reflect with a kind of disappointment that she was an Abbott no longer. Perhaps James would get himself called Merton-Abbott. She had once hinted at something of the kind, but he had not met the hint.

At last the poor little temporary widow went wearily to bed; and would it not be sacrilege to her dreams to make the effort to record them?

In the morning everything must be set in perfect order for James's arrival. What would he say to this and to that? Would he like the flowers put where she put them? Would he be really charmed with the home she was proud to give him? But his mother. She did not know much about this mother, who was a very old lady, living in Russell Square.

Perhaps she would die, and then James would be very unhappy. And she should have to put on mourning. And James didn't like black. Well, she must wait till the letter came. It was a long day, and she felt a sort of blank that she had not known for many a week. But it was pleasant to ramble once more through the dear old house. Then there were her pictures. It has not been said that Grace was an artist; and, for a lady amateur, by no means a contemptible artist. One of

her great reasons for joining her uncle and aunt in their tour was that she might see with her own eyes all those great art treasures which she had loved and revered ever since—ever since she was a child, Grace would say; but what was she now? So, in Saxony and Lombardy, and Tuscany, she had paid her devotions to the hearts, and minds, and hands that devised and executed the San Sisto Madonna, and the crumbling glories of the Cenacolo, and the gentle peasant mother of the Seggiola. Grace spurned the water-colours of her less ambitious companions. She dived into the mysteries of oil, and must needs be provided with all the paraphernalia of the atelier.

The chief rooms at Stoke Abbott were all on one side of the house, with windows opening into a colonnade. This colonnade terminated at one end in a great conservatory, massively built, containing great stands for flowers and half-a-dozen statues. It was glazed on only one side,—that looking on the garden, and parallel with the outer wall of the rooms. It opened into the library as well as into the colonnade. Here Grace had established herself as artist. Here her paints did not make themselves offensive to dwellers in the house. Here were her easels, and brushes, and canvases, and palettes, and a collection of properties which she had used or intended to use in her work. It was, in fact, a veritable curiosity-shop—her favourite sanctum; and she thought with delight of how many additions to her store of bric-a-brac she had collected in her travels, and which she waited to unpack till Merton's return.

In the evening the longed-for letter made its appearance. It was the first she had ever received from her husband, if not from her suitor, and was received with proportionate consideration.

"My wife," it said, "it was a false alarm on the part of my mother's old housekeeper. She was certainly ill for a day or two, but, considering her years, is now really quite strong. She is delighted to have me with her, and longs to see her daughter before she dies. I shall be with you on Friday afternoon, by the train reaching Ipswich at 2.30. I think I know how my darling feels at being away from me. And that is as I feel at being away from her!" "J. M."

"Friday afternoon at half-past two. That's to-morrow. Of course I shall go to meet him. The carriage must be ready at one. And now, no more partings, my lord and master!"

The morning came slowly. The solitary breakfast was prolonged as late as possible. And what was Grace to do till one? She

would shut herself up with her brushes and paints, and work steadily at the group she had begun a year ago, before she had left Stoke Abbott.

"Thomas, I am not at home to any one. Look to the fires of the conservatory, if you please, and ask Edwards to give you my thick shawl. And will you carry in one of the arm-chairs from the library."

James Merton almost laughed to himself as he thought of his impatience to be back with his wife. He had thought that duty compelled him to stay till the Friday, and so had written to Grace announcing that day for his arrival. But on Thursday his mother was manifestly quite able to do without him. If he went down to Ipswich by the last train on Thursday night, he might be at Stoke Abbott early on the Friday morning—five or six hours sooner than he had thought to be there—and might spare Grace a long drive on a cold day. That drive he had not attempted to forbid, for he had been sure that nothing would prevent his wife from undertaking it. Five hours seemed a very great deal to gain, and Merton determined to carry out his thoughts. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the anticipated Friday he drove up in a hired chaise to the lodge gates at Stoke Abbott, and entered for the first time into the domain that was *à fortiori* his because its owner was his.

It would be hard for any one to enter Stoke Abbott Park without a sense of its being as nearly as possible what an English gentleman's residence ought to be. And James Merton would have been something more than human if his admiration had not been enhanced by the knowledge that every rood of pasture and every inch of timber was his and his children's after him. Early March is not the best time for seeing an English landscape, but the babyhood of the year has its own beauty, and as Merton glanced out to right and left on avenues and clumps of branching trees, the smoke of the village curling round the grey church tower, and the thoroughly comfortable-looking red house standing out square and massive over the blue haze of the distant shrubberies, he did feel some of the sweets of ownership. But it would be unjust to him to doubt what after all was the chief source of his exultation. The turf, and the trees, and the deer, and the curtsying lodgewoman, and the long line of windows in the front of the hall were incontestably pleasant. But pleasantest, brightest, dearest of all, was the thought of the welcome awaiting him from the fair mistress of the place. He could have jumped from the somewhat tardy vehicle, and run with all his swiftness to the portico—he, already sable-sil-

vered!—had not a sense of decorum and a fear of ridicule held him fast, though chafing, in his seat. The coach grated on the ground of the entrance sweep and stopped. Merton himself sprang out, mounted the spreading steps, and stood at the entrance. A passing servant opened the door before he had need to ring the bell.

"Your mistress, Mrs. Merton?"

"Not at home."

And the servant, with that happy mixture of insolence, politeness, and superiority which marks the well-trained footman, seeing a stranger and a hackney coach, held the door in a way that said plainly enough, Go out, or in the act of shutting this door I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of pushing you out.

Merton held out to the man his rugs and coats and said,

"I am your master. My name is Merton. Where is your mistress? Stay. Do not go for her. I will find her unannounced."

The domestic was checked, but not satisfied. There was something in Merton's manner which forebode further contradiction, and Thomas, having opened the door which led to the rooms opening on to the colonnade in the front of the house, stepped back into the hall, and did not oppose the new-comer's further entrance. Merton advanced into the drawing-room, a rare bit ruffled by having thus to take his own home by storm. Grace was not there. But his quick eye marked the traces of her recent presence. The book—the flowers—the open work-table. What was that lying on the hearth-rug? A pair of dog-skin gloves. Indeed! large dog-skin gloves. Had Grace some early visitor? Why had he dropped his gloves? A laugh sounded in the direction of an open door; and the voice was Grace's voice. He passed into the adjoining library, his footfall making no sound on the thick carpet. Grace was not there. But something was seen to move through the closed glass door of the conservatory, and over the top of a bright basket full of tulips, and primroses, and crocuses, he saw his wife. A man was standing with his back to the library; a man in a hat, a shabby hat, Merton could see, and a cloak. Beside him Grace was standing,—her hand familiarly resting on his arm. Merton marked the shimmer of her rings on the intruder's rough cloth—her face lit up by the happiest, merriest, most beaming smile. She looked into the man's face with that trusting, frank gaze that Merton knew only too well, and sat down in a chair close by, laughing once more aloud. Merton turned back from the window, passed into the drawing-room

again, and sank into a seat. And the expression of his face was not pleasant to see.

James Merton did not really for a moment seriously doubt his wife. But he was very much annoyed. The meeting was so very different from the meeting he anticipated. Grace was evidently on very intimate terms with people in the neighbourhood, of whom he had never heard—perhaps, on rather too intimate terms. But she was so young! Really little more than a child! And a child how innocent! He must watch her very tenderly. At this point in his cogitations the young lady in question entered the room. She darted forward eagerly when she caught sight of him. But there was a something about her husband's mouth and eyes that she had never seen before; a something that repelled her like a hand held out before her as she waited for his arms to open. He took hold of her little quivering fingers, and did kiss her, but there was something strange about the kiss. Perhaps he was in great trouble? Perhaps old Mrs. Merton was dead?

"James! how did you get here so soon? Is anything the matter? Is your mother worse, or——"

"No, my wife; nothing. My mother is, on the contrary, better than I hoped. I found I could come to you earlier than I said, and so I came. I came in here hearing—understanding that you were engaged with someone."

"Oh, dear me, no! How stupid of Thomas! I've seen nobody. I told them to deny me to every one. I didn't mean to see any one but I had you to take care of me, sir!"

And the prettiest, archest, most loving of looks, accompanied the dainty curtsy that she dropped to her lord. He tried to look easy and pleased, but the effort was miserably unsuccessful. Had she told him a lie? Was he dreaming? Where were those dogskin shoes? Gone. Who had taken them? What did it all mean?

"Now, Squire of Stoke Abbott, come and inspect your house? Will you have some inspection after your journey? Not yet. Here now, give me your arm, and look about you. This is your drawing-room; look through your five windows and behold your garden, and trees beyond; and what's the church there—over the cedars, here you will go on Sunday and listen to poor, dear old Mr. Saye. Turn round and look over the chimney-piece. That gentleman in the wig and sword is your great grandfather-in-law, and that's the coat he wore at Ettingen; and that's the Pordenone I told you of when we were in Venice; and that's

the Madonna that everybody said was a Massaccio till Doctor Splaegen came and said it wasn't. Now, come with me this way. This is the billiard-room; I wonder how the cushions are?—rather queer, I'm afraid. I can play, you know, but you are sure to beat me. This is the front sweep, you see, that the windows look out on—you can almost see as far as the lodge, now that the trees are bare. Through this little book-room,—those are poor papa's whips,—or come out into the hall, where you came in, but don't stay here; it's cold even with that roasting fire. All those apples, and pears, and ribbons, and birds are Grinling Gibbons's, and here we are in the drawing-room again; and—oh, James! James! you don't say a word to me, and——"

And the hapless young bride sank down into her little low chair, and merged all her loving valet-de-placeisms in an overwhelming fit of sobbing.

With these tears the husband was rather perplexed. Could there be anything of guilt in them? Impossible. And yet how was he to chase them away without asking a question which would imply suspicion. And suspicion he was determined not even to hint at. And of course his determination issued in his being particularly gloomy and unlike his ordinary self.

Half the stories that are written are made up of mysteries that might be solved by five minutes' plain speaking; and it is not only on the stage, or in books, but in everyday life as well, that Pyramus by his own silence and constraint builds up the wall of reticence that bars him from his Thisbe.

Grace had neither brother nor sister, nor near kinsmen; so in her case the fraternal solution would not avail. A sort of table of affinities, showing with what relatives familiar endearments are legitimate, had risen before Merton's eyes for an instant as he stood in the library; but he had remembered that Grace was an only child, and the Fryers her nearest connection. One thing he felt it simply impossible for him to say,—that one thing being "My darling Grace, who is the gentleman—the man with whom I saw you talking just now?" He did not dare to say it. Had he not, in a sense, been playing spy? Had not Grace said that she had seen nobody?

So the more the little wounded heart wept, the more its sworn protector was perplexed. And then he thought of a certain day at Spielbad. Had he really acted fairly to his wife? She was so young, and he was so grave. But the same answer that had satisfied him then satisfied him again. Of one thing there could be no doubt. In the eyes of the world he

might have gained by the events that had brought him to Stoke Abbott; but he had honestly paid the price of all his heart, and that not a narrow one.

He would dismiss the whole thing from his mind. It was absurd. There must be some mystery which time would clear.

"My dear, dear, dear wife! You have excited yourself about my absence. What does it all mean?"

It was all very well for him to ask—

Now why that tearful eye, ladye?

And why that cheek so pale?

He knew well enough. And, knowing, he was able to apply styptics and cosmetics which it were profane to particularise, but which soon brought back the sun through the shower and the colour to the face.

"I thought you didn't seem happy, James."

"My dear Grace!"

"You didn't care for what I was telling you; you know you didn't, sir! And I wanted to show you your own, you know."

And her hand stealing trustfully into his signalled the flight of the storm.

"My own wife, it is all charming. It is all fitting to enshrine my great treasure. But shall I waste all my admiration on the case when I have the gem? Must I stop to gaze at a cadaverous Madonna when I can——"

And the sentence was lost in contemplation so close as to end in contact.

"Well, now come this way, then, and you shall see how I have been employing the time that hung so wearily on my hands while you were away. This is the library. It's bigger than the drawing-room, you see. I don't know why it's called the library, for most of the books are in a room on the other side of the house—a room that had better be yours,—your own, I think. That's Hayter's full-length of my mother. I can only just remember her."

A pressure of the arm said that the orphan had found some one who would strive to fill the vacant place as well as love and thoughtfulness would permit.

"The middle window opens into the colonnade outside. Come out for a moment; it is not cold. This is my pet garden. The crocuses are coming on famously. Now, come through here, you mustn't stay out in the wind. This is the conservatory where I do my painting."

He did give a sort of shiver as her hand turned the lock of the glass door that opened from the colonnade into the conservatory. And the shiver became a start when he saw the objectionable man still there. But the start became a great, deep, long-drawn sigh

of relief when he saw—as he did in a second—what the objectionable man really was.

"Now isn't this snug? And here's my work. You didn't know what a genius you had married, did you? This is my great picture of Dick Swiveller in the public-house with the Marchioness. And here's dear old Dick. Look at him; isn't he a funny old fellow? I've managed his clothes famously, I consider. Thomas has come in to sit for the face, and I really didn't know what to do for the Marchioness, because all the children in the school are so fat and rosy, but at last I got hold of one who had been ill. Look at the beer! and the pewter! You must praise it you know, for perhaps nobody else will. I haven't touched it for a whole year and a-half, but Dick's hat is almost all there is to work in!"

Grace could not understand then, and has never been able to understand since, why at this particular moment her husband should fling his arms round her and embrace her in a more earnest and almost more solemn way than he had done, even after their recent reconciliation in the drawing-room. There did not seem anything in the circumstances of the moment to call forth such a burst from that rather impassible James. But this was certainly not an ebullition to be complained of. Both of them looked so radiant when old Mr. Barker the butler appeared at the library door, as to leave not a shadow of the doubt raised by Thomas in that dignitary's mind, as to whether the gentleman who had come in the fly from Ipswich was really Miss Grace's husband.

"Luncheon is ready, if you please, mum. And these is the gloves which you asked for them for the lay-figger, mum, and left them in the drawing-room."

A solemn, white-headed man was Mr. Barker, more dignified than a Bishop, and almost as dignified as an Archdeacon. But Merton had heard his wife speak of him; and there was something quite cordial in the tone in which he exclaimed,

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Barker. My wife has told me how good you used to be to her when she was a child."

And Barker thought the new master a most pleasant-spoken gentleman.

Grace Merton doesn't paint much now. One James, not the James whom we know, but another, smaller and younger, began to suck a squeezer of madder, to his mother's great fright, and after that she gradually abandoned her palette. The celebrated representation of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness hangs in the gallery up-stairs, but the *écorché* has been relegated to a lumber room, where it gries horribly at explorers. J.

LEILA AND HASSAN.

(A PERSIAN LEGEND.)



Spake the King unto his daughter,
 "Maiden, thou shalt wed with one
 Who is worthy most to love thee,
 Worthy most to be my son.

"And to him I give for dower
 In that day when ye shall wed
 All this kingdom fair of Persia,
 With the crown upon my head!"

Spake the maiden to her father,
 "Say not so, my lord, to me;
 Hassan is not dear unto me,
 And his wife I cannot be.

"Tho' together, e'en from childhood,
 We have lived from year to year,
 'Tis not Hassan, but El Calid,
 Who must be for ever dear!

"And tho' Hassan loves me truly,
 (He has spoken, I have heard,)
 Not for all the gold of Persia
 Can I break me from my word!

"So I will not marry Hassan,
 (Nay, my father, do not chide,)
 But El Calid and none other
 E'er shall own me for his bride."

Yet she knew that Hassan loved her
 With the deep immensity
 Of a good man's noble nature!
 And a man's intensity.

Yet she thought El Calid fickle—
 Knew him fickle—fear'd him so;
 But because his beauty pleased her,
 She would chance a life of woe!

And her will was firm and wayward
 Leaving sense of right unheard ;
 Hassan's prayers, her father's bidding,
 Could not force her from her word !

Till the King, with easy nature,
 Bent him to his daughter's will,
 Gave his Leila to El Calid,
 Gave reluctant, fearing still

For her happiness in future,
 And for Hassan,—loving long ;
 Lest his heart so true and tender
 Break beneath the cruel wrong.

Hassan wander'd from the palace
 Where his childhood's days were pass'd,
 Out upon the plains of Cashan,
 On that home he looks his last !

Ne'er again at eve returning
 Shall his Leila meet him more ;
 Never shall his heart beat quicker
 At her step upon the floor.

But an endless grief and canker
 Will consume his weary life,
 No sweet household for his pleasure,
 Children dear and loving wife.

He will roam into the desert !
 And what fate awaits him there ?
 Death so welcome !—Life so bitter !
 Either take—in calm despair.

And as still he wanders onward,
 Faint upon the air are borne
 Shouts of many-voiced rejoicings
 Greeting Leila's nuptial morn.

Then his spirit sank within him ;
 " Love," he said, " die out—be nought :
 Shall I give this priceless treasure—
 Years of love—to be forgot ? "

Ah ! the thought hath stung him deeply :
 But because his love was high,
 Pure, unselfish and unchanging,
 Soon he found the true reply.

" Shall this love which is for ever
 And defies all measurement
 Reel like birds in stormy weather,
 Fall like trees by lightning rent ?

" Shall it not, because 'tis stronger
 Than the fate which brings this grief,
 Bear, not all unnerved, its anguish,
 In its own strength find relief ?

" I will live : but far departed
 From her name, her voice and words,
 Spend the love she has rejected
 On all gentle desert birds.

" On the emu and the ostrich,
 Sharers of my solitude ;
 Till the love which well-nigh kills me
 Works for my beatitude ! "

So he lived,—the gentle Hassan,
 Sad and silent,—loving all
 The birds abounding in the desert,
 Till they answer'd to his call.

And the scorpion, snake and lizard,
 Bat, and pintoed butterfly,
 All became submissive to him ;
 Came to creep, or flutter nigh.

And the travellers through the desert
 Meeting him, were fain to know
 Of his name and of his dwelling ;
 But untold he let them go.

In the city, in the palace,
 They have spread abroad his fame,
 Spoken of the wild bird tamer,
 Hiding dwelling-place and name.

And her maiden speaks to Leila,
 For she grieves from night till morn,
 Weeping sore her false El Calid,
 He is fled, and she forlorn.

" Dear, my mistress, to beguile you
 Of your grief with my poor words,
 Listen to the wondrous story
 Of the wanderer and his birds. "

Then she tells the fame of Hassan ;
 How the moth, the deadly snake,
 And the lizard, black and yellow,
 At his feet their dwelling make.

How the ostrich and the emu
 Follow at his gentle voice,
 " Sure such power could change thy sadness,
 Make thy breaking heart rejoice ! "

Thus she speaks, and Leila listens :
 She this wond'rous man would see,
 He perchance would soothe her sorrow,
 And relieve her misery.

So they leave the palace, city,
 Far across the plain they go ;
 Hassan bends his steps towards her,
 Simply, that he loves her so.

Feels at last the heavy burden
 Lifted : feels his sorrow die,
 Ere her coming breaks upon him
 Knows that happiness is nigh.

And she comes—he kneels before her ;
 " Lady there are sworn to me
 All these ministers of nature
 Who are trained to worship thee !

" They shall swift do homage to thee,
 Heed the waving of thy hand,
 Live as I, whose only pleasure
 Is, to live at thy command.

" For I learn'd, from one who travell'd
 O'er the desert plain to-day
 That El Calid breathes no longer ;
 Death hath borne him hence away.

" And the tamer of the wild birds,
 He whom thou didst scorn before,
 I, thy Hassan—live to love thee,
 Ay, to love thee evermore ! "

Oh, her tears flow'd fast and faster,
 Partly for El Calid dead,
 Partly she was all unworthy
 Hassan's love, unaltered.

For her will by grief was broken,
And his goodness touch'd her deep;
And she felt more worthy of him,
That his love should make her weep.

"Though to pay thy love," she told him,
"All my heart be little store,
I will give thee that, my Hassan,
Ay, and love thee evermore!"

E. E. W.

FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S END.

It was a fine open season, just one month fore Christmas-day. The trees were cleared their foliage, and the hedge-rows of their leaves; but the weather was genial, and soft winds and a cloudy atmosphere held out to the sportsman a promise which was not destined to be fulfilled. The Earl of Rosendale was an admirable sample of the English nobleman and the British sportsman. Few men looked well, behaved so well in all relations of life, wore such perfect leathers and tops. His clothes were made for them,—long, thin, straight; and his back was like his legs. The manner in which his long black coat, with its wide skirts, hung upon the Earl's hips, was a marvel to the admirers of good dressing. Four days a week in the winter it was exchanged for a stronger and a broader one of scarlet. The Earl's manner was as irreproachable as his appearance. His servants worshipped him, his children admired him, his tenants loved him, and his equals—well, his equals were so far and far between, that it is difficult to appreciate their feelings, if they had any. To say truth, his besetting sin was family pride.

Rosendale Castle, like other Castles of Indolence, was opened to the world out of the season. As one of the best sportsmen in the county, and the largest subscriber to the county hounds, Lord Rosendale felt it to be incumbent upon him to fill his house with hunting-men during Christmas. The only condition, implied rather than expressed, was that each guest must be provided with a stud, for which accommodation was found in the village. There were exceptions to this rule occasionally, but such were seldom acknowledged by the guests, and might consist of a servant, or a Frenchman, who fell to the lot of the Countess and her daughters to entertain.

Lord Glendower, the Earl's eldest son, came down of course. He was a hard, well-knit man, of middling stature, always with a glass in his eye, and an unpleasant witticism at hand for a friend or an enemy; it scarcely mattered which. He was a better class of Jack-Pudding in the London clubs, and was unpopular in

proportion to the great extent of his acquaintance. There was a good-natured duke, stout, grey, and of the gamekeeper pattern, riding to cover on a fat cob, and mounting the sedatest of hunters, when his jacket and gaiters not unfrequently led the shirkers to victory. There was a formidable marquis, the *patri* of the season, an innocent, unpretending person in reality, who would have been cheerful enough had he not been made to feel the necessity of marrying thus early in life. Wherever there were women it put him in a false position; and the Earl had three daughters, two of whom were still unmarried. The third, to be sure, the Lady Evelyn, was scarcely out; and the Marquis of Cocky-lecky would not commit such a solecism as to fall in love with the younger sister, while Lady Margaret Caradoc remained single. There were two or three rising politicians of fifty, a couple of Guardsmen, the Duchess, some younger Lady Marys, and distinguished commoners, and one or two poor but highly-connected hangers-on of the family. Lord Rosendale was eminently distinguished by consideration for poor relations.

"Did you say Jack Bulstrode was coming to-morrow, Glendower?"

"If he doesn't break his neck on the road," said his Lordship, making a cannon, and calling the game. "He's going to hunt his way here."

"Why the deuce should he break his neck?" rejoined the Marquis, formidable for his matrimonial qualifications, chalking his cue: "why the deuce should Bulstrode break his neck? He's the best man to hounds I ever saw in my life; there's no more chance of his breaking his neck than—than—" here the Marquis holed the red ball.

"Than you have," replied Glendower, screwing his glass into his eye, and chuckling. The Marquis was not famous for risking his neck after hounds. I think that a man's means of enjoyment in other ways ought to exempt him from such a necessity.

"Where are the hounds to-morrow?" inquired George Sherringhame, a handsome little baronet in a Lancashire regiment, and excellent at all things, coaching included. "I suppose we can get to them from here? I shall go any distance if Bulstrode's coming here afterwards; he's the very best company——"

"Too good for you, George, over a country," interrupted Glendower again; "you'll be more at home with him in the phaeton on the road. However, we can all go. It's Timberfield to-morrow; only twelve

miles. We'll have the drag if George will promise not to upset us."

"I should think Glen was reserved for another fate," said Sherringhame. "You'd better mind your game, Glen," added he, after a pause; "the Marquis is well ahead—thirty-seven to twenty-six. I'll lay you twenty to fifteen." "Done," said the other, and the game proceeded. What the result might have been had Lord Glendower reserved his powers for billiards instead of chaff, I can't say; as it was, he lost.

"I say, Sherringhame, who *is* Bulstrode? Our people don't know him." The question was propounded *sotto voce* by Captain Porter, of the Coldstreams, whose grandfather had made a million in a gin distillery, and whose grandson was dispensing it in a manner which entitled him to the *entrée* to the very best circles; a great deal of it found its way into the pockets of Sharper, Pulham, and the Leviathan ringmen, who hailed young Porter's advent as a star of the first magnitude, and worshipped accordingly the rising grandson. Lord Glendower, indeed, called him, "the Star from the East," in consideration of the locality of the great distillery.

"Who is Bulstrode?" I should think the question could never before have occurred to Sir George Sherringhame, or to anybody else, excepting to the mammas, who thought their daughters in danger from his fascinations. Of course, Lady Rosendale need not be numbered among them. Jack Bulstrode was such an universal favourite, so exceedingly handsome, so clever, so good-humoured, so perfect a gentleman to all appearance, and such a thoroughly good fellow from beginning to end, that nobody ever had considered it a question worth answering. He was in a good cavalry regiment, had a fair income for a bachelor, kept a small but very good stud, was to be found in the best houses during the shooting season, occasionally backed a friend's horse, and played as good a rubber for eighteenpence as if he had been playing for thousands. Once known not to be "detrimental," he became the pet of the old ladies; and heaven only knows what he was to the young ones: he never inquired.

Jack's first appearance in a house like Rosendale under ordinary circumstances need have created no sensation. He had been asked by Lord Glendower because he thought he might be useful to his mother in entertaining her guests, and to his father and the men in shooting pheasants and entertaining them. Any thought of Jack Bulstrode's pleasure never crossed Lord Glendower's mind. I am afraid

we shall see that self-denial was not one of that gentleman's many virtues.

When a man has only a given number of pages, the description in detail of a heroine (*à fortiori* of a hero) is a luxury which he ought to forego. Of late years they have all been pretty much alike: golden hair, lovely red and white skins, compressed lips, gleaming blue eyes, lithe and sinewy limbs, and a general boa-constrictor cast of countenance for the destruction of the unwary. Now some of these charms belonged to Jack, but none of them to Lady Evelyn Caradoc. It is impossible to resist a certain impression (at least, I have found it so), for good or bad, when the name or qualities of any particular person, unknown to you, has been constantly canvassed in your presence. For a few days past Lady Evelyn had heard of nothing but Jack Bulstrode, or Captain Bulstrode; what he had done, what he had said, what was his weight, what was his height; and two ladies at table had almost quarrelled about the colour of his eyes. They both agreed in one thing, that they were the handsomest eyes in London. Madame la Duchesse de la Porte St. Martin, the earl's eldest daughter, said they were so in Paris last season; and M. le Duc was most anxious again to make the acquaintance of the Englishman who had won the La Manche Steeplechase for him on a French bred horse. It is not too much to say that Lady Evelyn's curiosity had reached a pitch not far from partiality, by the time he arrived.

"My dear Evelyn, how you do talk of this man!" said Miss Nettleship, a lady of great propriety, now occupying a semi-official position in the house as half-governess and half-companion.

"You told me I ought to pick up as much as possible from the conversation at the table, as I was out of the schoolroom now, and I've heard of nothing but Jack Bulstrode every day since Glendower came down, so I can't help talking about him; besides, Netty dear, where's the harm?"

Miss Nettleship exercised a judicious reticence in not answering the question.

Timberfield Gorse was a crack meet, and if Jack Bulstrode wanted to make the most of his time in the Shires, he could not have done better than send on his things with his horses to Rosendale, and propose to have a gallop on the way to the castle. He was asked to have a month's hunting, including the Christmas week. The morning was fresh, and light clouds scudded over the sky, somewhat higher than heretofore. It was bright for a hunting

orning, but exhilarating enough on the top of the drag, with Georgy Sherringhame for jagsman, and Glenflower's anecdotes, which it kept pace with the team. Lady Evelyn is inside, under the guardianship of her sister the Duchesse, who had expressed such unqualified admiration for the expected stranger.

When they reached the meet there was a godly muster. The huntsman touched his bow from the middle of his hounds, as did five-and-twenty servants riding and leading their masters' horses on every side. The drag was soon surrounded, and the more fortunate among the sportsmen drew near to offer their congratulations to the inside passengers, who were waiting only till the last moment to hunt. Amongst them came Captain Bulstrode.

"I'm glad you are here, Captain Bulstrode; you are expected at the castle to-day."

And then the Duchess presented the Captain to Lady Evelyn. They both bowed, and they both blushed, and the Captain was about to say something, when the drag moved on, and the ladies' horses were brought to the door of the carriage. The crowd, and among them Jack Bulstrode, moved aside, and the hounds trotted on. "C'up, Gameboy; drop it, Cruise, get to him!" said the whip. Even the Duchess and her sister were forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

"Why, Evelyn," said the Duchess, laughing, "so you know this 'beau cavalier,' it seems?" after they had ridden side by side for a short distance.

"Yes, I know him; but I didn't know that it was the Jack Bulstrode that has been the subject of conversation among the men for the last week. I never heard his name, but I saw him the year before last at a Christmas party at Lady Kinderbatch's. He was so kind: he lent the magic lantern to us all, did some conjuring tricks, and danced with some of us, though I don't think it could have been much fun for him."

Presently Jack Bulstrode joined them. He reminded Lady Evelyn of the Child's party, and said some pleasant little nothings about her alteration, but his perfect recollection of her. He chatted gaily enough about the hounds, the country, the people (with whom he seemed to have a very liberal acquaintance). To tell truth, he began to be so involved in the intricacies of memory and knowledge combining, that he had almost forgotten the only thing which he came out to think of—the hounds.

At that moment there was a "Hallo, away!"

which recalled him to himself. The Duchesse de la Porte St. Martin joined her sister at the top of the gorse, and they stood together watching the field as it became "small by degrees and beautifully less" in the vale below. Then they turned round, and trotting gently on, rode for a point; but the hounds were gone, and, by their groom's advice, they turned their heads towards home. Lady Evelyn was more silent than usual. She well remembered the handsome good-natured fellow who helped to amuse her and her companions. If not derogatory to her distinguished position as a young lady of fifteen, it must be confessed that she had thought of him more than once, and Earl's daughters are but flesh and blood after all. But she had never ventured to talk about him, and to this simple fact may be attributed that of not knowing his name. The Duchess, too, talked about him as a person well known and well received, and for a Christmas party, with tableaux vivans and private theatricals, the very best person in the world. "You should just see him act a lover on the stage: it's perfection." I dare say Lady Evelyn thought it a pity his talents in that line should be so wasted.

By the time the hounds were out of the gorse (alas, for man's ruder nature!) Jack Bulstrode had forgotten Lady Evelyn's very existence. A short check, just after finding, as they flung round to the right, brought our hero to the front, and from that moment he never left them. The pace over the grass was what it sometimes is with the Pytchley: to ride over them was impossible, to keep them in sight was as much as the best man could do. Lord Rosendale himself, whom we have hitherto overlooked, was wide of the hounds, down wind, on a thoroughbred one. Jack Bulstrode and Sir George Sherringhame were on the other side, within twenty yards of one another, taking their paces almost in their stride, and both riding their horses as if they began to feel they were in for a good thing. On the inside of all, on the lawn side, rode the huntsman, and at intervals Lord Glendower and the best men.

"Who's that in front, on the upper side, Charles?" said his Lordship to the huntsman, as he caught him at a gate, which he swung open, but which shut again before any one behind could get through.

"Can't say, my Lord. Come from Coventry in a fly this mornin' with Captain Vansittart; but he's a beggar to go."

The field was scattered in every direction; and those who persevered were being hope-

lessly left in every stride. No check of sufficient length occurred to give the shirkers a chance. The country had been most uncompromising in its severity, and the gates not half so accommodating as usual. At the end of forty-three minutes a large fallow, in which was a plough and a team of horses, gave the fox a ghost of a chance.

"Well, Georgy," said the captain, "have you got another puff in you?"

"Another ten minutes at this pace, and I'm done. Look at the Earl, looking for his second horse. Where's Glendower?" added he, turning round.

"He was with Charles; but the hounds have turned from him all the way. Here he comes, and a pretty figure he looks."

"Hallo, Glen, what's the matter? You look as if you'd been down."

"So I have, and came up again. This brute never would face water."

"What sort of a bottom was it then?" again asked his friend Georgy, in a sympathising tone of voice.

"Why, d—d wet, of course: what should it have been?" Lord Glendower did not mind falling, but he hated chaff. Then came three or four more really good men, but who had been beat by the pace, and who had pumped their horses now in catching hounds to no purpose. They brought a rumour of a farmer with a dead four-year-old, and an officer with a collar-bone out. As Porter turned up all right at dinner, it wasn't he. Then Lord Rosendale heard a hallo on the hill to his left, and away he went to ascertain its correctness. The Master and Charles seconded his efforts by the only assistance that had been wanted for the hounds during the run; and after another quarter of an hour, the last five minutes of which was a race, the fox was pulled down within a field of his point, the great woods at Rosendale.

When Jack Bulstrode came down to dinner he heard the run being discussed in all parts of the room by the men, and his own name honourably connected with it. Everybody was glad to see Jack Bulstrode, and Lord and Lady Rosendale gave him a hearty welcome.

"And what did you do afterwards," said Jack to Sir George Sherringhame.

"Nothing at all. We waited for our second horses, which came up with the ruck in about a quarter of an hour, and never got out of Rosendale Wood; we galloped our hearts out, and killed below the osier-bed. What became of you?"

"I had no second horse out; so I came

quietly home." Jack Bulstrode did not add that he had been playing billiards with Lady Evelyn, while they were galloping their hearts out in another direction.

In decent society, where precedence goes for something, of course the captain of cavalry went in to dinner with the nobodies; and as Lady Evelyn was not yet out, and only preparing for her presentation in the spring, by a sort of Christmas laxity of discipline she fell to the lot of Jack Bulstrode. I do not think this arrangement gave either of them any great concern.

There is a cat-like affection for locality in the human species. In consideration of which peculiarity Jack, I suppose, retained his seat at breakfast and dinner (unless accident assigned him occasionally a fat, country woman in a turban, or the scraggy daughter of some political adherent of the Rosendale party), which was always in the vicinity of his school-room favourite. It was a most cheerful gathering; the Duchesse de la Porte St. Martin condescended to patronise Jack, and the Duc made a point of following him as near as he could, until a bullfinch thicker than usual, or a more formidable "bit of water" sent him, as he expressed it, "round by de gate." There was plenty of music and dancing to get through the evenings, and Jack's talents as a whist-player were in constant requisition. As to Lady Evelyn's sketchbook, it contained a likeness of herself and her sister at Timberfield, the Earl on his favourite horse Spring-gun, charging a post and rails, and a gentleman in attendance, not unlike Jack himself, with a few modestly obliterative scratches over the face, in close attendance.

Open weather within a fortnight of Christmas is exceptional, and at last certain prognostications of Admiral Fitzroy and one Moore began to be fulfilled. The air, as they returned after a rattling gallop in a scent breast-high, became crisp, and the mud in the roads was positively streaky; and in a day or two, when Jack's servant brought in his bath, he informed his master that Mr. Segundo wished to know whether he should send on his horse.

"Send on, of course he must! Why not?"

"Please, sir, he says there won't be no hunting until twelve or one o'clock, if there is then. It don't seem to give at all." So Jack Bulstrode took another turn in bed, and dressed himself an hour later in a full suit of Scotch Tweed.

And it did not give anything but intense dissatisfaction, either that day or the next, or for several days following. There was nothing to

done for it but indoor amusements, varied with the shooting of outlying covers for the gentlemen, and skating on the lake for both sexes. It was a hard time for Jack Bulstrode; and like a prudent man, he tried to run away from the danger. But he could not be spared. Lady Evelyn wanted him for tableaux on Christmas Eve, and my lord was particularly anxious that he should stay till the shooting of the big wood; it was expected to be very good, and he gunning ample and excellent. So that running away was out of the question. He really had as much principle as most men of his class, and a certain latitude is given to poets and warriors not accorded to other men. Why, again, had they put him into the West gallery, where he almost invariably met Lady Evelyn coming down to breakfast, or going up to visit Miss Nettleship? "Her dear Nettle!" she called her; out of which she certainly was not plucking the flower safety. Amongst her things her unbroken ladyship managed to tumble through the ice, and get very nearly drowned. Jack was there as usual, and managed to save her; he didn't say with how much difficulty. They neither of them said anything about it, though it was certainly new to our dear Nettle and her ladyship's maid. They were both afraid lest she should be forbidden the lake, excepting under a full port, and Nettle dreaded a wiggling for her intention. Terribly compromising all this to the Earl's daughter, and a dangerous pastime for Jack Bulstrode—who was not given to falling in love, but did most things with singular earnestness when he set about them. Upon every word it is conduct which you might have expected from an agricultural parson's daughter and her cousin Tom home from Trinity for his Christmas vacation. I fear the tableau was clincher; for of all extraordinary things to assist upon, Lady Rosendale first of all enhanced Lady Evelyn's beauty by turning her to Mary, Queen of Scots, and then finished any lingering resolutions of Jack Bulstrode, by putting him at her feet as David Rizzio. And they went to church together on Christmas Day. The sun was bright, and sparkled the glittering icicles by the roadside—the trees, laden with their winter fruits, crackled the snow-wreaths fell before its power. There was a sympathetic happiness in the very atmosphere; and nature had clothed herself in the white robes of peace and good-will, to greet the most joyful, the most love-inspiring of our festivals. How glorious is the triumphant singing of the cathedral choir, with the pealing notes of the sustaining organ on that morning,

raising and cheering faltering humanity, and giving to religion its happiest and most genial form. All this, or something like it, Jack Bulstrode and Lady Evelyn Caradoc were compelled to go through together, standing side by side with the rest of the church-goers from the Earl's guests. There is a transcendent happiness in praying and in praising by the side of her you love, though it be in a square, well-carpeted little room, with a well-appointed fireplace, and secluded from vulgar gaze by scarlet curtains; whether Jack Bulstrode felt it or not, or whether you yourself have done so, my patient reader, I know not; if you have not, you have a foretaste of heaven to come, which is worth much gold and silver and precious stones, or, losing which, your life here seems to me to be one of but an imperfect shadow of good things to come.

But the frost would not go; the tableaux, and the dancing, the good living, and good company kept them all warm at Rosendale Castle, but it did not thaw the ground, or bring out the hounds to draw the covers of the county. So when the covers had been shot, and the papers had abused the good old Earl for having killed two thousand head of game in one week, on some of which the editors' wives and children, besides the tenants and friends of the estate, were fattening, the party began to break up in earnest. Amongst them Jack Bulstrode discovered another engagement. The last dinner was positively eaten, the last song was sung, the last rubber was played, and it was an undeniable fact that the Earl's brougham would take Jack and his friend George Sherringhame to the railway station in the morning, unless it rained cats and dogs in the night. How Jack swore at the frost in his sleep, and yet it seemed to him that he ought to go. "What's a poor devil with about a thousand a year in a cavalry regiment to do with such a girl as Evelyn Caradoc?" Then he laughed aloud, savagely, as he flourished his razor, at the absurdity of the thing. "Ah! if a fellow had a chance now—a Field-Marshal's bâton! Such things have been done. India's the country. I'll exchange; hang this hunting and nonsense. Yes; and come back to find her married to some gambling young beggar like Georgy Sherringhame, who won't understand her, only because he's a baronet with twenty thousand a year." Thinking which he discarded all thought of India, and giving a kick to a half-packed portmanteau which stood in his way, proceeded to finish his toilette.

On the way down-stairs, as he approached a landing-place, common to that wing of the

house, and branching off into a double staircase, which led by two routes circuitously to the same place, Jack Bulstrode stopped a moment, and listened. Yes; true enough, there was the rustle of a silk dress coming along the passage, whose well-carpeted flooring gave no echo to the foot. In another moment Lady Evelyn stood before him. Poor Jack! many a man has stood before temptation for a long time, but it is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. This was his last straw.

"Lady Evelyn, I'm going. I am so glad to be able to say good-bye to you."

"Glad, Captain Bulstrode?" Lady Evelyn's smile was no more felicitous than his expression; and she did not look at him. The long almond eyes were cast down, and the long dark lashes swept her cheek, never full of colour, but now paler than usual. Jack looked, and thought he had never seen anything so lovely before. Her small, well-shaped nose and long nostril, her short upper lip and rounded mouth and chin, and the budding dimples of childhood, which had not yet given way to the smoother charms of womanhood, broke down his strong resolve, and he stammered out, "Glad—glad? Oh, no! if you only knew how sorry I am,—how I have struggled; but Evelyn," and, as he spoke, he took her passive hand in his, and looked into her face. The long soft eyes looked up; they were full of tears, and as he drew her nearer to him, and kissed her forehead, one, only one large drop descended and fell from her lashes to her cheek.

I suppose nobody can imagine what followed!

Jack Bulstrode went away, and made no sign; and the Lady Evelyn returned to her own place with Nettleship, till the spring; but they all agreed, the little French Duc and his English Duchesse, even Lady Margaret, who was as stupidly proper as everybody ought to be, that there never had been so happy a Christmas, notwithstanding the frost, at Rosendale before. The Earl grew reconciled to it, and Lord Glendower abused nothing but the weather.

It was near the end of June. Lord Thistle-downe lounged over the rails at one p.m. in Rotten Row. At that moment he was thinking whether he should offer himself and his estates to the new beauty of the season. Of acceptance he had not much doubt. Had he not a large rent-roll, unencumbered? was he not heir to a dukedom, and M.P. for ———shire? and had he not met with the most flattering

encouragement from Lady Rosendale and the Earl? He was wondering whether it would be necessary to refurnish the house in Belgravia, and whether he hadn't better wait one more winter; Lady Evelyn was so very young!

The bearer of good news is proverbially welcome; and Charlie Raikes, of the Foreign Office, a large contributor to the miscellaneous column of the *Hyde Park Bugbear*, was always "well posted" in the fashionable "on dits" of the day.

"Here's a go," said that young gentleman, full of the vulgarest animal spirits, and slapping Thistle-downe on the back; "here's a go. They say old Rosendale's dooceedly cut up. Jack Bulstrode has run away with Lady Evelyn Caradoc." Lord Thistle-downe became green with emotion. "They wanted to marry her to some infernal swell—some fellow like you, I should think—and she wouldn't have it, kicked over the traces, you know, and so forth; and, by Jove, they're off; ran away from Mrs. Mashtub's ball last night, and were married this morning; penitential letter of course, and so forth. But there's a deuce of a shine, I can tell you. Glendower's furious."

"Jack Bulstrode?" said Thistle-downe, gloomily; not quite able to realise the situation, but recovering himself by slow degrees.

"Yes; Jack was there last Christmas. They say he wrote to the Earl, but the Earl wouldn't have it at any price; of course he wouldn't. They thought it was all over; but it wasn't."

"And what's to be done now?" inquired the other, recovering his tone.

"Bleed old Rosendale, I should think—he's in a state of collapse—and then provide for Jack with a good staff appointment: or make a swell of him somehow. That's what I should do, if I was the Earl."

There's more sense in Charlie Raikes's last remark than might have been expected: however, they did neither.

They did not bleed Lord Rosendale, for he did not stand in need of it; nor did they yet provide handsomely for Jack and his runaway beauty.

Lord Rosendale's characteristic was family pride. It was not enough that Jack Bulstrode was a gentleman; he was a gentleman of no position, and could only detract from the family dignity. The blow was a very severe one to him. He was invisible for some days, and the family left town immediately. He had been applied to by Jack to be allowed to address his daughter: then had followed a letter as cold, as civil, as decisive, as the occasion required: and the affair had been dismissed as

nine days' wonder. As to Lady Evelyn's flings, she was of Mrs. Malaprop's opinion. What had she to do with such unbecoming things as feelings? She was to be reserved for a better fate. Then they came to town. Jack had become a loungeur at the opera, a stop-gap of the stairs and in the doors of great houses—constant at déjeuners, Chiswick fêtes, horticultural meetings, and the Row. It was thought desirable to end all question by the substitution of Lord Thistle-downe. Lady Rosendale was not a cruel woman; both her other daughters had married for her, at least Lady Margaret was about to do so, and why should Evelyn be more particular. Nettleship ought to look after the girl; but Nettleship's reign was over after the first drawing-room. And now we have seen the end of it.

Everybody abused Jack, excepting his army friends, who thought it a noble precedent. It was wrong certainly, but Jack had lived in society where so little obloquy attached to stealing a neighbour's wife, that he did not think much of his neighbour's daughter. Besides, what could it signify? Lady Evelyn had bread and cheese, and a pony phaeton of her own, and looking after the butcher's bills, accounting the things for the laundress; and above all, she dearly loved Jack himself, so what could it signify to anybody.

At times there were moments when they felt that they had done wrong. Jack wished to see his wife in the society from which he had taken her, and surrounded by luxuries, as well as comforts. Lady Evelyn longed for a father's forgiveness and a mother's blessing; and although she took care never to let her husband see the effects of her regrets, she could not help mingling a tear sometimes with her caresses, which told him the truth. Every letter had been returned. Every attempt at reconciliation had been stamped out. They heard from friends (everybody has some friends) that the names were forbidden in the presence of the earl. "Mamma, dear, will forgive us some day, but I'm afraid of papa. I wonder whether Frank ever thinks about us in India?"

Jack did think about his favourite sister, and his beau idéal of a hero, many a time, in the guard-room, or on outpost duty; and now that his leave had come was hurrying home to take a share in their proceedings.

Still time went on. Jack Bulstrode and his wife lived in a pretty cottage, which he had furnished extravagantly, and which he allowed to be deficient in no luxury whatever. He kept two or three horses, and a pony phaeton for Lady Evelyn; and he made her as happy

as the day was long. They went out, and they received; but the luxuries of the respectable squirearchy and ecclesiastics, who formed their visiting circle, were not the elegancies of Rosendale Castle or the houses of which they had the entrée before. Jack felt he was tabooed by all who would stand well with the Rosendales; and a married man with but a thousand a-year must confine his visits at great houses within very moderate limits.

And now Christmas was coming again; as before, it was a bright, cheerful-looking Christmas, and Jack's horses were once more eating their heads off, and it was a more serious business than before. Then, too, Christmas has, for the poor and needy of high society, a very black and dingy side. Those awful bills! He had never felt uncomfortable about them as a bachelor; and no sooner was he married than people positively expected to be paid. The more economical he pretended to be the more anxious were the people for their money. So he gave them some more orders, and that satisfied them.

But his wife—that was the trouble. As the anniversary of her great happiness came round, she began to look ill, and worn, if not unhappy. And she had another natural cause for anxiety, and so had he. "Jack, dear, let us try once more. Write to mamma. She liked you, and she never was unkind. Don't let Christmas go over. I think even papa would scarcely like that. He always came to my room with a little present on Christmas Day. I wonder who'll sleep in our rooms this time?" and then she began to cry. To comfort her he promised to try once more; so this time he wrote to My Lady.

And then came an answer. It was kinder and more conciliatory. The Earl was still irreplaceable; but the Duchesse was there, and Jack knew he had a friend at court. And then there came a box—a large box; it contained handsome presents for Evelyn—Christmas presents, and some curious little articles which no one at present in the cottage could well make use of. They might be useful in three or four months' time. And then there was a good-natured letter from the Duchesse, and some kind messages from Lady Margaret. But it was silent about the Earl, and Glendower was out of the question altogether.

But Christmas kept advancing, and they were no nearer the happy meeting than heretofore.

Jack and his wife were at luncheon about three days before the festival which ought to bring together all hearts, when a carriage from

the railway drove up to the cottage, and a handsome young fellow stepped out and made his way through the garden. Frank Caradoc had returned, and having announced to his mother his resolution of going to see his sister, the feeble opposition which was offered to his wishes was easily broken down. He had mentioned their names before his father, and, for the first time, they had been listened to without an outbreak. So Frank Caradoc started on his mission, and one of the family had at last made his way to the forbidden home.

Years had passed since they had met. The boy had become a tried and stalwart soldier. There was the same light heart, the same open hand; but they had been tempered by trial and checked by experience.

"Evelyn, you'll come with me?"

"And leave my husband? Never, Frank. His people shall be my people. We go together to Rosendale, or not at all."

"Then you will both come?"

"Have you come here, Frank," said Jack Bulstrode, "with an invitation from your father? I can be an unwelcome guest in no man's house."

"No, Jack, I know that well enough; but you must sacrifice something to an old man's pride."

"I have mine."

"Yes; but no man has trampled upon it, or you would be the first to resent it. Come, Jack, you owe my father something. Let the first Christmas I have passed among them for some years be a happy one. Don't let us have to say that we threw away a chance. Christmas comes but once a year."

Jack knew he had done wrong, and conscience makes cowards of us all. Then he looked at Lady Evelyn's face, and remembered the first tear he had seen upon it. It was not quite a year ago. They flowed now fast enough, and some bitterness was mixed with them, though she sat with her hand locked in his, as if nothing should part them.

"I'll return with you, Frank, and ask his pardon. I've done him a grievous wrong; for now I know the treasure I stole from him."

So they went on the morrow, and at night-fall they reached the village in whose church they had prayed together; and there they stopped.

Lady Rosendale was in her private room on Christmas Eve. She bore her sorrow nobly, and she had had something to bear, for Countesses can feel, though the world does something to harden while it polishes them.

"Frank," said the lady; and he stopped

upon the threshold. "You have seen her? Poor child, what would I give if she were here. If you had waited but one day, your father would have written by you. He sent a letter last night. Can they get here by Christmas Day? Surely they will lose no time!"

Frank walked into the stable-yard and ordered a brougham. "To the 'Glendower Arms,' quick." The bright sun was still shining on the snow-clad branches, as though it had never ceased to shine, and as they drove back through the crisp atmosphere, and watched the snow-wreaths once more falling before it, they knew that their hearts were light once more, like the sun, but that, like it, they had been clouded for a season.

Lord Rosendale was in his study when Frank arrived.

"My dear father, am I intruding?"

"My boy, you never gave me a moment's unhappiness in your life; ever welcome, Frank, ever welcome."

"Shall this be a happy Christmas? Will you make it so to me?"

Lord Rosendale looked at his son, and sighed a little heavily. "I have written, Frank." It had evidently been a trial to him, but the Earl was a gentleman and a Christian.

"And have you forgiven them, sir—really, truly? Oh, how good!"

"As I hope to be forgiven."

The door had not been closed. At that moment a loud sob broke in upon the solemnity of the old man's speech; the door opened, and in another instant Lady Evelyn was in his arms. Earls are not given to the display of emotion, but as he clasped his daughter tighter and tighter, he still found a hand to hold out to Jack Bulstrode, as he said, "Go away now, my good fellow; go to my lady. It will be all peace and good will to-morrow; let it be so now and for evermore."

CHARLES CLARKE.

WHAT I DREAMT ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

DEAR me, dear me! Another year is gone, and I am not married!

This time last year I made a vow to do all in my power to obtain a husband—I have kept my vow, I have done all in my power to enter the matrimonial state, but I have failed.

In vain have I worn new dresses, loves of bonnets and hats, becoming veils, tight gloves, and tighter boots—in vain have I purchased a chignon, a coronet, and a pair of flowing curls—in vain have I spent hours and hours

in my toilet: my money and my time have been thrown away—365 days have come and gone, and I am still single!

What *shall* I do? What plan is likely to be successful?

There is no time to be lost, for I am not so young as I once was—I'm nearly thirty-five! But that fact is not generally known; I flatter myself I don't look more than twenty-nine or thirty, at the most—that is to say, when I have been pained with myself. There is a saying, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," but I don't believe in it—it's all nonsense. Oh dear! I'm getting sleepy; but I don't intend to go to sleep till I have fixed upon some new plan for inducing the men to propose; I must keep awake for the present—yes—for——

What's that noise? Where am I going? Who is carrying me through the frosty air? How cold it is. How bright the moon and stars are! I am in a gloomy room—a bed, long with black, is in the corner; I am placed in a chair by the bedside, the curtains are withdrawn, and a very old man is disclosed to my view; his long white hair streams over the pillow, there is no colour in his wrinkled face, his breath is feeble,—the old man is dying! He is looking at me with an expression of scorn, and a satirical smile is on his lips.

"What! not married yet?" he says. "Still single? Still on your preferment? I am the Old Year; when I was born, 365 days ago, you made a vow that, ere the time came for me to die, you would no longer be living in single-blessedness; one hour alone remains of my life, and your vow is unfulfilled. How is that? Are you quite sure you have tried every means in your power to obtain a husband?"

I endeavour to speak, but my tongue refuses to obey my desire; I cannot stir—my strength is gone.

The Old Year laughs mockingly. "What! no answer? No excuse? Well, well, I must call in those who will speak for you, and tell you the true reasons for your repeated matrimonial failures. Winter! Father Winter!"

A rush of cold air fills the room, and snow-flakes fall thick and fast, as a hale old man appears at the foot of the bed; he is clad in a glittering white garment, a chaplet of holly and mistletoe is on his hoary head, and icicles are intermingled with his beard.

Tell me, my friend, what is your opinion of this lady?" says the Old Year, pointing his finger at me. "Why did she not obtain a husband during your reign over the earth?"

Without a moment's pause a shrill voice exclaims, "Because she bestowed all her time and attention on her outward appearance, in

total forgetfulness of inward worth," and the hoary-headed man has disappeared as quickly as he came, the snow-flakes cease to fall, and the air is no longer cold. Again a mocking laugh issues from the lips of the occupant of the bed, and again he calls aloud.

"Spring! come hither, thou beautiful, but treacherous maiden."

A piercing wind passes through the room, followed by a cloud of dust, and then a lovely girl glides before me, arrayed in a bright green robe adorned with clusters of violets and snow-drops; traces of tears are on her cheeks, but smiles play round her mouth; in her hand is a spray of hawthorn, and a girdle, resembling a rainbow in colours, encircles her waist.

"This lady has arrived at the mature age of thirty-five, and, in spite of her anxiety to become a wife, she is still single," observes the Old Year, with a malicious glance at me. "Can you give her any advice on the subject, lovely maiden?—any hints respecting her future behaviour?"

"It does not always answer to hang out false colours," is the ready reply. "Deceit, vanity, and frivolity are not the most attractive qualities in the world, neither are they calculated to produce happiness in the state matrimonial," and, with a graceful inclination of her head, the beautiful girl retreats; the wind blows no longer, and the cloud of dust is dispersed.

"Worse and worse," murmurs the Old Year. "Small wonder is it that you have been unable to keep your vow—but I must not delay. Summer, art thou near?"

A blaze of sunlight almost dazzles me; the heat is intense; I feel faint and sick, but I cannot move nor speak.

A lady, in the meridian of life, is standing by the bedside; her dress is a celestial blue, adorned with festoons of the gayest flowers, which fill the air with their sweet perfume; her golden hair falls about her like a veil, and is occasionally the resting-place for some of the numerous butterflies which hover around.

"Fair dame, what obstacles beset the path of this aspirant to matrimony?" demands my tormentor, in a tone of mock solemnity. "The chief object of her life is to change her name, but 'nobody comes to woo.' Surely hers is a hard fate?"

"A hard fate?" repeats the lady, "say rather, a just recompense, a natural consequence. Who would be foolish enough to choose a gaudy, flaunting, artificial flower, in preference to a blushing rose or modest lily? Is not the smallest real pearl of greater value than the largest false diamond? Who would desire to wed a wife whose attractions were

owing to the arts of a skilful toilet, and who considered fashion and personal appearance of more importance than aught beside? *Real* beauty is only 'skin deep': what, then, shall be said of that which is feigned? I have done. Fare-ye-well!" and the lady and the sunshine are gone in a moment.

"There is but one more witness against you," says the Departing Year in a feebler voice, "only one more: my minutes are numbered, my breath is failing fast. Autumn come quickly, or it will be—too late."

I hear a rustling sound, dead leaves are falling on every side, and in the midst is a middle-aged man, attired in a suit of reddish-brown, and holding a basket of the choicest fruit in his hand.

"Tell me," gasps the Expiring Year. "why the hand of—of this lady—was not sought in—in marriage—during your lifetime. Quick! I shall soon—be gone—soon—soon!"

"There are many men in the world who care little or nothing for beauty," is the immediate answer, "and who would gladly wed a wife of plain and unprepossessing appearance, if she were honest, true hearted, amiable, and loving: there are also many men who would be foolish enough to select a bride on account of her outward charms; but there are few—very few who would knowingly bestow their name on one whose chief desire and aim were to appear what she was not, and who was eager to become a wife, not from any feeling of love or hopes of domestic happiness, but for the mere sake of being called 'a married woman.'"

"True, too true," gasps the poor Old Year, again fixing his glazing eyes on mine; and as he speaks, he endeavours to lift his hand to his forehead, where the death damps are gathering fast. "You hear—what they have said—my faithful Seasons. Take my—dying advice. Cast off all deceit—cultivate your heart—instead of your—person. You have tried the one plan—and it—has failed; try the other. Who can tell what—the result may be? And now farewell—the end is at hand—ere another minute is—past—my successor will be born. Fare—well! fare—well!"

The trembling accents suddenly cease; the loud striking of a clock falls on my ear; the death-chamber of the Old Year fades away, and I awake.

I start up in bed; I am bewildered, and half-frightened; I almost expect to see the black-drapiered bed and the dying old man. Hark! the clock is really striking; how solemn it sounds! I glance eagerly at my watch, and perceive that the Old Year is gone—gone forever! The new year is begun!

What a strange dream I have had! what a vivid impression it has left on my mind! I wonder if I have been to blame, after all?—if my conduct has really been despicable and foolish?

I have a great mind to alter my behaviour for this one year, and then, if the different method should not succeed, I must think of something else; at any rate, it is worth a trial. I will try—yes, I will!

* * * * *

It is New Year's Eve once more!


I am sitting by the fire, waiting for my husband—yes, my *husband*!

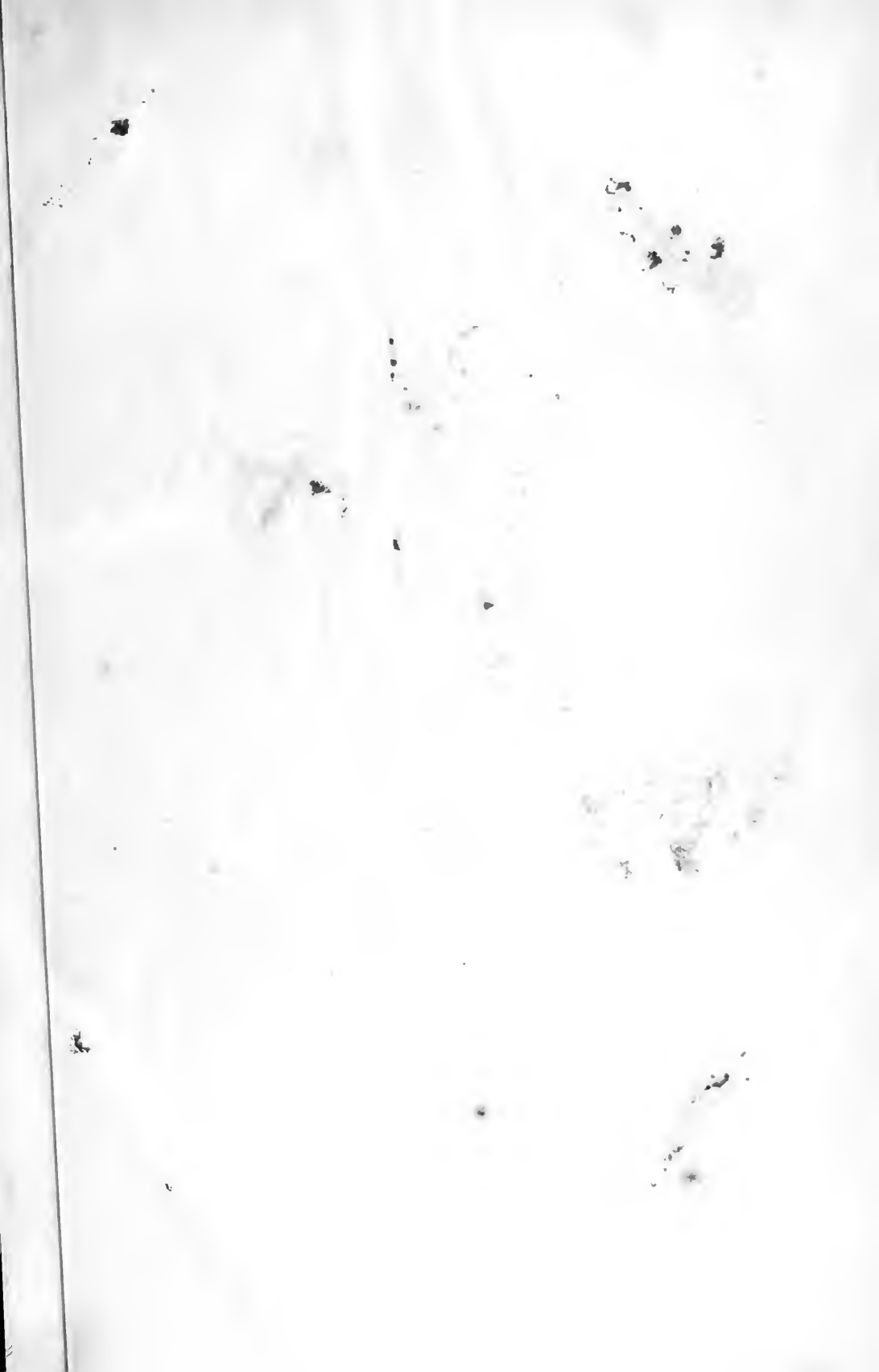
For I am no longer "on my preferment;" I have been married these six months, and I never was so really happy in all my life. And all my happiness is owing to the extraordinary dream which I had this time last year. I shall always believe in dreams for the future, and advise other people to do the same.

It was a very great trial to me at first, to assume another character—or rather, to give up assuming a *wrong* character. It required a vast amount of determination to bid adieu to my juvenile attire, my false hair, my box of rouge, and "such like things;" but I was resolved to persevere, and my perseverance has met with an ample reward. I have now a happy home of my own, servants and carriages at my command; and last, but not least, I have a kind and loving husband, whom I consider as near perfection as it is possible for any one to be.

A. C. W.

END OF VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

 The next Number of "ONCE A WEEK" will be the First of the NEW SERIES, and will contain the commencement of a NEW NOVEL by the Author of "Maxwell Drewitt," "George Geith," &c., &c., entitled "THE RACE FOR WEALTH."





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